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ATLANTIC MONTHLY



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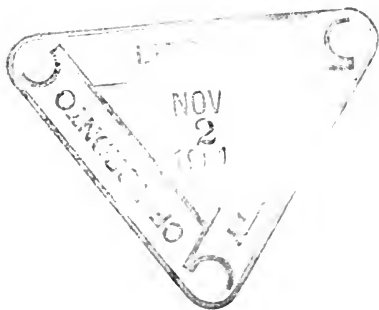


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THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1908

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH OUR LAND LAWS?

BY SETH K. HUMPHREY

SOMETHING has gone wrong with our public domain, — this we discover as it approaches the vanishing point, — and now the probe has been sent deep, that we may, so to speak, succeed in getting the barn door locked before the last and least attractive horse is stolen. That fraud has been exposed wildly excites no one, — the probe seems to find that in our system at every thrust; but one thing about this land-graft exposure that gives a distinct shock is the *personnel* of those caught in the legal dragnet. Governors, congressmen, high federal officials, professional men, — a minister, too, and a missionary at that, — are in the toils. This psychological feature should make us think, and ask questions.

Is the West's moral sense so dull, as some ask us to believe, that it has tolerated for years men in high places whom the law now holds up as persistent criminals? Or is there something wrong with our land laws and the administration of them, so that now, when primitive Virtue peers into the recesses, she discovers with horror an anomalous situation?

There is little of remedial value to be gained by discussing the moral sense of the men involved by the disclosures of land frauds. One thing is certain: the public domain — and, therefore, the public — will benefit immensely by the example of their punishment, whether they entirely deserve it or not. But a life-long personal knowledge of frontier land conditions impels the writer to register a few reflections upon the more pertinent question, What is the matter with our land laws?

The homestead law was designed to secure the development of new country, and it met, most wisely, the early condition that men must be *induced* to brave the hardships of the frontier, by providing for a merely nominal fixed charge upon every homesteader who would settle upon one hundred and sixty acres of land, cultivate it, and make it his home for five years. This provision of a relatively small *fixed charge* for the homestead, irrespective of differences in land values, rewarded the hardy pioneer of the early days for pushing out beyond his neighbors, by giving him better land at the same cost in money as the more timid paid for their poorer homesteads nearer civilization; but he paid the difference, observe, in the greater hardships of developing new country, and in that development the public received *full value* for its land. It was not the original intent of the homestead law to give in land value more than it exacted from the homesteader in industrial value; the fairness of the exchange was self-regulating. A citizen's "right" to take up government land had no more value, in itself, than had his right to go into a store and make a bargain for goods. An appreciation of these early conditions will enable us to comprehend better the subsequent perversion of our system of land distribution.

Such was the homestead law in its pristine purity, — a wise and beneficent law, so long as men needed *inducement* to settle upon public land; so long as men *paid* the government for their land by extending its industrial boundaries; so

long as there were more homesteads than *bona fide* homesteaders; but no longer.

The first change in conditions came with the advent of railroads through the great unsettled portions of the Middle West. Railroads gave the first-coming homesteaders the peculiar advantage of good land, with few of the usual responsibilities and difficulties of the pioneer; the *railroads* were then, in fact, the real pioneers, — and the government rewarded them for their share of the burden by gifts of every alternate section of land adjacent to their lines, while it continued to give these first-coming settlers *full* homestead privileges upon the remaining alternate sections, in return for assuming only a *portion* of the burdens of developing new country. The earlier pioneers had extended civilization single-handed, and they knew of civilization's debt to them; these later settlers secured like benefits for merely assisting in the business of empire-building, — and they knew that they were getting something from the government at less than its value. Right here the frontiersman's proud sense of *adequate return* to his government began to fade, and right here the notion that a citizen's "right" to take up government land has, *in itself*, a money value, began to grow. Here began the traffic in "rights" — the greatest debauching influence in the distribution of public land.

It is a peculiar fact that the government, instead of seeking to check this "gift" feature in its supposedly business deal with the settler, by exacting more from him in the way of industrial value for the benefit of the public whose land it was distributing, actually lessened in some respects its demands upon homesteaders. Several provisions of the law served to expedite the business of turning one's "right" into cash. One method of getting quick returns was to file on a piece of land at the local land office, then relinquish the right to a later comer, for a consideration, to make a new entry on that tract. These relinquishments were

recognized and accepted for record, and the new filings entered, without question, at all land offices, although the very act of voluntary relinquishment of one's homestead right would suggest to the feeblest intellect a consideration paid by the new entryman. Again, the preëmption law granted to a citizen full title to one hundred and sixty acres after six months' residence upon it, with proof of nominal improvements and the payment of one dollar and a quarter per acre. Further, the homestead law provided that a homesteader might, at any time after six months, abandon his determination to live upon his homestead for five years, in order to acquire title without cost, "commute" it to a preëmption, and, by paying the preëmption price, prove up his title at once. Thus every settler could get full title to three hundred and twenty acres of land in six months, sell out, and go back home.

Under these provisions of law the government surrendered its most valuable compensation for public land, — *bona fide*, producing settlers. It still continued its principle of land distribution without regard to return of value in money, but it failed to exact return in that most vital of values, — permanent settlement and development of new country. Is it to be wondered at that this condition increased enormously the value of "rights;" fixed in the public mind the idea that the government was intent on giving away value in public land without regard to returns; and developed on the frontier a motley population of every class except farmers, bent on exercising their "right" to government land?

Who makes our land laws? Unfortunately, owing to our system of legislative barter, under which the various special interests so often assist one another to laws framed to meet their several special desires, the land interests of the West have always dictated our land laws and controlled the policy of the Land Office. That changing conditions, which made of the public domain an attractive property

of enormous value, should have been met by fundamental changes in the methods of land distribution looking to its protection and proper development, is simply a bald truism. Just as certainly, too, proper restraining legislation could not have been expected of those who were to profit by lack of restraint. Consequently, the principle of fixed price per acre without regard to value, first come first served, has been kept alive by the land interests down to the present day, because it gives them the value in the land above that price; while nearly every amendment to the land laws is in the nature of a surrender to the land boomers. The workings of our absurd system of courteously allowing each prisoner to lock himself in and keep the key, are most interestingly exemplified in the history of the public domain.

Take, for instance, the boom of the early eighties in Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota. Millions of acres of government land, accessible by rail, were open to settlement. Six months' sojourn on the prairie called for no equipment of farming experience or tools; a shanty, a well, and some convenient neighbor to plough a few acres, — these for "improvements." What more was this than an invitation to all sorts and conditions of men — and women — to make a few hundred dollars "off the government" in a summer's outing?

Nothing so grows upon a man as the notion that he has something coming to him from the government. Drug clerks, brakemen, schoolma'ams, ministers temporarily uncalled, adventurers of all sorts, — all rushed for government land, *not* for the purpose of developing it, but to get the value there was in it above the government's fixed charge, — to cash in their "right." A horde of land speculators followed in their footsteps, — these "settlers" would soon have land to sell. Still more in evidence were the agents of loan companies seeking farm mortgages for their Eastern investors. As a matter of fact these loan companies often outbid

the speculators; they habitually loaned six hundred, eight hundred, or one thousand dollars on these farms that were so easily acquired from the government at the fixed price of two hundred dollars, — loaned it to these pseudo-farmers who had never milked a cow and never expected to.

The writer has in mind an investigation (one of many) which he made in 1889 while land inspector for a loan company. Forty-one of these newly acquired "homes" in central Nebraska were examined, all previously mortgaged to the company; of these, three were occupied by the original owners, three by migratory squatters, and thirty-five were wholly abandoned. These thirty-eight missing mortgagors had not tried to farm the land, and failed; they had simply converted their "right" into the loan company's cash, and vanished. What wonder that there came a mournful day of reckoning in the farm-mortgage business?

Thus the notion that public land is public spoil, encouraged by the land laws, hardened into a fixed conviction. Little sense remained of obligation to the government. The principle of fixed charge, so essential to the earlier movements westward, now served only to excite cupidity. Men paid one dollar and a quarter per acre for land; its value above that, they regarded as theirs by right of citizenship. In increasing measure the distribution of public land became a traffic in "rights." Of all the motley crowd that helped themselves to public land during the boom of the eighties, not one in three had the slightest intention to remain upon it; not one in five remained more than long enough to prove up and sell out, or "mortgage out;" and not one in ten has left a permanent mark upon the landscape of Kansas, Nebraska, or Dakota. This is not a snap judgment. An accurate personal knowledge, gained in the field, and extending over this whole period, is warrant for the assertion that these conditions, and not crop failures, were mainly responsible for

the wholesale abandonment of western farms, and for the consequent seven-year industrial depression in the West. The best proof of this is the success now attending the efforts of the real farmers who are working these same farms.

Then came the repeal of the preëemption law in 1891; but as a final letting-down of the bars, the homestead law itself was amended in the same act so as to permit final proof at the end of *fourteen months*, instead of five years, without additional price or penalty, and requiring actual occupancy during only eight months of the fourteen.

It may seem that the government could not have gone further in encouraging the public's appetite for land spoils; but witness the openings of Indian reservation lands. As a rule, these tracts were surrounded by well-settled country; natural inequalities of value were enormously increased by the proximity of towns and railroads; not one condition remained to give the fixed-price method an excuse for exercise; yet these lands, worth \$5, \$10, even \$25 per acre, were all thrown open to public entry at fixed prices of \$1.50 to \$4.00 per acre, — the price paid the Indians. Poor Lo, and not the government, furnishes the spoils at every opening of Indian land. It was at this time that the government openly acknowledged the free gift of value, openly abandoned all notion of adequate return from the settler, by taking a hand in the method of dividing the spoils. It prescribed that the boomers line up on the edge of the coveted land, and at the crack of a gun rush pell-mell for the coveted prizes, — and the devil take the hindmost. As there were anywhere from ten to five hundred men for every prize, there were many necessarily "hindmost," — disappointed seekers of something for nothing.

One step further the government went in its destruction of all honorable notions of land distribution. Conditions surrounding these land openings became too acute for even the "rush-at-the-crack-of-

a-gun" method. Men murdered each other in the frantic scrambles; dozens claimed the same tract, and interminable lawsuits resulted. Then the Land Office, still held by law to the antiquated fixed-price principle, still denied the right to exact the five years' residence which would have kept out most of the rabble, devised a plan which came as near the line of promoting public immorality as ever did an act of this government. It prescribed a lottery-drawing for the lands; every entryman's name was to be put into a plain envelope, the envelopes placed in a huge box, and the box whirled around until the envelopes were well mixed. Then the envelopes were to be drawn out one by one; each entryman to have his choice of land in the order in which his envelope came out of the box.

It was a beautiful proposition for those who are perennially looking for something for nothing. Instance the opening of the Rosebud land in 1904. Relieved of apprehension as to life and limb, guaranteed "fairness and equality of opportunity" (so read the lottery prospectus) in a pure game of chance where the turn of an envelope meant hundreds, or thousands, — or nothing, — the gambling instinct was aroused in men as never before. They came in droves and trainloads; they descended upon the local land offices until 106,296 of them had their envelopes in the big box to draw for some 2000 farms — more than 500 applicants for every farm! The lottery system is now a feature in all land openings.

Encouraged and abetted by the land laws, the gambling mania for public land has passed all bounds. Every land opening is a wild orgy; the fierce rush at the crack of a gun was nothing to the now fiercer hope at the turn of an envelope. A frenzied, deluded mob wastes its energy and money at every lottery-drawing in wild reaches for the government's bait, always followed about by a horde of land speculators, ready to pick off the winners, — a set of men in make-up and motive as utterly unlike the men who made

the original homestead law a blessing to their country, as black is unlike white.

Now, suddenly, primitive Virtue turns the corner. What does she find?

Most of the public domain has been frittered away upon entrymen who took the land for the money there was in it, and left its development to those who came after and paid for it. Large numbers of entrymen, impatient of the obviously perfunctory and ineffective requirements of the land laws, have bargained away their "rights" *before*, and not after, exercising them, — which is contrary to law. Vast areas of timber land — worthless for agriculture, and subject to purchase only under the timber-land acts — have been taken under the homestead laws as agricultural land, — an unmitigated fraud. Lumbermen, compelled to buy standing timber in little parcels of one hundred and sixty acres each, from citizens who have the only right to acquire it from the government, have been found guilty of wholesale traffic in these citizens' "rights," and of abetting fraudulent entries of timber land. Gross fraud in high places has been unearthed *ad nauseum*.

Now the transgressors are to be punished. But why should we be so amazed that a quarter-century of education downward in every ideal pertaining to public-land distribution has developed a streak of yellow across the moral sense of those immediately concerned? And is it so surprising that land officials, held by absurd laws to the business of dissipating the public domain as legitimate private spoils, should have become callous to illegal graft which did little more than accelerate the dissipation? This is not intended as an apology for fraud, but as an arraignment of the land laws for offering such wholesale, continuous and alluring invitation to fraud. Not for twenty years has our policy of land distribution been entitled to respect; hence, its provisions have not been respected. It is well enough to indict those who have over-reached laws, even obviously sub-

versive laws; but in the public mind the lawmakers should be indicted, — not only the Western congressmen who promoted the mischief, but those of the now horrified East who swapped votes with them, and without whose aid in Congress the public domain could not legally have been so plundered.

What should be done in order that the distribution of the remaining public land may proceed on a saner basis?

Wipe out absolutely the inherent value of a citizen's "right" to public land by exacting a full equivalent for the land, — not in money, but mainly in restrictive obligations which shall insure to the public settled, producing communities in exchange for its lands. Require, for instance, in the case of agricultural land, a full five-year occupancy; sufficient equipment to make reasonably sure the entryman's ability to fulfill his contract; a degree of cultivation varying with conditions of climate and soil, but well up to the standard of similar lands improved; improvements at the end of the five-year term commensurate with the value of the land, but with a provision for misfortune and accident. In short, make the main charge for the land in terms which are no burden whatever to the *bona fide* farmer, because in direct line with his intentions and best interests, but which are wholly unattractive to the passing throng that merely seeks something for nothing.

Now comes the question of money consideration, — for differences in land values must finally be leveled up by a money charge. The fixed charge per acre levels nothing; it makes the better tracts worth fiercely striving for even under the most ideal restrictions, and may easily be too great a price for the poorer lands. It is the land gambler's best friend, and its absurd survival is due solely to his efforts. The fixed charge should be abolished. In localities where settlement will in the nature of things proceed by slow degrees, prices might be fixed by appraisal; but in all cases of special

openings of lands to public entry, — and these will hereafter furnish the bulk of good public land, — nothing but competitive sale, subject always to full restrictions, will secure a sane, equitable distribution of the land to actual farmers.

It may be asserted that the restrictions, coupled with competitive sale, will not offer sufficient inducement to effect rapid settlement of new districts; but which will prove more attractive to worthy farmers, — a free-for-all lottery drawing for land on which the restrictions are so notoriously nominal that their chance to draw anything is cut down by all sorts and conditions of men to one in five hundred, or a competitive sale of land under restrictions which effectually bar everybody but themselves? The best answer to this is a look at the frenzied crowd at any one of these lottery-drawings. It goes without saying that a sale restricted to farmers would develop much lower prices for the land than would a sale open to the speculative element, and would therefore be more attractive to farmers.

Of even more importance than the disposal of agricultural land is the conserving of our remaining timber. However much the admirable system of forest reserves may be extended, there will necessarily be vast areas in the aggregate which must be left subject to disposal under the timber laws. This portion of the public timber, unprotected by reserves, should have earnest consideration. The Timber Land Act describes timber land as “valuable chiefly for timber, but unfit for cultivation;” it also endows every citizen of the United States with the right to take 160 acres of timber land at a fixed minimum price per acre, and requires the applicant to swear “that he does not apply to purchase the same on speculation, but in good faith to appropriate it to his own exclusive use and benefit;” this, against the certainty that the average citizen has no use for 160 acres of timber, and is making his oath with one speculative eye on the lumbermen, — if, indeed, he has not been fore-

handed enough to get in advance their offer for the timber, to consider in connection with the price he will have to pay.

Just as the farming land should go to farmers without the intervention of speculators, timber should be disposed of to its logical buyers — the lumbermen. Cut out the citizen middleman, and deal direct with the lumber producer. Here, again, exact the first consideration in terms which are for the public welfare, — terms which shall make such land — “unfit for cultivation” — a perpetual source of timber. Require that a certain percentage of the smaller trees shall be left standing to protect the young growth, hold the soil, and retain the moisture; that the timber shall be cut with the least possible damage to the second growth. Then, sell the *first cutting* to the lumberman, but *hold the title forever* in the government, and terminate the lumberman’s interest upon the removal of his timber.

Under this plan every remaining tract of public timber would at once become a perpetual forest reserve, subject to government control. If we concede that the conservation of our timber cannot be safely left to private enterprise, it follows without argument that not one acre of land “valuable chiefly for timber, but unfit for cultivation” should pass to private ownership, although millions of acres have so passed, and have been despoiled and left wholly worthless for any purpose. If it were possible to overcome the inborn notion that, somehow, title to all public land must pass through the bare hands of our sovereign citizens, there would be found plenty of responsible lumbermen glad to escape the grafting middlemen, glad to find the way open for honorable dealing with the government, and glad to assist in perpetuating the lumber supply. Our forest-reserve system is the most vitally important public enterprise of the day, but if we are really going to save our timber we must save the vastly greater area which lies in scattered tracts outside any prospective reserve.

And the last act in this drama of absurdities is now on. We are cheerfully expending millions to reclaim portions of the western deserts; we brag of the immense irrigating systems now being constructed in the arid regions, — and no wonder, for they are big and grand; but we are so lost in the bigness of the work that mighty few of us think to inquire, — Who are going to get this reclaimed land, and how are they going to get it?

The Reclamation Act provides that the reclaimed land, divided into farming "units" of about forty acres each, shall be entered under the general homestead laws, except that full five years of residence shall be required; and that, in each project, the price to be paid — in not more than ten annual installments — "shall be determined with a view of returning to the reclamation fund the estimated cost of construction of the project, and shall be apportioned equitably." This is construed by the Land Office as meaning that the cost of a given project shall be assessed *equally* against the irrigable acreage within it. Nothing appears upon the surface of this plan to excite the suspicion of the casual observer; but, as a matter of fact, it carries the fundamental defect which has made a farce of our system of land distribution, — the relation of actual value of the land to the price to be charged for it is entirely ignored.

Examine the working of it. The government does not intend to undertake any project in which the cost may exceed the value of the reclaimed land; it is assumed that in most cases the land will be worth vastly more than its cost. In every such instance the government will be up against the same old disgraceful business, — the giving away of big values to a ravenous horde. Again, it is not impossible that, through miscalculation, some projects will cost more than the reclaimed land will be worth; on such the government must inevitably lose, and, as it cannot recoup from its profitable ventures, the loss will be net.

Of still more significance are the marked inequalities of value within any given project. Under the flat-price scheme, the best farms will be worth double or treble the selling price, while the poorer tracts, burdened with their average share of the total cost, will not be worth taking. Here, again, the government stands to lose, with no chance to recoup. In every particular the scheme presents a case of "heads, the land man wins; tails, Uncle Sam loses."

But speculation as to what may happen is not necessary. The thing has happened. In the opening of the Huntley (Montana) project during the summer of 1907, the Land Office has given us a striking example of what it proposes to do with the irrigated lands, — an example worked out clear to the answer.

This Huntley project contains 633 farm units. The total cost per acre, thirty-four dollars, was assessed equally against the irrigable acreage. What though some tracts were worth one hundred dollars per acre and others worth ten? A mere trifle to the crustaceans of the Land Office; this land had cost thirty-four dollars per acre, and thirty-four dollars each and every acre of it must bring. They *did* realize, however, that the values to be given away would invite murder under any ordinary system of homestead entry. Nothing better, surely, for this occasion than the envelope-drawing system; so the old lottery box was refurbished, and the news spread abroad that the first-fruits of Uncle Sam's great irrigation work were to be raffled away.

Here is the result: —

5400 sealed applications went into the box for a chance to draw the prizes among the 633 farms.

Less than 300 of the lucky drawers availed themselves of their right to select farms.

About 400 farms, not attractive at the fixed price, are still without buyers.

Some 200 men "milked" the Huntley project of its principal value; a few others drew just about their money's worth;

5100 meandered homeward with blanks to show for their money; and the government is left "holding the sack" to the extent of more than half the cost of the entire project.

Thus ends the Huntley project, until such time as the government concludes to pocket its loss and sell the four hundred farms for what they will bring.

But whether the government loses or makes in these irrigation projects is not so much to the point. The point is that, after the expenditure of millions to provide water for these lands, every tract should be occupied, — and occupied by men competent to make a success of the complicated system which the government has placed at their disposal. The absurd method of distribution defeats both of these objects. Does any one suppose for a moment that 5400 farmers — men capable of the intensive methods of farming required under an irrigating system — gathered at Billings, Montana, from all parts of the country, to draw farms from a lottery, with the chances twenty to one against them? Certainly not.

The class of men that a sane, competitive sale would have put upon every one of those farms is just the class that has no time for the short end of a long gamble; and the class of men attracted to Billings by this drawing is just the class that has no use for a competitive sale.

It seems the height of folly to deliver these valuable lands without one requirement as to equipment, experience, or capacity which shall reasonably insure the success of the entrymen and the payment of the heavy installments and charges as they come due. Without the shadow of a doubt our irrigated lands will pass into quick failure and partial abandonment under the present system, just as did the middle West under similar conditions. The failure will be attributed to drouth, water, high Heaven, — but never to the pernicious system of distribution that invites the riff-raff of the country to people its new land. Then,

after enormous economic waste, the lands will be redeemed by the men who know how, just as the middle West has already been redeemed by the men who know how. This repetition of a sorry history seems so useless when a competitive sale of the land under full homestead restrictions would make a natural selection of men most fit, put a farmer on every tract, and practically assure the success of the system as well as the repayment of the cost of construction.

But the western boomer wants the public lands dealt out in the good old way. It starts off the new section with a boom and a hurrah and a surplus of people. Some of this surplus buys land in the surrounding country and settles down; and the disappointed ones who go back home leave many good dollars in the new country. The 106,296 participants in the Rosebud drawing spent in South Dakota easily twice the value of the 2000 farms in mere expense money; Billings, Montana, will smile for some time to come over the coin left by the disappointed Huntley pilgrims; and every lottery-drawing attracts ten times as many men and dollars as the boomers could get together in any other way. As an advertisement, the lottery-drawing is a wonder; as a bunco scheme it cannot be beaten, — for the army of deluded ne'er-do-wells who hopefully follow the trail of these openings have only their Uncle Sam to blame for the blanks they draw.

Will the booming "builders of the West" tamely give up a system that has done and will still do so much for them? In Western parlance, — not on your life! The use of the public land as bait is an old and solidly fixed institution in the West. The present administration in its hunt for guilty men is merely tickling the surface of this matter. No amount of prosecution is going to dislodge the deep-seated notion that the public lands belong to the West, just as certain features of the protective tariff are the special perquisites of the East — has not each section assisted the other in maintaining its

preserves? — and it is inconceivable that at this late day the fine balance will be disturbed in order that a few grains of business sense may be infused into our methods of land distribution.

There has never been a sustained public interest in the public domain. Its relation to Congress is that of a special interest, — and now, with many other special interests, it is receiving at the hands of a vigorous administration external treatment for organic troubles. The difficulty lies in the laws. We suffer in this as in other respects from hang-over laws which, having outlived their usefulness, are kept alive by special interests

to serve their special desires. If it were possible to regard our public land as a *present* problem and make laws for its *present* needs without regard to the laws now on the statute books, nothing would remain of our antiquated system of land distribution.

There is only one way to rid the public domain of the special interests that have usurped it; let public sentiment so overwhelm Congress that it will recognize the public domain as belonging to the whole nation, take it off the legislative barter list, and give us laws for its administration founded on sane business principles.

THE JEW AND THE CURRENTS OF HIS AGE

BY ABRAM S. ISAACS

THERE are few more popular misconceptions — which have spread, too, in ranks that claim to be academic — than the widely accepted opinion of Jewish intellectual narrowness and self-complacency. Jewish thought in the long sweep of centuries is held to have been rigid, exclusive, wholly uninfluenced by the currents of each age — as fixed and unyielding as the fabled statue of Memnon, but responsive to no melody at each successive sunrise in the world's advance. In other words, it is claimed that there has been no intellectual development, in its proper sense, in Jewry, that sterile and rudimentary conditions have ever prevailed, and its Jericho of torpidity and ecclesiasticism has refused to fall, despite all the trumpet-calls of enlightenment.

Now, the slow rise of the most rational opinions is a disheartening blow to the over-ardent lover of mankind. Is it so very long ago since it was stoutly believed that heretics had tails, or that there was some dim connection between a Quaker's conference and a rainy sky? The pop-

ular verdict as to the Jew shows as surprising logic. There has been nothing too absurd to say about him — a privilege he shares with priests, princes, women, and lawyers. He could not be in better company, only the lash cuts deeper in his case when the only fact exceptional about him has been the treatment he has received from his lords and masters, as if he were half criminal, half clown.

It is hardly the present purpose to enter into any consideration of the causes and conditions which have led to such fallacies of judgment. Some of these, doubtless, can be traced to the Jew himself, to his tenacity of belief and scorn of consequences. An uncompromising religionist is apt to arouse more dislike in certain minds than a man who is a "mush of concession." Unconsciously, there is often an unlovely aggressiveness in your man of resolute faith, especially when his tent is pitched among children of darkness. If this has been the Jew's attitude, he would only have to blame himself for the burdens which he has

borne. But just as the Ghetto was no original Jewish creation, being forced upon the Jew from without by conditions beyond his wish and control, so this familiar theory of an intellectual Ghetto with its accompaniments — its disdain of its age, its contempt of any vision outside of the synagogue, its limitless self-satisfaction, its conceit and arrogance — this view which dies so hard, is wholly un-Jewish and unhistorical.

Forces, it is true, have existed in Jewry, taking their cue from the environment, which from time to time have striven to produce a rigid cast of thought and action, with threats of the ban, if not the thumb-screw, the thunder, if not the lightning, of church tyranny. There is little doubt, for example, that the almost contemporaneous condemnation of Descartes' writings by the Synod of Dordrecht was largely responsible for the excommunication of Spinoza by the Amsterdam rabbinical authorities. Yet the genius of the Jew as reflected in the varied activities of his best and most representative thinkers, from the era of Isaiah, has sought as persistently to break the yoke, to catch a wider rift in God's sky, a broader inspiration, and that without any color of disloyalty but with the fullest reverence for the ancient religion.

No wonder that the Exodus has been regarded as Judaism's most significant point of departure, its most distinctive festival, for it has served as the very keynote of emancipation, an everlasting spirit-call for freedom, even in centuries when serfdom and degradation were among the inalienable privileges of man. In fact, the close mantle which apparently he delighted to wear in certain inflammable eras was due more to the instinct of self-preservation than to any innate exclusiveness. It is not narrowness of view to guard one's home against infection. There was never too much rose-water atmosphere in court and camp.

Although conditions thus had a tendency to keep the Jew in a kind of quarantine, Jewish thought has not been

impervious to external influences. There has been a steady interrelation between Jewish and non-Jewish streams of opinion, points of contact at certain periods of profound consequence in the history of civilization. The Jewish mind has been open to impressions, it has recognized its duty to its age, and has been no laggard in the work of human advancement, in which its interest has been as keen and impassioned as it is to-day.

An early, and in many respects a classic, example of the readiness of the Jew to widen his horizon is afforded by the story of Philo and the Alexandrian school. When Alexander founded his famous city (332 B. C.), a Jewish colony was among the earliest settlers, and it did not take them many years to become so influenced by their environment as to write Greek with the fluency of an Athenian. In the more or less favorable conditions that prevailed for a considerable period under Alexander's immediate successors, they were Greek citizens without losing their religious identity. Soon there sprang up among them a school of writers, poets, dramatists, historians, who were not the least eminent leaders in literature and philosophy. Philo may be taken as the typical thinker of his time, and he is always termed Philo Judæus. Greek was then largely the vernacular of the synagogue, and Homer, Plato, Aristotle, and the Stoics were as much read by young Israel as the Pentateuch, the Psalms, the Prophets of Judæa.

Philo, about whose life only scanty details are preserved, could not have been a more loyal Jew, with greater reverence for his religion and firmer attachment to his special community, in whose defense he participated in an embassy to Rome. Yet he was broad enough to see goodness elsewhere, and he strove to fuse the wisdom of the Greek with the faith of the Hebrew, not from any desire to abandon his traditions, but to show their adaptability in a cultured age. Whether his system of allegory was a success or not, and whether his philosophy was accepted

or not by his brethren in the flesh, these are inquiries absolutely secondary to the main issue—that a man like Philo, with his character, training, and standing, could feel the necessity of reconciling his faith with current tendencies without being less a Jew. That he was rejected by his people, who preferred the interpretation of Palestine to that of Athens or Alexandria, and that his writings owe their preservation to the Christian Fathers, with undoubted influence on the early theology of the Church, do not invalidate the position assumed. Certainly the point of contact in those centuries might have led to far-reaching consequences, if Roman supremacy had not precipitated a catastrophe which scattered philosophy to the winds and made the Jew only draw his cloak closer around him.

A no less suggestive cross-fertilization of ideas took place in Spain when the caliphs founded their schools and gave such a marked impetus to the advancement of knowledge. Here the receptivity of the Jewish mind, its plastic character, its readiness to unfold and expand in a genial atmosphere, could not have been more superbly and convincingly illustrated. Long ages of devotion to study, which began in the home circle as the young child was taught the meaning of his religion and its symbols,—“Thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children!” reads the olden command,—this has predisposed him to the pursuit of learning. Under the Moslem ruler, and later under the Christian kings until the era of relentless persecutions changed the scholar’s pen into the pilgrim’s staff, a distinguished coterie of thinkers were spurred on to independent research, and Arabic, in turn, became in a measure the synagogue’s vernacular, while Jewish writers competed ardently with their Moslem contemporaries in literary skill.

It is beyond our present scope to allude to the Jew’s versatility, which made him now a caliph’s grand vizier, now a translator into Arabic of priceless works,

as well as merchant, scientist, trader. To restrict one’s self to the field of religious philosophical thought in particular, the point of contact was marked. So keen was the rivalry, so susceptible the Jewish mind, that, to quote the words of the late Professor David Kaufmann, of Budapest, in some respects the most erudite writer in his line for many decades, “Every more important achievement in the domain of Arabic philosophy was noticed, examined, utilized by Jews; the appearance of a new Arabic work was usually followed by its Jewish imitator.” Although Dr. Kaufmann insists that this imitateness does not imply slavish dependence, it shows none the less an intellectual openness in the most important of all branches to the Jew—that of religious philosophy.

The men, too, who were influenced so markedly by current thought were the sweet singers of the synagogue—poets and moralists of the stamp of Gabirol and Judah Hallevi, esteemed the glory of mediæval Israel. Nor did they lose aught of fame. Their works are still retained in the traditional ritual and on the solemn days, so broad after all is the synagogue, which took its cue from the sages who formed the Old Testament Canon. These included the Song of Songs as well as the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes as well as the Psalms, as if they meant to symbolize the light and shade, the joy and sorrow in human existence, in the composite character of the Biblical books.

It is Maimonides (born at Cordova, 1137; died at Cairo, 1204) who presents, perhaps, the most salient example of Jewish adaptiveness in those centuries. He was the “eagle of the synagogue,” the sage *par excellence*, of vast industry and extensive knowledge, judging from his exhaustive works. Yet this scholar of scholars, this profound rabbinical authority, whose condensed creed of Judaism, termed “the Thirteen Principles,” is accepted practically throughout the Jewish world, exclusive of some American

congregations, this man of all men set himself the task of reconciling revealed religion and Greek-Arabic philosophy. In other words, he saw the necessity of harmonizing the old and the new, and deemed current tendencies serious and divine enough to impel him to write his famous *Guide of the Perplexed*. This work, originally in Arabic, but now translated into various tongues, left its distinct mark on contemporary thought, furnishing ideas to later ages, from the Schoolmen to Spinoza.

Here, too, the main question is not whether this work is still of service, or whether its standpoint is hopelessly antiquated, with the disappearance of Aristotelianism in modern philosophy. The real fact for consideration is that a Jewish authority like Maimonides freely absorbed the views of his age, and was broad and open enough to attempt to reconcile current thought with his traditional faith, — Aristotle and Moses. It is true, his work was regarded as heretical by a few prominent rabbis, and his adherents and opponents in later years had sharp feuds of their own. But he had written his book and given an example to his people, even if, like other thinkers of other climes and creeds, he was a solitary peak above the plain. Yet he was not entirely alone — there were other minds that absorbed as keenly. Then came the ravages of the Black Death and shameless persecutions, which again robbed the philosopher of his calm idealism, and made the Jew once more a helpless wanderer.

The Renaissance movement, with the spread of Humanism, was welcomed by the Jew as marking almost as Messianic an era as the French Revolution and the century of emancipation in its train. Here the point of contact was peculiar, for, instead of opposing the new ideas and ideals, he met them half-way and gladly opened his treasures of learning to advance their growth. That was none the less a period of cruel repression, and the exiles from Spain found it hard to

gain a safe foothold anywhere in Europe. Yet the Jew could not have been more responsive to the currents of his time, when a Reuchlin could become his pupil in Hebrew, and the disciples of Elias Levita could introduce Hebrew studies into Germany. Elias del Medigo was not averse to be selected as umpire by warring factions in the University of Padua, while other Jewish teachers at the universities gave freely of their wisdom as their highest duty towards their age.

The Jew was to be borne swiftly along the stream of a movement which was to be followed by the Reformation. He might have been excused had he held aloof, but his passion for knowledge must have vent. He became poet, — Immanuel of Rome was a friend of Dante, — philosopher, astronomer, mathematician, in his enthusiasm. He gained fresh courage in the new atmosphere, and accompanied Columbus on his voyage, Vasco da Gama on his distant quest. He was among the earliest to see the possibilities of the printing-press, which was to spread also his literature, never designed to be a sealed book, but whose study was his highest duty. He could develop, too, into an ambassador from Turkey to the Venetian republic. In the flourishing mercantile states of mediæval Italy he could play an active rôle, and his sphere was not restricted to finance but extended to the handicrafts as well. He was quick to utilize every invention and to promote every industry, whenever the political laws allowed his freedom of choice and some certainty of tenure, and did not limit his vision to old clothes and the junk-shop.

No religious scruple stood in the way, nor any traditional barrier to prevent his imparting of knowledge to the stranger without the gates, for he recalled the treasured opinion of one of his early fathers: "A non-Israelite who occupies himself with the law of God stands in the same rank as the high priest." No wonder Reuchlin's heart could go out to his teachers as he defended Hebrew litera-

ture from the malice of the obscurantists. So close, then, was the connection between the era preparatory to the Reformation and the teachers of the Humanists, without whose pioneer work, perhaps, Luther might have less signally triumphed.

These instances of Jewish participation in the great movements of history might readily be extended, and it might easily be shown how the activity spread to other lines besides religious thought, as can be observed to-day in every civilized land. If the objection is interposed that the illustrations are individual and cannot be regarded as characteristic of the race, one might as well deny to Isaiah, to Micah, to the Psalmist, the claim of being Jewish and representative of Jewish thought. To have produced such broad genius, such impressionable minds, there must have been always a central fire in the heart of the Jewish race which leaped upward exultantly when the moment was propitious, — a storehouse of sympathy for humanity in its widest sense, and for human progress, which could be utilized by prophet or sage.

Among truly typical thinkers there was ever cherished a larger hope, a wider inspiration, which was not the idle cry of a child for a star but the deep impassioned yearning for human perfection and universal brotherhood as the goal to which law and statute, symbol and ceremony pointed. How pitiful that outside pressure, unrighteous conditions in church and state, have made the Jew's history a continuous tragedy and maimed him at times almost beyond recognition, so that often the caricature was taken for reality. Yet the miracle of resurrection was ever there, the blossom beneath the snow, the love of humanity which was unconquerable under every affliction. In the world's welfare he read and felt his own welfare. He knew he would not wear forever his gaberdine. He could bide his time. The day must break, the shadows pass away. The sword would change into the ploughshare, the bitter taunt into brotherly love.

Let suffering be the badge of the tribe —

Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded
not.

What of the relation of the Jew to American life and ideals? Here his plastic quality has been illustrated in the work of representative men and women in every epoch, from the Colonial through that of the Revolution, and in the Civil and Spanish-American Wars. There is something divine in the American atmosphere, which causes Old-World rancors and prejudices to weaken and lose much of their keen edge under its influence. In the demands of American life, in the strain and spur of competition, with the closer contact enforced by school and shop, mill and factory, the creeds, consciously or unconsciously, are affected as never before, and the Jew, like the rest, is broadened by his environment. He enters gladly into the currents of his time — whether he becomes a pioneer in Alaska or an up-builder in California, as he rears his department store in the great cities or plans his philanthropies without distinction of creed. He upholds the new education, is among the investigators in science, defends the public schools, is active in movements for civic betterment, and whether Democrat or Republican, feels the stir of his age. He is as proud of his Americanism as are the little children of the emigrant in the intoxication of their first flag-drill. Patriotism is to the American Jew a part of his religion, as was shown in the days of '76 and '61, and in the recent war with Spain, when even the Rough Riders had their Jewish quota.

Nor is the Jew less in touch with American ideals; they sound curiously familiar, for did not his fathers hear the slogan of old, — "proclaim liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof"? America spells freedom under the law, as does Judaism. The American ethical standards are the old-fashioned ones of justice and morality, public and private virtue, even if

these for the time are somewhat obscured by prevalent graft and greed. And has not Theodore Roosevelt been termed a later Hebrew prophet? Why should not the American Jew be at one with his country and its ideals, and be aroused to his best as the years advance? No Ghetto has stained the American soil; no foul bigotry to deny the Jew the rights of man. He will be spurred on to breadth

in life and thought, in sympathies and achievement. To-day America means more to the Jew than to any one else, for it is the only land that opens wide its gates to the persecuted and the down-trodden. He and his children can never forget their obligation in return, as loyally, modestly, and helpfully they do their part in realizing the ideals of our Republic.

EVENSONG

BY RIDGELY TORRENCE

BEAUTY calls and gives no warning,
Shadows rise and wander on the day.
In the twilight, in the quiet evening
We shall rise and smile and go away.
Over the flaming leaves
Freezes the sky.
It is the season grieves,
Not you, not I.
All our springtimes, all our summers,
We have kept the longing warm within.
Now we leave the after-comers
To attain the dreams we did not win.
O we have wakened, Sweet, and had our birth,
And that's the end of earth;
And we have toiled and smiled and kept the light,
And that's the end of night.

MADAME ARVILLA

BY EVELYN SCHUYLER SCHAEFFER

MADAME ARVILLA had a great reputation in the gay seaside city. All day long her patrons walked in and out of her little office on the Board Walk. A tiny place it was, for rents were high; a narrow room — if indeed it could be called a room; a booth, rather, just wide enough to afford space for a person to walk carefully between the chairs on each side; only half a dozen chairs in all, for the space was short as well as narrow, and the farther end was cut off by a screen. Pushing past the screen, one came to the inner sanctum where Madame was accustomed to sit, in a low chair with a small table in front of her. A similar chair on the opposite side accommodated the customer. Palmistry was Madame Arvilla's specialty. Of the mysteries of clairvoyance she maintained that she knew nothing; yet there were those who came away declaring that only clairvoyance could explain the remarkable things which she had told them.

There was nothing of the conventional sorceress in her appearance. She was a stoutish, middle-aged woman of benign aspect, who looked like some good, motherly soul from the rural districts. There was about her a wholesome homeliness, and in her speech a certain terseness and directness, although in accent and language she showed herself to be a person of some education. As a fortune-teller on the Board Walk she was an anomaly. But her gray eyes were extraordinarily keen and her manner was businesslike; and, for that matter, the Board Walk holds many anomalies.

There she sat, month in and month out, reading hands at a dollar a sitting. In the winter and spring her clientèle was mostly respectable; in the summer it was quite likely to be the reverse; for

thus the hotel population varied with the changing seasons. To her, seated behind her little table, her visitors broadly resolved themselves into two classes: those who wanted her to tell them all that she saw or fancied she saw in their hands, and those who desired her to use a certain discretion. As she was wont to express it: "In April and May they mostly want me to tell them the truth, but along in July and August they want me to be careful what I say." But respectable or disreputable, she was interested in them all, for the study of human nature was not only her livelihood, but her unflinching entertainment — her dissipation indeed, as she sometimes said to herself. Usually, with an eye to business, she made her diagnosis as flattering as might be. That is, she avoided mentioning some unpleasant things which she saw or divined; yet she had been known to tell startling home truths, to utter warnings and to give good, practical advice. There had even been occasions when she had not belied the impression which her appearance gave of a person to whom one might appeal in trouble; but in those rare cases she scarcely let her left hand know what her right hand did; for, after all, she had her living to make, and benevolence is not business.

Her benevolence had never before carried her so far as on the occasion when, locking up her office and foregoing two days' profits, she took Christine home to her father. In fact, when she found herself on the railway train she wondered at her own impulsiveness and was inclined to call herself a fool. But certainly Henry Barton's daughter had a peculiar claim on her. Christine had visited her only twice, the first time accompanied by Ros-siter. Madame Arvilla never forgot the

astonishing vision of radiant, youthful beauty which she presented as, pushing aside the screen, she entered the dusky little office and seated herself in the low chair, laughing lightly — a laugh as care-free and irresponsible as a child's. Madame Arvilla disliked Rossiter at first sight, and although at that time she knew nothing about either of them, she tried, while studying the lines of the girl's hands, to warn her of the dangers to which her temperament as well as her beauty exposed her; a warning which was received with entire carelessness. It bore unexpected fruit, however, for when the moment of danger and perplexity came, the palmist was the only person to whom Christine ventured to turn.

"Well," she said, as, entering the office, she seated herself once more in the low chair, "some of your horrid things came true and I almost feel as if you had made them come true by saying them. So now perhaps you can tell me what to do next." Her words were flippant, but her cheeks were deeply flushed and tears came to her eyes.

"It was the man?" asked Madame Arvilla.

"Oh, yes, it was the man. He was dreadful." She laid her hands, palms upward, on the table. "Can't you see what is going to become of me now?" she asked.

Madame Arvilla smiled. "There are limits to what I can see," she said. "You had better tell me about it, I think."

For a moment it seemed difficult for Christine to find the right words. "Oh," she said at last, "he likes me very much too much, and of course his wife does n't like it. She made it impossible for me to stay. And then he proposed horrid things that of course I could n't do, so I thought I'd better run away. I don't know what to do next and I thought of you. I don't know another soul here. And you told me so much that I thought perhaps you could tell me more."

Having delivered herself of this explanation, she wiped her eyes and leaned

back, with the disengaged air of one who has to a certain extent divested herself of responsibility.

Madame Arvilla gazed at her with mingled dismay and curiosity. "Were n't you frightened when he proposed things that you could n't do?" she asked.

"Why, I did n't have to do them," said the girl ingenuously. "And he is awfully fond of me," she added indulgently.

"And you were staying with them?"

"Oh, I came as the children's governess. Mrs. Rossiter and I were great friends. She spent a summer in the town where I lived — and it was the only way I could get away from home."

"And you had to leave home?"

"Oh, I could n't stand it!" exclaimed the girl. "Such a hateful little country town, and my father thinks everything nice is wicked. He's a minister, you know. Every minute I spent there was a waste of time. I *had* to get away."

"And now the only thing to do is to go back," said Madame Arvilla. "That is as simple as can be."

"Not at all," said the girl. "I don't suppose my father will have me. He said that I should n't leave, you see, so I ran away. He wrote me one letter that I thought very unkind, and since then we have n't had anything to do with each other."

"And have you no mother?"

"She died when I was a baby."

This, reflected Madame Arvilla, was one of the cases where she was called upon to act, and she had decided to see that the girl was restored to her father even before further questioning had elicited the fact that Christine was the daughter of Henry Barton, and that the "hateful little town" was her own native place: the place associated with the recollections of her childhood and with the romance of her youth; the place of all others which she remembered with affection and revisited in her dreams.

As for Christine, she thought it odd that Madame Arvilla should have known

her father, and very good of her to take so much trouble; but for her part, she was sorry to go back. "Is n't there anything else I can do?" she asked plaintively.

"You can't possibly do anything else," replied Madame Arvilla.

"How dreadfully decided you are," remonstrated Christine. Then she laughed her light laugh. "At any rate Mr. Rossiter will be surprised. He won't know what has become of me and I hope they'll both worry."

"What an astonishing child for Henry Barton to have!" was Arvilla's mental comment.

When they looked out of the car window in the morning, a smiling landscape met their view: low, undulating hills checkered with parti-colored fields, some vividly green, others still showing brown between the furrows; here and there a patch of woodland or a group of fine trees. A tame landscape certainly; but Madame Arvilla gazed at it with the swelling heart of the home-coming exile. As they drew near the village and she noted one familiar landmark after another, her eyes filled. Looking at Christine through a mist, she saw that the girl was wiping away tears. "After all, she has some natural feeling," thought the woman, and leaning forward, she laid her hand gently on the girl's hand. At this mark of sympathy Christine sniffed audibly.

"Is n't it too horrid?" she said. "Oh, how I do hate this place! And you've made me come back to it. Why could n't I stay with you, Madame Arvilla, and learn to tell fortunes?"

Madame Arvilla laughed as she wiped her eyes surreptitiously. "By the way," she said, "you can call me Mrs. Simpson now. Not but what Arvilla is my name too. It's my Christian name, and I thought it answered better for my profession."

"Much better," agreed Christine. "We'd better not say anything about the palmistry before father," she added.

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"He is n't very broad-minded, you know."

Arvilla winced a little even while she smiled, and there was a silence, broken at length by the girl.

"I suppose I shall marry Geoffrey," she said discontentedly, "and goodness knows I don't want to."

"And who is Geoffrey?"

The girl's face dimpled. "He's just Solid Worth in every sense of the word. He bores me, and his family bore me, and father would be delighted."

"Go on," said Madame Arvilla, glad to be diverted from her own thoughts. "Tell me all about Geoffrey."

"Oh, well, he and his relations are the pillars of my father's church. They think most things are wicked. They have heaps of money and don't spend it—except a little on missionaries. I'd have to go to church on Sundays in a nice thick silk dress, and to prayer-meetings on weekday evenings in second-best. I'd never be allowed to dance or play cards any more than I am now, but I'd make calls—lots of them. And dinner at one and tea at six all the rest of my life."

"Then why marry him?"

"Now do you really suppose I can keep quiet and not do anything at all?" asked the girl with exasperation.

"No, I certainly don't," said Madame Arvilla.

"Besides, Geoffrey is rather nice himself, and he cares for me a great deal. And if I have n't anything else to do I'm afraid I might forget his surroundings long enough to marry him. But I'd certainly find I had married his surroundings too, for he is n't his own master, poor Geoffrey."

"But don't be in such a hurry. You need n't settle your whole life to-day. Do try to believe that to-morrow is coming—and more to-morrows after it."

"If I could stay with you," declared Christine, "perhaps I could behave. You are not so terribly serious."

Meantime the train was drawing up to the station. "Here we are!" ex-

claimed Arvilla. "And Christine, I'm sure your father will be glad to see you. Do be a little glad to see him."

Christine shrugged her shoulders. "I *could* be," she said, "but I know him better than you do."

When Henry Barton held out his arms to his daughter his agitation would have touched her more if it had not overwhelmed her with embarrassment. As it was, she experienced a shame-faced emotion, and when released from his embrace made all haste to fly to her room, where, to her great surprise, she at once burst into tears.

At first sight, Arvilla thought him little changed. The slight stoop, the thinning of the hair on his temples, and the lines on his face merely accentuated his type, which had always been that of the refined, ascetic Puritan parson of the old school. On the other hand, it was at first somewhat difficult for him to recognize in her the Arvilla of the old days, until her voice bridged the chasm, when he presently forgot that he had noticed any great change. She had dreaded the moment of explanation, but Henry, apprehensive though he might be of the allurements of the world, the flesh and the Devil, was, after all, not of a suspicious nature, and was too unversed in the ways of the world to picture its dangers except in a large and general way. So she told him only as much of Christine's adventures as she thought best; and if he fancied that his child's heart had turned to him and that she had come back of her own accord, why, so much the better, thought Arvilla.

On his part, warmed by gratitude to her and encouraged by her sympathy, he was moved, for the first time since he had known the doubtful joys and heavy responsibilities of fatherhood, to unburden his heart of all his anxieties and perplexities. Evidently he had been a painfully conscientious parent, stifling his affection and giving his sense of duty free play. And now he was wondering where he had failed.

"She has a light nature," he said, "but I have labored over her without ceasing."

"Poor Christine!" was Arvilla's mental ejaculation. Aloud she said, "You have taken her too seriously. That is just the trouble."

"Can one take an immortal soul too seriously?" he asked reproachfully.

"You must fit your tools to your material. If she is a butterfly, you must handle her as a butterfly."

He only sighed and shook his head in a discouraged way. Arvilla had already realized that he was more changed than she had at first supposed. Narrow, prejudiced, and dogmatic he had always been; but ardent, a fiery combatant, ready to defend his position, good or bad, with vehemence. Now there seemed hardly a glow left in the ashes, so subdued and weary was his aspect. He had gained in tolerance, perhaps, but it was at the cost of all his old enthusiasm. Her suggestion that he should try to provide some amusement for the girl, he met helplessly. "A girl is so hard to understand," he said.

Arvilla had intended to leave in the afternoon, but Henry begged her to spend at least one night under his roof, and she yielded. She always looked back to this as the strangest day she had ever spent. This was the parsonage where he and she had expected to live. There on the marble-topped centre-table in the stiff little parlor was the alabaster model of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, which some one had given Henry and which they used to say was the first thing they had toward housekeeping. When she went into the dining-room she recalled the tablecloths and napkins which she had hemmed; and there was the bay window which had been built for them and which she had planned to keep filled with blossoming plants. There were plants in it now, tended by the minister's old servant. But when she saw Christine's bedroom she thought, "*My* child's room would have been prettier."

It was not until evening that she went into the minister's study. Geoffrey had come to see Christine, and the parlor was left to the young people, in country fashion. The night was chilly, and in the study a fire had been kindled on the hearth and two armchairs were drawn up before it. Arvilla looked about the room. This, then, was Henry's study, the place where he really lived. Her glance lingered on the bookshelves, filled with serious volumes, on the old writing table, shabby in its appointments, but neat in its arrangement, and on the leather-seated chair in front of it. They sat down before the fire and at first were somewhat silent. They had already exchanged such confidences as are usual on the meeting of old friends — with, to be sure, important omissions on Arvilla's part; for she knew his point of view, and why should she spoil the comfort of one short day? For the moment it was pleasant to sit without talking.

As of old, his mood had lightened in the comfortable atmosphere of her cheerful and equable temperament, until now he seemed somewhat more like his former self, but gentler than he had been in the old days. It was of course impossible that both should not be struck by this phantasmal fulfillment of their early visions of fireside companionship; but whereas Arvilla thought of it half humorously, half tenderly, as a mere curious episode, Henry found a strange new hope springing up in his heart. His familiar room had taken on an unaccustomed aspect of homelikeness with Arvilla sitting opposite him, and now that he had seen her there he thought that it would never again seem like home without her. The old disagreements looked inexpressibly unimportant to him, and his former attitude toward them now seemed petty and obstinate. He thought of his child, whose heart, always closed to him, had opened to her at a touch; he thought of his people, with whom he found it more and more difficult to get on a footing of confidence. In

Arvilla he found the solution of all his difficulties, all his enigmas. Possibilities of a new life opened before him.

Arvilla was too versed in the study of human nature to remain unconscious of what was passing in his mind. "Poor Henry," she said to herself, "he is beginning to care for me again."

A woman is never too old to be touched by the faithfulness of an old lover, and Henry had been her first love, as she had been his. She regarded him with tenderness, though without illusions; and to her surprise, she found herself tempted. What warmth of comfort and affection she could bring into his lonely and colorless life. How successful a stepmother she could be to Christine, and how she would enjoy it. And, yes, what happiness for herself in the satisfaction of her innate longing for the peaceful joys of the domestic hearth. Viewed by the light of the study fire, the office on the Board Walk seemed a cheerless place, and she found herself suddenly tired of the study of unresponsive humanity. The pastor's flock would be a welcome exchange for her clients. Her old contentment was broken up. Then she pulled herself up sharply. She had no mind to deceive Henry, even if it were possible to do so for long; and she knew that her profession would be anathema maranatha to him.

But meantime Henry had made his resolution. His fear lest she should vanish once more into a world where perhaps he might lose her, overcame the principle which he had laid down for himself in earlier years as a bulwark against his impetuous impulses, of prefacing any important action by a season of prayer and meditation. He found delay unbearable, and it was with something of his old ardor that he asked her to marry him. The suddenness of it took her by surprise, and she hesitated. She was aware that the judicious course would be to refuse him without explanation, but for once she did not feel capable of being judicious. She was possessed by a desire

to have it out with him and see what would come of it.

"You know very little about me of late years," she said.

"No, but I can see what the years have done for you," he answered.

"I told you that I made my own living."

"Yes, and I respect you for it. You need not think that I care how humble your calling may have been. It has been blessed to you. When I see you, after all your trials, brave, cheerful, free from bitterness, I blush to remember the superior attitude which I assumed in the old days."

This was a tribute indeed, and appealed to her sense of humor at the same time that it touched her. "Wait!" she said. "My business has n't been so dreadfully humble, but I'm afraid you have a prejudice against it."

"What is it then?"

"I am a palmist."

"A — *what*?"

"You might call it a branch of psychology. I read the lines of the hand."

"Arvilla! Don't jest with me now." He stared at her in bewildered dismay.

"I should n't dream of jesting. I make my living that way."

"I don't think I understand you. You surely are not telling me that you are a mere fortune-teller — *you*!"

"Perhaps you would call it that."

"And that you make your living by trading on the credulity of fools?" His bewilderment was giving way to the deep indignation of the man who feels himself betrayed.

"Not quite so fast!" said Arvilla, flushing. Then she sighed. "Perhaps I ought to have explained in the very beginning," she said, "but I could hardly hope to make you understand — and I never expected to see you again after to-day. Now I am going to tell you the whole story. I was very poor when my husband died. I was alone in a big town — we had just moved there — and I had two little children to support. I tried

everything I could get — do you suppose I cared how humble it was? But I could n't earn enough to make them comfortable. There were times when I had to see them go hungry. Then one day this came into my head. I had once studied palmistry enough to play the gypsy at fairs, and people used to say jokingly that I might make my fortune that way. It was the last resort — and it succeeded. Then, when the children died and I felt as if I had no interest in life, it gave me an interest, and so I went on — and of course it was my livelihood too."

The minister looked deeply distressed. "How, after that, could you possibly continue to keep up the imposture?" he asked.

"But it is n't imposture. I want you to understand that. I keep my share of the bargain. I tell them all that I undertake to tell them."

"What can you tell them?"

"Their peculiarities; things that have happened to them — people love to be told what they know already if it's about themselves; and of course, future possibilities, dangers to avoid, things to hope for, warnings and advice — even sometimes something like prophecy."

"You ask me to believe this?"

"I am telling you the truth."

"You can't possibly believe in it yourself?"

"I suppose you would say, if I don't, it is fraud; and if I do, it's the Devil. Well, I'm not a Witch of Endor, but I do believe in it, though I hardly know how I do it. There really is something in the lines of the hand — however you may shake your head. And then people tell me more than they think, with their faces and gestures and the words they let drop. And sometimes when I take a person's hand in mine, things seem to come to me in a queer way — I'm sure I don't know how. Perhaps the chief thing is that people interest me so. Don't you remember how fond I always was of just mere human beings, and how we used to say what a useful

trait it would be in a minister's wife?"

"I remember." The minister's voice vibrated with an emotion which Arvilla did not stop to analyze.

"I try to do some good in the world," she went on, "and I have more opportunities than you would think. Sometimes it's a girl or a boy in trouble, and a little advice helps — and sometimes — well, I suppose there is n't a wickeder place in the United States than the Board Walk in summer, and when I think it's worth while I speak out plainly. And when it comes to scaring them about their sins, why, Henry, you're not in it with me. You preach the wrath to come, but after all, preaching is pretty general. The thing that tells is to go into detail. When I, an utter stranger, look into a person's hand and say, 'You've done this or that,' — something they think nobody knows but themselves, — 'and if you don't look out you're going to do something worse' — and tell them what it is they're going to do — I can tell you, it gives them a turn. Perhaps it does n't do any good, but who knows?"

She spoke with evident conviction, and the minister, who had listened with his eyes intently fixed on her, now rose to his feet and began pacing up and down the room. How often had she seen him jump up and pace the floor in the heat of discussion! She felt that the old fire was rekindled, and that anything she could say would be futile; but she could not forbear a last word.

"Of course I knew pretty well how you would feel about it," she said, "but I have a clear conscience. I feel myself to be no worse a woman — perhaps better — than if I had earned my bread as a washerwoman, for instance — though I would have done that too, for the children, if I could have got it to do."

He paused in front of her and again fixed on her the gaze of his deep-set eyes, in whose sombre depths a new fire was now burning. She looked at him reflectively and with something of her habitual humorous expression. "Well, I suppose

we are going to say good-by," she said, "and I don't imagine we shall ever meet again. But now, as between you and me, Henry, do you really think so badly of me? I am the same woman you praised a little while ago, and whatever was true of me then is just as true of me now."

She waited a moment for his answer. Then he spoke. "Yes, you are the same woman," he said. "For you it seems possible to lead a Christian life even when engaged in an unchristian business. Truly, to the pure all things are pure. Your palmistry — I don't believe in it. It is detestable. But I see how you have made it serve you — as you would have made anything else serve you in doing good. But you say it is good-by. Is that the answer you give me?"

"Do you want any other answer? When I said it I thought you disapproved of me too much to care to have anything more to do with me."

"I want you to marry me," he said vehemently. "I want you to go out into the world with me and show me how to work for humanity!"

"You mean that you would leave this place?"

"I have stayed here too long. I and my people have stagnated together. Once it seemed to me that I could ask nothing better than to spend my life in the service of my own people whom I have known from my youth up. There was a time when I had calls to other churches, but I refused them. Now I know that another man might serve my people better. I make no impression on them. Nothing that I can say goes home. Oh, they like me to be impassioned; it is all part of the Sunday entertainment — and I can no longer speak to them with force. For I am tired. I am tired of beating against a dead wall. I am tired of the measured thrift with which prosperous men provide for their souls' salvation. I am tired of the women and their church sociables. I am sure they are better Christians than I am, but I see so much of them! And I am ashamed of myself that I have not

sooner resigned my place to some man who could fill it better. I seemed stupefied until you came, and I did not know how to break away from the tyranny of old habit. Now I am alive again."

Poor Henry, thought Arvilla, how bored he has been. And yet he cannot understand Christine.

"I want to go to a great city," he went on. "I want to labor among the poor, the wretched, the degraded. I want to go where I can feel the beating of men's hearts. It is you who have waked me up — you, with your great love and understanding of humanity. For a long time I seem to have been paralyzed. All freshness of feeling seemed gone forever and I have gone on using mere phrases — speaking the language which I had been taught, but without realizing its meaning. I began to think that my God had forsaken me."

He stopped speaking and resumed his walk up and down the room. Arvilla's eyes followed him. This indeed was the Henry of her youth — this impetuous man with the fiery eyes. The years seemed to fall from him as he straightened his shoulders and held his head erect. He was some few years her senior, but she, sitting back in her easy chair, felt immensely older than he. She looked about the room with a rueful smile. For her part, she was tired of the turmoil of the world. She longed for the sheltered quiet of the country parsonage, the very parsonage where she and Henry had ex-

pected to begin life together. She was not afraid of being bored by the congregation. Human nature was as interesting here as elsewhere; and it would be sweet to end her days in her own native place. How had it happened that she of all people had so stirred Henry up?

He came and stood before her again. "I am not altogether visionary," he said. "I have a little money which my father left me. I can take care of you and Christine."

Arvilla reflected comfortably that she too had a little money. Well — at least she would rather work in the slums with Henry and make a home for him and Christine, than go back to the loneliness of the office on the Board Walk. And if Henry seemed to be thinking more of the interest of a fresh field of work than of her personally, why, perhaps she had thought almost as much of the old parsonage and the little town — and Christine — as she had of him. It was as broad as it was long — and after all, they were neither of them as young as they had been.

She looked up into his face as he stood before her. "Yes, Henry, I will marry you," she said. "And I hope I shall make you even a little happier than you expect."

After all, she was mistaken in thinking that his ardor was all for his work. He stooped and kissed her with surprisingly little embarrassment — considering that they were neither of them as young as they had been.

THE IDEAL OF ORIENTAL UNITY

BY PAUL S. REINSCH

To personify a nation and to invest it with certain definite attributes has always been an attractive short-cut to knowledge, and a convenient basis for sweeping judgments. It is not surprising that this method should have been applied with even greater boldness to a whole continent, for the infinite variety of Oriental life makes patient inquiry exceedingly perplexing. Such aphorisms as "The East is the East" afford a welcome solution, but, it must be confessed, not one which will long satisfy the inquiring mind, or afford a reliable guidance in political action. It may therefore be worth while to make some search as to whether amid all this diversity of social phenomena there may actually be discovered a bond of unity. Are there elements in Oriental life universal and powerful enough to constitute a living unity of sentiment for the surging multitudes of the Orient? What thoughts can they summon up which will stir in them such feelings as overcome us when we see the luminous masterpieces of the Greek chisel, or the soaring arches and pinnacles of Bourges; when we think of the civic wisdom of Rome, the blossoming of Christian ideals of the middle ages? What names are there to compel homage and undying admiration, as the great ruler after whom all emperors are named? What philosophers to compare with the two master-spirits in whom all our thoughts and systems have their source? What representatives of an Oriental world-literature as universal as the divine bard, or the exiled Ghibelline of Florence?

Whether such a unity of thought and sentiment, such a common tradition of powerful personality exists in the Orient, appears at first sight very doubt-

ful, indeed. We must constantly be on our guard against misleading similarities and antitheses. Truth resides neither in "Yes" nor in "No," neither in difference nor in identity, but in the shade or manner, the subtle relations of thought which lead one race or generation to emphasize classic form, while another dwells on inner force or romantic charm, both believing after all the same religion of beauty. Thus the analogies between Christianity and Buddhism are many, and Confucius solved the great moral problems in a manner not unlike that of other great moral teachers, so that his wisdom often appears trite to those who are looking for the strange and unaccustomed.

Indeed, it may be said that whatever has been thought has, at some time or other, been thought in Asia. But though the periphery and the contents of two theories may be almost identical, their import may nevertheless be immeasurably diverse, according to the *nuance* of emphasis imparted by the psychological background of primal motives and beliefs. Thus the theories of the advocate of Stuart absolutism and of the sentimental herald of the Revolution are almost identical in their component elements, when statically compared; yet how vastly different in import and result, through distribution of emphasis and grouping of their various concepts! Even thus it is with Gotama, Kapila, and Confucius; and we shall probably get closer to a real understanding of Asiatic unity and of the relations of East and West, if instead of enumerating and counterbalancing qualities and characteristics, and setting up a fixed standard called Oriental, we should rather try to seize the subtle and Protean temper ani-

mating Oriental races; and instead of dilating upon the whole complex of their beliefs and institutions, attempt to appreciate the shades and gradations of meaning, and to understand the temperamental background of Oriental life and thought. We may then perhaps find less Orientalism in Schopenhauer, as we have enough of pessimism in the West to supply sundry philosophers; nor shall we probably be confident enough to strike a balance between East and West that will settle categorically all questions of superiority and power of triumphant control. No glittering aphorisms will reward us; nor sensational thrills and excitements. These joys we must forego, if we desire to approach the Orient in the spirit typified by a Humboldt rather than in the excited fancy of the exorcist of war clouds and many-colored perils.

The Orient has always had a dangerous fascination for the West; it has filled the Western mind with vague longings, fantastic imaginings, and lurid forebodings. As fair Italy with Circean charm enticed the rough riders of the Alemanian forests, even so the Orient has always cast a powerful spell over the nations of the West. Her deep philosophy, her venerable history, command their wonder and respect; her potential energy and wealth arouse their cupidity. The Russian mind has been especially prone to such entrancing dreams. "The grand and mysterious Orient — it is ours, it is through us that its destiny is to be realized." Thus spake they, and they were the first to feel the mysterious power which they hoped to bind to their will and make the instrument of a boundless ambition. Such vague aspirations make the romance of history, but they also make the heart-rending misery of the patient poor.

Two utterances by prominent British statesmen have recently caused a great wave of discussion in the intellectual world of the East, particularly in India. On account of their deep effect — due to

very different causes — they deserve our attention, and may reveal to us some interesting views of the temper of the Oriental mind. When Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon, fond of imperial display and realizing the importance of an impressive ceremonial, was always ready to take advantage of occasions of public moment. It being a part of his official life to personify both the grandeur and the wisdom of the British *raj*, he was not satisfied with the mere outward pomp and trappings of royal splendor, but also addressed himself to the intelligence of his subjects in dignified discourses. But the homily which, shortly before his resignation, he delivered at the Convocation of the University of Calcutta seems to have gone far towards destroying whatever assuaging effect his former diplomatic utterances had exerted. Speaking before a select body of the intellectual aristocracy of India, he pronounced his views on some aspects of Oriental character. Though he directed his remarks to the graduating students, his words were interpreted by all his hearers, as well as by those to whom they were reëchoed through the Indian press, as an insult deliberately offered to the moral character of India.

The words which thus stirred up the resentment of a whole nation, and which are even now being discussed throughout Asia, would not at first sight strike us as extravagant, accustomed as we are to the most harebrained generalizations about Oriental races. But their solemn recital in the face of a representative Indian audience, on an occasion generally consecrated to soothing commonplaces, is a poignant instance of the traditional defectiveness of the British sense of humor. Such sentences as the following aroused the storm which has not yet subsided:—

"The highest ideal of truth is to a large extent a Western conception. . . . Truth took a higher place in the moral codes of the West long before it had been similarly honored in the East, where

craftiness and diplomatic wile have always been held in repute. We may prove it by the common innuendo that lurks in the words 'Oriental diplomacy,' by which is meant something rather tortuous and hypersubtle." Lord Curzon then specified that the most ordinary forms which falsehood takes in Indian life are exaggeration, flattery, and vilification.

The retorts to this salutatory address were legion, and ran through the whole gamut of feeling, from bitter recrimination to dignified regret at the Viceroy's absolute misunderstanding of native life and ideals. There was no scarcity of material for retort, when the records of the British conquest in India were raked up. Lord Lytton's definition of a diplomat, and such well-known epithets as "perfidious Albion," not to speak of more pointed and personal charges, were cited to neutralize the innuendo; while a strange light was cast upon Western veracity by recounting the methods of American fraud concerns. Comparisons between the Greek and the Indian epic readily revealed the unfoundedness of Lord Curzon's allusion to the historic development of the sense of truthfulness; Greek practice, too, was very unfavorably contrasted with that of Asiatic nations like Persia. General surprise was expressed at the rash generalizations of the Viceroy: "The idea of summing up a whole continent in a single phrase can occur only to the very ignorant or the very confident." Lord Curzon had given rein to the "ignorant conceit of pigment and power," and had emulated the modern Elijah in berating a whole nation. Sarcastic references to Western forms of speech are now common in India, such as: "a new liquor-shop, — they call it a saloon in the more truthful phraseology of civilized Europe."

The occurrence, however, stirred up feelings deeper than a mere passing resentment and irritation. It led to an earnest self-analysis, and an accounting

was taken of the Indian intellectual temper in its relation to the European rulers. While the most serious-minded among the educated Hindus freely admitted that the strictures of Lord Curzon were not entirely unfounded, they with bitterness of heart advanced the charge that if the character and the national self-respect of the Indian people had been impaired, such was the inevitable result of unfreedom and political subjection. "The greatest evil," they said, "that has been wrought by the political dominion of England over India is the loss of our old oriental dignity and reserve — that nobility of knowing reticence." Despotism and lying go together, as the national spirit is debased by subjection, and the individual who is oppressed will, like the boy, look upon a falsehood as an abomination unto the Lord, but a very present help in trouble. That the head of the alien government should charge a nation with weaknesses which might largely be attributed to its position of dependence, was to add gratuitous insult to an injury for which his own people were in part responsible.

But aside from a certain degeneracy imposed by unkind conditions, the full tragedy of which they keenly felt, the leaders of Indian thought would not admit that veracity and honesty are held in less esteem in the Orient than among European peoples. They pointed out, however, a highly important difference in valuations, the spirit of which Lord Curzon most strangely had failed to perceive. While freely admitting the greater exactness of the Western mind in observation and statement, they attributed this not to superior honesty but to a keener perception of the utility of accurate thought. Veracity is a social and commercial commodity in England and America, in many cases scarcely involving any moral valuations at all. If, on the other hand, the Oriental is prone to exaggeration, this is not due to a deliberate desire to deceive and to impart false impressions. His temper being emo-

tional and idealistic, he makes known his impressions in a language, not mathematically precise and coldly accurate, but designed to awaken the same emotions of surprise, wonder, admiration, or fear, which he himself experiences. He is not dishonest, though his statements lack accuracy. In the words of an Indian writer, "It will not do to exaggerate the heating power of the sun, if you want to roast your beef by his rays. When, however, you do not desire to install the luminary of day as your chef, but to contemplate his majesty and glory, to meditate on the promise of his morning rays, and read the message of his dying splendors, then the play of the poetic imagination becomes an essential condition." Educated Hindus are inclined to doubt whether the standard of utility is higher than the emotional and spiritual standard of the Indian mind.

In considering the question of the valuations of the ideal of truth, I need not repeat Max Müller's brilliant vindication of the essential truthfulness of Oriental races, nor should we perhaps be ready to follow him in every detail of his apologetics. But we shall find that most fundamental honesty which requires that our actions should correspond to our profession and our beliefs, in as high regard among the Oriental peoples as among those of the West. The ideals of their beliefs may be less elevated than our own, but at any rate there is less variance between actions and belief among Confucians, Shintoists, and Buddhists than among the majority of good Christian people. Moreover, a more honest attitude towards the problems of life than that which characterizes the thought of Buddha and Confucius can hardly be imagined; the relations of life are clearly seen, social duties are faithfully met, and no facile optimism is allowed to gloss over life's tragedies. Buddha faced unflinchingly the misery of existence, and without appealing for salvation to a future state, worked with a will to discover the path by which men

can gain peace and an ennobled life here below. Such a system, if not true, is certainly at least honest.

Nothing has set up a more impassable barrier between the peoples of the East and the West than the profound discrepancy between Christian profession and practice. The deceitful selfishness, the rapacity and bloodshed, with which Christian nations have established their power in the Orient, the viciousness of the earlier adventurers and traders, have thoroughly alienated sympathy and destroyed confidence. When, after the revolting record of the Chinese War, the Western nations offer themselves as moral exhorters, the cultured Oriental is tempted to smile at the incongruity. But the disillusionment which is thus created has its tragic side, too. How pathetic is the blighted hope and utter despair of an ardent convert like Nilakantha Goreh, whose high expectations of Christian life are disappointed! After cutting loose from his earlier beliefs, and thereby bringing deep sorrow on all his beloved ones (his father took the vow of eternal silence, so as not to have to pronounce the curse against his son), this young Indian scholar came to England to live in that atmosphere of love and purity whose ideal simplicity had attracted his soul after he had fought his way through all the systems of Indian philosophy. But, after six weeks in London, he came to his Oxford mentor with the sorrowful words, "If what I have seen in London is Christianity, I am no longer a Christian." His noble and brilliant intellect was ultimately wrecked through his great disillusionment. So it is possible that under the law of compensation we may have lost in honesty of life while we have gained in exactness of statement and thought.

Though the appreciation of scientific exactness has of late increased very much in the Orient, yet Oriental thinkers are not ready to give it quite an absolutely leading importance among their ideals. It is in this connection that the other

utterance I have mentioned — a recent address of Mr. Balfour as president of the British Association of Science — created a powerful impression in the Orient. He discussed the electrical theory of matter, the latest result of the advances of physical science, according to which the world is motion or energy, expressed in terms of electric monads. Under recent discoveries the supposed solidity of matter has melted away; with proper light we may now look through the heart of oak, nor will the massive fortress wall resist these penetrating rays. The solid mountains and ancient strata of our earth are themselves but imprisoned energy, and all our perceptions are the result of winged motion. After dwelling on the marvelous vistas thus disclosed, the philosophical prime minister said, "It may seem singular that down to five years ago, our race has, without exception, lived and died in a world of illusions, and that these illusions have not been about things remote or abstract, things transcendental or divine, but about what men see and handle, about those 'plain matters of fact' among which common sense moves with its most confident step and most self-satisfied smile." Thus our sensual sight and touch have been deceived, and it is only through the inspired vision, the penetrating imagination, of great scientific seers, that the truth of the real constitution of the universe is beginning to dawn upon our intelligence. Mr. Balfour further notes that through evolution our senses have not been prepared for the vision of the inner and absolute truth of things. The common sense of humanity lives in persistent illusion; "matter of fact" means deception. The needs of self- and race-preservation lead to all the falsehoods and deceptions involved in the shrewdness of competitive life, the illusions of sexual selection, and the master fallacy of narrow patriotism.

When Western thinkers express and suggest such thoughts as these they awaken a strange echo in the philosophy of the

East in both Hindu and Buddhist lands: — the vanity and illusoriness of sensual existence, the veil of Maya cast over us which produces the delusion of the ego, of finite personality; and the Buddhist belief that the desire for individual existence is the root of all suffering, that true happiness comes alone from the perception of the transitoriness of all things and from the gradual conquest of the error of self. As the implications of these views have been fully realized in the East, the attitude of the Oriental mind towards the practical, scientific knowledge, which we value so highly, has differed greatly from our own. The usefulness of science for increasing the comforts of life is indeed admitted, and use will be made of its guidance for practical purposes; but to the Oriental, soul-life will always be more important than bodily existence. Buddhism, in the words of one of its adherents, finds its goal rather in the delights of a deep appreciation of the realities of existence, in the exercise of the higher mental faculties, in a life transfused with every-day beauty, than in the possession of innumerable means of advancing wealth and commerce, of gratifying sense, of promoting mere bodily comfort.

As the Oriental strives to overcome the fetters and limitations of personal existence, so his mind yearns rather towards the vast mysteries that surround life on all sides; it loves to dwell on the problems of infinitude and of the ultimate springs of human action, rather than to confine itself within the narrow limits of a detailed scientific investigation. Notwithstanding the sane and positivist teachings of Buddha and Confucius, their insistence on the duties of present life, their refusal to pass in thought beyond the awful gates of life and death, the yearning of the Oriental mind had been towards the mysterious. From the Tantra devils of Thibet, through the awestruck philosophies of Hinduism, to the subtle imaginings of ghostly Japan, this tendency to contem-

plate the mysterious, the grand, the far-away in time and space, is powerfully present. Day with its solar splendor, with its clear and bright illumination, reveals the form and color of things near by, of household, meadow, and forest; yet this very brightness and effulgence is a heavy curtain that conceals from our sight the universe, the myriads of worlds which the clearness of night will unveil. Compared to these our empires are but fragments of dust. Even so to the Oriental the clear light of experimental science seems but a shred of that veil of *Maya* which hides the real, the universal, the absolute, from our sight.

The reason for this peculiar Asiatic bent toward the mystic, as compared with the white-light intelligence of Europe, may perhaps be found in the constant presence of overawing natural phenomena. Europe, with its narrow valleys, its rivers across which any strong-limbed man may swim, its equable temperature, its normal succession of seasons, is indeed the place where human intelligence could learn to respect itself, and man conceive the thought of measuring his powers with those of nature. But stand before the heaven-conquering walls of the Himalayas; gaze across the continents of sand in Asiatic deserts, shifted again and again by storm so as to sweep away or create anew veritable mountain ranges; contemplate the torrents which without warning bring destruction to thousands, and the inundations in which hosts lose home and life; think of earthquakes, typhoons, tidal waves, and the black scourge of famine and pestilence as constantly impending; and then apostrophize man and his intelligence as the master of it all; and you will find few believers among the cowed sufferers from the imperious caprice of nature.

Overawed by such forces, surrounded by a nature bountiful and caressing at one moment, bitterly cruel and destructive the next, the Orient could not avoid a temper of mind which looks on hu-

man contrivance as weak, on human existence as valueless, and sees real force and permanent sway only in the vast, mysterious powers of earth and sky. Personality, a mere plaything of the grim and irresponsible, cannot have any importance in itself; and the best solution is that all this terror-inspiring existence is but a phantasmagoria, an illusion, a procession of incongruous dream-states. And yet it is an emanation of the universal force. The impersonality of the Orient has for its counterpart an intensive appreciation of the universal force, whatever it may be called. For as the individual counts as nothing in the philosophy of the Brahman and the Buddhist, in the polity of China and Japan, it is the realization of the universal spirit or force, in some form or other, that constitutes the chief yearning of the Asiatic mind.

The Hindu spiritualizes and personifies nature in his crowded pantheon, and sees in all phenomena the expression of one mysterious will; Buddhism, admitting neither spirit, human or divine, yet finds peace and happiness in the elevation of the individual mind to the plane of universal thought, to the contemplation of universal law. In China and Japan the universal is worshiped in the form of ancestral achievement, in that strange identification of ancestral spirits with the soul of the country; so that, in the minds of the people, sacred Fuji and the groves and rivers and seas of Japan are united with the qualities of that silent but ever-present choir of ghosts from which Japan draws her inspiration and strength.

From our one-sided point of view, we would say that humanity in the Orient, overpowered by destiny in the shape of natural catastrophe, famine, pestilence, and war, has not yet found itself. It has never enjoyed the shelter of the Greek city in which Western humanity first became conscious of its powers and its individuality. For though the great master Gotama had a clear vision of

human spiritual development, his simple and austere faith has been overlaid by the powerful impulse of Asiatic nature, with a rank growth of animism and mysticism. And though Confucius, too, clung to the practical, his very authority in the course of time deadened individual striving and advance. Oriental humanity has indeed found itself in the nation of Japan, in that brave race which, drawing courage and poetry from the very terrors of the grave, with all the deep suggestiveness of Asiatic insight, has still the iron grip of self-control and the clear vision of the practical.

The Orient shuns limitations. Indeed, if we may be permitted to generalize, one of the chief differences between Oriental and Western civilization lies in the fact that the former has never strictly and consistently limited the field of its consciousness and of its endeavors, but has allowed all the sensations and passions of past and present, of the indefinite and the infinite, to crowd in upon it, so that the sense of individual form in thought and life has not been developed. While in the West, expressing itself in the idea of classicism, and in the concrete sense of form of the Greeks, there has been a steady effort to confine human thought and sentiment within certain lines, to dwell on certain aspects of life which seemed to be most closely connected with human personality as a dominant factor; excluding the fierce and untoward moods of nature, and suppressing certain weird and uncanny tendencies of thought as abnormal and in fact insane.

But such classic limitations of individuality are not of the spirit of the Orient. Rather than limit the individual formally and thus allow the development of characteristic individualism, it would identify him with the social body, and his soul with the world-soul. Thus also, while most punctilious of social forms, and bowing to a super-refined social etiquette, it does not countenance the tyranny of shifting fashions, or the conventional

respectability founded on a certain exclusiveness of the individual.

It is considered a meritorious thing for the householder and father to leave behind him the confining relations of family life and to become a hermit or monk. The man who leaves his home and family, dresses himself in rags, and ravages his body with hardships and ill-usage, may become an honored teacher, the intellectual and spiritual guide to many. Men love to cast off the shackles of respectability and take to the highways and the woods; and they gain merit by so doing. They are the religious, the philosophers, the inspiration of the multitudes. To the people they appear to realize various immunities. In India, hermits come year after year from the mountains to visit valley towns, showing no signs of aging as long as generations can remember. This same longing for the unlimited, the unrestrained, together with the influence of terrific natural phenomena in Asia, lies at the bottom of the uncanny horror and mystery of Asiatic life. In the delicate ghost stories of Japan this feeling has assumed a graceful and poetic aspect, the æsthetic possibilities of awe and terror have been realized to the full. But in India, where coarse magic flourishes and preys on a superstitious multitude, the awfulness of the abysses of human consciousness may be divined.

The Greek portrayal of death has in this respect sounded the keynote of our civilization. The terror, the heart-rending ugliness of dissolution, the hopeless void, are not in the remotest way suggested; the gentleness of grief, the sweetness of consolation, the companionship of loved ones, are represented; while death himself is a friendly genius summoning to rest. And so in our history we early outgrew ancestor-worship, and resolutely turning our back on the past, with all its degrading memories and bestial struggles, we faced the morning of hope, the promise of a sunny day.¹

Deep in the night of subconsciousness

there is still a dark and unclean deposit of wilder ages, of sordid life, cruelty, ignoble conquest, and harsh passions. In the elemental fury of war, these lower instincts awaken, and men whom we love as friends and brothers may be dragged down to the level of a bestial age. But the total effect of our civilization and education is to draw our consciousness away from such impulses, to concentrate our vision upon our present ideals. For how could we preserve a sense of individuality and spirituality, were we to be dragged back constantly into the terrors and passions of primitive ages?

Much of the potent charm of Japanese life and poetry comes from the ever imminent sense of an abysmal void which threatens to swallow up her flowery meadows and her silent temple groves. May the earthquake never come that will again bring uppermost the dead past in Japan. The Orient, through constant musing on the mysterious and hidden, may have fortified itself against the coarser aspects of the primitive in man, but its development, yes, its very existence, has been jeopardized by this lack of limitation. Japan, it is true, has trans-fused these elements into a marvelous poetry of life, of which Lafcadio Hearn is the eloquent interpreter; but the other peoples of the Orient have thus far failed to attain such a balance.

While the psychological unity of the Oriental nations has not been so clearly and definitely worked out as it has been in the West, notwithstanding all minor national idiosyncrasies, still the Orient has also had its share of international unifying influences. The sacred places in India where the great teacher lived have for two thousand years attracted pilgrims from all parts of the Buddhist world; and earnest students have sought deeper wisdom by communing with the monks of famous monasteries in Burmah and Ceylon. Ever since the embassy of Emperor Ming-ti sought for the new gospel in the year 61, and the sage Fa-hien undertook his great journey,

India has thus been visited by seekers after new light. Also the apostles of India's missionary religion, in its first age of flourishing enthusiasm, spread the teaching of Gotama to all the lands of Southern and Eastern Asia, even from Palestine, where they implanted the germs of the Western monastic system, to the far islands of the rising sun. Thus Buddhism became the greatest unifying force in Asia, and no name or personality commands a wider and more sincere homage than he who found the light and pointed the way, the great teacher "who never spake but good and wise words, he who was the light of the world." And so it is that also in more recent epochs, down to our own day, his thought and life have been and are the chief centre of the common feelings and enthusiasms of Asia.

The great age of illumination under the Sung dynasty in China saw the beginning of the attempts to merge and fuse Taoist, Buddhist, and Confucian thought, in Neo-Confucianism, called by Okakura "a brilliant effort to mirror the whole of Asiatic consciousness." It was Buddhist monks and missionaries who acted as messengers between China and Japan in that great formative period of a thousand years, in which all the currents of Indian and Chinese civilization made their impress upon Japanese national character. And under the Tokugawa régime the independent spirits of Japan trained themselves for the demands of an exacting epoch in the thought of Wang-yang-ming, or Oyomei, which, informed with the noblest ideals and the deepest insight of Buddhism, joins to these a zest in active life, an ardent desire to participate in the surging development in which the universe and human destiny are unfolding themselves. In this school, which combines a truly poetic sentiment for the pathos of fading beauty and fleeting fragrance, for the ghostliness of an existence made up of countless vibrations of past joy and suffering, with the cour-

ageous desire to see clearly and act with energy, to share to the full in this great battle we call life, — in this school were trained the statesmen and warriors of Satsuma and Choshu who have led Japan to greatness in peace and glory in war.

The unity of Asiatic civilization has found an actual embodiment in the spirit of Japan. There it is not the product of political reasoning, nor the discovery of philosophical abstraction. All the phenomena of the overpowering natural world of Asia are epitomized in the islands of the morning sun, where nature is as luxuriant and as forbidding, as caressing and as severe, as fertile and as destructive, as in all that cyclorama of storm, earthquake, typhoon, flood, and mountain vastness which we call Asia. Even thus has Japan in the course of her historic development received by gradual accretion the fruit of all Asiatic thought and endeavor. Nor have these waves from the mainland washed her shores in vain; her national life has not been the prey of capricious conquerors — imposing for a brief time a sway that would leave no permanent trace on the national life. Her mind and character have received and accepted these continental influences, as the needs of her own developing life have called for them; they have not been received perforce or by caprice, but have exerted a moulding influence and have been assimilated into a consistent, deep, and powerful national character. A psychological unity has thus been created — an actual expression of the flesh and blood of life — in touch with the national ideals and ambitions of a truly patriotic race.

This is a far different matter from the mere intellectual recognition of certain common beliefs, ideals, and institutions throughout the Orient. On such a perception of unity at most a certain intellectual sympathy could be founded. But in Japan the Oriental spirit has become flesh — it has ceased to be a bloodless generalization, and it now confronts the

world in the shape of a nation conscious of the complicated and representative character of its psychology, and ardently enthusiastic over the loftiness of its mission. We know Japanese patriotism as national, inspired by loyalty to the Mikado and by love for the land of Fujiyama; we may soon learn to know it as Asiatic — deeply stirred by the exalting purpose of aiding that Asiatic thought-life which has made Japan to come to its own and preserve its dignity and independence through all the ages. Must we view with apprehension such a broadening of Japanese patriotism? Does not danger threaten the world from having Japan inscribe upon her banner the unity of the Orient and the preservation of its ideals?

It is said that Asia is pessimistic. Yet her pessimism is not the sodden gloom of despair, whose terrifying scowl we encounter in European realistic art, and which is the bitter fruit of perverted modes of living. The pessimism of Asia, which makes the charm of her poetry, from Firdusi to the writers of the delicate Japanese Haikai, is rather a soothing, quieting, æsthetic influence, like the feeling of sadness which touches the heart at the sight of great beauty, and which perhaps is due to the memory of all the yearnings and renunciations in the experience of a long chain of lives. The pessimism of the Orient is tragic, rather than cynical, and Japan at the present time gives proof of the fact that the spirit of tragedy belongs to strong nations.

As tragedy was the art of the Greeks before Pericles and of the Elizabethan English, so modern Japan draws strength from that deep undercurrent of tragic feeling in her nature. The attitude of the Japanese mind is further apparent from its conception of suicide; the *hara-kiri* is not a cowardly escape from the burdens of life, it is rather a supreme effort to concentrate all the powers of personality towards the righting of a wrong, or the achievement of a high purpose, which no other sacrifice would attain. Nor is

Buddhism itself in any sense nihilistic, as is so often supposed. The goal of Nirvana is not a negative—self-annihilation—but a positive ideal, “life made glorious by self-conquest and exalted by boundless love and wisdom.” The preponderance of ill is admitted, but there is no utter despair of redemption from care and suffering: the diligent development of right thought, the acquisition of that high training which enables the mind to extricate itself from vulgar error and to share the serene peace of impersonal vision—that is the way of salvation. Such tendencies of mind as these cannot indeed be branded as dangerous by simply stamping them with the mark “pessimism.”

It is said that the Orient is despotic. And yet nowhere are governmental functions more circumscribed than in countries like China. Oriental despotism does not mean constant governmental interference. The despot is, indeed, irresistible when he does act; but he will not choose to act contrary to the general customs of the realm, because these customs are sacred, and on their sacredness his own customary authority depends. It is the people who through continued action make the customs, and they are little interfered with in the management of their local affairs. Though China has no parliament, its social organization is thoroughly democratic. Nor is the Orient subject to industrial tyrannies. Its industries are carried on in the family home, and form part of the family life; the joy of work has not departed, for the workman does not toil in a dreary prison-house, and the soul has not been taken out of his work. As the object of his labor grows under his hand, he rejoices in the perfection of form, and to the satisfaction of the artisan is added the delight of the artist. Thus it is that in the Orient art with all the joy of beauty that it brings has not gone out of the life of the people, has not become an exclusive and artificial language understood only by the few, a minister

to luxury and indolent ease. It has retained its true function of pervading all human life with a subtle aroma of refinement and joy.

In ideals such as these it would be difficult to discover the rampant and infuriate dragon of Emperor William's imagination. Indeed, the temper of Oriental civilization is preëminently peaceful. China has imparted her civilization to all the peoples of the Far East, but she has never attempted to impose her rule upon them by conquest; and of Buddhism alone of all great religions can it be said that it never carried on a propaganda with the sword. The great peoples of the plains of India and China have been too peaceful to resist the conquerors, but they have been strong and patient enough to subdue the victors to their own civilization. The conquering hordes of Asia have come, not from the civilized plains, but from the rude and inhospitable mountain haunts of Turkestan and Mongolia. At their hands peaceful Asia has suffered even more than turbulent Europe, and Japan alone has never been forced to bow before a victorious foe.

If the Orient is allowed more fully to realize these inherent tendencies of its spirit, and to develop along its own natural lines, in a life of peace and artistic industry, true humanity should rejoice, for its purposes would be accomplished. The unity of all human life, the brotherhood of man, is the essential doctrine of the most potent religion of the East. Only if diverted from these ideals by continued injustice and aggression, by a rude attempt to subject these ancient societies to an alien law of life, could the spirit of the Orient be led to assume a threatening and destructive attitude.

After her great successes, Japan was acclaimed by the peoples of the Orient as the Lohengrin who is to champion and protect the honor of Asia; and though there has since been much doubt as to her real purposes, it is not too late for

Japan to realize the responsibilities of her position over against the countries to which she owes so much in her civilization. Thus far the ideas of Asiatic unity have been vague and conflicting; the Orient has not possessed that definite stock of common concepts and ideals which constitute the psychological unity of Europe. And hence, also, the conventional and vulgar antithesis of Orient and the West, with its sharp delineations of ideals, has been altogether misleading. As the perception of a certain unity of Oriental development becomes clearer, and as the historic sense is strengthened through the rise of a strong political entity in Japan, we may look for powerful conscious efforts to realize an Oriental unity of spirit and civilization. But when we examine the chief elements upon which such a unity would have to be founded, were it to take as its basis the historic facts of Asiatic life, we can find in them no strident contrast to our ideals.

Nothing, indeed, vouches so much for the ultimate unity of the human race as the fact that the most characteristic expressions of Asiatic thought are not utterly alien to us, but on the contrary they powerfully touch the most secret heart-

strings and appeal to our deepest emotions. This is, of course, not surprising when we go back to the Aryan background of Indian civilization. The images and ideas of the Vedic age find a ready response in our poetic experience; Indra, Varuna, and the goddess of dawn appear familiar figures. But even the favorite words of Buddhist devotion uttered to-day by hundreds of thousands as they place their gifts of fresh flowers before the image of the Great Teacher, — a meditation rather than a prayer, for there are no gods to invoke in pure Buddhism, — even these have not an utterly alien sound to us: —

"These flowers I offer in memory of Him, the Lord, the Holy One, the Supremely-enlightened Buddha, even as the Enlightened Ones in ages past, the Saints and Holy of all times have offered. Now are these flowers fair of form, glorious in color, sweet of scent. Yet soon will all have passed away — withered their fair form, faded the bright hues, and foul the flowers' scent! Thus even is it with all component things: Impermanent, and full of Sorrow and Unreal. — Realizing this, may we attain unto that peace which is beyond all life!"



THE WHITE BIRCH

BY CANDACE WHEELER

Shakes from white shoulders, green reluctant leaves.

THE white birch of our northern woods seems to hold within its veins more of the elixir of ancient Pagandom than any other of our impulsive, untended wood-growths. Its waving elegance, its white smoothness of limb, the misty inefficiency of its veil of green, even its shy preference for untrodden earth and unappropriated hillsides give it a half-fleeting suggestion of the fabled days when nymph and faun danced with the shadows of the song-haunted forest.

Coleridge calls the white birch "the lady of the woods," but beyond the poetical suggestion of sex and award of beauty given by such a phrase from such a source, there is a hint in the young white birch tree of something far apart from the present of simple perfect tree-life. One is haunted by visions of slender nymphhood always young and always beautiful, dancing joyously through rainbow-colored days and sleeping lightly through mists of star-threaded darkness, waiting for the golden call of the sunbeams to begin again the rhythmic waltz of motion. One has only to sit long enough with a birch tree in the bewilderment of summer hours, to hear and see and feel its relation to the dreams which long-ago peoples have dreamed. Its relation to a life without self-made law, lived as the birds live, with their only code written within their natures by the hand which made them.

The exceeding beauty of the birch tree is apparent at all times, but there are places, and enrichments of circumstance, which bring it to a point where the enjoyment of it is lifted to a plane which covers all our faculties of feeling. There are days in my memory which I call my

"white-birch days," as full of sensation as they could possibly have been if filled with the finest human companionship.

One misplaced windy day in late May I went walking over the hill-pastures of New Hampshire looking for arbutus, sometimes stumbling through a scum of dried leaves blown from neighboring woods or breaking through a knee-high crust of low-growing oak twigs, buffeting the wind as I climbed, and turning every now and then to see where slopes of the hill waved their breadths of long ochre-colored last-year's grasses against the inspiring blue of the sky; enjoying all the yellows and browns and ash-colors and faint greens of earth spread out expectantly under the blue promise of a May heaven. Suddenly I came upon a long line of tumbled stones, and then an angle of still-standing old stone wall, where a sudden dip in the ground made an inconvenient corner long forgotten of plough or scythe; and there grew a young birch forest.

How intent they were upon growing! The small unfolding leaves were quivering with effort, and I noticed for the first time, how the gradual darkening of the bark at the ends of the twigs made them invisible, so that for a space of the innumerable small branchings, the young green leaves seemed unattached to the tree and were like a swarm of leaves fluttering around it in a mist of green. They were transparent with early spring — the sap in them had not hardened into the green enamel of summer, so that it was a cloud of gauzy wings which fluttered between and around and above the white branchings. They were not separate trees, but an intermingling of wonderful tracery, a space in air filled with a silvery net of crossing and branching and inter-

laced and beautifully ordered lines of living growth, a tangle of ethereal and material beauty which I knew would not melt like frostwork under a breath, but go on living and growing, higher and constantly higher, toward the sky from which came the command of their being.

When I walked down among them, fingering their white young bodies as I passed, I came to a slice of lichen-covered primeval rock in the midst of them, and then into the heart of a cloud of heavenly fragrance, and there hiding almost under the rock, ran the arbutus which had called me from home.

"Oh how dear of you to be here! just here!" I said as I parted the thick rounded leaves and came upon the perfection of spring blossoming; then I sat me down and listened to and answered the silent utterances which swarmed up from the ground, and swam level from the branches, and fell in small celestial drops from the tree-tops. It was a transubstantiation of me into the something which filled the air, the very life of life of the natural world. What mortal voice could have drawn me to the height where my heart sang with the trees and rose with them to higher levels. All the blessed morning I stayed with them, and all the seasons and years since then I have remembered that birch-day as one of the special joys of my life.

Birch trees do not love to grow alone, although they do not care greatly for the companionship of other trees. Two will grow together, contented with a dual life, but more often they grow in groups of sixes and sevens. They are much more often spoken of as "a clump of birches" than as "a birch tree." If by chance one starts to grow alone, it will stand straight as a hickory, cleaving the air in perfect perpendicular until it has reached man-height, and then it begins to waver — looking to east or west or north or south for companionship; and failing that — grows into a permanent lean. This semi-crookedness seems to add character to

the tree, instead of taking from it; what it lacks in uprightness it gains in a certain confidingness, an innocence of spirit emphasized by its attitude.

The primitive races of North America established a closer relation with the shy birch tree than we have been able to do, and it served for them many important and friendly purposes.

First and foremost it carried them along rivers and over lake-crossings with a security which we should never have imagined, or experienced. A man with shoes on his feet could never have trusted the frail bottoms of Indian canoes to hold him safely; in fact, only the stealthy certainty of an Indian foot can tread them without fear or care. The Indian strips the bark from the wood, and fashions it to his mind, or the mind of some forefather of his race, and straightway the birch tree has entered upon an enlargement of its existence, a period of the life of motion; not as in the days of its nymphhood, — a dance in Elysian fields, — but a blissful floating over shining surfaces — where blue of sky, and white of clouds, and green of trees, and brown of water-depths are mingled and fused in sun rays, and the canoe casts the record of its woodland life upon the water and becomes a part of the poetry of the woods.

The birch tree connects itself at many points with what we call savage life, meaning that which finds its satisfactions in nature instead of civilization; its unmanufactured parchment has borne pictured messages of war and warriors, love and lovers, and has been a partner in the mysterious incantations of primitive healers. It has served as material and background for curious embroideries of Indian women, done in color with dyed quills of the porcupine. It has been fashioned into vessels which carried food and water to sick or starving men, and has lit the fires and cooked the meals of the human creatures of the wilderness. First and last, wild creature as the white birch continues to be, it ministers well to body

and soul of man with its beauty and its uses.

The baby white birch wears a bark of yellow or brown, covering its slender, branchy twigs; but the moment youth approaches, the tree dons the white livery of the nymphs and joins the ranks of its fellows in silvery uniform.

In a middle aged birch tree the bark is written all over with hieroglyphics of its experiences, — whether the black marks record inner or outer history we know not, since no man has found the key to that sign language; but as the days go on, and seasons succeed one another, and happenings arrive, the hieroglyphics grow, until some day perhaps the birch tree becomes a roll of history hidden in secret places of the deep woods, covered with signs as inscrutable as those of ancient papyrus in Egyptian tombs.

One of my white-birch-tree days I shall always remember as having been curiously influenced by a present and past of world-thought which seemed to infest it. It was in that part of the forest of Fontainebleau which lies neighboring Barbizon. The forest itself was purely a forest; instinct with tree-life, and bird-life, and animal-life; although the latter had a smack of conventionality, or even artificiality, which was not a natural condition. One had a feeling that the animals had been wound up, to walk through prescribed deer-paths, and cheat the sight with a semblance of wild life, like a forest glade in a theatre. Yet in large quiet, and amid rocks and springing tufts of wood-growths and patches of undisturbed mosses and ferns, there stood a group of white birches, beautiful to behold. The shadow of the gray rock against which it braced itself, smelled softly damp, like the shadows of rocks I knew in far-off mountains; and small vermilion-colored umbrella-shaped toadstools grew in 'it, and over it was a sky as ethereal, as deeply blue, as unstained, as the sky which bent over the great mountains of other birch-tree haunts of the wide, wide world. These trees had

reached middle age, and were old enough to remember the forest pageants of the latest Napoleonic period. They might have seen the beautiful Eugénie as she sat in Winterhalter's portrait, with a forest setting for herself and her favorite ladies.

"That is what makes of these birch trees ladies instead of nymphs," I said to myself, as I unfolded my camp-chair and spread the legs of a folding easel, and opened my color-box. "They look like New England trees, but they remember sophisticated people; the air is full of thoughts and motions of courts and kings and of to-day motives and strivings. Some painter with a mind full of thoughts of technique, and flitting fore-dreams of personal success, has painted them. His mind has wrestled with advanced painters for admission to the Salon, while his eyes were noting the transparencies of June drapery, and the wonderful symmetry of limb of these ladies of the woods. The air is still instinct with his flying thoughts and glittering with little snapshots of his bodily presence. I may get a portrait to-day, but I shall not have a vision." And all the while the blues were deepening on my canvas, and the grays and greens and golds coming forward into sunshine or going back into shadow, and the long white stems growing into birch trees.

By and by I began to feel their own reserved life; I absorbed a subtle understanding of its individual and personal reality. Of course the trees were not living in lower air; they were rising above it into the pure ether which is attainable by all earthly things. I was conscious that the tree-sense lived and dominated the little ambitions and vagaries of human life both past and present. I recognized the God-thought, planted and growing upward, and unconscious of lower things in its pure instinct of beauty, simplicity, and truth. All the insect trivialities which multiply in the imagination of man, and fly forth and become an almost imperishable environment, were scattered. While

I painted and pondered, a deer walked out into the open on delicate feet, and withdrew again silently into the misty obscurity of the forest; but he was no longer to me a suggestion of man's contrivance; he was a real, heavenly-conceived creature, made to consort with and enjoy other wild things of his creation. In the stillness rabbits chased one another across my very foreground, and a woodpecker walked upside down along the arm of an old oak which projected across my sky line.

There were no more fashion plates or wrangles of methods or ambitions in the air — nothing but the group of birch trees with its beautiful, silent, upward reach into heaven, and the blue and gold and silver of a June day in the great historical forest.

But at night, when I had set my birch-tree portrait up to dry on the stone shelf above the cottage fireplace, and stretched myself upon the smooth hardness of a cottage bed, and darkness filled the small one-windowed room, I lay and wondered in the deep of my heart, how much remained of the uttered thought and completed acts of our precedent fellow-mortals? Had they only a fleeting and perishable existence? or was the air filled with the active and transparent ghosts of them as I had felt them in the forest? There all the space around me had seemed thick with foregone life, only the serene spirit of the trees was unconscious of it.

Even the branches which reached within touch of humanity seemed to make their own atmosphere, and stand in beautiful and perfect harmony both with solitude and society, loving the one and accepting the other. It reminded me of some dear misplaced souls I have known, planted, and fast-grown amidst unworthy things, — who have kept themselves unspotted from the world, and by some alchemy of spirit brought out hidden gold from life's unworthiness.

And after all, if it is our instinct and mission to seek for, and enjoy, and profit by beauty — we must realize that it lives everywhere, that it pervades the earth. It is easy to understand that our eyes, trained to recognize only material form and color, and the wonderful combinations of them in God's material world, may fail at times to recognize beauty in colorless miracles of spiritual growth, while in the sight of wide-eyed angels they may be the perfection of which the beautiful things in nature are but a type.

The spirit of a heavenly-minded man may outgrow the height of the tallest elm — and the love and brooding of a man-loving man may spread its arms beyond the breadth of the broadest oak.

Is it not our true privilege in life, not only to love the highest beauty, both in nature and man, but to grow within ourselves the most perfect form and shape according to our kind, and to love with all our hearts the spiritual growth of other mortals, according to their kind? They may be like baby firs, beautiful and enticing in youth, growing ragged and unsightly with stress of years; or slender half-naked elm bodies, growing finally into power and strength; or helpless human saplings, choked by the world — but they have been planted in the world of spirits, and may be helped by wakeful love, or hindered by the want of it.

All these suggestions came to me from a group of captive and tamed birch trees in the forest of Fontainebleau. Still in my mind its sisters remain forever and always nymphs of the woods and mountain; the sap of the forest coursing through their veins, vital with conscious life, and their graceful feet dancing the nymph-dance, in flecks of shadow, or gilding of sun. Sometimes on a windy day I have seen a group of them bending as if they longed to join the chase of the winds; and remembered my group of birches in the historical forest and was glad at heart to have known them both.

IN HELENA'S GARDEN

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

THE SUNSET WINDOW

THROUGH the garden sunset-window
Shines the sky of rose;
Deep the melting red, and deeper,
Lovelier it grows.

Musically falls the fountain;
Twilight voices chime;
Visibly upon the cloud-lands
Tread the feet of Time.

Evening winds from down the valley
Stir the waters cool;
Break the dark, empurpled shadows
In the marble pool.

Rich against the high-walled grayness
The crimson lily glows,
And near, O near, one well-loved presence
Dream-like comes and goes.

“THE GRAY WALLS OF THE GARDEN”

The gray walls of the garden
Hold many and many a bloom;
A flame of red against the gray
Is lightning in the gloom.

The gray walls of the garden
Hold grassy walks between
Bright beds of yellow blossoms,
Golden against the green.

And in the roof of the arbor
Leaves woven through and through, —
Great grape leaves, making shadows, —
Shine green against the blue.

And, O, in the August weather
What wonders new are seen!

Long beds of azure blossoms
Are blue against the green.

The gray walls of the garden
Hold paths of pure delight,
And, in the emerald, blooms of pearl
Are white against the night.

THE MARBLE POOL

The marble pool, like the great sea, hath moods —
Fierce angers, slumbers, deep beatitudes.

In sudden gusts the pool, in lengthened waves, —
As in a mimic tempest, — tosses and raves.

In the still, drowsy, dreaming midday hours
It sleeps and dreams among the dreaming flowers.

'Neath troubled skies the surface of its sleep
Is fretted; how the big drops rush and leap!

Now 't is a mirror where the sky of night
Sees its mysterious face of starry light;

Or where the tragic sunset is reborn,
Or the sweet, virginal mystery of morn.

One little pool holds ocean, brink to brink;
One little heart can hold the world, I think.

THE TABLE ROUND

I

What think you of the Table Round
Which the garden's rustic arbor
In pride doth harbor?
And what its weight, how many a pound?
Or shall you reckon that in tons?
For this is of earth's mighty ones:
A mill-stone 't is, that turns no more,
But, on a pier sunk deep in ground,
Like a ship that's come to shore,
Content among its flowery neighbors
It rests forever from its labors.

II

Now no more 'mid grind and hammer
 Are the toiling moments past,
 But amid a milder clamor
 Stays it fast.
 For the Garden Lady here,
 When the summer sky is clear,
 With her bevy of bright daughters
 (Each worth a sonnet)
 To the tune of plashing waters
 Serves the tea upon it.

III

And when Maria, and when Molly,
 Frances, Alice, and Cecilia,
 Clara, Bess, and Pretty Polly,
 Lolah and the dark Amelia,
 Come with various other ladies,
 Certain boys, and grown-ups graver, —
 Then, be sure, not one afraid is
 To let his wit give forth its flavor,
 With the fragrant odor blent
 Of the Souchong, and the scent
 Of the roses and sweet-peas
 And other blossoms sweet as these.
 Then, indeed, doth joy abound
 About the granite table round,
 And the stream of laughter flowing
 Almost sets the old stone going.

THE SUN-DIAL

On the sun-dial in the garden
 The great sun keeps the time;
 A faint, small moving shadow,
 And we know the worlds are in rime:

And if once that shadow should falter
 By the space of a child's eye-lash, —
 The seas would devour the mountains,
 And the stars together crash,

“SOMETHING MISSING FROM THE GARDEN”

Something missing from the garden?
But all 's bright there;
Color in the daytime,
Perfume in the night there.

Something wanting in the garden?
Yet the blossoms
Bring the hum-birds to the sweetness
In their bosoms.

And by day the sunlight golden
On the granite
Glistens, — and by night the silver starlight
From some near planet.

Something missing from the garden? •
But the mountain
Ceaseless pours a secret streamlet
Filmy from the fountain;

And that streamlet winds blow, wave-like,
Down the flowers,
And — in the mist — faint, flickering rainbows
Flash through mimic showers.

Something wanting in the garden
When all's bright there?
Color in the daytime,
Perfume in the night there?

Then what missing from the garden
Spoils its pleasure? —
Just a breath of something human;
Just one presence.

THREE FLOWERS OF THE GARDEN

Three blossoms in a happy garden grow, —
Have care, for this one, lo, is white as any snow:
Its name is Peace.

Three flowers, — and one, in hue, a delicate gold;
A harsh breath, then its golden leaves shall droop and fold:
Its name is Joy.

Three flowers,— and one is crimson, rich and strong;
 This will, if well entreated, all others outlive long:
 Its name is Love.

EARLY AUTUMN

The garden still is green
 And green the trees around, —
 But the winds are roaring overhead
 And branches strew the ground.

And to-day on the garden pool
 Floated an autumn leaf:
 How rush the seasons, rush the years,
 And, O, how life is brief!

THE LAST FLOWER OF THE GARDEN

One by one the flowers of the garden
 To autumn yielded as waned the sun;
 So prisoners, called by the cruel Terror,
 To death went, one by one.

Roses, and many a delicate blossom.
 Down fell their heads, in the breezes keen,
 One by one; and the frost of autumn
 Was the blade of their guillotine.

And at last an hour when the paths of the garden
 Grew from green to a wintry white;
 And a new, strange beauty came into the garden
 In the full moon's flooding light.

For a radiance struck on the columned fountain
 As it shot to the stars in a trembling stream,
 And a rainbow, leaping across the valley,
 Was the dream of a dream in a dream.

And we who loved well that place of flowers
 Looked with awe on the wondrous birth,
 And knew that the last flower of the garden
 Was something not of earth.

WINNOWING GOLD

BY JUDITH GRAVES WALDO

THE arroyo ran back from the river, among the gray hills, clear to the high basin which dammed in the early floods. There it held, deep in the rocky walls that leaned above it, wells of sweet, cool water which a traveler, avoiding the river-way for reasons of his own, found with great profit and relief. Adam was looking for these wells when he came upon Santa Olaya, dry-washing along the arroyo's upper edges.

He was so close, leaning to gaze at her across the ridge of rock that had hid the arroyo from the deep trail till now, that he thought she must see him or have heard the sound that leaped to his lips at sight of her. But she never lifted her intent gaze from the gyrating dust that shifted rhythmically from her pan at the quiver of her bended wrists, a-top the straight young arms.

Along the slopes rising out of the Agua Caliente, Adam had often come upon the Indian women, in the early mornings when the soft wind of the hills is grown persistent, winnowing their pounded wheat in just that way. But it was pounded gravel Santa Olaya winnowed. She stood at the upper edge of a tanned bullock's hide, spread on ground that sloped a little; then, poising the pan above her head, she leaned to the current of the wind, and, with that permeating quiver of the wrist that some believe belongs only to the Indian women, sent the dust in heaps of graded fineness across the hide at her feet. Adam knew she was no Indian maid, although her feet were moccasined, and her hair, parted from brow to nape, hung in two thick braids across her breast, as many an Indian girl in her pride wears hers; she was as lean and supple as he, with clean grace of limb and posture, and her hair was fair

with the sun upon it, and under the tan of her cheek and throat and slim bare arms there was the glow of a white girl's blush. Adam watched her in delight of heart.

The winnowing was nearly over, the last bits of gravel rattled on the edge of the pan and skipped to their place on the hide, the pan swung down, slowly, to her side, and Santa Olaya turned her head and smiled into Adam's waiting eyes.

"You are looking for the wells, señor?" she said, in sweet, foreign English. "Follow the trail you are on — it ends there."

Now Adam knew that, because his canteen clanked empty since the night before and he *was* looking for those wells, there was nothing for him to say but, "Thank you very kindly," and go on his way. If he had said anything, it would have been that he had already found the wells he sought. But he did not, he only slipped his pack to the ground and leaned a little further over the ledge and smiled back at Olaya.

"The water there is still deep," she said. She stood quite still, the pan at her side. She was waiting for him to go on. It roused in Adam a desire to put that rocky ledge from between them, at least. He leaped upon it, lightly, and was about to drop into the arroyo when the girl's voice stopped him.

"Don't come down here."

It was not loud, not frightened at all, but very quiet and sure. Adam, half-way over, caught his balance on the ledge with knee and hand.

"Why?" he said.

"Because I don't want you here," said the girl.

"Oh." Adam stayed on the ledge, but swung his legs over and came to a sitting position.

"I don't want you there either."

She did not smile now, but her grave-ness covered neither anger nor fear.

"Does this belong to you?" Adam asked. He did not smile, either, in deference to her lead. His tone instinctively fitted to her rather quaintly measured one, as one comes to the mood of a child by affecting its speech.

The girl hesitated a moment.

"Yes, it belongs to me."

"You are not quite sure?"

"It is you who doubt, señor," she answered quickly. She still looked directly into his eyes, and hers were so deep with unexplored sweetness that Adam's quivered before them.

"Are the wells — yours, too?" he asked, to regain his self-possession.

"No — the water is free to all."

"But gold is not?"

The girl's face changed now. Her glance fell to the heaps of dust at her feet, a smile tugged at the corners of her mouth, fought with its gravity, and conquered it.

"That is true, señor. I do not wish to lose the gold."

"Ah." Adam dropped into the arroyo. "There is no harm in me," he cried. "I am not after gold. I was only a thirsty man following the morning track of beasts; but seeing you at your winnowing, think I have already drunk of cool water, sweet from the heart of the rocks."

He strode down to her, and Olaya's eyes stayed wide in his. She stirred, the pan rattled to the ground, and her two hands clasped each other.

"You must not come any nearer," she said, very simply. The hide with its dust heaps was between them.

"No, I will not," Adam promised just as simply.

"Did you miss the river-way?" she asked. Her eyes had not left his, but Adam felt she knew the whole of him, and it flushed him, cheek and heart.

"No, I kept away from the river settlements — I came this way on purpose."

■ "You did not need a hidden way?"

"Yes." He smiled at the startled trouble of her question.

She turned quickly, then, to where an olla was sunk in wet sand under the shadow of leaning rocks, and dipped up a gourd full of water. "The thing has not driven you hard," she said, handing it to him. "Why is your canteen empty?"

"I may have been afraid to go where men draw water," he answered, and she laughed.

"It was not fear of men," she said straight to him.

"No, it was not fear of men," he answered back; but how did she know it was not, and what did that wide gaze, fearless itself, and firm and sweet, know of such other fears? Adam drank the water and she took the gourd from him, and they stood, staring openly at each other. There was no question in the girl's eyes, just a glad acceptance of his presence and a very girlish satisfaction in the big breadth of his frame and comely accoutrements. But Adam's eyes sought for an answer, and the persistence of their seeking pierced her unconscious pleasure and sent her, suddenly bashful, to her work. She knelt at the edge of the bullock's hide, her face a-quiver with the revelation, and began, with a large horn spoon, to scoop up the dust and grains of a certain heap into the pan again. Adam came and knelt beside her.

"Is it pay-dirt?" he asked, and instantly her face was all for serious business.

"Yes — I have shaken it down three times and it is showing clean already. I can wash it through now."

"Don't you lose a great quantity this way?"

"Not so much," she answered speculatively. "I don't shake it down without a good wind. But if I lose I must — I cannot dig and haul in the mines, so I dry-wash the arroyos that catch the drift from some bed above or cut the ledge and lay it bare for me." She dipped a gourd of water into the pan and began draining off the refuse. "It is good

enough when I find an arroyo like this one," she added.

"Good enough?" cried Adam, "I should think it would be! Does it come often like this?" He bent over the pan with a more eager face than the girl's, calculating the weight of the heap of yellow grains.

"Yes — rarely better; but sometimes none at all. Yesterday I could not find where my good luck had hid away. You have brought her back to me, señor." She smiled at him over the little buckskin bag into which she dropped the gold.

They were very close to each other as they knelt there, and Adam wished to touch her hair, to wind the long braids about her throat, to leave his hand against her cheek. He remembered a Mexican girl washing her linen on the stones of a little creek where he had come one warm, deep-scented day in October, and how the delicate quiver of the flesh just above the hollow of her bending arm had held the pleasure of his eyes until he had stooped and kissed it, not thinking of the girl at all. She had hid her face in a pleased trouble and then suddenly lifted it to his, and he had kissed her and gone on, and laughed to hear her singing as he climbed the hill. But about this girl there hung some essence of herself, like a nebula that shields the starlight. It held his very thought in leash.

He stood up when she did and watched her knot the treasure-bag about her waist.

"What is your name?" said Adam.

"Olaya."

"You are not Mexican?"

"No."

"Nor gypsy?"

"No."

"What then?"

"I do not know," said Olaya, looking gravely at him.

"It does not matter," said Adam.

The girl turned away and lifted the crowbar to continue her work.

"I shall help you, Santa Olaya," said

Adam decisively, and he took the crowbar from her. Besides the pan and spoon it was the only tool she used, sharpened at each end, and so light as to be easily handled.

Olaya led the way to the ledge she was working; it had been exposed by a torrent cutting through the gorge in some spring wash-out. She accepted Adam's help as simply as she had accepted him; showed him how to follow the ledge, scraping the surface carefully; and with her spoon and pan she gathered up the earth he loosened and took it away to pound and prepare for the winnowing. She sang a little in the shade of the mesquite tree that leaned from the edge of the arroyo, and Adam sang, too, sudden bursts of sound, starting up in him like laughter that comes because it must and knows no reason for itself.

But when Olaya had spread the bullock's hide again and gone to the winnowing, Adam had to watch her. It was so lovely a thing to him, the lithe young grace of her, the buoyant ease and grace of every movement, that made what she did as alluring as the stepping of a young doe. Sometimes she turned to glance at him across her shifting-pan, and smiled with such artless pleasure and comradeship when she found his look upon her, that Adam had to hold himself to keep at work, and not fling it all aside and take Olaya by the hand and go away to where the sun was hot on the hills, and the river shone up to them from its tarrying between the banks of tufting arrow-weed, and the cottonwoods and willows flung their red bursting buds out on its brown flood. For it was spring in the desert, and the cattle left the flats to graze toward the mesas, in search of the first young grass just springing from between the stones. Adam could hear them lowing as they came.

Olaya put down her pan when the sun was straight over them and said, "Now you will eat with me, señor." And Adam answered, —

"Yes, I shall like to do that very much."

He had plenty of food in the pack left on the trail, but it was part of his pleasure that Olaya should share her meal with him. It consisted of tortillas with thick slices of bacon between; and there was a generous piece of cheese. Olaya divided it unequally and gave Adam the larger share. When he protested she said, quite seriously, —

"No, that is right;" and he laughed and took it.

She put the gourd full of water between them and they drank from it, turn about.

"I am very well content, Santa Olaya," said Adam.

"I am content, too," she said; "but why do you call me Santa Olaya? I said to you only 'Olaya.'"

"I do not know, Adam said, "only that it comes to me to call you so. Does no one else say 'Santa Olaya'?"

"Yes, Father Bernardino does, but that is all."

"Who is Father Bernardino?"

"My dear friend and ghostly adviser."

"The priest of the village where you live — or don't you live in a village?"

"I live in the settlement below here, and Father Bernardino lives close by the church, farther down the river. He is the priest for the reservations where there are Catholics, and for some of the river camps and settlements. He knows men and is very good to them. He is good even to Mexicans, and I know it is a great cross to him that there are so many in the country he loves. Often, I'm sure, he sets them a soft penance, because it punishes his own carnal desire to be cruel to them," said Olaya.

"Why is he carnally wishful to be cruel to Mexicans?"

"He is an Indian."

"I have never heard of an Indian priest."

"He was raised by white men, and they gave him all a white man has and made him a priest. But they always re-

membered what they had done for him, so the best of it was gone, and Father Bernardino came to speak of it himself, aloud, when they should have left it a warm, soft thing in his heart." Olaya hesitated a moment, considering. "Of course," she went on, "it is a very great thing to be a priest, but Father Bernardino says an untouched Indian is as much a spirit of earth and sky as the wind, and is so judged before God. There is great love and understanding between us," she added gently.

"And do you wish, too, that they had left him an untouched Indian?"

"Ah, he does not wish that, señor. The gratitude, too much spoken of, turns it about in his mind; and when there is the sound of wind in the brush where there is no wind, and the blue herons go up the river, he thinks about it and wonders — that is all. And I could never wish it — no other priest would have kept watch along the banks in high water; for my people came down the river in flood-time and were drowned, and Father Bernardino saw my little white head — he says it was white then" — she smiled tenderness for the little head into Adam's intent eyes — "bobbing about in the eddy, and he had no boat. Now this is a miracle, señor, for the padre had never learned to throw a lasso, and he was a baby when he was taken to the cities by white men; but he took the rope from his tethered cow and made the noose very deftly, and then cast it forth from the bank and covered my tiny head. There was never a rough scratch, even, on my baby flesh when he brought me in so safe. It was a great miracle."

"It was a very beautiful miracle," said Adam.

"Father Bernardino," said Olaya, looking thoughtfully at her brown, dusty hands, "says it was no miracle at all, because, from clear back in the beginning, his fathers had thrown the lasso, and he had to, that was all."

"I think that is the miracle," said Adam softly.

"Oh," Santa Olaya whispered, looking a long time into Adam's eyes and not seeming to know that he was looking into hers, "*I think that way, too.*" Then she looked off at the hills, her eyes shy and misty with this new discovery.

"And the padre called you Santa Olaya and took care of you, and you are dry-washing the gulches to get gold for his missions?"

"No," said Olaya hastily, "no, the Señora is my guardian. If I had been a boy he would have kept me, and taught me to be a priest, maybe; but I was a girl, and the Señora and her people took me — I do this work for them. But Father Bernardino had great care of me, always, and taught me."

"What did he teach you?"

"Oh, to read his books, and the meaning of wind and great stillness, and to know the stars for safety, and the use of herbs, and about the earth, and the difference between good and evil, and the needs of animals, and the knowledge of men."

"The knowledge — of men?"

"Father Bernardino knows men, and he would have me know them, too, because, *it is never to lack in time of need*, he says."

"But it is only a small settlement, Olaya. Whom do you ever see besides — do you see many — men?"

"Yes," said Olaya gravely, "always I have seen many men. The Señora herself has seven sons; and there are a great many white men and Mexicans — they come and go always, but always, too, there are many of them." She started up suddenly, with an anxious eye to the sun. "It is time for the work to go on," she cried, "and I have loitered too long;" then with some wistful apology, "but señor, there are days at a time that I do not speak to living things except the word night and morning — it was your kindness to let me talk."

They worked again as through the morning, and Adam wondered idly enough what the Señora did with all the

gold; for he knew from the pannings of that morning that the little buckskin bag carried, from day to day, what must be wealth in a Mexican village. It did not matter, he thought, but he would like to fancy the use of it so fair a thing to follow upon the beauty of the girl at work, as to bring a very certain delight when he knew it. She looked up at him just then from where she knelt, draining the last pan.

"Olaya," he said, "why do you take this gold to the Señora?"

Olaya answered him with the straightforward simplicity that marked everything she said: "Because she and her people cared for me in my little helpless days and have always been very good to me."

"Yes?"

That was all. She rose from her work with a glance at the cañon's side where the dusk was stealing on.

"It is time you made your camp, señor, before the dark hides it. Just above the wells, you climb along the walls there, do you see?" She came and stood by Adam and sketched his trail for him with outstretched hands. "There is the clump of bisnaga at the base — go just beyond it up the ravine ten steps, and there are two palo verdes on a little shelf — they will give you wood for your fire and 't is clean there and hid away. Once I was afraid to go home and I stayed there all night."

"I will camp there. Why were you afraid to go home?"

"Oh," said Olaya indifferently, stowing the tools away under a bush, "I had panned nothing for two days, and there is no beauty in an empty hand." Then, lifting herself, she unknotted a blue kerchief from about her waist, shook it out, and smoothed it upon her knee, and placed it cornerwise over her head. She caught the ends, fluttering by her ears, and held them under her chin.

"I thank you, señor," she said, smiling shyly at Adam. "Adios."

"I am going with you."

"Oh." They stood again to stare at

each other, Olaya, with protest struggling through desire, and the mastery of Adam's eyes over her. She turned slowly down the trail. He was at her shoulder.

"It is very far," she said, turning her head ever so little, "and it will be very dark even before we can get there."

"That is why I am going," said Adam.

The trail was narrow and rough, and slippery with loose stones that had been washed free of encompassing earth down the ragged ravines and gulches in many a roaring flood-time. But Olaya's moccasined feet did not heed them, and she set a swinging pace through the tumble of gray hills, which hurried Adam to keep his post at her shoulder. Against the coming night the brush and stunted chollas of the hillsides were beginning to crouch weirdly.

"Do you often go as late as this?" said Adam. The flutter of her kerchief was against his cheek.

"When I have found only a little gold it is later — sometimes very late — and the coyotes stand still on the ridges there, against the sky, and watch me — sometimes they howl."

"Does no one come for you when it is so late?"

"It is better alone," said Santa Olaya. In a moment she added, "One is not afraid of night and coyotes — but if they howl I shall be glad that you are there behind me."

"You feel safe with me, Olaya?"

"Why not?" she said, turning her wide eyes to him for a second; "a man who is not afraid does not make others fear."

And Adam pondered on the meaning of it.

They had come through the tumble of gray hills to an open valley close to the river and fed by its overflow, for the arrow-weed grew rank here, and they could hear the cattle chewing their cud under the mesquite trees. Now and again a gaunt steer stood across the trail and only moved on at the slap of Olaya's hand upon his flank. The air blew in

cool off the river, and the smell of damp earth and rotting twigs and pungent marsh things came about them.

"We are near the river?" asked Adam.

"Yes, beyond this turn I can see the lights from the houses." Olaya slowed her pace.

"I will see them, too," Adam answered.

"It will be such a blackness to make camp in," she pleaded.

"I do not mind the blackness."

"You will not know the way back."

"I can find it," said Adam. He had accepted the joy of her, in the beginning, without a thought of who she was outside of the golden arroyo. But now his mind was busy about her and gravely troubled. She had told her own story only for the sake of the priest's miracle. And who was this guardian and her people, who let her work so hard and so late that she must needs scurry through those wild cañons long after nightfall, or stay alone in the weird gorges of the "hidden way," because she was afraid to go home without gold? And among those Mexicans — she was of his own blood — Adam knew that —

"There are the lights," she cried, and stood still. He came beside her, and for a moment they watched the bleared lights from the low jacals of the river-flats. "There are the lights," she said again. "You must go back, and I thank you, señor."

"Is there no white man's house in that village?" he asked.

"No."

"Do you live in one of those jacals?"

"Yes."

"Which one?"

She twisted the corners of her kerchief into a knot under her chin. "Maybe we cannot see its light from here," she said; "it is — just one among the rest. Adios, señor."

"Olaya, will you come winnowing to-morrow?"

"Yes, but you will be gone early on your hidden trail."

"Will you be sorry?"

"Yes."

"Sorry to have me gone because I brought your good luck back — is it that, Olaya?"

"No," said Olaya. She moved along quickly and then stopped, and he waited. "I think it was because you came and will be gone to-morrow — and — I do not remember if the coyotes howled to-night."

"I shall be there to-morrow," he cried, "and the next day, and after!"

"Oh!" she stood still a second longer.

"What is your name?"

"Adam."

"Adios, Señor Adam," she called softly, and he heard the flurry of her feet down the trail.

In the days that followed in the arroyo d'oro — for that was what Adam called it, and Olaya smiled with eyes that tried to elude the import too bold in his — Adam forgot why he had fled from his own world of men and cities to wander up and down in unfrequented places. He even forgot, at whiles, to consider the mystery of Olaya's life away from their common one in the arroyo. He came down from his camp with the first light each morning and filled the olla among the rocks with fresh water for her, and waited there until she came suddenly out of the hills with no warning of slipping stone or rattling bush, and greeted him. She was never quite sure that he would be there the next morning, and the glad surprise of it was always in her eyes to give Adam fresh bounty for his dallying.

They worked together, he at the digging, she at the grinding and winnowing, and then, when the gold began showing clean, washed it through and murmured together in satisfaction if it were rich, and hopefully explained the reason to each other when it panned thin. At noon they ate tortillas and bacon and cheese together under the mesquite tree, and looked their contentment, one to the other, across the gourd-rim, and talked of whatever Olaya would — of the Indian priest, the river and sky and green-

ing earth, and the secrets of the thorny, desert shrubs — never of her life in the village, or of the Señora and her people. But the omission was so uncontrived that it left in Adam an utter inability to ask a question without a show of most unseemly prying. And although Adam talked, too, and Olaya listened and forgot to look away from his eyes, inquiring, always, in her sweet unconscious longing, for all his meaning, yet it piqued him that never once did she ask a question or show that she thought beyond his wish to tell.

"It is the Indian training," he said to himself; it was this Indian training that charmed and baffled him by turns.

It was when night came on, and Olaya was troubled with the slimness of the buckskin bag or elated over its bulk, that Adam's mind grew busy again with the desire to know what the need could be for so much gold that she should be allowed to come, unthought-of and uncared-for, except for the full bag she brought home, into those lonely cañons, to work at a man's work — that fair young thing, companionless in those solitary wilds. Adam's thoughts were very turbulent. This was at night when the shadows were deepening fast, and there was the long trail yet to take, and he fretted at the peril of her nights, and days too, past before he came to her. In the mornings the longing to be with her again reconciled him to anything that brought her, clear-eyed and joyous, back to the golden arroyo.

"Olaya," he said suddenly, as they were taking the homeward trail one night, "does Father Bernardino wish to have you work so hard, away off in these lonely places?"

There was a moment's hesitation before Olaya said, "Father Bernardino is the guardian of my spiritual being." And then, as though the intimacy of their companionship might have the right to a little confidence, she added, "If some one who has done you a big kindness remembers it so that it comes to be spoken ever

aloud, it cannot just be warm and still in your heart any more, and you must make up that kindness twice over in whatever way you may, señor. If you cannot, your soul will shrivel a little, ever so little, with the thing growing cold in you. Father Bernardino knows this, as I have told you, and he is very glad that the arroyos of the river hold gold that a girl may come by. There are other ways to pay the kindness — ways that might stain one's soul, too, as well as the hands. Father Bernardino and I have talked of these things," she ended simply.

Then Adam, given this, was troubled yet a little more, but hopeful, too, and asked no more questions until a little ripple of very girlish laughter came to him across Olaya's shoulder.

"What is it, Olaya?" he begged.

"When you remember, Señor Adam, what you have done for me, what a woe it will be, and the sweet that will turn brackish — for I can never repay."

"Olaya," Adam cried, with a sudden emotion, "it is you who have done the big kindness — you have kept me out of hell. I came in terrible need and you wiped out my trouble!" And straightway, being spoken of, the trouble began buzzing again, very dully, in Adam's brain.

It was the very next morning that Olaya glanced up from the shifting-pan at Adam, who could never let her winnowing go unwatched, and saw him, standing very still, looking with straining eyes through the rift in the hills to the river. He had forgotten his surroundings, and when he came back to them it was to go restlessly about, plucking here and here at the brush, or to kick a stone down a pathway, following it idly to kick it on again. He worked in sudden bursts of energy all day, but forgot to sing. When they ate their noon-day meal under the mesquite tree, he could not talk, and Olaya, too, was very silent. In the afternoon, as he wandered near where she was pounding gravel, he caught her watching him furtively, with troubled eyes. He

laughed, and sat down beside her, and told her he was as restless as a bad devil who had been cinched, and she answered, "Si, señor," and they worked silently together.

The next day Adam came late to the arroyo and the olla was unfilled. He was haggard from lack of sleep, and worn with tramping all night long. He sat moodily under the mesquite tree, his elbows on his knees and his chin on his clenched knuckles. Later, he tried to rouse himself and went to see how much Olaya had panned that day. He had avoided looking at her, having much shame in him, but he could not leave the arroyo, and she had been good to greatness in keeping her eyes off him, not to give him the irritation of being watched. She smiled, with the knowledge of brooding trouble wiped out of her eyes, and held up the pan she had just finished draining.

"It is the best of all, señor," she said. It was a rich panning, and the gleam from the tiny grains flashed like a line of fire across the blackness of Adam's mood. He was on his knees by her in a second. He caught up the yellow grains in his hand, fingering them eagerly, his lips moving in some quick calculation. He did not see that Olaya watched his face with wistful concern. He did not see her at all. When she held open the buckskin bag he dropped the gold in, the leaping fire dying from his eyes as suddenly as it had flashed up. He rose to his feet again, making some further effort to cast off the shadow of the past two days.

"You have taken many rich pannings from this arroyo, Olaya," he said idly.

"Yes, and they doubled with your coming, señor."

"Is the Señora very well satisfied with what you bring her?"

"Yes."

"What does she do with it?" The question was out at last, surprising Adam as much as it did Olaya.

She looked straight up at him from where she was getting her next pan ready.

"I have never asked you why you needed a hidden way," she said.

Adam started, reddening violently. When he could speak he said, "Olaya, I knew that was the thing you guarded; I did not mean to force you into chiding me — the gold brought it out. But it is the thing I have most wanted to know — what the Señora and those seven sons do with the gold. It has come to me more and more that it is not a good thing; if it menaces you I've got to know it, Olaya."

She answered him gravely: "It is not of me, so I have not told it. It is all of them; and it does not menace me, señor. Also it was not fair of me to say that I had not asked you why you came by hidden ways; if I had not known I might have asked you — I do not *think* so, but I might."

Adam glanced at her quickly. "Know why I keep away from the towns, why — how could you?"

"You have told me very often."

Adam laughed in some relief. "How have I told you?" he asked.

"Ah, how can I remember — a little word, your mouth; a look — your eyes that have so much in them way behind." Olaya stood up now and the girlishness slipped away from her — she was a woman, very stern and appealing. "You looked at me over the ledge that morning with eyes that were glad of what they looked at because — oh, you did not say it in your head — but because you were forgetting while you looked. It was some wrong to yourself, señor — it was not murder, it was not wrong to a woman, nor any hateful little thing like theft — it was a wrong to yourself that you love so you will not put it by — you will not, señor."

"Yes," said Adam, staring at her.

"'Yes,' you say; you could — for you so easy — you could say, 'It is over, there;' and make it over; but you love it so you will not, and let it chase you up and down like a coyote, over all the hidden trails. And two days ago I saw that

thing steal into this arroyo that — that you have called the arroyo d'oro, for its secret meaning to you and to me, and write its name on your face — I know it! I have seen that thing before!"

It was still light, but Olaya gathered her tools and hid them away in the brush. She knotted the buckskin bag about her waist and undid the blue kerchief and smoothed it deftly over her knee. Adam watched her. His face was drawn in lank, white lines, like a starched garment.

"May I — go with you?" He tried to smile at her, but his lips could not. The thing in his eyes was worse than tears. "You once said that a man who was not afraid did not make others fear. Now that you know I am afraid, will it be better on the trail alone?"

"You may always come, señor," said Olaya.

So they went down through the tumble of gray hills together without a word, passed the cattle, coming up from their night drinking at the river to chew their cud under the mesquite trees, and when they came to the turn of the hill above the village, the lights were beginning to come out in all the squalid jacals of the flats. As they stood there for the moment, together, Adam could have flung himself down and clung about her knees with the whole hateful heart of him poured out to its cleansing. But he did not. He only said, a little too gayly, —

"Adios, my Saint Olaya."

"Is it to drive you out again tomorrow, señor," she asked timidly. "Is it for always?"

"Yes," he said, pitching his voice so he could handle it. "I think it is. You have been very — it has been — the morning I saw you —"

"Do not say it," she cried, in a broken whisper, and then, rallying a little, "Adios, señor, I thank you." And she was away like a fleeing deer.

Adam did not go back to his camp, but sat down close to the trail and tried to think what he would do. Above all else

he must have Olaya. He knew that the moment she took flight. And then he put his head down on his knees and said to himself that she was right: if he could once say, "It is over," it would be; but he would not say it. He told himself, too, that if she had been kind to him he could have thrown off the curse then and there. It was an easy refuge, that thought, "if she had been kind to him;" and he stayed in it a long time. When shame dragged him out of it at last, he was up and started along the village road. He did not know just what he was going to do except find Olaya, and there was a dumb sort of prayer in him that he would find her soon. From all the jacals along the outskirts lean dogs ran out to bark at him and snap at his heels and run yelping away. He kicked against a bone or tin can every second or two, and tangled bits of wire caught on his boot and tripped him. He could see the dim outlines of donkeys and hear the thud of their hobbled feet as they nosed about the dooryards for refuse melon-rinds. Everywhere there rose the indescribable smell of a Mexican village.

The lights were very few and dim in the centre of the village. Olaya had said the place in which she lived was only "one among the others," and Adam wondered where to ask for her. A little back from the road, and shielded along the front by mesquite trees and palo verdes, there was a long adobe building which was not a jacal at all, but which Adam thought might be a store, only it was away from the central traffic of the highway. He went close to it and saw that there was light coming from the chinks in its wooden shutters. He went around this house, wondering how late it was, and if he should knock, and what Olaya would say—how she would look—when he found her. And then his thought lost any shape at all with the throbbing in his throat.

At the far side of the house, against the hills, there was an unshuttered window that drew Adam slowly to its

gray light. He went up to it hesitatingly, and peered through. The instant he saw the interior, he was on his knees with his face flattened against the pane and his hands shielding the reflection. The room was low-ceilinged and white-washed, with kerosene lamps hung at intervals from the rafters and on opposite walls; but what was filling Adam's eyes was the ten or more smooth, shining tables, the strained, sallow faces above them, the piles of silver, the little heaps of golden nuggets, and the cards. He looked until his eyes were red holes in his head and his lips dragged free of his teeth and his breath whistled in and out.

Some one came down the centre of the room and broke the spell only to fix it deeper. It was a Mexican woman, old and very fat, but with erect, complacent shoulders. A man at a table near-by raised his eyes to her and she went to deal there. Adam could see the man wet his lips with his tongue and glance furtively at his companion. He put his hand up to his own mouth and wiped away the slaver that was smearing it, and then began feeling through his pockets, hurriedly, and spying about the room for the entrance. There was a heavy, rough-hewn door at one end, and Adam thought some one leaned against the lintel there; but it was too dark to be sure—it might be a hanging garment. The trouble and fight of the two days past was out of his face now; his eyes were black with a gust of new life. He crept along the wall and around the corner and tapped, ever so lightly; then he leaned against the jamb, for he was trembling.

A firm hand unlatched the door and swung it back quickly, but Adam had time to think that it really must have been some one close to the door that he had seen—almost the hand on the latch waiting for his signal. He drew himself up from the door-jamb, and then caught at it again, checked with such sudden reaction that he leaned there bewildered, for Olaya stood between him and the light of the room beyond. Shame swept

over him first, and then understanding came in a great rush, carrying him out of himself, and with that, the full revelation of those days in the golden arroyo.

Olaya's eyes, scornful and appealing, searched his face.

"Will you come in — señor?" she said.

"No," said Adam. He caught hold of her hand. "Come away," he said, "come away from this — come," and he dragged her out of the doorway.

She swung the big door to behind her, and for a second they stood, breathing fast, and each blinking to see the other's face in the sudden darkness. And then Adam's hands groped for her and she was in his arms, being hurried, stumbling along, to the road. "Señor Adam! Señor Adam!" she kept whispering, but it was from out her own clinging arms that soothed him.

"You!" he said at last. "You to come out of a hell like that — you!"

"I have not been there much, señor. I dry-wash the arroyos to keep from it; only just now I have been — two or three times."

"How could you — how could you — if that harpy made you —"

"She did not make me, señor. I feared you would come — I knew you would come — I had to be there!"

"You knew I would come?"

"Yes, señor," she pleaded, and laughed through her pleading because his arms were so close they hurt her. "Where are you taking me, señor?"

"Where is that priest who taught you to know men?"

"Are we going to him?" whispered Olaya, turning her face down the river.

"Yes."

"This is the way, señor."

A NEW LIFE OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

BY PAUL ELMER MORE

THE LETTERS of Lady Mary, as edited by Mr. W. Moy Thomas, with the editor's Memoir, and the Introductory Notes of her granddaughter, Lady Louisa Stuart, had, I confess, never been able to dispel the impression of that female wit left by the two satirists, who in succession link the whole eighteenth century together with a chain of glittering scandal. So much is there omitted from her correspondence, so much of the panegyric must be taken on credit, that in the end memory still reads under the portrait Pope's "Furious Sappho" and Walpole's "Moll Worthless."

Unfortunately, it cannot be said that the new work¹ by Miss E. M. Symonds

¹ *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Her Times*. By GEORGE PASTON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1907.

("George Paston") clears up the real obscurity of her career, for at the very critical point of the story the documents are still in part missing and in part withheld. But it does add a good deal to our knowledge of another period, and so far serves strongly to justify the wife — at the expense of the husband. I say period, for Lady Mary's life, more than is commonly the case, was sharply marked off by circumstances. There are at the beginning the years of her courtship and early married experience; these are followed by the long journey through Europe and the residence in Turkey; then, for the third period, we find her again in Great Britain, now a confessed belle and wit, one of the leaders of the notorious circle of Twickenham; and, last, comes the lonely exile in Italy and

France, with the final journey home to arrange her affairs and to die.

Now, for one of these periods, the first, Miss Symonds has a mass of new and really enlightening material. By the kindness of the Earl of Harrowby she was permitted to examine the Wortley-Montagu manuscripts at Sandon Hall, where she found a hundred and more unpublished letters from Lady Mary, with some fifty or sixty written by Mr. Wortley; and it is no exaggeration to say that the portions of these printed in the present memoir give us the clue to one of the most extraordinary tales of courtship and elopement ever enacted.

Mary Pierrepont was born in London, in 1689, her father being the great-grandson of the first Earl of Kingston and himself afterwards the fifth earl. Her infancy she passed with her grandmother, but from her eighth year, her mother and grandmother being both dead, she grew up without any proper feminine oversight. Her father, she says in an autobiographical fragment, "though naturally an honest man, was abandoned to his pleasures, and (like most of those of his quality) did not think himself obliged to be very attentive to his children's education." But he was at least proud of his little daughter, and one of his acts shows her in a situation so picturesque in itself and so significant, that it cannot be omitted here, however familiar it may be from repetition. Lady Louisa Stuart tells the story:—

"As a leader of the fashionable world, and a strenuous Whig in party, he of course belonged to the Kit-Cat Club. One day, at a meeting to choose toasts for the year, a whim seized him to nominate her, then not eight years old, a candidate; alleging that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to elect a beauty whom they had never seen. 'Then you shall see her,' cried he; and in the gaiety of the moment sent orders home to have her finely dressed and brought to him at

the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking-glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another, was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations; they amounted to ecstasy; never again, throughout her whole future life, did she pass so happy a day."

! Poor little lady! it seems that even in childhood she was to be the victim of her wit and beauty; she little recked how ruthlessly in later life men were to deal with these lauded gifts. But there was an extraordinary trial of patience and submission for her to undergo before she came to the real battle of life. Among her girl friends in London were Anne and Katherine Wortley Montagu, at whose home she became acquainted with that small wit and unconscionable prig, Edward Wortley Montagu, the friend of Addison and Steele, the "Gripus" and "Avidien" of Pope.

When, in 1709, she went to Thoresby in the country she must of course exchange letters with her dear Anne at Wharnccliffe some thirty miles away, and what more natural than that the brother should take a hand in the correspondence? At first he merely directs his sister, speaking of himself in the third person; but he becomes more and more in evidence, and after the death of Anne, in that same year, we find him writing to Lady Mary as a professed but secret lover. He did indeed approach her father for her hand, and was at first favored. But an obstinate quarrel soon arose over the settlements; Mr. Wortley, who showed early the penurious traits that afterwards grew to a vice, refused to settle property

on an unborn heir who might — as indeed he proved in the sequence to do — turn out a spendthrift and wanton; while Lady Mary's father would not risk seeing his grandchildren left beggars. Pin-money and jointures also came in to embitter the wrangle. Mr. Wortley's arguments on that topic may be read in one of the *Tatler* papers, worked up by Steele from his notes, and the whole ignoble dispute furnished Richardson with his material for the episode of Sir Thomas Grandison and his daughter Caroline.

The twists and turns of the correspondence that followed between the young man and the young woman, the clandestine meetings at the house of Richard Steele and elsewhere, the secret messengers, the bribery of servants, the evasions and hesitations, the romantic elopement in the end — all these may be read in the letters quoted by Miss Symonds; a tale not easily matched in the tortuous-woeing fiction of the age. In the end Lady Mary comes out far better than her swain; it is clear that she fell heartily in love with her incomprehensible suitor, and endured his bickerings and insulting insinuations despite the protests of reason and pride. She has her maidenly reserves in language, and at times she can argue with canny prudence; but on the whole one gets from her letters the impression of a troubled common sense and of a natural girlishness playing the rôle of wisdom.

Mr. Wortley is simply an insufferable egoist; it is not easy to use language too strong for his ignoble jealousies. He has been compared, not inaptly, with Sir Willoughby Patterne, — a very stodgy and mercenary Sir Willoughby, one must add, — and Lady Mary in these early years might be likened not unfairly to Clara Middleton. Mr. Wortley's game is simply to draw out the lady's unshamed confession of love without compromising his own calculating reserve, and to subdue her to complete absorption in himself without surrendering any of his own

precious independence. It is, in the second part at least, a well-recognized masculine sport, but you resent the spectacle when the fairest and wittiest woman in England is the victim, and you are not unprepared to pardon if in due time she gets her revenge.

This intriguing despotism might be dismissed with calling the gentleman a cad, or a "puppy," to take the word of his own day, but you cannot help asking all the while what it is that so keeps his suspicions and jealousies on edge. Granted the initial wrong of deceiving her father, the language and acts of Lady Mary were, so far as they appear, without reproach. At first his complaints are inexplicable, and then, as you read, a certain note comes up so frequently that you begin to discern a reason which, if it does not excuse, yet throws some light on his uneasiness. "Could any woman," he says, "write with so much wit, and be so much upon her guard, with one she was afraid of losing?" And again, "I beg you will this once try to avoid being witty, and to write in a style of business, tho' it should appear to you as flat as mine." And still more frankly, "Shall I tell you how to deceive me, if you think it worth your while? Avoid seeming witty (which all do naturally when they are serious), and say nothing that does not seem probable."

The simple fact is that this dull, plodding fellow felt the superiority of Lady Mary's mind, and winced at it. He could not understand her vivacity, which at once attracted and disconcerted him. It is the same story that makes the whole triumph and tragedy of her life. As a wit precociously versed in the classics and endowed with the seemingly incongruous charm of beauty, Lady Mary first attracted her husband and afterwards conquered society; it was the same quality that awakened his suspicions and in the end helped to drive her out of England. She might well have wished the words of Ovid inscribed on her tomb: *INGENIO PERII*,

trusting that the world would not add: *tenerorum lusor amorum*.

But of her character as a wit it will be time to speak more specifically when she has returned from Constantinople in the fullness of her reputation. For a while after her marriage, in 1712, she was considerably kept in the country, while her jealous and already neglectful lord attended to business and pleasure — and commonly the two were one to that prudent soul — in the city. Part of the time she was alone, at other times she stayed with her husband's relatives or was graced with his own condescending presence. There were cares of house-furnishing and housekeeping to occupy her, and in due season the nursing of her son, who was to turn out one of the reproaches of England and the particular horror of his mother. She endured dutifully these years of surly neglect, but the experience left its sting, and apparently helped to harden her character. "I was then [1714] in Yorkshire," she afterwards wrote. "Mr. W. (who had at that time, that sort of passion for me, that would have made me invisible to all but himself, had it been in his power) had sent me thither. He stayed in town on the account of some business, and the Queen's death detained him there." The fretful ennui of "The Bride in the Country" forms the subject of one of her satirical ballads.

But release was near. She had aided her husband as she could, and even pushed him forward in his political ambitions.

In 1716 Mr. Wortley was appointed Ambassador to the Porte, and on August 1, he, with his wife, three-year-old son, and suite set out for Constantinople. I shall not follow them on their journey across the Continent, nor try to give an account of what Lady Mary saw, and so vividly described, in Paris and Vienna, in the wild regions of Hungary, and then in the home of the Turk. She was an ideal traveler, adapting herself facily to the customs of the place, and feeling no prud-

ish alarm at the different moral codes that met her. In particular she writes with curious complacency of the Austrian "sub-marriages," and remarks of the Italian ladies that "the custom of *cicisbeos* has very much improved their airs." It is only fair to add her amusing apology from Vienna: "I'll assure you, a lady, who is very much my friend here, told me but yesterday, how much I was obliged to her for justifying my conduct in a conversation on my subject, where it was publicly asserted that I could not possibly have common sense, that I had been about town above a fortnight, and had made no steps towards commencing an amour." And at Constantinople she found the ways of life peculiarly to her taste; the Turkish women she declared to be "the only free people in the empire."

All these things she described in letters of which, after the manner of the age, she kept faithful, or unfaithful, copies, or which she afterwards wrote up for the half-public from her diaries. On them her fame as a writer depends almost exclusively to-day, and it must be admitted that they fully deserve their reputation. Letters of travel somehow have generally less staying power than those from home; what they give can be better given in a formal treatise, while they miss the little touches of satire and friendship, the pleasant familiarities, the display of character at ease in its proper environment, which make the charm or the humor of the best correspondence. These qualities for the most part Lady Mary's epistles, as they may be called, do not possess. But they have other traits, rarer, if less engaging. She shows a kind of familiarity with things strange, which carries the reader with her. Her language is clear and firm, but less formal than that of Pope and Bolingbroke and the other professed epistolary authors of the day. She puts a curb on their incurable trick of dealing in moral platitudes. In a word, she strikes the happy and difficult balance between the general

and the particular, the descriptive and the personal. She stands to the front among the second grade of letter-writers.

One feels her excellence in a special way in the letters exchanged with Pope, who is here by no means at his best. For a short while before their departure for the East she had been permitted by Mr. Wortley to live in London and to renew her acquaintance with the intellectual society of whom Pope was the acknowledged chief, and it was under this exciting stimulus that she wrote her *Town Eclogues*, three of which the mysterious Curll published piratically, in 1715, under the title of *Court Poems by a Lady of Quality*, with the intimation that they were really composed by "the laudable translator of Homer." They were apparently handed about the coterie in manuscript, and were but one move in the dangerous game Lady Mary then began to play. At any rate, the intimacy between her and Pope quickly ripened to gallantry, and letters of the most exaggerated sentiment followed the lady on her Eastern wanderings. He would be a bold critic who should attempt to say how much of this philandering on the part of the little man was sincere, and how much a bad literary copy of the letters of Voiture; likely enough the writer himself would have been puzzled to discriminate; it was the prescribed rôle. We may give him the credit of believing that at times a note of genuine passion is heard breaking through, or making use of, the convention of the day — as in that touching appeal to her after a fit of illness:—

"This last winter has seen great revolutions in my little affairs. My sickness was preceded by the death of my father, which happened within a few days after I had writ to you inviting myself to meet you in your journey homewards. I have yet a mother of great age and infirmities, whose last precarious days of life I am now attending, with such a solemn pious kind of officiousness as a melancholy recluse watches the last risings and fallings

of a dying taper. My natural temper is pretty much broke, and I live half a hermit within five miles of London [at Chiswick]. A letter from you soothes me in my reveries; it is like a conversation with some spirit of the other world, the least glimpse of whose favor sets one above all taste of the things of this: indeed, there is little or nothing angelical left behind you; the women here are — women. I cannot express how I long to see you face to face; if ever you come again, I shall never be able to behave with decency. I shall walk, look and talk at such a rate, that all the town must know I have seen something more than human. Come, for God's sake; come, Lady Mary; come quickly!"

And how did the lady, addressed in these tones of almost blasphemous devotion, reply? In the extreme of good sense, it must be allowed. From Vienna she had written the 14th September, 1716:

"Perhaps you'll laugh at me for thanking you gravely, for all the obliging concern you express for me. 'T is certain that I may, if I please, take the fine things you say to me for wit and raillery, and it may be it would be taking them right. But I never in my life was half so disposed to believe you in earnest; and that distance which makes the continuation of your friendship improbable, has very much increased my faith in it, and I find that I have (as well as the rest of my sex), whatever face I set on't, a strong disposition to believe in miracles."

That is not just the answer we may fancy to have been desired by a gentleman who no doubt preferred the wit to be all on his own side and the simplicity on the lady's. If there is any one single-minded utterance in his correspondence, it is the exclamation: "A plague of female wisdom: It makes a man ten times more uneasy than his wont." Again, poor Lady Mary! she was yet to learn, what she might have guessed from such a confession, that superiority in a woman is an attraction that too often turns into what most repels.

There was, one sees, a pretty *casus belli* lurking under this exchange of courtesies from the beginning, and the quarrel, when it came, was sure to be bitter and relentless. In 1718 the Wortleys were recalled, and Lady Mary returned home reluctantly, carrying with her a daughter, — destined, after a season of anxiety, to give her as much satisfaction as her son was to bring disgrace, — the practice of inoculation, which with much difficulty she got naturalized in England, and — to join things disparate — a mind quite disencumbered of conventions.

In England, we soon find the family established at Twickenham, where Pope (it was Lady Mary herself who later on dubbed him "the wicked wasp of Twickenham") had made himself the centre of a little society of wits, and from whence he shot his venomous bolts at any one who balked at his intellectual and moral supremacy. I should like, from the memoirs and letters of the day, to draw out a picture of that brilliant and perilous society. Across the river lay Richmond Lodge; Hampton Court and Kew, with their royal associations, were near by; Dawley, where Bolingbroke retired to sulk and scheme, was also within driving distance. And when the resources of these places failed, London offered its dissipation, was, indeed, already pushing its way up the river to absorb these half-rural retreats. Lady Mary, we may presume, was heartily welcomed into this circle. A "rake at reading," as she called herself, she had at the age of twenty translated the Latin version of Epictetus under the direction of Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury. Her satirical poems had already attracted notice, and her fame had been increased by her letters, which, after the manner of the day, were passed from hand to hand. Now, at the age of thirty, she was returning, in the full flush of her beauty, and with the glamour of the East upon her. Pope had made "Wortley's eyes" notorious, and was at no pains to conceal his passion and, so to speak, proprietorship.

It is not strange if the lady's head was turned for a while, and if she fell into a way of life that invited scandal. "In general," she writes to her sister, "gallantry never was in so elevated a figure as it is at present. Twenty pretty fellows (the Duke of Wharton being president and chief director) have formed themselves into a committee of gallantry. They call themselves *Schemers*, and meet regularly three times a week to consult on gallant schemes for the advantage and advancement of that branch of happiness. . . . 'Tis true they have the envy and curses of the old and ugly of both sexes, and a general persecution from all old women; but this is no more than all reformations must expect in their beginning." The friendship of Wharton ("Poor W. . . nipt in folly's broadest bloom!") was not without its danger for the woman who accepted it, and there are other names that have become associated too closely with Lady Mary's. She may have reckoned on this peril when she entered the lists of gallantry, but, though warned, she can scarcely have foreseen the true nature of the calamity before her from the other side of that life.

"It was about the time of Cowley," says Dr. Johnson, "that wit, which had been till then used for *Intellection*, in contradiction to *Will*, took the meaning, whatever it be, which it now bears." Dr. Johnson needed only to consult the career of his favorite Pope to have spoken more precisely; or, indeed, he might have quoted Pope's explicit words: "The life of a wit is a warfare upon earth." And it was a war for hearth and gods; said Chesterfield one day in Parliament, giving at once a shrewd definition and an apt illustration: "Wit, my Lords, is a sort of property — the property of those who have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on. It is indeed a precarious dependence. We, my Lords, thank God, have a dependence of another kind." The game was simply to raise one's self in estimation by rendering a rival, or, if need be, a friend,

ridiculous or odious. Cleverness was the arms, vanity the motive. Personal satire was raised into the chief branch of literature, and the motto to all comers, *Woe to the vanquished*. Every feint of warfare was legitimate — so long as it was not made ignominious by detection. One of the commonest stratagems, as old in practice as the days of Martial, but now employed scientifically, was to write a libelous poem and accuse another of being the author, whereby you killed two birds with one stone —

Vipereumque vomat nostro sub nomine virus.

The result is a literature which would be deprived of all human interest, were not envy and malice, like an inverted charity, one of the strongest and most binding of social instincts.

Now, the tragedy of Lady Mary's life was just this, that, being a woman, and a beautiful woman of the world, she entered the lists and was beaten. Men could take their buffetings and continue in the fight. Mrs. Manley, too, might shock society and even suffer imprisonment for her libelous *New Atlantis* — she had no character to lose. Mrs. Astell might brave the world and the male "puppies" by her *Essay in Defence of the Female Sex* — she was never properly of the world. And, at a later date, Mrs. Montagu and the other *blues* might write and palaver to their heart's content — they were careful not to enter into real competition with their sensitive lords; they belong to the distinctly female current of eighteenth-century life. But it was otherwise with Lady Mary. She took the field where her name was at stake, and having lost that, she lost all. She found that in this game the men, like the Abbé Galiani's *grand fripon là-haut*, played with loaded dice. It may seem to us unjust, hard, absurd; it was the fact.

She herself knew the prejudice under which she fought. As early as 1710 she had written to her mentor, Dr. Burnet: "There is hardly a character in the world more despicable, or more liable to universal ridicule, than that of a learned

woman." Nor was she without intimate knowledge of the tenderness of a woman's name under scandal. There was, for instance, her neighbor, Mrs. Murray, who had been attacked by her footmen. — "A very odd whim has entered the head of little Mrs. Murray," writes our Lady; "do you know she won't visit me this winter? I, according to the usual integrity of my heart and simplicity of my manners, with great *naïveté* desired to explain with her on the subject, and she answered that she was convinced that I had made the ballad upon her, and was resolved never to speak to me again." It is an odd thing that so much of Lady Mary's trouble should have arisen from poems she did not write. And as for this indecent ballad, whether she was guilty of it or not, she certainly stands credited with an "Epistle from Arthur Grey, the Footman," which might well bring a blush to the "lovely nymph" to whom it is so flatteringly addressed.

And of the more particular source of danger Lady Mary certainly received due warning. Addison had written to her: "Leave Pope as soon as you can; he will certainly play you some devilish trick else;" but she preferred to dally with the fire. As to the causes of the quarrel, the new biography, unfortunately, leaves us as much at puzzle as we were before; the documents are still, and apparently will always be, wanting. According to the tradition preserved by Lady Louisa Stuart, Lady Mary's own statement was "that at some ill-chosen time, when she least expected what romances call a *declaration*, he made such passionate love to her, as, in spite of her utmost endeavors to be angry and look grave, provoked an immoderate fit of laughter; from which moment he became her implacable enemy" — naturally, and for the same reason that he raged at Colley Cibber's infamous anecdote. But there is large room to doubt Lady Louisa's story. It is notable, for one thing, that as early as 1722 Lady Mary "very seldom" saw "Mr. Pope," where-

as the rupture did not occur until about 1727, when, it may be observed, she was in her thirty-ninth year. As a matter of fact Spence gives quite a different, and utterly trivial, explanation of the breach, which he professes to have had from Lady Mary. And as for Pope, his story is that "he discontinued their society [that of Lady Mary and Lord Hervey] because he found they had too much wit for him" — which, in a general way, sounds likeliest the truth. At least it tallies with the account of the matter that Pope repeated in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*:
 Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
 Sappho can tell you how this man was bit.

More dupe than wit! No, that is too bad, Mr. Pope; let us take your manuscript version: —

Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
 And liked that dangerous thing, a female wit:
 Safe, as he thought, though all the prudent
 chid;
 He writ no libels, but my Lady did.

Now, whether the scurrilous ballads on Pope, published by the Duke of Wharton or Sir William Yonge, were written before or after the quarrel, and whether, as Pope believed, Lady Mary had a finger in them, does not appear. It is at least suspicious that Lady Mary has again to deny her part in verses that might have disagreeable consequences. Certainly there is good evidence to show that she wrote part or all of the *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, which came out in the full tide of the quarrel and incited Pope to retort with epigrams of almost incredible savageness. He fastened the name of Sappho upon her; he ruined her reputation for the time, and for the future.

One question raised by these incriminations can scarcely be passed over, delicate as it may seem. Was Lady Mary really the immoral creature he made her? Now, in judging Pope we must remember always that he was, perhaps, the greatest writer of personal satire the world has ever known, and that he acquired his fame and his terrors not by striking at

random, but by striking *true*. When Hervey, or Lady Mary, tried to injure him by comparing him with Horace: —

Thine is just such an image of his pen,
 As thou thyself art of the sons of men,
 Where our own species in burlesque we trace,
 A sign-post likeness of the human face,
 That is at once resemblance and disgrace.
 Horace can laugh, is delicate, is clear,
 You only coarsely rail, or darkly sneer;
 His style is elegant, his diction pure,
 Whilst none thy crabbed numbers can endure;
 Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure —
 they might pain him by laughing at his humble origin and his crooked body, but to the world at large their physical satire would appear merely stupid and brutal, for the reason that in its moral and intellectual parts it was so palpably false. To call his numbers crabbed was to discredit their own taste; to speak of the hard heart of the author of *Eloisa to Abelard* was equally to discredit their own feelings. Who, in those days, had not dropped a tear to the concluding lines of that poem, addressed to Lady Mary herself when in the Orient: —

And sure if fate some future bard should join
 In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
 Condemned whole years in absence to deplore,
 And image charms he must behold no more;
 Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
 The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive
 ghost;
 He best can paint them who shall feel them
 most.

To such satire as Lady Mary's Pope could say exultingly, "It is a pleasure and comfort at once to find that with so much mind as so much malice must have to accuse or blacken my character, it can fix on no one ill or immoral thing in my life." He did not himself proceed in that way. He might, he undoubtedly did, exaggerate and distort, but he started with significant facts.

She had, though in all innocence it may be, allowed a certain Frenchman to address letters of gallantry to her, and had invested sums of money for him in the unfortunate South Sea Stock; Pope writes: —

Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at
Paris

Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries.

Again, Mr. Wortley was notoriously avaricious, and his wife had early contracted something of his penuriousness; Pope writes:—

Avidien, or his wife . . .

Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
And humbly live on cabbages and roots:
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on some lucky day (as when they found
A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was
drowned)

At such a feast old vinegar to spare,
Is what two souls so generous cannot bear:
Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
But souse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

Again, Lady Mary's sister fell into a melancholy, and, having been wrested from the care of Lord Grange, her husband's brother, was kept in confinement by Lady Mary; Pope writes:—

Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt.

Again, Lady Mary grew with years into slovenly habits; Pope writes:—

As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask.

All this cunning in satire makes it hard to believe that there was not some basis for the more licentious lines, which need not be here quoted. And the common opinion of the day confirms such a view. Thus, one is not surprised to find the mild Mrs. Montagu, in one of her letters, alluding to the scandal of Lady Mary's life as a thing well known, or to see her mentioned casually in one of Chesterfield's *Characters* as "eminent for her parts and her vices." Lord Chesterfield was no common scandal-monger; he measured his words, and I confess that this chance phrase of his has had great weight in forming my judgment. Possibly her reputation was merely the result of Pope's satire. Now satire, however based on facts, has never scrupled to add its own superstructure, and we may close this discussion, already too long, by say-

ing that the lady was *indiscreet*. Even her latest panegyrist, Miss Symonds, grants as much as that.

The upshot of it was that in July of 1739, at the age of fifty, Lady Mary left her home and her family and set out for her long, lonely sojourn in Italy and France. No special quarrel with her husband has been unearthed, and she continued to write to him letters full of respect; they had apparently just drifted apart. Her daughter was married; her son was totally estranged from her. England had been made uncomfortable, and, when opportunity offered, she took herself out of the way. Her correspondence during these years of exile is full of interesting details, and pages might be made up of extracts on a variety of topics. It is not, in my judgment, as entertaining as the letters from the Orient, and it indicates, also, I think, a certain letting down of her character. The fact is, her career shows a slow and steady degeneration from the frank, fondly-wise girlhood which Miss Symonds has thrown into pleasant and artistic relief. More especially, her war with the wits had hardened and coarsened her mind. It is not easy, for instance, to forgive the complete lack of feeling she displays toward her son, however worthless and wild he may have been. It is not pretty to begin a letter, as she does one to her husband from Genoa, "I am sorry to trouble you on so disagreeable a subject as our son;" and she rarely mentions his name without some rancorous remark. The best that can be said is that her language is no more outrageous than that used by Queen Caroline in regard to her graceless son, the Prince of Wales.

On the death of her husband, in 1761, she returned to England to settle up his affairs; he left, it was estimated, £800,000 in money, and £17,000 per annum in land, mines, etc.: an enormous fortune for those days. She took a small furnished "harpsichord" house in Great George Street, and there for a while was the wonder of London. Walpole's ac-

count of his visit to her is one of the best-known *morceaux* in his Correspondence — a strange and terrible pendant to his portrait of her as he had seen her in Florence twenty-two years earlier: —

“Lady Mary Wortley is arrived; I have seen her; I think her avarice, her dirt, and her vivacity, are all increased. Her dress, like her language, is a *galimatias* of several countries; the ground-work, rags, and the embroidery, nastiness. She wears no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes. An old black-laced hood represents the first, the fur of a horseman’s coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy, and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last. When I was at Florence, and she

was expected there, we were drawing *Sortes Virgilianas* — for her, we literally drew

Insanam vatem aspicias.

It would have been a stronger prophecy now, even than it was then.”

Again, and for the last time, Lady Mary suffered from the impertinence of masculine wit, and what a change from the picture of the young girl toasted at the Kit-Cat Club! We may believe that her latest enemy drew freely upon his imagination.

She died August 21, 1762, leaving, as Walpole wrote, “twenty-one large volumes in prose and verse, in manuscript.” The story of how her letters got into print is one of the puzzles of literary annals, but is not within our range.

THE AIR OF THE CITY

BY HOLLIS GODFREY

WHEN, on that long-past burning August day, the wide-mouthed crater of Vesuvius poured down an overwhelming cloud on little Herculaneum and greater Pompeii, the daily life of rich and poor was choked out suddenly by that terrific burial in dust. As we pass from some fierce dust-storm in our cities, gasping and coughing with the load of dirt which has enveloped us, as we behold dark wreaths of heavy smoke pouring from soft-coal fires on every side, the thought must sometimes come that our communities to-day endure a peril far too much like that which in that distant time engulfed city and town about the Bay of Naples.

What does the air of the city hold? How does it differ from pure mountain air? Wherein lie its dangers? What can be found to remedy its perils? All these are questions whose answers immediately concern every dweller in community

centres. We know, chemically speaking, that air in its normal state is chiefly composed of oxygen and nitrogen, approximately one-fifth oxygen to four-fifths nitrogen. Besides these it contains some carbon dioxide, a little watery vapor, a few inert elementary gases, and small traces of compounds formed from nitrogen. How much do we know of the uses of those substances or of the wealth of life which the atmosphere holds? Day after day we go trudging to and fro along our various paths, at the bottom of a gaseous ocean which surrounds us, eating and sleeping, working with hand and brain, yet giving scarce a thought to the essential part which the air plays in our common life.

Of all the engines cunningly devised by man not one can equal that masterpiece of construction, the engine of the human frame. To run that engine, air is the first necessity. Construct it how

you will, the greater part of the energy which feeds a power plant is lost before it reaches the applying machine. The body only has the power of using energy really economically and efficiently. Its food is its fuel. To be available, all the constituents of that food must be burned, producing heat and power. For that burning the oxygen of the air is essential. Equally true is it that nitrogen must be present to prevent the rapid combustion which would take place in oxygen alone. But whether the combustion be fast or slow, the action is the same. The body burns the carbon and hydrogen of its food and gives out the oxides of these substances, carbon dioxide (carbonic acid gas) and hydrogen oxide (water). The water that is formed within the body by the burning of hydrogen is of comparatively slight importance in a consideration of the vital questions of the effect of city air upon the individual, but the other factor, the carbon dioxide formed in the body, is of direct importance.

Farther and farther outward stretch the high city walls of brick and stone, — engulfing tree and shrub, — laying bare grassy knoll and living green. Higher and higher rise the chimneys, and with their rise increases daily the great outpouring of carbon dioxide and other gases, rushing into the air from the fuel burning in the fires below. Every type of fuel is carbon in its main essential, and every type chiefly produces carbon dioxide as the result of its combustion. Set a factory chimney in the midst of a grassy plain, or send forth huge volumes of hot gases from a steamer in mid-ocean, and the resulting carbon dioxide added to the air is of but little consequence. The wind scatters it to infinite dilution. The air of the city rising from hundreds of chimneys and confining walls has no such chance. The task is too heavy for even the sweeping winds to accomplish, robbed as they are of their chief helper in the disposition of carbonic acid gas, the living green of plant life.

Those city fathers who see nothing

but æsthetic value in park 'or, tree-lined boulevard, recognize not all the sanitary value of such breathing spots. Every leaf, every blade of grass, is a highly specialized factory for the care and disposal of carbon dioxide gas. Their growth, their very existence, depends upon the power possessed by their tiny cells to take that gas from the surrounding atmosphere and break it down into its component parts. That done, the carbon stays within the plant, forming its structure; the oxygen returns into the air, ready to unite once more wherever oxidizable materials are found. Every moment of every day the never-ceasing "cycle of carbon" continues on its round. The carbon of wood, coal, or plant, be it used for fuel or for food, is burned with evolution of the compound gas, carbon dioxide. That gas is seized by the plant, is separated, and once more assumes the simple form. The carbon which was the beginning is the end as well. The modern city, with its bricks and mortar, in most cases leaves but little room for these billions of plant factories. Its high walls bar the cleansing winds. Excess of carbon dioxide is but too likely to result.

In a most careful study of *Air and its Relation to Vital Energy*, Professor Woodbridge takes up this point in a light somewhat different from that in which it has been most commonly considered. Carbon dioxide gas exists in the air in far too small a quantity, even when materially in excess of the normal, to act in any way as a direct poison. It is in the effect of such excess upon the structure of the human frame that danger may lie.

The air of the lungs normally contains about a hundred times as much carbon dioxide as does the atmosphere around them. Our lung-bellows, by double action, produce the draft which keeps alive our body-fires and takes away the products of combustion, acting over the great surface of some four hundred square feet. Their boundary walls hold venous blood on one side

air on the other. Through these walls the carbonic acid gas brought there by the blood passes into the air of the lungs, thence to issue with that air through nose and mouth. It is on the fact that the heavier carbon dioxide within the blood has a greater tension than the lighter air in the lungs, that the exchange depends. Lessen that tension, increase the heaviness of the air within the lungs by adding even a slight quantity of carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere, and the exchange may slacken. If the burned wastes of the body remain within the blood, they must clog the fires and produce disease. So finely are the body-fires adjusted that the least disturbance of normal conditions may tend toward injury. It cannot be denied that many scientists look upon the presence of carbon dioxide in excess in the air as of less importance than Professor Woodbridge imputes to it, yet in general the indication of the foulness of the air shown by carbon dioxide is considered of direct importance. In any case, where city walls, uncooled by oases of grass or trees, lie baking under our summer tropic sun, the gases from the city chimneys cannot but bear heavily on man and beast.

Device after device has been brought forward by inventors to secure a satisfactory regulation of temperature in houses and public buildings — cold-air regulators for furnaces, steam regulators for steam heaters, checks of various sorts. The principle of heat regulation in the body has been carried on for centuries effectively and well by three simple uniform methods. At high temperatures we perspire and evaporate the perspiration to cool the body. At medium temperatures we combine evaporation with variation of blood-flow, or change the condition of the vessels of the skin. At lower temperatures we must depend on increasing the body-fires to warm ourselves and burn our food more rapidly. †

The variation of body temperature is affected by the outer cold or heat, by humidity or wind. Outside temperature,

humidity, or wind, important as they are, can be but little controlled by city ordinances or private efforts. Wind is shut off by walls. Inside temperature errs, if anything, on the side of excess. Humidity is commonly overlooked altogether. The water vapor of the air conducts heat from the body more rapidly than dry air, and interferes with the evaporation of perspiration. Those two factors seriously disarrange the regulation of the body heat. The discomfort of the "dog days," as well as no small amount of the uneasiness of a crowded room, comes from the excess of water vapor in the air.

With the outpouring of the city's chimneys has come another problem in these later days, a cloud which shadows all our cities, covering with its blackness wall and pavement, entering alike to house and factory, — the city's smoke. Life in the soft-coal cities comes to be existence in a gray, blackened world. Whiteness of cloth, cleanliness of face or hands, becomes a shadowy hope, not a reality.

The reason for these conditions is by no means hard to find. Soft coal differs from hard coal most of all in this: when burned, its carbon, turning but in part to oxide, leaves a cloud of soft black soot, that carbon uncombined which soots the study lamp or rises from the snuffed-out candle. The coating which such soot casts on the lining of the lungs is one of the hardships of the city-dweller, despite the fact that our breathing organs possess a most extraordinary power of taking care of foreign bodies which invade their midst. Of all the particles that enter, no small portion returns, coughed back from the mouth or else ejected from the nose where tiny filters held them as they entered. Those which persist and lodge in windpipe or in bronchial tubes find there a horde of soldiers placed to drive the invader back, the cilia. These are cells shaped like tiny fingers, each finger fringed on its free end with a myriad of infinitesimal hairs which swing unceasingly through life, and as they swing bear back and upwards towards the mouth-

invading solids. Besides the cilia the phagocytes, those sanitary engineers of the blood, stand ready to seize, encompass, and destroy any harmful substances that may enter.

Yet through all these defenses solids can pass, and many do pass. Once in the lungs, they settle on the walls where passes out carbonic acid from the blood, where enters air carrying life-giving oxygen to the fires within. Where they fall, they clog the way. In city life, the fresh pink of a normal person's lung is streaked and spotted with black lines which chart the blocked-up roads where breath of life once entered, where burned-out wastes once passed. In reason this may do no serious harm, because of the tremendous space through which the boundary walls extend. But as the coal-miner, from morning until night inspiring soft and clinging masses of black coal, dies long before his prime because his lungs, bounded by atrophied film, no longer serve their purpose, so the city-dweller, breathing day and night, year in and year out, an atmosphere charged with black smoke, shortens the course of life which should have been his own.

In smoky cities the proper ventilation of houses, one of the greatest essentials in stamping out tuberculosis, becomes more difficult. The doors and windows of the tenements are closed, and the stifled air within hastens disease and death. On humid days the smoke which fills the streets unites with the water vapor of the air to form the fogs which overhang the city. Fogs can exist only when the gaseous water of the air is liquified upon solid particles. The bits of carbon floating through the ways give such foundation, and the water condensing on them forms a mist. Probably without direct injurious effect, a fog depresses, renders resistance to disease more difficult, sets up a barrier to the cleansing, life-giving sun.

The pity of it is that all the evils which come from smoke are preventable. Smoke-consumers exist which have

proved their worth. Due care in running fires will do much. No more fuel is required under careful management to produce combustion which shall be practically smokeless. These statements have been proved over and over again. It is a matter of community supervision, of laws rightly framed and fearlessly administered. Fortunately inspection is by no means a difficult matter. One city, for example, handles that problem by means of a chart holding six pictures of a chimney above a factory, the first of which shows the chimney with no smoke, the second with a light smoke issuing, the other four showing greater and blacker volumes. The first conditions are passable. The last are dangerous. The inspector takes a photograph of any questionable chimney and compares it with the standard pictures. The comparison tells the story. The factory is pronounced "passed," or the owner is warned to conform immediately to the regulations, under penalty of the law.

The West as a whole is far beyond the East in its abatement of the smoke nuisance. In St. Paul some four years ago, the work was given over to the department of health, whose first act was to lay the following question before the local and national unions of steam engineers and firemen: "Can the smoke nuisance as it exists to-day be reasonably prevented without injury to trade and manufacturing interests?" This question was unanimously answered in the affirmative by the members of both unions. Notice was taken of all dubious cases, and fines were imposed when necessary: a minimum fine of twenty-five dollars for the first offense, doubled for each succeeding one. The work has been most successful, and besides an abatement of smoke, a saving of fuel is reported.

In Milwaukee an ordinance which has gone through periods of relaxation and others of strict enforcement, has been successful when properly managed. About half the city at the time of a recent report used smoke-consuming de-

vices; about one-fourth used hard coal or smokeless fuel. The general condition of the city was admirable. So admirable, indeed, that the title of the ordinance passed by the Common Council is worth quoting in full as an epitome of what such an ordinance should be.

An Ordinance declaring it to be a nuisance to cause or permit dense black smoke to be emitted from the chimneys or smoke-stacks of furnaces, boilers, heating, power or manufacturing plants, boats, vessels, tugs, dredges, stationary or locomotive engines, and creating the office of smoke-inspector, fixing his salary and prescribing his duties, and creating a board for the suppression of smoke.

Close as is the relation between the products of combustion and the public health, there is a yet closer one between the other burden which the atmosphere carries—dust—and disease. For many centuries the world believed that air was a vehicle of disease, and many a historian of pestilential years told of foul and heavy vapors which hung daily over doomed cities and seemed to carry death as they spread. From stage to stage passed the beliefs in the causation of epidemic disease, but with ever-recurring persistence they returned in one way or another to some belief in the transmission agency of the gases of the air. Only in that clarifying time when Schwann and Pasteur, Lister and Tyndall worked, was it made evident that the disease properties of the atmosphere came not from the air itself but from the burden of living organisms which it bore. From that great demonstration came the germ theory of disease.

In the rush of modern scientific research the work done a generation ago is likely to be lost to sight. It is well worth a moment's pause, however, to recall the brilliant research by which John Tyndall, in 1868, proved the presence of organic matter in the air. Like many another experimenter, Tyndall

found what he did not seek. He sought knowledge on the decomposition of vapors by light. He found the relation between dust and disease. The sunlight passing through a chink in the shutters reveals its path by the motes dancing in its ray. To obtain the results he wished, it was necessary for Tyndall to remove all floating matters from the air of his tubes. He attempted to do this in various ways, finally passing his air over the flame of a lamp. To his intense surprise the matter disappeared. It had been burned by the flame. His mind instantly leaped to the conclusion that it was organic matter, though practically every scientist had hitherto believed that the floating matter of the air was wholly inorganic and non-combustible. Tyndall created a living world at a bound, the world wherein moves the living matter of the air. He pushed his inquiry farther. He placed a lamp in a beam of light. Strange wreaths of blackness rose, blacker, as he says, "than the blackest smoke ever seen issuing from the funnel of a steamer." Carrying the inquiry on, he tried the same experiment with red hot iron, to preclude any possibility that the blackness might be smoke from a flame. "The same whirling masses of darkness rose, — smoke was out of the question." One conclusion remained. The darkness was that of stellar space, of the night which holds between the far-hung stars. The heat had burned the organic matter of the air, the inorganic had settled, no material substance remained to reflect light. Dust was in part organic. Nay, more. Dust was made up of two parts: the inorganic, matter like the rolling sands of the sea, the organic, germ masses of living organisms, infinitesimal, yet each complete in itself.

These micro-organisms of the air were soon proved capable of many things. Among other powers, they were proved to be carriers of disease. The surgeon's scalpel laid on a dusty shelf had time after time introduced the germs of evil into the wound it was meant to cure.

An operation was a dread event where death was almost as likely as recovery. Lister's discovery of the possibilities of bacteriological cleanliness meant exclusion of germ-life from wound and instrument, from surgeon's hand and winding bandage. It brought life to thousands. Swiftly the new theory made its way. Germ-life which could cause disease existed in the atmosphere. Methods arose to combat the various forms of ill which it brought. Knowledge grew as to the specific germs of evil and their brothers of good.

The marvelous life of the earth, the teeming billions of micro-organisms which inhabit the soil, have already been considered in "City Water and City Waste."¹ It is sufficient to recall here that by far the greater part of the earth's surface contains a vigorous microscopic life which serves many important purposes in the economy of nature. When earth is dried and driven by the wind about the streets, various types of micro-organisms rise with the dust clinging to sand or splinter or floating by themselves. Of these forms, the bacteria interest us the most. The great service which they perform lies in the power which many of them possess of taking dangerous or exhausted organic material and turning it into harmless inorganic form. That service is turned to account in every modern sewage plant. The great injury which they may cause comes from a few forms in which lie the beginnings of disease. Growing with intense rapidity, these tiny plants, shaped like balls, rods, or spirals, spread wherever they may fall. Moist surfaces hold the germs, and besides the soil, they abound in manure and all decaying organic bodies, while those which find suitable homes in the human body multiply there with serious results. They appear in dust in billions piled on billions, when the dried earth, sweeping into the air with the varying impulse of the breeze, carries with it dried masses of bacteria.

¹ *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1906.

The city street is a provider of bacterial hosts which has few equals. The concourse of the mart, the moving to and fro of many people, the constant throwing forth of human sputum, the dirt brought by the passing of many horses and domestic animals confined within a comparatively meagre space, all tend to furnish a constant supply of bacteria to the soil of the streets. When the soil has once been dried, the pounding of heavy wagons and the suction of the great wheels of motor cars form a fine pulverized surface powder on the road surface, ready to rise in clouds with every wandering breeze. The healthiest period which exists in city air is that during or just after a rain or snow. Moisture brings the germ content of the street most teeming with bacterial life to figures low in the extreme.

The germs which modern city air contains are chiefly of two classes. The first group affects the respiratory organs. Of these the tubercle bacillus, the bacterial form which underlies consumption, and the pneumococcus, the dreaded micro-organism from which pneumonia comes, are chief. The second group embraces those diseases which are eruptive in their nature. Scarlet fever, measles, and the like send, with drying scales, their quota to the dust around.

To oppose the entry of these germs stands that same chain of defenses which the respiratory tract raises against invading coal-dust, and, as well, that continuity of armor which the body holds. Cased in the air-tight coverings of the skin without, lined with the barrier of the epithelia within, the human frame is well equipped by nature for the war against disease. Those coverings must be penetrated before disease can enter. A ragged sliver in the hand or foot often produces injuries far from proportional to its size. Why? Because the poisoned arrow of the Malay, though swifter, carries no more toxic poison than may come from a splinter of the streets. The danger of the dust lies, beyond all else, in the fact

that every dust-storm, bearing thousands of small sharp grains of sand, tiny splinters of wood, and bits of stone, is a flight of poisoned arrows driven against the body covering of the passer-by. The poison which they bear may or may not come from the dried organic matter of the street. It may be lying at the point of entrance where the germs growing in the warm moisture of the respiratory tract lurk within the body like bandits beneath a fortress wall. In whatever way they come, it is most difficult for bacteria to pass through the body armor except when sharp particles such as those of dust make wounds or lesions in the inner walls. Once such openings are made, dangerous micro-organisms are but too ready to avail themselves of the opportunity. Once they are within, disease of major or minor type soon shows their presence.

Within the walls of dwelling, hall, or office-building, the direct dust-storm penetrates less easily, but only too often comes another danger from the difficulty of removing the fine cloud of dust which enters by every door and window from the streets, coating the furniture, hanging to curtain and rug and clinging there with a persistence which renders many a city home a veritable storehouse of ancient micro-organic life. Especially is this true where hangings of cloth, upholstered furniture, and heavy carpets furnish excellent abiding-places for the germs. Few sanitary reforms have meant more than modern hard-wood floors, light unupholstered furniture, and washable curtains.

One question must inevitably rise with any discussion of these points. "If such dangers exist about us in the city air which we all breathe, how can any escape?" It is easy to understand the freedom of individuals from specific contagion such as comes from impure water or impure milk. Disease from such causes can strike only in isolated spots or separate communities. It is far more difficult to understand the immunity which

is afforded the individual in the smoke- and dust-laden air of thousands of American cities. Yet there is no question that great numbers show no signs of harm. Their vital resistance is so great as to make them triumphant over any form of disease. On the other hand, since there are thousands in any community who are susceptible to these attacks, it is the duty of the whole community to shield those thousands.

One germ found in dust needs especial mention. Tuberculosis, which may be classed among the dust diseases, ravages our country beyond all other plagues today. The consumptive sheds hundreds and thousands of living tubercle bacilli every time he sends forth sputum where it can mix with the dust of street or room. Once mixed with that dust, deposited on sand or other cutting particle, the poisoned weapon flies upward, ready to cut through and enter the body through the lesion formed in the lungs. In case after case we find in the lungs of perfectly healthy persons small tubercular lesions which have healed, showing that they were able to combat the poison when attacked. But how about the time of low resistance? How can the citizen tell when that time may come to him or to his family? The magnificent crusade against tuberculosis is doing much to convince the individual of the necessity of care against scattering contagion. The municipality can do almost as much towards the stamping out of the plague by a steady constant struggle to achieve the cleanest possible street.

In the dirt of the assembly hall, of the theatre, of the hotel and the railway-car we find conditions in which the difficulties which exist in the private house are fourfold multiplied. For hours the crowds of people in such places sit breathing the accumulated dust brought from the streets, which, rising from the floor, floats in clouds into the air and settles heavily on the antiquated plush still in high favor for such places. It is but a year or two ago that the newspapers considered

briefly the dangers of that bacterial paradise, the Pullman sleeping-car. A brief spasm of remonstrance passed over the country, and disappeared as suddenly as it came. The peril from such sources was, however, recognized two decades ago by more than one; and these words of Dr. Mitchell Prudden, concerning the presence of tuberculosis in such places, written almost as long ago, are no less true to-day:—

“Sleeping-cars and the state-rooms of steamships and hotel bedrooms are almost always liable to contain infectious material, if they have been recently used by uncleanly consumptives or those ignorant of the danger of their expectoration. When the infectious nature of consumption becomes generally appreciated, hotels and transportation companies over long routes will be compelled to provide special accommodations for such persons as are known to be thus affected.”

Tuberculosis is but one of the contagious diseases which can be spread in this way. The outdoor treatment of tuberculosis is coming more and more to be recognized as consisting primarily of three things. First,—that the patient shall have an ample supply of good nourishing food. Second,—that the patient shall have an abundance of oxygen-laden air. Third,—that that air shall be as free as possible from bacterial forms. Climate and environment both seem to be secondary to these requirements, and the spread of outdoor treatment from its original field of tuberculosis to that of other respiratory diseases, such as grippe and pneumonia, is along the same line.

First of all steps to be taken in freeing the city from dust, is the laying of proper pavements. Most of our present pavements are little better than those of common country roads piled high in time of drought with shifting sands. So long as dry and unstable earth caps the broken stone of many a city street, so long the dust clouds will send many a patient to the doctors and the hospitals. The in-

creasing use of the automobile will inevitably make proper street-cleansing easier. To-day the roads torn up by the suction of the huge machines show little promise of advance, but the future should tell a different tale. Continuous pavements like those of asphalt are ideal, because of their smoothness for motor carriage, and when the horse passes from the city, streets so paved will be wholly available. And the horse in time will have to go, as almost all the other wild and domestic beasts have disappeared from community centres. An anachronism in himself, the filth which follows him acts as a shelter for disease. With proper pavements, with the dirt of animals excluded, street-cleansing can be properly performed.

Within the house the vacuum-cleansing processes are sweeping out and completely removing from many a dwelling and public building the accumulated dust of years. In the vastly greater extension of such devices, in such increase of service as shall bring them within the constant use of every household, lies the great possibility here. City rooms will no longer be considered rightly ventilated by the dusty air of the sidewalk driven in by fans blowing through open windows. Satisfactory air-filters will take their place, filters not left to the intermittent, semi-annual care of a janitor. One watchword of the model city of the future will be “Freedom from Dust.”

As the centres of population become more and more crowded, as the distance between the workrooms and the bedrooms of the city grows greater, more of our population burrow beneath the earth on their daily passing to and fro. The condition of the air in the subways of the cities has been a moot point since their first establishment. No subway has undergone more criticism in this respect than has the long winding tunnel which lies beneath New York. The trouble began with the first opening of the subway, while its stifling heat during the terrific summer of 1905 is a matter of

painful memory to thousands. That heat was made yet more intolerable by the peculiar "subway smell." From those causes grave questions inevitably arose as to the healthfulness of the air within the subway. Those queries have now been answered in large part by an investigation made by Dr. George Soper, which considered temperature, humidity, odor, bacteria, and dust. The first two of these divisions, important as they are, have comparatively little relation to our theme, but the last three are pertinent.

The belief in the injurious effects of the odor of the subway was a relic from the period when certain forms of illness were supposed to be directly connected with evil smells. With the exception of the ill effects which certain gaseous compounds of sulphur and carbon produce, there seems to be scarcely any ground for relating disease and evil odor. Constant exposure to any smell, be it bad or good, is likely to produce nervous irritation and exhaustion. On the great rose-farms of southern France for example, the stranger wandering among the fragrant fields soon feels the same heavy headache which a persistently objectionable odor like that of a soap factory is likely to produce. A lowering of energy from any type of odor may put the individual into a condition to invite disease, but is little likely to be the direct cause of contagion. In the case of the subway, the odor came chiefly from the smell of the trap-rock employed in the stone ballast of the road-bed, mingled with lubricating oil and gear grease, and combined with occasional slight infusions of human odor. Disagreeable as it might be when long inhaled, there was no reason to believe it dangerous.

The dust of the subway was quite another matter. It was very distinct from the dust of the streets, blacker, more clinging. As a horseshoe magnet was brought near a heap of dust the powdery mass sprang into magnetic curves. Following this line, two magnets of similar size were hung, one in the subway and

one in an iron foundry; and the first showed clusters of black magnetic stuff far heavier than the second. Analysis after analysis showed almost half as much dust again by weight in the subway as was found outside. Over sixty per cent of that dust was iron. A passenger traveling for half an hour inhaled on an average some .42 of a milligram of the dust, a very appreciable amount, and received into his lungs a goodly number of iron missiles. Add to them the tuberculosis germs forever floating in the cars, and you have a very dangerous combination. The iron came from the wearing down of the brake-shoes on the wheels, and it is computed that the huge figure of twenty-five tons of iron and steel is ground into powder in the New York Subway in the course of a month. Here is a type of dust almost wholly disregarded up to the present time, which may mean much in the tuberculosis campaigns of the future.

The bacteria found in the subway were commonly less in number than those found outside, but amounted to the fairly high figure of some five hundred thousand per gram of dust, sometimes running as high as two million. The passenger waiting for the train, however, was engaged in no more harmful occupation so far as danger was concerned than he would have been if waiting for a car on the street outside.

In summing up the situation, the engineer in charge states: "My own conclusion was that the general air (of the subway) although disagreeable was not actually harmful, except, possibly, for the presence of iron dust." An investigation of that exception is now going on, and it is the opinion of no small number of engineers that the word "possibly" in the quotation just made is likely to be stricken out.

One other point concerning subway air should be mentioned. The constant renewing of the atmosphere by the motion of the trains keeps the carbon dioxide in the tunnel so little more than that

on the surface that, on that account, no more injury should be charged against the subway than against the streets.

Of all the odors and gases which were considered perilous by sanitarians of an older day, sewer gas stands preëminent. The average citizen looks upon sewer air, or leaky joints in his plumbing, with more fear than he would upon a perfect bath of tubercle bacilli or a glass of water filled with typhoid germs. To a research recently completed at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology we owe much of our latest knowledge of the subject. During a period of over three months a current of air was passed through sewage under varying conditions, and the flight upward of the bacteria was noted. That was done in order to answer the following question: "What is the bacterial condition of the atmosphere where sewer air is present?"

Without considering the ingenious and effective way in which the experiments were carried on, we may pass immediately to the results; in brief they follow. With a very strong current of air it is possible to drag a few dangerous bacteria from sewage lying in a trap, and take them fifteen feet or more up through a drain. Even under the most favorable conditions, however, the number of germs so pulled upward is very small. Ordinary sewage contains something like three-quarters of a billion per litre of the organisms studied. In the maximum case, not forty of this vast number were found to have risen through the drain. The result of this research must lead us to believe that carriage of disease germs from a house-drainage system is extremely improbable.

There is, however, one record of an even more recent investigation which stands in opposition to these conclusions. Major Horrocks of England has recently concluded a study of a similar type in which striking results were obtained. Certain specific classes of bacteria not found in the atmosphere about the place in which the experiments were carried on, were drawn upward by currents of air

through traps in drain-pipes. Remarkable results were obtained. The tiny organisms were found in large numbers, spread from one end of the building in the military hospital to the other. Results so unusual as these, and so contrary to most modern conclusions, should be noted.

But no single experiment to-day can be taken as absolutely conclusive, either for or against. Especially is precaution wise, since there remains one further possibility. Can sewer gas so debilitate the human system as to prepare it for the inroads of disease? That remains a subject for further investigation, and, until that is settled by longer and more rigorous experimentation, it is wiser to be on the safe side and keep to thoroughly conservative plumbing regulations.

The whole problem of the air of a city tends to fall under certain definite headings: excess of carbonic acid, the smoke nuisance, the dust evil, the problem of sewer gas. For each, the city can provide a remedy. Limiting the height of buildings, widening the narrow streets, providing parks and squares with green trees, grass, and shrubs will do much toward diluting, scattering, and removing excess of carbon dioxide. Laws passed, and enforced, requiring smoke-consumers and proper firing will absolutely do away with the smoke nuisance. Proper pavements, with good street-cleaning, will diminish germ-laden dust to a minimum. Proper plumbing regulations will guard us from any possible danger from sewage in our houses.

It is all in the city's hands. Community life is apparently the inevitable sequence of our modern age. The fortunate who can, the intelligent who know, will turn more and more for their hours of recreation and of sleep to wide stretches of heath and hill, or to the comparative cleanliness of the suburbs. But for the thousands of the narrow streets the cleansing of the city air is a necessity. To every pallid weary worker should come the rushing breath of purifying winds, the free and open air of heaven.

THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY

BY DEBBIE H. SILVER

Saw you the stately palace that stands
Fronting the wind-swept sky?
The stately palace, reared on a height,
In the teeth of the winds of the sky?

Nobler than ever a lordly hold,
Greater than kingly keep,
Or the mightiest fastness, buttress-bound,
Where a thousand legends sleep;

For a legion camps there, eager-eyed,
Flushed with the spirit's fires;
They, whom the elder lands would not —
Younger sons of the sires!

Shoulder to shoulder — a stubborn breed!
There stirs in the atrophied vein,
The quickened pulse of a soul re-born —
The prophets' dormant strain.

Brother and brother — parched of their thirst!
They drink at the fountain head;
They taste of the manna long denied;
They eat of the fruit and are fed.

Again! Yet again — the waters of life!
You shall hear from them, country mine!
Hewers and builders, captains of men,
Thinkers, poets divine —

These, whom the elder lands would not!
Patience, fools! Ye shall see.
For a nation reapeth as it hath sown,
And the reaping is yet to be!

LITERATURE AND SOCIETY OF NEW JAPAN

BY K. ASAKAWA

No attempt will here be made to sketch the evolution of literature in New Japan, or to treat the present period as a chapter in the twelve centuries of the literary history of the nation. The former subject, dating as it does from about 1885, seems hardly to have acquired a sufficient perspective for historical treatment, while the latter is too vast for a single article. We shall aim to interpret some of the literary productions of the new era as a reflection of the remarkable transformation through which Japan's *social life* is just passing; for in this sense the young literature, otherwise of too local interest, would seem to possess an important and even universal significance. From this point of view, however, it would be impossible to do justice to the relative importance to one another of the individual authors and works, and we could not even exhaust the list of those whose merit is greatest. We are even obliged to exclude a few great works by Roban and Shōyō, for they touch themes of universal human interest rather than reveal the spirit of modern Japan. Our choice will be confessedly partial, but will include little that is not in some manner or other expressive of the society of the present day.

It might be thought necessary to define in simple words the meaning of the terms literature and society as here used. "Literature" is intended to comprise all or any artistic, as opposed to scientific, writing on man and nature, but, in this article, is confined to such essays and novels as seem to reflect the social life of New Japan. "Society" does not lend itself to a precise definition; the common sense would scarcely include the physical surroundings, the institutions,

and the domestic and foreign political relations of a nation, but would regard it rather as aggregate effects of all these things and of the nation's collective life upon the daily habit, material and moral, of the individual. It is unnecessary for our purpose to go further and make scholastic improvements upon this crude definition, — it sufficiently indicates the complex and largely inexplicable nature of the question. Hence it is that literature delineates, rather than analyzes or explains, society. Literature is, therefore, a mirror — often a dim and uneven mirror — of society, and an attempt, like the present, to interpret the object through the image, must needs be seriously defective.

No impartial account of the literature of New Japan should fail to accord Tsubouchi Yūzō (pseudonyms, Shōyō and Haru-no-ya) a distinguished place in its history. No other writer has been so reflective and so modest, and yet so unceasingly and brilliantly growing, and so largely a leader of the literary tendencies of the nation, as this sage poet of Okubo. For a quarter of a century he has been engaged in training the youth at Waseda University, whence thousands saturated with the natural but profound influence of the conscientious master have spread over the land, and hundreds have established themselves in the literary world.

We much regret that our present purpose forbids us to follow, beyond its very first stage, the marvelous literary career of Dr. Tsubouchi, first as a novelist, then as an essayist, philosopher, educator, and dramatist; for, so far as his own literary works are concerned, they are too universal in import to be expressive merely of the Japanese society of to-day. His first appearance in 1885-86 as a novelist,

however, should serve as the starting point of our account. The *Tō-sei sho-sei katagi* (*The Modern Student*) came as a bolt in a clear sky, caused consternation in the followers of the old literary forms, and powerfully turned the trend of thought of the novelists in a new direction. Hitherto most writers had been wont to assign different abstract qualities to different characters in the story, and arrange their acts and careers in such a way as to point toward some wholesome moral exhortation. Individual characters were often overshadowed either by inexorable Fate and unforeseen accidents or by the commanding power of the family or public institutions. The *Tō-sei sho-sei katagi*, except in the earlier portion of its story, completely ignored the worn-out conventions of fiction-making. A novel without a hero as it was, it revealed more than half a dozen young students with their different characteristics in full activity in the heart of bustling Tokyo. The student's salute and the jinrikisha-man's shout are heard on every hand; the society is new, crude, and bare; the virtues of the past feudal ages are not much in evidence, while the old vices remain and have gained force in the new age of egoistic hedonism. In this vigorous but unembellished society, each student is left amid temptations, and makes his own career according to his character and environment.

It is a decidedly *transitional* society that the rising novelist depicted in 1885 and that a host of others have since essayed to portray. It is a society in which old customs persist side by side with a new order of things, and old intellectual and moral habit obtains amid new laws and institutions. It is a society, what is more, in which the old social sanction has passed away, but the old social mind still subsists to a large extent, while a new social sanction and new social morals have hardly been developed. For although New Japan has, during the forty years of her existence, succeeded in rebuilding her legal, political, and educa-

tional organs upon new foundations, and pushing her economic life into the newest stage of the world's material progress, her art, religion, and social life, which from their very nature cannot be artificially changed by laws or by individual self-interest, are still far from seeing the dawn of a new era. For many years to come, the old and the new elements in each of these fields must exist in inharmonious juxtaposition, and, quite naturally, this condition is nowhere more evident and more intimately felt than in the daily social life of the people. It would, of course, be beyond our power to unravel this confused state of society. All we may hope to accomplish would be to make an attempt to point out some of the more striking aspects of social life and show them reflected in a few notable literary productions.

It is well known that Japan's feudalism was abolished by law not more than forty years ago, and yet in this short space of time it has been replaced by the new order of things perhaps more completely than in England or Germany. The transformation is, however, more institutional than social. Let us first observe that Japan has hardly had time enough to outlive the psychic habit which she acquired during the seven centuries of her feudal régime. For the last two hundred and sixty years of this rule, particularly, the land was parceled into nearly three hundred fiefs, largely autonomous and in a measure exclusive and jealous of each other, and the people were bound fast by a rigid system of social classes, order, and etiquette. Moreover, the country was during this period almost entirely protected from foreign influences.

The universal rule of status held down the ambition and stifled the competition of the individual, while little stimulus came from abroad to kindle in the popular mind yearnings for a wider horizon. If the natural competition of the fiefs and a long period of peace resulted, as they did, in developing greatly diversified arts of life, in diffusing culture among the

lower classes of society, and creating in the character of the average citizen a degree of both intelligence and chivalry, all of which have proved invaluable assets in the new career of the nation, the social conditions did not at the same time fail to circumscribe the range of the thought and feeling of the individual Japanese. It is the effects of this long process of limiting one's mental operation that the nation has not yet succeeded in outgrowing.

Unfortunately, despite the sudden extension of the sphere of her activity since 1868, Japan's economic difficulty of maintaining an increasing population with limited resources—a difficulty which is only beginning to be lessened by industrial openings abroad—seems to have retarded not a little the passing away of the cramped mental habit of old. The present Japan may indeed have so improved in this regard in recent years as to appear almost a strange land to the Japanese of half a century ago or to the Korean of to-day. An American who does not relish even the rather innocent gossip of the New England town, and feels at odds with the narrow-minded social thinking in some countries of the Old World, would be annoyed in Japan by the way in which every slight success excites unmerited applause from some and inevitable jealousies from others, by the readiness with which the native mind moves along small artificial channels of thought and feeling, and by the petty criticisms and intrigues by means of which not a few seek to climb the ladders of life. It would seem singular, but it is a natural result of their historic training, that the same people who have shown themselves to be capable at critical times of the utmost sacrifice and of an absolute national unity, should in their daily struggle of life allow their minds to run into old grooves that neutralize the growth of open coöperations and manly conflicts.

The *Ukigumo* (*Floating Clouds*) by Hasegawa (*nom de plume*, Niyōtei Shimai) appeared in 1887-88, and has been

regarded as the first novel in which the development of individual characters is the theme. This plain story, told delicately in a simple prose style, may perhaps be cited as an illustration, though not quite as adequate as one would wish, of the points we have been discussing. Uchimi, a young official who early lost his parents and has, since he was fifteen, been living with his uncle in Tokyo, falls in love with the latter's daughter, who is vain and light-hearted. He is, however, so reserved and so inflexible in his manners that the chief of the bureau under whom he has been serving places him on the list of men to be discharged. At once the aunt, who was formerly a professional singer, and has seemed kind enough to Uchimi, begins to make it manifest to him that his presence in the family is unwelcome and that he should not hope to become her son-in-law. One of his former colleagues, Honda, a smooth-tongued youth, who is a favorite of the chief official, now frequently visits the house, ingratiates himself in many ways with the aunt and her daughter, and skillfully plays upon the wounded feelings of Uchimi, who is dejected and growing pessimistic. One day the latter has a heated dialogue with the daughter. "Oh, yes," says she at last, "I like Mr. Honda, but what is that to you?"

Side by side with the limited mental sweep of the people, one will discern the survival of some old customs and institutions. If the former may be considered a potentiality inherent in the average Japanese, the latter are organs through which the nation habitually performs its functions of life. Of these old survivals, the most persistent and powerful are perhaps those of the family. The framers of the new Civil Code of Japan, which has been largely derived from European laws, have shrunk from making as bold changes, or introducing as novel provisions, in the family law, as they have in other parts of the Code. Although every member of the family stands under the direct rule and protection of law, the Code still ab-

stains from interfering with the old custom of the parents and their married children living under one roof, and with the moral pressure which the parent may bring to bear upon the child in the choice of the latter's life companion. It is expedient that in these matters law should not precede, but follow, changes in popular usage. Old customs about the right of the family as against wishes of the individual still prevail to a large extent in Japan, while her younger generation often resists their tyranny. Perhaps it might be said that almost every educated youth has some personal experience of the conflicts of the old and new family ideas. The difficulty is either settled amicably by the gracious consent of the older relatives to the youth's desires, or results in the latter's revolt or acquiescence. Of these conflicts, the writers of fiction naturally delight in depicting those particularly relating to marriage. In this connection, reference may be made to two of Kōyō's novels.

Ozaki Kōyō was a consummate master of prose style, and was so prolific a writer that during the seventeen years before 1903, when his lamented death occurred, he published not less than eighty-five novels and essays, a few of them running to several volumes each. His *Iro-zange* (*Confessions of Love*), published in 1889, is a story of a feudal age. The pathetic incidents would never occur in the actual life of to-day, but the customs described in it still remain operative, though in much feebler forms.

The solitary hut of a young, beautiful nun, Wakaba, is visited one summer evening by another unknown nun of like age, who begs for lodging over the night. The latter is touched by a letter pasted on a wall, which the hostess in her lonely nights is wont to read and ponder. It is addressed to Wakaba by her former husband, she explains, whom she had married only a few days before he departed for a battlefield, and states in affectionate terms that he is obliged to divorce her, and counsels second marriage to a suit-

able person. The visitor in return narrates her pathetic life-story, which the novelist puts in his own graphic words. A little away from the scene of a fierce battle, a wounded young warrior meets his uncle, who brought up the nephew in his childhood, after he had lost his parents, but who is now on the enemy's side. The lad is exhausted, and otherwise dares not raise his hand against his foster-father, who challenges him to fight. The bleeding Koshirō is carried away by his servant to the uncle's home, where he is attended on his sick-bed by the latter's daughter Yoshino, to whom he was once betrothed. When he regains consciousness, she gently torments him by such questions as these: "Do I hear aright that constancy is the greatest virtue for the woman?" "Pray tell me whether a gentleman may have more than one lover, while a lady should not marry twice?" She has been constant in her tender love for Koshirō, but he has married another.

He married another in order not to stain the name of his ancestry by marrying an enemy's daughter, but has also divorced his wife and set out for the war, with the full intention of falling in battle and thus atoning with death for his forced ingratitude toward his uncle. He has been ignobly saved by this very uncle in a moment of incapacity. Hearing now, however, that his lord has died in the war, he quietly commits suicide. When this narrative of the visiting nun is ended, the hostess exclaims, "Then you are the betrothed of my late husband." "And you are his wife," replies Yoshino. As they marvel at each other's destiny so deftly interwoven, the night slowly recedes and a new day dawns.

Kōyō's *Futari nyōbō* (*Two Wives*) is a modern story of the plebeian sort. An old official has two daughters, the elder pretty and lively and the younger homely but reliable. The former becomes the second wife of a high official. She bears no children, and constantly worries about her fastidious mother-in-law. The

trouble is increased when his sister, with her husband, an army officer, comes from Kumamoto to live with the family. Critical eyes watch over the conduct of the poor mistress of the house. The mother-in-law is so dissatisfied with things in general that she moves into the new home of the officer, who has lately established his own quarters, and receives her purse-money from her son. Soon she is at odds with the new people. In the mean time, the high official loses his position, and his mother, now receiving from him less money than before, returns to his home. The younger daughter, who is less pretty and more business-like than the elder, is married to an honest friend of her childhood who now earns modest wages at the government arsenal, and is happy and contented. There is no mother-in-law to harass her; she loves her husband, and has a baby, in whom she can forget the ills of life.

Let us now turn to certain peculiarities of the social mind of the Japanese people which differentiate it from that of the Anglo-Saxons. Seriously as one may doubt the oft-repeated assertion that the Japanese have a low esteem for human life, he cannot be blind to the fact that they have hardly attained to the full power of the conception of the dignity of the individual person which is felt among the more enlightened Britons and Americans. Here, it is true, one deals with a question of degrees; but of high significance is whatever little difference that exists between the Anglo-Saxon and the Japanese in regard to their ideas as to the worth of the individual relative to the institutions about him, to the manner in which the Eastern and Western societies view and discuss the conduct of their respective members, to the esteem in which their press holds the honor of the average citizen, and to the independence of thought, not necessarily its correctness or depth, of the masses about moral questions and public affairs. Behind this difference, however slight, there must be historic lessons of the greatest import.

Another no less important peculiarity of the Japanese social mind is its comparative weakness in the idea of service, — service to one's fellowmen as distinguished from loyalty to one's superiors. It may be said that here again is a question of difference of small degrees, for, on the one hand, Japan's annals contain noble stories of persons devoting their lives to the welfare of society, and, on the other, there is perhaps no civilized country on earth where the universal and practical acceptance of the idea of service would not cause a veritable social revolution. A nation, however, whose masses have inherited the notion at least as an ideal or a watchword, and whose few actually build their lives upon it and are never tired of reminding their fellow-citizens of its importance, may be said to be morally far richer than a people in whom the idea is well known but not so well as to form a predominant part of their collective ethical consciousness. The latter is the case with Japan.

Of her serious defects in this respect, at least one manifest cause is discernible in history. The two and a half centuries of the Tokugawa's feudal rule inculcated the idea of loyalty to the lord, and of the preponderance of each upper class of society over the lower. On the other hand, the ancient Chinese notion of the ruler's duty to the people lacked elements in both China and Japan to make it more than a rhetorical declaration. The idea that the official is a master, instead of a servant of the people seems, despite the clamorous arguments of the political theorists to the contrary, intact among the uneducated multitudes, and is naturally taken advantage of by the lesser or local officials in the present bureaucratic system of Japan. It would be difficult to discover among them many who regard their posts as a trust from or a service to the common people. For similar reasons, perhaps, the official is as meek to his superior as he is overbearing to his inferior. His position, too, is so shifting that his conception of governmental duty

is often remarkably mechanical and insincere. One visits the public office with an instinctive sense of its cold formalism and ponderous irresponsibility. It is little wonder that the average official seems soon to become an old, care-worn person. The lack of the sense of service is, however, not limited to his class, for an unconscious copy of the bureaucratic system and its clannish selfishness has the tendency to develop in any organization of power or wealth, or even of knowledge.

How to check this general spirit which dampens the cheer of society and hinders wholesome competition among the ambitious, is the serious problem that faces the otherwise gifted nation. As for the permanent introduction among the nation of the larger idea of service, as well as of the value of the individual person, perhaps nothing would aid it better than a powerful spiritual impulse.

Between these two great ideas we need not assume any historical relation, but it is not difficult to find a logical connection between them. For the sense of service, whatever its origin, implies relations to a group of persons each one of whom is an individual entity. The case of feudal Japan suggests that in a community where fixed status prevents the development of social and economic competition among its members, the whole fabric of its moral customs is apt to be founded upon the relation of the person to the institutions controlling him, — upon the exact grading of the classes and other social relationships, — rather than upon his relations to his fellow-beings, each one of whom has rights to enjoy, duties to perform, a career to make, and a personality to realize. For the sake of convenience, let us call the former the old and the latter the new view of social morals.

That this seemingly theoretical difference has a tremendous significance in the practical daily life of a society, seems well borne out in a careful comparison of some of the Protestant communities with Japan, where the old view dies hard

and the new principle is far from having taken hold of society. The very fact that the old view has partly died makes the absence of a new all the more evident. The old social system which brought its moral habit into existence has been nearly swept away during the last four decades, so that the latter subsists as a psychic potentiality, and does not coöperate with parts of the new social order. It is, for example, totally absent outside of organizations, official or otherwise, where any distinction of classes or other relationship is possible. A young man who is deferential to his father or his professor throws down his mask at the class banquet, where if the father or the professor were present his dignity would be scantily recognized.

The loss of the old principle and the absence of a new is painfully conspicuous in all places — in the House of Representatives, public meetings, debates, banquets, hotels, electric and steam cars, — where people meet on the basis of equality. There each person seems eager to enforce his sense of individual comfort, and seems to forget his neighbor; or else he puts so little restraint on his speech and conduct that one would wonder where is the dignity of their author and of the many persons who are compelled to hear and see them. Compared with the chaotic individualism seen in the second-class railway car in Japan, the busiest streets of Chicago present a picture of order. It would seem almost impossible to realize that the same individual who is so gentle to his elders and so loyal to his ruler should, as he does, as soon as he touches elbow with the rank and file, behave as if he had lost his moral sanity.

A natural effect of this state of things is the want, or else the weak immaturity, of recognized social customs regarding certain relations of life. In these matters, particularly in courtship and marriage, the social vagaries are often incongruous and ludicrous. Let us in this connection sketch two stories by Kōyō.

which seem rather too unreal even in New Japan, but yet which could have been produced nowhere else.

In the *Nen-ge bi-shō*, one reads of a young petty official, who, as he walks every morning to his office, meets on the street a beautiful maiden going to school in a jinrikisha. After a few months, they begin to bow to each other with a smile. One day he goes to see chrysanthemum shows at Dango-zaka with his mother and sister, and finds the young lady walking among the flowers with her mother, two maid-servants, and a gentleman. The last individual the official concludes to be the husband of the person he has silently loved. It is unknown what has offended her on his part, but after this incident she no longer bows to the young official at their usual meetings on the street, and he is compelled to pretend not to see her as she is passing. He is later told by his colleagues that the head of the bureau in which he serves had two daughters, the elder of whom was married against her wishes to a person of high position and soon afterwards died. Taking lesson from this sad experience, he sought to marry the younger daughter to any person she loved, and learned that a young official whom she saw daily on her way to school had taken her fancy. While the father was endeavoring to find out who the young man might be, the daughter saw him one day at Dango-zaka with his mother and wife. She was thereafter married to a young doctor who had just returned from Germany, and to whom she offered no particular objection.

The story of the *Ko no nushi* by the same author, published also in 1890, is as follows. Ono Shunkichi, twenty-five years of age, a student in the Imperial University, has no parents, and lives in Tokyo with his younger brother, Shunji, thirteen years old, and an old servant. The residents of the next house are wealthy and have a daughter, named Tatsu, who secretly feels an ardent love for the student. The latter, however,

is a stolid character who believes in celibacy. In spite of his strenuous obstruction, however, Tatsu succeeds at last in befriending his younger brother, whom she would use as a lever to move the elder. When Shunji is confined in his house from the wound inflicted by a mad dog belonging to her family, the maiden sees a splendid opportunity to visit Ono's home and inquire after the condition of her little friend. Her visits on seven successive days, however, fail to bring enough sense of gratitude to the student to meet and thank her in person. Shunji recovers from the bite, and secretly visits the kind fair friend. She hands him a letter to his brother, who, on receiving it, is so offended as to forbid him to go out except to school. During his forced confinement the lad plays the game of *fukiya*, which consists in blowing a needle through a pipe, aiming at some birds in the neighbors' garden. His brother joins him, and the needle accidentally hits Tatsu above the eye, and causes her to fall from momentary surprise. In his confusion the young man rushes to her, and raises her from the ground, when she declares her love for him and asks for a promise. "I will marry you!" exclaims Shunkichi, in great emotion, "you will be Mrs. Ono." "Banzai! banzai!" cries Shunji.

Perhaps no civilized society of modern times is, or should be, so sufficient unto itself as to present an appearance of a complete organic unity. There would be little progress where there were no new forces continually remodeling old customs and institutions. This is so true that if one should ask individual Americans or Germans what their social morals and social sanction were, he would probably get conflicting answers. Yet we venture to say that a society is rarely so inorganic, so indeterminate, and so full of friction, as in New Japan. A reason for this circumstance we have already found in the transitional character of the society. Another cause may be the smallness of national resources and opportunities in pro-

portion to the population, a condition under which success is not guaranteed to all worthy aspirants, and which necessitates a reduction of their numbers. Still another cause may be the inadequacy, especially in education, of the apparatus for the training, discipline, and application of individual talents. Too often a person fails to develop what is in him, and, moreover, his efforts do not always bring commensurate recognition from others, society being either excessively appreciative or totally unresponsive, or perhaps both at the same time. These irregularities are undoubtedly being removed by the growing wealth and enlarging opportunities of the nation, but are still potent and hinder the development of the individual citizen.

Under these circumstances it is little wonder that one cannot point out any such thing as the social morals and the social sanction of New Japan. Every man of strong will and few scruples is his own master, so long as he does not perpetrate crimes explicitly defined by law. Types of this character are occasionally found among the new wealthy classes, whose lowly forefathers were perhaps never subject to the rigorous feudal code of honor, and who themselves have worked hard to wrest wealth from the world, and would now find compensation in an unlimited satisfaction of their physical wants. No one, they would say, is entitled to a word regarding the manner of spending the money which they themselves have made. It is not only some plutocrats who avail themselves of the want of a social sanction, but all classes of people exhibit the same untidiness of social conscience. Observe the ridiculous conceit of the educated and the dignified, yet irresponsible, bureaucrats. A student, a merchant, or a soldier is a double-faced being; he may be highly conscientious individually and in relations wherein the old morals obtain, but be socially vicious where no common censure is heard, and be none the less honorable. The press, which has little regard for the individual

person, is glad to expose social wrongs; but the offender sustains a comparatively slight wound from the taunt, and soon recovers from it, for society does not judge and has a short memory.

We select one out of several novels which reflect these social traits. Tokutomi Kenjiro's *Hototogisu* (*Nightingale*), for the comparatively sound morals of its contents and also for the lovable character of its author, went through many editions within a few years after its publication in 1900, and has even been translated into English under the title *Nami-ko*.

Nami, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-General Kataoka, lost her mother when eight years old, and has been brought up by a stepmother, who has studied many years in England, and who does not feel a deep affection for her. Nami at last leaves her beloved father, and marries Second Lieutenant Kawashima, who tenderly loves his young bride. She is, however, under the constant circumspection of the old mother-in-law, in whose conservative mind family succession is an absorbingly sacred duty.

Young Chichi-iwa, First Lieutenant of the General Staff, was brought up as an orphan in the Kawashima family, and has always wished to make Nami his own, and so utilize the favor of her great father in his self-advancement. Inured from childhood to a cynical view of life, he hates the world and conceives an enmity for Second Lieutenant Kawashima, his successful rival in love. The latter knows it not. The First Lieutenant, in collusion with one Yamaki, a wealthy merchant, makes use of certain official secrets for speculative purposes. Kawashima, on his return from his honeymoon, is ordered to go on a cruise for half a year. During his absence, Chichi-iwa forges a document with Kawashima as surety, and borrows three thousand yen.

As the Second Lieutenant returns, Yamaki tries in vain to persuade him to invest twenty or thirty thousand in what he claims to be a profitable enterprise. On

Kawashima's refusal, Chichi-iwa, who is present at the interview and does not know that the former has already discovered his forgery, requests him to loan him three thousand, and Yamaki promptly puts his seal as surety on the legal paper which his friend produces. This money is intended for the payment of the other debt for which the very name and seal of Kawashima have been illegally used. The latter not only declines to accede to the bold-faced request, but denounces the evil principles of Chichi-iwa, and declares that he will from this day sever his friendship with him. Soon afterwards, his illegal collusion with Yamaki having been discovered, the young officer is transferred from the General Staff to a regiment.

Meanwhile, Nami is taken with consumption, the disease which killed her mother, and moves with her husband to Dzushi on the seashore. During their absence, Chichi-iwa frequently visits Kawashima's mother, and with villainous cleverness brings her mind to the conviction that the welfare of the Kawashima family forbids the continued presence in it of a consumptive bride. When her son visits her on the eve of another cruise, she gently broaches the question of divorce. The shocked son pleads that the divorce would kill Nami, and that, if she must die, she should be allowed to die as his wife. "Sacrifice the small to save the great," says the mother. "There are many cases like this in the world. There are divorces of wives who do not suit the customs of the families, or who bear no children, or who have bad diseases. This is the rule in the world — there is no injustice and no inhumanity in it." "If that is the rule in the present world," says the son, "the present world may be destroyed, and should be."

He argues that if he, instead of Nami, fell ill, and if on that account she was recalled by her parents, the mother would not like it. "That is a different matter," replies she. "Is not a man different from a woman?" "Do you command me,"

cries the excited son at last, "to bring death to Nami?" The mother brings out the mortuary tablet of the father, and calls her son unfilial. "But human nature —," begins he. "Nature and justice again? Do you think that the wife is more important than the parent? Which is the more important, the wife or the parent? What? The family?" The son at length makes the painful compromise of accepting the principle, but entreates the old lady to do nothing about the matter till his return from the cruise. He then goes to see Nami, and their parting scene is touching.

Nami is now as good as divorced. Yamaki, who has always wished, for his interest, to marry his silly daughter to Lieutenant Kawashima, succeeds in finding a place for her in the old Madame Kawashima's home as pupil of household etiquette. The advice the father gives the daughter on parting is instructive. When she marries the young officer, as he expects she will on Nami's divorce, the displeasure of the mother-in-law is to be warded off by not seeming to live on too intimate terms with the husband. "You ought to make her feel," says he, "that you are her daughter-in-law, rather than the wife of her son. The quarrel between the mother-in-law and the daughter-in-law usually arises from the too great intimacy of the young couple, which gives a solitary feeling to the old lady."

Despite the parting entreaty of her son, Madame Kawashima is so worked upon by Chichi-iwa as to divorce Nami. Finding out the fact on his return, the son at once responds to a call for going to war, and, fighting gallantly at the naval battle in the Yellow Sea, in 1894, sustains a severe wound. At the hospital, he receives an anonymous present, and writes brief letters to Nami. "There is not a day," says one of the letters, "when I do not think of you." The worn-out Nami, who has been so recently wounded by the divorce, sees before her nothing but darkness and misery, and is saved from a desperate attempt to drown her-

self, by a Christian woman. From the latter's sympathetic exhortations she begins to feel the dawn of her spiritual life.

Chichi-iwa has laid down his life like a true soldier in one of the battles of the war. Kawashima again goes to war, on recovering from his wound, and accidentally rescues Lieutenant-General Kataoka, his former father-in-law, from the hands of a Chinese assassin. No sooner does he return home than he is called to Formosa. At Yamashina, near Kyôto, from a train passing by, Nami perceives him in another train, and throws on his lap a violet silk handkerchief.

Soon afterwards she passes away, leaving for her absent lover a ring and a letter written in tremulous hand. Her last utterance was: "I shall return, I shall return, shall I not, dear? — Mother, I am coming, I am coming. — O, are you still — here?"

Returning from Formosa, Kawashima visits the tomb of the deceased, and there finds the Lieutenant-General, her father. "Lieutenant," says the latter, "Nami is dead, but I am still a sort of father to you. Be of good cheer — you have a long career before you. Everything is given for the training of a man. O, it is a long time since we were together, Lieutenant. Come, let me hear your stories of Formosa."

It should not be forgotten for a moment that, aside from the question of social morals, Japan possesses distinct *national* or ethnic morals which set her apart as a striking example of an absolute unity of national mind. One has not learned the greatest thing about her who fails to discern the overmastering trait of her psychic life which even so late as during the recent war with Russia enabled her entire population of forty-six millions to think and act like one man. This trait has thus far manifested itself as patriotism and loyalty, but we think that, potentially, its substance is an intensely chivalrous sentiment, which may change its mode of expression at different times and in different persons. The absorbing

passion seems to be too universal among the nation and too deeply rooted in the heart of the individual to have yet been adequately pictured in the novels.

We have reserved until now our discussion of some of the tendencies of a class of people which requires a separate treatment, as it is a species by itself, — the young men, especially the students, of New Japan. Their well-known zeal for knowledge, aided by the universal faith which the modern world has in the efficacy of education, has tended to put unusually large numbers of young people into the higher schools. These students, forming by themselves the most susceptible but least responsible class of society, reflect in an exaggerated form some of the social traits that have already been noted. Being naturally rather idealistic, and some of them gifted with keen moral sensibilities, the students feel, perhaps many of them unconsciously but all of them none the less deeply, the pangs of the moral desolation of society. Add to this the effect upon their minds of the merciless conduct of the government so insistently to encourage education in its own schools, as distinguished from private institutions, and at the same time to offer so few of these schools, that a vast majority of the applicants for entrance — perhaps as many as three-fourths of the total number — are thrust aside to shift for themselves. Moreover, the supply of schoolbred men is considerably larger than the demand of society for them. This material difficulty, the universal moral famine, and the unknown fate which so imminently awaits them at the gate of a higher public school, casts a sort of unconscious gloom upon the students even as early as in their preparatory grade. A tinge of blind pessimism — it may be cynicism — seems to be creeping over the mass of the poor students. Into this dangerous state they have been gradually led during the past few years, and will be further impelled in the new age of peace.

From this state, also, no great man nor

any great religion has so far been able effectively to rescue the best of the youth, nor has there appeared a *Werther* to express the common sorrow and awaken the young society to the realization of its malady. A worse time is probably yet to come. How serious, however, this dissatisfaction already appears to be may be illustrated by the marvelous fact that some of the young men were not diverted from their reflection even by the stirring events of the late war, and do not feel the least concerned with the commanding position which their empire has assumed in the East and with their greatly added responsibility to the fatherland. When one stands in the midst of a society in which a moral and spiritual chaos reigns, they would say, what leisure has he to burden his mind with such an artificial organization as the state? This is, of course, an extreme case, and should not be taken as typical. Another and the lowest extreme of the effects of the common discontent is the cheap sentimentalism among certain classes of students, who find a feeble justification of their irresponsible conduct in the words of some European poems and fiction. We should not, however, be detained by these rather exceptional manifestations of the moral unrest of the students, but remember its fundamental causes and its general nature, and look for some of the more normal modes of its expression.

If one may classify the intellectual attitude of man in general into three parts, that which studies the truth of things, that which judges their value, and that which makes new things, or, more briefly, investigation, criticism, and creation, it is the second attitude that appears to have largely characterized the thinkers and scholars of Old Japan, particularly of the Confucian schools, and to be deeply affecting the mental activity of the new students. Outside of such matter-of-fact studies as the natural sciences and medicine, a continual tendency of the Japanese student is to criticise things before learning their full

truth. How often the young man eagerly takes up a book or a subject of study, and is in its first stages so deeply impressed by its importance or apparent unimportance that he is unable to go forward to complete it! He takes, as it were, less interest in the subject than in the impression it gives him. His attitude seems to be essentially modal: he seeks more adjectives than substantives. In some respects, students of few countries perceive more quickly than he the general perspective of a complex subject, or are able to speak more wisely and display a readier appreciation of its value, although in a life-long competition of research the premature Japanese might probably fall behind his slow but steady foreign rivals. His propensity to criticise is by no means limited to his intellectual activity, but pervades his whole mental life.

Naturally and unfailingly the young man determines in his mind the greatness or smallness of a new instructor or a new acquaintance at the first meeting, and judges with great facility the value of a new course of study or a new literary or artistic production. All the magazines which he reads are thoroughly critical in their nature, as are the clever short stories he may himself write. If he goes abroad, his mind is occupied every moment with criticisms of men and things about him, an objectified picture of which would astonish the American with their precocious, intricate, and stunted character.

This sort of mental practice, which we have for lack of a better term called criticism, should be strictly distinguished from criticism in the scientific sense, for it does not consist in seeking and weighing evidence and judging the value of one's conclusion from the standpoint of objective truthfulness. On the contrary, it is the process of estimating the worth of things by a largely subjective standard, which may in some cases consist of certain philosophic principles that the student has learned from some source, or a set of moral ideas which controls his conduct and moulds his point of view, or,

not indeed infrequently, bold notions with which he unconsciously justifies his own temperament or that of his community. Critical habit in this sense has, it is not too much to say, taken hold of the student world of New Japan.

It is not implied either that the Japanese student is naturally dogmatic or that he is immovably bound to his opinions, for it seems he really possesses to a remarkable degree that fairness and catholicity of mind which frankly succumbs to evidence, and which might be, as it very often has been, trained into a transparent scientific attitude. We only refer to the interesting fact that the otherwise susceptible mind is extremely busy in passing judgments on matters and personalities from the throne of its limited knowledge and sentiment.

This critical habit of the young man has several times since the beginning of New Japan changed its forms of expression, according to changes in the social conditions. During the eighties of the last century, for example, when the difference of political views between the conservative government and the radicals absorbed the attention of society, many of the students applied their critical faculty to things political, protesting against the insufficient popular rights granted by the authorities, and severely condemning their behavior from the standpoint of the political theories they had learned from Europe. Champions of liberty, such as Kōno, Suehiro, and Ozaki, were acclaimed, and novels describing the persecution and the ultimate triumph of imaginary heroes of popular freedom, enlivened with a modicum of romance used to lend color to the narrative, enjoyed a large circulation among the students. Since that time, social conditions have altered, and the young critics have changed their visual angle more than once. What is of special interest to us is the latest development, which is becoming manifest under the general social tendencies already discussed in preceding paragraphs.

Several educated Japanese, some of them from sincere motives, have become professed socialists, and their generalizing arguments have found an incredible number of sympathizers among the students and even among pupils in the secondary schools. The practice of judging the iniquity of the existing social conditions in a brilliant, sweeping manner must indeed seem fascinating to the young man whose eye is ever turned outward and whose lips are always ready to denounce others. The apparent sincerity of the call, too, adds much to its strength. The students, who have once cursed the political injustice of the government, and devoured the novels by Suehiro and Shiba, now find the object of their reproach in the economic wrongs of society, and hence applaud the doings of Tanaka Shōzō and the writings of Kinoshita Shōkō, interpreting them in the light of their socialistic understanding of whatever kind.

Another set of young men is interested in the more refined work of the "criticism of civilization." Being untrained in economics and law, but inclined to literature, and having tasted the rudiments of philosophy, they readily, though superficially, appreciate the ideas of Nietzsche, Zola, Ibsen, Tolstoy, and other modern writers who have in different ways criticised the value of our civilization. Works of these writers and those of great living authors in Europe, it is strange to note, seem to be more extensively read and more quickly taken up in Japan than in America. Even more strange is the prevailing tone of the current literature among the young Japanese, which criticises phases of modern civilization in an extremely clever but petty and immodest manner that is to the foreigner almost bewildering.

Of this general tendency, an embodiment was found in the late Takayama Rinjirō, whose premature death took place in 1903. Highly intelligent and susceptible by nature, the young Takayama, after graduation from the Im-

perial University of Tokyo, perhaps in 1896 had already established his fame as a charming writer of philosophic and æsthetic criticism. From that time till his death, his ideas underwent the great change from those of an extreme advocate of nationalism to those of the most irresponsible individualist, declaring in 1901 that his earlier notions were but an expression of the superficial part of his true nature. This change, however, as was evident to any one who had followed his career, was a gradual unfolding of his temperament, the traits of which were discernible even before his entrance into the university.

During the last two or three years of his life, he was avowedly a subjective critic, and his standpoint that of "a species of individualism," as he himself termed it, "tinged with Romanticism." "If I were a poet," said he, "I would be a Körner, a Byron, or a Heine." He designated as "critics of civilization" Whitman and Nietzsche, the latter of whom he was at particular pains to introduce to the nation. He boldly denounced morals as self-contradictory, for, argued he, anything that ignored "the natural desires of man" obstructed the aim of human life. Human knowledge was foolish, and moral worth of things was dubious, the only absolute, intrinsic, and positive value being the "æsthetic." Of the purest æsthetic value was the gratification of the instincts, and the most perfect æsthetic life was love.

He bent his whole energy and his great talent as a writer to the exposition of this irresponsible doctrine of "the æsthetic life," and was enthusiastically received by the students. It is not difficult to see the reason for his immense popularity with them. The visibly sad undertone

of his writings, due probably in part to his incurable disease, appealed to the corresponding undertone among a large part of the young men. His theory of the gratification of the instincts found response among both the morally depraved and the over-literary classes, while his noble sensibility, which gave a certain elevation to his words, attracted even the more spiritual. His general attitude of doubting the fundamental nature of civilization was representative of the tendency among a large body of young people. He was thus hailed as the exponent of the student world, and his popularity, together with his remarkable susceptibility, led him onward in the chosen path, until his death intervened. From a certain point of view, however, he might be deemed a victim of the critical tendency of the student of the new age. He was caught and swallowed by it, and his high intellectual power, which might otherwise have been productive of permanent contributions to truth or poetry, was enlisted in the service, it is regrettable to say, of subjective criticism.

In no less real sense are many of the young men in the danger of falling moral victims to the general conditions of society. New Japan presents a picture of striking contrasts within herself. Politically and economically, on the one hand, the issues of the nation are growing larger and clearer, and its outlook brighter and more cheerful. In the same ratio, on the other hand, is becoming apparent the want of a new moral order of society. Fortunately, the brightness of the former is far too great to be visibly eclipsed by the darkness of the latter. The disparity between the two would, however, seem none the less interesting to the observer and dangerous to the nation.

FRESH SNOW ON LA GRIVOLA

BY W. S. JACKSON

A PILGRIMAGE TO COGNE

WHAT traveler in Switzerland — I do not say tourist — has not heard of Cogne? Who among the number has not wished to reach it and be at rest? How few the favored ones who have succeeded!

Our fathers have told us of the Switzerland of their day: a land of peace and quiet, of cheery welcome and honest hearts; a land where all men were friends. But the Grindelwald and Zermatt of old have departed. They have vanished forever with their kindly hosts and friendly servants, whose modest inns have given way to vast modern hotels with French cookery and advertised comforts. The cow-tracks have grown into streets with seductive shops. The eager populace roam about seeking for tips. The dress coat is nightly to be seen in the land. The saddened mountaineer hastens to hide his well-worn Norfolk in *cabanes* and *hütten*, with the memories of other days heavy in his soul. The sweetest sound in nature was the tinkling of the countless bells of the Wengern Alp, as it rose aloft to the climber on the Mönch, and swelled and faded with the light breeze. Now its silvery music is drowned by the raucous scream of the locomotive on the Kleine Scheidegg. The glorious view from the platform of the Gornergrat has been destroyed by the erection of the wooden barn of the Belvédère, where a noisy throng assemble daily and quack polyglot *banalités* on the giants of the Pennines. Wherever railway, boat, or diligence can force its way, there it disgorges its loads of trippers from the Vaterland, Birmingham and Manchester men with their interesting families, excursion parties from every state in the Union.

And the worst is not yet. Already the

greed of a company has tunneled the hoary old Eiger, and is attacking the Jungfrau, purest, peerless among maidens. A suspension tram is to haul its gaping freight up the precipices of the Wetterhorn. Trains on runners are to defile the sacred sweep of the Aletsch. The majesty of the Matterhorn itself is to be desecrated, if the ears of the legislators are deaf to the fervent appeals from within and without the land; and its tented roof will soon be gored by a many-windowed gallery, and a Guide — *bewahret!* — will lecture to the Personally Conducted on the distant scenes and the tragic history of the peak.

Cogne — variously pronounced in the neighborhood, Cön, Cün, and Cünzhe being the most popular varieties — owes its fame and attractiveness, not to its circling sea of ice and snow, nor to the charm of its valley and the gloomy terror of its gorges, nor even to the glorious trinity of La Grivola, Gran Paradiso, and Herbetet, but to an old-time simplicity still kept unspotted from the world by the difficulties and disagreeables of getting there.

To begin with, if untoward circumstances prevent you from reaching it by the natural means of a mountain pass, a back-breaking diligence must be taken for hours along a hot, white, dusty road, much beloved of scorching automobilists. Why, *par parenthèse*, do these odorsome gentry so particularly affect the dustiest roads? But it were as sensible to ask why they all seem to bear a striking family resemblance. Anyhow, the Italian Automobile Touring Club makes this a favorite run, and the wayside chalets from Aosta to Courmayeur are dotted with notices of *Benzina à vendere*.

The diligence and the motors are left

on the shadeless high road about half a mile above the village of Aymaville. The mule, that you have wired to meet you exactly then and there, is nowhere to be seen. After waiting for an irritating time in dust and sun, the conviction grows that, if your luggage is to get down to the village at all, you will have to carry it yourself, and you take up your burden. In Aymaville a horse has been standing all ready for an hour; and you had better not get out of temper with the owner. His charge is exorbitant of course; much more so, if you foolishly take a *petite voiture*, as he will eloquently try to persuade you, telling of the trials of twenty-five kilometers uphill along a rugged road. As a matter of fact, it turns out to be fairly good walking, is not at all trying for any one in decent condition, and could easily be done under four hours, if the driver would permit.

After mounting the first tiresome slopes out of Aymaville, the road becomes easier but narrower, till it is for the most part a mere ledge some eight or ten feet wide on the face of a precipice. In about half an hour the grim defile of the Val d'Eypia is entered. There is no pretense at railing or parapet, and it requires at times some address to pass the occasional vehicles and heavily laden peasants without going over the side into the abyss below.

The scenery becomes wilder. The road rises to a great height above the Grand' Eypia, which boils below in tireless battle with obstructing rocks, after the manner of headstrong Alpine torrents. A fine cascade and several smaller falls, glacier tributaries of the Eypia, are passed. The stones along the road's edge are margined with masses of delicate ferns; oakferns, hartstongues, spleenworts predominating. The sharp turns in the valley bring us from twilight into bright sunshine. Here butterflies rare and common, exquisite fritillaries, brilliant moths, nearly all of smaller size, flutter about the gayly colored flowers that fairly cover every available patch of soil.

Few things strike the stranger to the

mountains more forcibly than the altitudes at which the flowers and insects flourish. Every alp is a bright carpet of primary hues, though it freezes hard there as soon as the sun departs. I have seen hundreds of butterflies — I think they were the common red admiral — on the rocks of the Ruinette, at a height of over 11,000 feet. Mosquitoes have followed me high up the snows of Mount Temple. I have picked white flowers just below the abandoned upper hut on the Matterhorn (12,526 feet); and have a photograph of the Alpine saxifrage on the summit of Emilius (11,675 feet), which was long thought to be a flaw in the film.

In the ravines running down to the river bed grow ancient larches with curiously distorted trunks, twisted out of all resemblance to the slender arrowy tree we know, by the violence of the winds that sweep up the valley. Here, on the rock ledges, and wherever there is soil to be found, the thrift of the peasant raises his tiny plot of corn, vines, potatoes. Sometimes the melting of the winter's snows washes away a valuable field several yards in extent; sometimes it enriches a more fortunate proprietor with a corresponding increase of estate.

Imagine the wife saying to the husband in spring, as they inspect the future potato-patch — eight feet by four — two hours' perpendicular climb from the chalet, —

"At least three inches of soil have collected on this rock. Shall we not plant a hill here?"

Husband: "Well, my dear, it is perhaps worth the trial; but I am afraid the seed will be wasted."

The men plough, mow, reap. The women assist them, and carry the crops down to the valley below in huge bundles on their backs. Horses or mules are seldom used in the harvest; for they cost money, and the path is often too steep for either, at least in descending. The size of the burdens is enormous; yet the bearers step out lightly. They are accus-

tomed to it almost from birth. The little tot of four years old carries her tiny bundle on her shoulders like the rest. This early toil, added to the habit of tucking up the skirts round the waist, gives the girls a figure curiously distended about the hips. The women often go bare-headed, the men never — they even put on woolen nightcaps in bed. The younger girls have a fresh complexion, and often very pretty faces, both more suggestive of Switzerland proper than of Italy. But good looks and brilliant color soon depart; at middle age they are prematurely old, withered, and wrinkled; in old age they are crippled witches.

After a time we come to the little village of Vièyes, at the mouth of the picturesque glen of the Nomenon. Here there is a cantina, and the driver affects great concern for the welfare of his animal, which has been walking for nearly two hours under the oppression of a small portmanteau and a rucksack (total twenty-eight kilogrammes by the railway scales). Half an hour's halt for hay, wine, and tobacco. Keep your temper, and pay up like a man.

The Italian vetturino, if not a high-class driver, is certainly a magnificent whip. It rather gets on one's nerves at last, the incessant cracking of the lash which occupies the intervals between applying it to the poor beast's head and sides. Fortunately for him, he does not seem to mind it much, for he does not alter his pace in the least. There is something homelike in the continual cries of "Whoo-oop Gee!" varied occasionally by a sound like "Coom-ong." But the only really effective method of quickening the speed seemed to be addressing reproaches to him in a mild, pained voice. This caused surprise at first, till I discovered that it was the regular prelude to the final resort of twisting his tail, otherwise employed in towing his master uphill.

At one turn only in the road we are vouchsafed a view of La Grivola. It is the curved snow arête of her northwest-

ern side that she presents to us for a few minutes; an unbroken sweep of dazzling purity from summit to base. There is something so transcendent, so arresting, in the sudden revelation of that cold splendor high overhead in the blue sky, as for one brief space the night of the gloomy cliffs is split, that we hold our breath in silent homage. The driver, familiar as he is with the sight, stops to admire, and for the only time noises fail him.

But, fascinating as is this passing glimpse of her soaring spire, La Grivola is seen to best advantage from one of the near peaks to the northeast or southwest. Then the length of flanking rock-wall, which takes so much from her stature when seen across the Trajo glacier, disappears; and she becomes a graceful white lady, with dainty head bending slightly forwards, and slender, sloping neck; fit mate for the grim black Matterhorn across the way, broad brow erect, resolutely buffeting the blasts with aggressive shoulders.

The valley opens out at length into a fair green plain, a kilometer wide, girt with a cirque of fir-clad cliffs. Three mountain streams come parting the fields from north and south and east, and at the meeting of the waters is a rambling huddle of chalets and white stone buildings, overseen by a quaint church tower.

And that is Cogne.

There is not much embarrassment in the choice of hotels. There are just two of them, named of course La Grivola and Gran Paradiso. The former, which I choose, is kept by a Gérard, relative of the well-known guides; the other by the curé of the parish. There are no stuffy carpets in rooms or halls, but the white boards are riddled with the nails of a generation of climbers. Everything is scrupulously clean. Every one is charmingly hospitable and attentive. As I am vigorously removing the traces of the day's tramp in my room, enter two maids with fresh linen for the bed. Far from fleeing incontinent at the splashing, they

stop to chat and give eager information about recent ascents, the state of the *bergschrund* on Paradiso, the rocks on Grivola — for, of course, signore has come to climb?

Thank goodness, no one does come as yet for other purposes than climbing, tramping, or naturalizing; but how long will this blessed state of things last? The *sacra fames* is already compelling the foolish inhabitants, and they are agitating for a widening of the road and a tri-weekly vettura service, which shall introduce the German, the American, and the British tourist to this earthly Eden, which will then promptly cease to exist. Even so has many another restful nook of olden times perished by the high road that leadeth to destruction.

A similarly delightful state of patriarchal simplicity reigns in the other departments of the establishment; though there is no hay now in the bedrooms, nor do the chickens any longer flutter down from perches overhead to share your food, as old Séraphin Bessard tells of.

The dining-room is also reading, writing, and smoking-room. This is as it should be. Ladies who object, or don't smoke — I did not meet any — can always take their meals in comfort on the doorstep. A sweet little maid of fourteen presides, and is touchingly interested in your appetite. I think mine pleased her. The red wine, far superior to the ordinary Valdostano, may be described as a light Burgundy with a dash of Cape Madeira. The food is excellently cooked, and the dishes much too luxurious for people who are earnestly trying to train down to something like decent condition. That wholly good and indescribable gray-green soup that goes so well with Parmesan; fresh trout from a neighboring brook; a local dressing for spaghetti that is worth working up an appetite for — if they would only stop with these. The landlord discusses the guides, examines your nails, and grows reminiscent of the days when Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Yeld used to come to Cogné. And his charges

— but I am not going to give them away. No act of mine shall hasten the bitter end, and contribute to the ruin of this haven of peace.

Full in front of my bedroom window the snows of Gran Paradiso, visible through a V in the black cliffs, are crimson with the *Alpenglühén*, as I retire to early rest; for the Punta Tersiva is the morrow's training climb. But a few minutes, and the moon has transmuted them to purest silver. The growing cold tears me away from the contemplation of their lonely mystery, towering solemnly into the purple mezzotint of the sky. One more lingering look at Mont Blanc, shining starlike down the valley thirty miles away, and into bed with you. Prrr — No wonder it is cold. We are over five thousand feet above the sea. Even this absurd down quilt, which only reaches from breast to knees, is welcome. Let me try it diamond-wise.

The general population of the place are equally friendly. They give you "Good-day," when they meet you, and "Bless you," when you sneeze. They are replete with information when you start for a tramp; they congratulate and ask particulars on your return from a climb. Young and old profess surprise and dismay when they learn of your departure. For the time comes at length when you must leave Cogné, and, sadder still, return to Aymaville and the high road, to the dust and the motors and the diligences, to the wretched comforts of civilization.

Then the question of how to get back has to be faced. If the gymnastically-minded visitor requires a change in the nature of his exertions, let him drive back in a *petite voiture* to catch the morning diligence. If he is one of those lazy fellows who generally walk, he will probably be extremely surprised; and his aching body will suggest a source that might have inspired the first masseurs with the idea of passive exercise. If, in addition, the horse be one that is much given to shying at fallen trees, old women,

calves, and the like, he will not complain of the monotony of the way. The slabs on La Grivola are less exciting.

Crede experto.

LA GRIVOLA

IT is a good many years since I first saw La Grivola. It was a case of love — hot, burning love — at first sight. Resting for breath on the rocks of Emilius, my gaze was attracted by a snowy spire that was beginning to rise Valsavaranchewards. The guide, an ancient duffer who knew no tongue but the Valdostan dialect, managed to explain that its name was La Grivola. A beautiful name, that befits the owner: La Grivola, the famous, the Matterhorn of the Eastern Graians.

From the summit of our peak she presented a truly remarkable appearance. Two sides of her pyramid were visible: one a solid black rock-face from apex to base: the other an unbroken slope of purest white. She at once became the object of my climbing ambition. Nor was there any likelihood of forgetting her. There is no loftier rival to hide her lovely face from the kings of the Mont Blanc, Grand Combin, and Monte Rosa groups, the three great ranges that stretch east and west to the north of her. From many a summit of these I have since looked for her graceful figure, and seldom in vain. She is always visible, if your own eyes be not clouded.

"Our peaks are always clear on a fine day," says Pierre, as we throw ourselves down panting on a mountain-top, and see the ranges round us, from Dauphiné to Oberland, veiled in summery cirrus draperies.

So it came to pass that in the process of time I made a pilgrimage to Cogne.

There are two Gérards known to fame as guides; but on my arrival I found them both engaged. The landlord recommended a third brother, Pierre by name, — every one speaks French in Cogne, and very fair French, for they are carefully taught it in the schools, — and I had no

reason to be sorry for the exchange. He proved himself steady, capable, most attentive to his monsieur, and excellently acquainted with his own country. A fourth brother, Sylvester, turned up for this expedition as porteur, and we started for the cabane de Pousset. I learned later that it would have been far better to start from the hotel and do it all in one day. But good advice and experience are apt to reach us a little behind time.

There had been only one ascent of La Grivola so far in the season, made by Pierre himself with two English climbers. But much snow had fallen on her since then, and her black dress, usually showing so clean between the edges of her ermine mantle, was now wearing a suspiciously spotty, guinea-fowl look. The famous guide Burgener had arrived at the hotel that morning from Zermatt, with two German climbers, for the express purpose of doing La Grivola. He absolutely refused to attempt it, and they had to content themselves with a tedious grind up the Gran Paradiso.

It occurred to me at the time as rather a sporting act to wipe the eye of Alexander the Great, and Pierre, being young and enthusiastic, — I like keenness in a guide, and prefer to attend to the discretion myself, — was more than willing; but later we began to entertain respect for our superior's opinion, when we were clawing for handholds on ice-varnished rocks. It recurred to our minds with increasing weight, as we sprawled on those evil slabs of the last rib. It takes a truly great guide to refuse on occasion.

The cabane is reached by the usual four hours' weary zigzagging up the steep side of the Val d'Eypia. Drawing near it, I was rewarded with one of the most interesting sights in all my hill experience.

Some gray spots were seen moving along a ledge on the cliff ahead. The brothers grew excited, and proclaimed them as bouquetins. They might as well have been sheep at the distance; but just then two royal chasseurs came swinging down valley-wards, provided with power-

ful field-telescopes. One amiably made a rest with his cap on a rock and took careful aim with the *longuevue*, and I was soon able to watch four live bouquetins at a seeming interval of some hundred feet. The first was a noble beast with huge horns; the last was barely three parts grown. The elders were still wearing much of their gray winter overcoats: the junior had come out in a new summer suit. As they nibbled along in single file, the leader suddenly looked up at an invisible ledge overhead, apparently a dozen feet above him, probably between six and seven, and without taking a step jumped up to it "all standing." Numbers 2 and 3 followed suit, and finally the youngster rose to it without an effort, bird-like. The grace of the action cannot be described. After this a light-hearted chamois practicing dance-steps on the rocks all by himself provoked only a languid interest.

The bouquetin is the most daring and skillful mountaineer known. Formerly roaming all over the Alps, as the names of the Dent des Bouquetins, of exciting memory, and of other peaks prove, his comparative boldness has led to his destruction; while the shyer nature of the chamois has enabled the latter to prolong a precarious existence. The mountains about Cogne are a shooting preserve of the King of Italy, and here the last of the bouquetins are carefully protected. According to the natives, their numbers, now estimated at over two hundred, are increasing. They are frequently to be seen by the climber in this part of the Graian Alps.

The cabane de Pousset is not the worst climbing hut in the Alps. If the floor was clay, it was fairly dry. If the wooden tray in the corner contained neither rugs, hay, nor straw, at least we did not have to share it with unpleasant companions. There was neither stove nor chimney, but we had the stone fireplace all to our own cooking, and the brisk wind that blew through the holes in the walls soon drove the smoke out of doors.

Mountaineers who can do their climbing from a hotel, starting with a warm breakfast, after sleep in a comfortable bed, have much to be thankful for. The case is different when, after a sleepless night, with joints aching rheumatically from the hardness of the couch, unrested, half-frozen, and insufficiently fed, the climber has perhaps to face the hardest toil of his life; when, in spite of lacerated fingers, strained sockets, and quivering muscles, the eye must be clear and the head steady; when hand and foot, numbed and aching with the cold, must do their duty without a slip. Useful, necessary as the rope is on ice or snow, often though it may save one from the consequences of a stumble, woe unto him — and his guide — that putteth his trust therein on precipitous crags!

With thoughts like these I stumbled out at 3 A.M., in a wind that chilled to the bone, and followed Pierre's lantern to the steep snows that lead to the foot of the Col de Pousset. A glorious dawn was flushing the Graian snow-peaks to pink, as we breasted the slopes, and soon we were scrambling up the upright but easy rocks to the summit of the *col*. Arrived at the top, the rope was put on, for now the *névé* of the Trajo glacier had to be crossed diagonally. The snow was frozen hard after yesterday's thaw, and we made rapid progress to the foot of our peak, with the rays of the rising sun shining gratefully on our backs. Here the *névé* runs up to steep ice slopes that bridge the *bergschrand* and meet the mountain proper.

The ascent from the Trajo glacier is made entirely up the rock-face of La Grivola's pyramid. On the other sides it is made principally up snow and ice. The two edges of the rock-face are easy curves and from a distance look feasible and tempting. As a matter of fact, owing to deep clefts and slabby gendarmes, they are all but impossible. A broad central couloir and a smaller one to the right run far up the face between three precipitous rock-ribs. Under favorable con-

ditions it is possible to make much of the ascent by these couloirs, but on this occasion the new snow put their use altogether out of the question. The route begins on the rib to the left of the great couloir; when this becomes impracticable, the couloir must be crossed to the centre rib, and so on; till the original line brings the climbers out on the summit. Neither arête is touched from start to return. Ordinarily speaking, the only danger is from the falling stones that continually sweep the couloirs, but to-day it is the one that is wanting, doubtless owing to the fresh snow on the upper crags.

We found the rocks on the first rib upright but good, with but a little snow in the hollows, and stuck to them for several hundred feet, before it became necessary to cross the great couloir to the rib on its right. Here our troubles began. The rocks were less steep, but slabby and much harder, the downward and outward dip of the strata being very pronounced, and the cracks, which should have made them easy, filled with hard snow or ice. We soon had to cross the smaller couloir to get something simpler. But here the verglas began to make itself objectionable. The rocks of this buttress were glazed with a coating like brown glass, sometimes in ropes and lumps several inches thick. I have never seen worse. Gloves were not to be thought of, and, to add to my misery, each good prominent handhold was decorated with a tuft of snow, till frozen fingertips became sodden too.

Back again. But little improvement. Once more across the great couloir to the perpendicular rocks of the left-hand rib, with the summit crags overhanging us up in the sky. Still the hideous verglas everywhere.

"Ferre, Pierre?"

"Non, monsieur; mais il faut avancer."

Foot by foot, with painful caution, the top is neared. The rocks become harder and the holds less frequent, but the work grows pleasanter, for the ice coating is beginning to disappear in the sun.

It was about time. Not only were fingers in a deplorable condition, the memory of which was to abide for several days to come, but there were two awkward corners to be turned with a stretch of *varappe*—that is, crackless slab—between; a *mauvais pas* that can sometimes be avoided by taking hereabouts to the northeastern arête. As I was vainly feeling round the buttress with leg and arm for knob or notch, the thought kept intruding, "What will this be like in descending?" Fortunately Pierre is a good guide and does not pull on the rope, but leaves you to work out your own problems. At the worst corner we were horizontally placed, and a tug would probably have sent us both to the bottom.

This pulling habit is one of the worst vices in a guide. When on the knife-edge of a giddy arête, they will take a pull at the rope that nearly sends you into an abyss below. They think to give you support. They simply upset your delicate balance. Is it not Leslie Stephen who relates how on a peak one day he met a countryman, who piteously implored him to tell him the German for "don't pull"?

Immediately under the summit the rib leans inwards, and as we mount rapidly, I wonder how we are to get over the projecting edge. A convenient cleft in the coping comes into view, through which we crawl, and at nine o'clock stand on the summit of La Grivola.

A cloudless, windless sky greeted us as we clambered on to the little flattened snow cone to the right, that forms the *allerhöchste Spitze*, just big enough to hold two at once. Third déjeuner at once on the edging rocks, with our boots dangling over vacancy. All the old familiar faces are smiling at us to-day, from the black Viso in the Cottians to the grand old Finsteraarhorn, the monarch of the Oberland. The Meije, Ecrins, Mont Blanc, Aiguille Verte, Grand Combin, Dent Blanche, Matterhorn, and Monte Rosa are as usual most forward in claiming recognition. Before noon, however,

all our northern friends have retired into seclusion for the rest of the day.

The question of returning soon forced itself on our notice. The snows of the southwestern face looked tempting, and our shining ice-wall at the foot of the rocks half a mile below us, dead under the overhang of the edge, did not. But Val-savaranche is a good day's tramp from Cogne, and our rucksacks had been left below. It was my last day in the district, for Henri Garny was to meet me at Courmayeur the following evening, and the *petite voiture* had been engaged. A traverse was plainly out of the question. There was only one thing to be done. We waited an hour or so to give the sun, now well on the rocks, time to thaw out the verglas, and, with a wholly unnecessary admonition to caution from Pierre, lowered ourselves on to the face of the mountain.

As long as possible we stuck to the same route. I had not been mistaken. The two corners were worse in descending. It is still a mystery to me how I ever got round the last; and the glisten of the ice-wall at the foot kept catching my eye as I looked down.

But the holds were no longer glazed, and all went merrily till we reached the last crossing of the great couloir. Pierre was just about to step on it, when a small *schild-lawine* broke away, starting apparently from our steps above. It was not very big, but quite unnecessarily so for sweeping us to annihilation — or eternity. There was clearly a lot more to come from above; and come it did later on, with the grand roar that is so absurdly disproportioned to such a tame-looking thing as a snow-avalanche.

No help for it. We must stick to the bad slabs of the right-hand rib all the way to the foot. Thank the stars, there was no more verglas. Only a trickle of water everywhere instead. Unpleasant, yes; but what if it had still been ice?

With much relief we got down to our ice-ladder, and found the steps still sound.

We hurried down them and started on the looked-for *glissade*. Alas, the sun had so softened the snow that it was hopeless, and we had to dig in our heels — and sometimes our legs — till the *névé* was reached. The *bergschrund* seems to be kept well filled with avalanches descending from the couloirs.

The *névé* was by this time soft and tiresome, and progress in the deep snow very tedious. We unroped on the *col*, took breath and another breakfast, and then lowered ourselves down the rocks with lightsome hearts, looking on all sides for bouquetins. We saw none, for it was probably too early for them to come from the heights to graze. We made one more attempt to *glissade* on the last slopes. General result, partial disappearance. Personal result, solid burial to the hips. I had to be dug out to the boots by the slow aid of the ice-axes.

It was three o'clock when we got back to the cabane. Here we indulged in a square meal; that is, we ate up everything that was left. Apparently there was nothing left to drink. And then I had my first pipe that day. Smoker-climbers will understand without more words all that this statement conveys. Non-smokers do not deserve to know.

A cordial welcome from guides and hotel people awaited us at Cogne. It appeared then that there had been some doubts entertained about the success of the expedition, and they were doubtless pleased to have the temporary condemnation of their chief attraction reversed. For La Grivola is the general object of the climber's ambition in the Eastern Graians. Her height, 13,022 feet above the level of the sea, is surpassed only by her consort, the Gran Paradiso. The singular beauty of her form is conspicuous from the summits of the most magnificent peaks in the Cottian, Graian, and Pennine groups. And her conquest, whether by rock-face or snow arête, affords the mountaineer a climb of the most interesting description.

THE END OF THE STORY

BY LAURA CAMPBELL

THE matron's letter had said that a carriage would be waiting at St. Alban's station. But at a glance, as she stepped from the train, Miss Whitman saw that it was not there. She stood for a moment in indecision on the platform, nervously gathering her soft black skirts about her, and hoping, in a sudden rush of shame that thrilled her all the more sharply for its very foolishness, that none of the few persons standing beneath the shed had recognized in her a new inmate for the Old Ladies' Home on the hill. The swift, cold drizzle of a snow-threatening rain penetrated her veil; she shivered, stepping uncertainly toward the station doorway.

The waiting-room was empty — she was glad of that. Only the blue-capped head of the station-agent peered at her for a moment, in glimpsing unconcern, through the little cage-like window of the ticket-office. She crossed the room, gasping a little at the warm, fetid air, and took up her station, rigidly, before the farthest window. Straight before her, dim through the rivuleted panes, stretched the long vista of the hill road. She fixed her eyes upon its horizon with strained expectancy.

Now that the hour of ordeal had come, she wished, fiercely, for the culminating moment and its swift passing. The culminating moment, she supposed, would be that in which she actually stepped across the institutional threshold, when the doors barring her from further intercourse with the world of affairs and men had closed in finality upon her. There shaped for her on the blurring panes a picture, a colorless vision. She could almost feel, in the throes of her present imaginings, the depressing, lifeless monotony of that aged

atmosphere, made maddening by the pressure of the forbidding walls which helped produce it; already, it seemed, as she probed with restless intent into her future, the cold lengths of the public corridors invited her endless tread; and everywhere — in her half-morbid thought she searched among them — bent nodding, gray-streaked heads, peered wrinkled visages.

The picture flung back at her tormentingly with grotesque detail. Her face stiffened. Her hands sought the hard edge of the windowsill and closed upon it tightly. Unknowingly and half-aloud she breathed her utter despair: "Dear — God!" The whisper, with its accompanying relief, brought a quick flush to her face. "What a simpleton I am! and I so — old!" She repeated the last phrase determinedly, trying to accustom herself to the new thought; for surely it had been but a few months before that she had held up her head with the rest, an independent wage-earner carrying her burden of work with capable hand and an eager heart. She marveled — would she ever cease to marvel! — at the abruptness of the transition. Providence, she reflected bitterly, in so turning up her calendar without warning, had dealt more severely with her than was her due.

She turned toward the bench against the wall, half-startled from her reverie by the sudden, noisy entrance of a rugged-faced mother who, stepping heavily across the room, deposited her sleeping child, with quick adjustment, across the seats — looking up with expectant gesture as she took her place beside it. But Miss Whitman drew in her skirts reservedly, turning her head away in nervous distaste as the other coughed tentatively.

"You — you waitin' for the Old Ladies' Stage?"

There was a certain quality of rough sympathy in the voice. Miss Whitman rebelled against her impulse to turn, to grasp the crumb of comfort. The other watched her pityingly, taking no offense at the stiff, uncompromising nod. "I've heard," she said, nodding her eager assurance, "I've heard as how they sometimes have mighty good dinners up there, an' some have rooms that are as pretty as a young girl's. Mis' Elihu Legg, my neighbor that was, was through the buildin' onst. She says they stare at you as though they never seen a human bein' before. An' some of them are dreadful gossips, an' some don't talk at all;" — she looked at Miss Whitman quizzically; — "but she says that the most of them are real nice and sociable, considerin'. Are you — goin' in on relatives?"

"No." Miss Whitman writhed.

The other sighed. "It's terrible without any kin o' one's own. On friends, I s'pose?"

"No." It was not a lie. She held her head stiffly erect. They were not friends — those who had induced her to take the step, who had made it so honorably possible for her to end her days comfortably in this sheltered retreat; who, grasping eagerly at this circumstance in her life, had taken it as a providential accident whereby they might, with pious satisfaction to themselves, relieve their consciences of a certain delicately shaded social debt which they had owed her for long years since. Miss Whitman fought against a slowly-rising spectre of dutiful gratitude. Not friends, — she began to draw a finely nice line of sharp distinction.

"Not on friends!" The torturing voice trilled with large amazement. "Why, you don't mean to say" — again the roughly sympathetic quality quite dominated — "you don't mean to say that you ain't got no — friends?"

"I believe that — that's just it!" said Miss Whitman. This time she faced the

other, her lips quiveringly parted into a smile.

"You poor thing — you poor thing!" The phrase was softly muffled, and the woman sat quiet, pondering. Her hand wandered gently to the head of the sleeping child. She bent above it, crooning with clumsy tenderness. "Janey, you wake up! train's comin', dearie!" She stood before Miss Whitman in an embarrassed, unwonted silence, but the latter, to her own astonishment, held out her hand. "Good-by."

"Good-by." The handshake was sincere and hearty. "An' I hope they treat you right! I hope you'll be real comfortable."

When she had gone, Miss Whitman sat facing a clarified interval. She no longer questioned why. She dispassionately embraced the truth. For ah, *to have no friends!* Here was the keynote to her real agony of shame. Beside the staring fact of her own utter friendlessness, the dreaded institution reared up in parallel mockery — a concrete symbol. She began to wonder, to question and compare, looking back upon her life and its large cycle of activities in bitter realization of its emptiness. But she had always — she weakly defended to herself — been so exultantly occupied with her work.

She recalled the many men and women she had met in the business world — how skillful she had been in the daily competitive touch-and-go with them, or in reservedly holding herself aloof when the need had risen. Oh, she had been an excellent woman of affairs; excellent, she pondered keenly — her employer had even condescended to "use" her beyond the usual age-limit (she had really "kept her age" well, she reflected). — How tired she had been at night! — seldom had she been able to use those brief spare hours for social intercourse with her fellow beings. And at the end — she recalled, with a shudder, her long, long illness, her terror at her rapidly-dwindling "rainy-day" fund. She wondered now at her impracticability in having made

the fund so light. But — again she feebly defended — she had needed to live well, to keep constant to that always necessary "appearance." Besides, she had contributed largely to charities. And here she started — clutching at the memory; she had surely given thought, in the light of human kindness, to her fellow beings, had attempted to bridge the gulf. But this pale memory, though she continued to dwell upon it for a moment in dim hope, still left her empty at heart.

Greedily, as she sat on the station bench, she passed in mental review all the years of her life's story, searching for some gleam of happy social contact that would save her from her final condemnation of herself, fast-stripping each experience till the final hollow day flung back upon her. Ah then, the lucid cause *was* in herself — some curious aloofness, a lacking of some mysterious common quality which served to make men kin. She felt, of a sudden, as one detached, apart. She groped in terror —

The door opened noisily. Miss Whitman faced it dumbly. A man in liveried uniform came toward her.

"You'll need a light early to-night. I'm sorry your first day was so bad." The matron, who had superintended the bringing up of Miss Whitman's trunk, stood in the doorway, her capable, steady eyes inspecting keenly every detail of the new inmate's personality. "If there is anything you want," she continued, "anything you *need*, please let me know." She glanced around the little room in satisfied decision. "You ought to be comfortable here. I think that your trunk had better go in that other corner." She paused, considering, her skirts rustling stiffly as she turned to go. "You'll find the rules beside your door in the corridor."

Miss Whitman stood, immovable and quiet, when the matron had gone, a strange, dragging sense, as of some heavy anchorage, holding her for the first few

minutes incapable of action. But when the personnel of the little room began to intrude upon her, she looked up, her eyes meeting this object and that with questioning intentness, scanning the homely appurtenances swiftly. The room was only saved from utter commonplaceness by two quaint dormer-windows which recessed cozily into the wall. "I'm glad they face the east. I shall see the rising sun." She framed the thought half in wonder; evidently old age was not to be without its few small pleasures of anticipation. The windows looked out over a low, narrow valley, she discovered, the near horizon being the smoothly undulating top of a bleak, brown-breasted hill.

Halfway up the hill — Miss Whitman absently followed the gray, ribbon-like path leading up to them — was huddled a dense cluster of sturdy white cottages — little homes. She let her eyes fall hungrily upon one red-lighted window, striving to picture to herself the drawing close of the family ties at the approaching nightfall. There was going to be some comfort for her, she found, in this outlook from her windows. Even on this first day, rain-driving and dreary though it was, there was afforded her a glimpse into that outside world from which, she felt, she was already so utterly buried. The glimpse, at the first, would serve as a slowly-assuaging balm. As the hill grew dim beneath the fast-falling dark, Miss Whitman's mind, tired almost to the point of emptiness though it was, returned with sensitive dread to her present condition, and to the coming ordeal of the first meal. She remembered what the matron had said about an early light. And at the sudden, clear resonance of a gong in the corridor without, she began in a sort of guilty, half-childish haste to search upon the little table for a possible box of matches. When she stood at last in the bright glare of the gaslight, she laughed through her panting, at her foolishness. "Well — I *am* old! They usually get like that, I believe."

She drew herself up, gasping bravely

for composure, determining, at all costs, to hold to the last shreds of her previous dignity of independence. She was still standing motionless, an erect, slender figure with quiet eyes and half-smiling mouth, when her door, without preliminary knock, was suddenly flung open. An unabashed old woman, curiously attired in a heavily embroidered red waist, stood leaning on a crutch on the threshold, taking advantage of the other's startled silence to flash her greedily inquisitive eyes from corner to corner of the room. At the last, they fastened with gelid penetration upon Miss Whitman's own.

"My! ain't you got your bonnet off yet? You came an hour ago, did n't you? Well" — she hobbled across to the one easy-chair. "I'll wait for you. But you better hurry. *She* only allows me five minutes extry 'count o' the tardiness o' my crutch."

"Is it — the dinner-hour?" The dread again upon her, Miss Whitman fumbled clumsily at her hair.

"Ain't you read the rules? Did n't *she* tell you? 'T is lucky I thought to stop in for you. I'm Mrs. William Sharp. I always stop in for the new ones if I like their looks. I saw you when you was comin' in. You from the city?"

Miss Whitman nodded, starting impulsively for the door. The other hobbled after. "You're kind o' young-lookin' to be here so soon. My sakes! but your back is straight! How'd you keep it?" Without waiting for an answer, she rambled on, the sharp tap-tap of her crutch making a clicking accompaniment to her voice. "No, not that way," she directed as they reached the foot of the stairs; "we have to turn here — the dinin'-room's through that door. An' if I was you" — she looked up, her eyes cunningly resentful — "if I was you I would n't hold my head so stiff. It don't exactly *take* here. They'll talk."

She held back the door for Miss Whitman, and as they passed down the long room together, the buzz of talk at the

tables subsided into a tensely suspended hush. In spite of her aged conductor's warning, the newcomer felt, as she ran the gauntlet of eagerly peering eyes, that she was holding her head up "stiff." To her relief, however, the hush was broken again, and old heads bending once more over their plates, even before she had taken the seat assigned.

"See that sparklin' old lady over there, — the one that's always showin' off her hands? She was once a prom'nent actress on the stage. They say her hands *was* great!" Miss Whitman glanced across the table to where a little old lady whose bright black eyes flashed vividly in her heavily wrinkled face was talking with vertiginous rapidity. Those around her, listening, were laughing and nodding in approval. "An' see that quiet one?" Mrs. Sharp went on — "the one with the ear-trumpet at her side? That's Mrs. —;" the old voice whispered it excitedly. "You remember her? It was all about her in the papers. She had six husbands and five divorces! They say —" Miss Whitman lost the rest, so absorbed had she become in placing in her mind's category of humanity this little world about her.

It was, indeed a world of a timbre peculiar to itself, a world in which, she swiftly concluded, the paramount interests, evidently, were tea, pedigree, and the latest stitch in capelines, these making stable points of common interest about which played a constant interchange of personal reminiscence and the lively, biting gossip of small daily occurrences in the Home. Snatches of sentences here and there, from the general drift of conversation, came to her: — "Did you hear what the matron found out this morning? You did n't? Old Mrs. Cassidy *smokes* in her room! Sh-h! Yes, a pipe! Is n't it easy to trace some folks' origin?" — "That airish Miss White came down with a red bow in her cap this morning. Did you ever? Some folks would n't know that they were in their dotage unless it was clubbed into

them. Next thing you know, it'll be a red rose! Ha, ha, ha! a red rose! Why, even in my young days —"

Listening, watching, Miss Whitman's heart grew heavy with foreboding. To be plunged — so swiftly — into this! She found herself presently, now reaching back again, wistfully, toward her busy, all-active life, now peering forward with fearful ease into the years ahead. Ah, it was such a simple chapter to read, that coming last one. Once again, she bitterly toyed with the pages, cowering beneath the prospect of her vast loneliness. For with these people, she felt, among whom the remaining years of her life were destined to be cast, the difficult adjustment of the measures of friendliness would require even more of a nicety than had been called for in the outside world. Apprehensively, in her tense quiet as spectator, she glanced from face to face; at the same time almost envying them, these fellow women, with all the small and everlasting weaknesses which bound them each to each in the leveling *camaraderie* of sheer femininity.

"Look — over there — at the end!" Mrs. Sharp's raucous voice and nudging elbow once again claimed her attention. "She's just come in! — with the piles of snowy-white hair — all her own, too! That's Mrs. Lucy Osborn, Lucy Sill that was; an' — ain't she the sweetest here? Ain't she got the *youngest* eyes you ever saw?"

Startled, even as she looked Miss Whitman turned away abruptly. The "young" eyes, deeply blue, interested and penetrating, had flashed in swift and friendly glance upon her own. Once again she felt her neighbor's elbow nudging, this time impatiently. "Why, she smiled at you!" Mrs. Sharp looked up indignantly. "Well — you're the first that never smiled back at Lucy Sill!"

Miss Whitman flushed, stumbling forth her eager apology. "Ah, but she *is* sweet, gentle-faced. Tell me about her. You knew her — before?"

"Yes. There ain't much story about

her. It's just her — herself makes up the story. I knew her in Lyndhaven when she was just a girl. My mother used to make her dresses. I used to carry them home to her." She looked across the table, smiling reminiscently. "But you must n't think that she looked down on me. She treated me like a — friend. She was — she was — why, Lucy Sill was the *friendliest* human bein' you'd want to meet. Ev'ry one liked her, loved her. An' that's what makes it so — queer" — Mrs. Sharp's wrinkled brows drew close in puzzled bewilderment — "so queer that she's *here*, you know, an' that all those heaps o' friends have died, an' she the only one left an' — here! Why, when I found 't was her, just after she come, I could o' dropped my crutch an' *stood*, I was so surprised. Well, we never dream when we're young what's goin' to come to us when we get old. There, look at her now, talkin' to that Miss White. Look at her face, all interested. That way of hers was what took so with folks when she was a girl. She's never exactly lost it. She's got such wonderful — manners!"

With effort, Miss Whitman broke away from her absorbed contemplation of the face opposite. "And you say she was beautiful — then?"

Mrs. Sharp shook her head with decision. "No — not beautiful; but just like that — herself; an' that same delicate lift to her head. She carried off the finest man in the county. Mr. Bob Osborn worshiped her. He died only a few years after they were married. I often wonder what he'd — think — if he could come upon her here. (Sh-h! am I talkin' loud?) See her eyes turn this way then — all smilin'? She caught his name." The old lady fumbled clumsily with her knife, ill-hiding her shamefacedness at being caught. "She *knows* I'm talkin' about her — but nothin' mean. She knows I would n't. I can't get over her bein' here. I tell her so all the time. She laughs at me. Oh, she's Lucy Sill, even if she has white hair. If 't was her sister Martha now who was

here — if she had lived ” — the old lady paused, her thin lips pressing together in one decisive white line; “well, I could’ve understood *her* bein’ here. I did n’t like her. Not many folks did. She was all held-in, sort of, an’ silent, — stand-offish; an’ Lucy thought the world-an’-all of her. Some said that Martha thought the same o’ Lucy, too; but if she did,” she shrugged her shoulders unbelievably, “she never showed it. Martha died in the middlin’ twenties. An’ Lucy’s here! Now watch her, gettin’ up — the way she holds herself. She’s goin’ to the sun-room. They’re waitin’ for her. She plays the piano for us every Wednesday night.”

Old Mrs. Sharp was hurriedly folding her napkin. Miss Whitman awkwardly handed her her crutch, and slowly followed after as the grotesque little old woman led the way.

At the wide door of the sun-room where the lights fell warmly on huge green palms and nestling flower-boxes, Miss Whitman with shy adroitness stepped aside, seeking, on her usual impulse of reserve, the shadow in the passageway without. And when the little group had settled itself within, she watched it wonderingly, her eyes eagerly searching each withered face as the strains of music from the piano in the alcove vibrated softly through the room. She noted that one gray head, even at the first few notes, had already begun to nod. The others, sitting motionless, listened for the most part with spiritless, unresponding faces, — the reverie of age, so different from the reverie of youth, enfolding them, apparently, in a dull, uncaring apathy in which — Miss Whitman in difficulty decided — was surely neither pleasure nor pain. But was this, in its innermost timbre, *content*?

In a swift revulsion of feeling she turned away, her hands clenching passionately in her sudden and overwhelming desire to escape — to be freed. When she reached the solitude of her dormer-room, she drew up a chair to the table,

half-smiling, bitterly, in her self-com-miseration at the weakness of her trembling body. She wondered how long it was going to take, this difficult readjustment, and where, eventually, the last casting of the swinging balances would place her. She looked shrinkingly about the quiet room which seemed so mockingly conscious of her presence and her mood. For a long time she sat there, immovable and stiff, in the chair beside the table, her chin sunk rigidly on her palms, her mind set grimly on her narrowly-margined future; from her past she was now learning to hold herself sternly aloof — her almost utter lack of those memories which are the solace of age terrifying her when she tried, in glimpsing hopelessness, to search for them. She grew more rigid in her reverie.

She thought, at first, that it was the light rain driving softly against the window that had roused her. Then, as she listened, tense in the silence, there came a gentle, imperative knock at the door. In her lonesomeness, Miss Whitman felt her heart leap intuitively: “It’s that Mrs. Osborn — Lucy Sill.” But when, at her shortly ejaculated, half-rude invitation, the door swung softly open, and Mrs. Osborn’s friendly eyes were full upon her, she sat reserved and unapproachable, wordless before the other’s presence.

“I’ve — invited myself to tea if you will — have me.” Hesitant at first, half-smiling, she interrogatively waited at the threshold; and then, as though in tactful interpretation of the ensuing pause, she stepped across the room, and in deliberative, unembarrassed grace made room on the little table for the tray she carried. “I’ve invited the tea and the lady cakes too; they are — old-lady cakes. *Will* you have me?”

She looked back over her shoulder with a quaint, bird-like motion, her keen, compelling eyes searching the other’s face whimsically.

“If — if you’ll have me!” said Miss Whitman; in the unaccustomed atmo-

sphere of intimate friendliness, she felt herself struggling for a footing.

The other laughed aloud. "Oh, you are like her." Then, cautiously, "S-sh!" — she tiptoed back to the door again, like a mischievous girl breaking the rules at a boarding-school, and turned the key in the lock. "It is n't exactly allowed, here, you know — *this*," she explained, as she took her place opposite Miss Whitman. She leaned forward, scanning the other's features in swift, eager inspection. "Yes, you *are* like her" — she nodded again, her wonderful crown of hair flashing beneath the light. "I mean that you are like my sister — she died — my sister Martha. I noticed it downstairs. Something about your eyes and mouth, and Oh! that — 'If you'll have me'!" She laughed again, holding her hearer breathless beneath her charm; "that was Martha, too, never certain of her own likableness. We were great friends, Martha and I."

She turned to the table, and Miss Whitman, fascinated, watched the delicate, finely-wrinkled hands, like masterpieces of rare old porcelain, as they manipulated the tray.

"You take — two lumps?" She held the sugar-tongs poised. "Martha did," she coaxed convincingly.

"Two." Miss Whitman smiled shyly in return, unconsciously drawing her chair up closer.

"This is old Mrs. Jessup's favorite brand. Oh, don't be frightened. I am not going to repeat that long dissertation we heard at dinner." The corners of her mouth wrinkled humorously. Then she grew serious, her eyes dark with grave concern. "How do you like it here? That, I know, is an unfair question on the first day. But — how do you find it?"

"I find it — hard."

Mrs. Osborn mused upon the pause. "But later, you know," — her voice fell softly low in gentle, persuasive sympathy, — "it is n't so bad; one gets used to it. And it's an excellent school for human tolerance. Indeed, after the last twinge

of the final readjustment is over" — she settled back comfortably in her chair, making a little gesture of contentment, serene in its implied resignation. "Believe me, life is sometimes very interesting here." Her face grew vivid.

Miss Whitman watched her breathlessly. "Oh, but you are different! You are — wonderful!"

Mrs. Osborn shook her head. "No, I've merely a sort of knack at living along. It was my Robert taught me. And here — the knack comes easily." She leaned forward, her finger-tips tapping slowly together in convincing enumeration. "You know, in spring, outdoors — it is delightful. Wild things all over the grounds. Down in the valley there it's one wild tangle-garden, — violets and columbine, rock-pink and maidenhair," — she paused, smiling — "all sorts of gentle-growing things for slow old ladies. Besides, there is the *live* world — squirrels, little red chipmunks, birds. And they all like *us*. Oh, they are most flattering, I assure you!"

She went on. As one athirst, Miss Whitman listened, her city-pent spirit becoming slowly enthralled before the joy of the coming season, before the healthy good-cheerfulness of the other's philosophy of life. And Mrs. Osborn was not over-reminiscent. That, perhaps, her listener decided, was part-secret of her youthful-like vitality of spirit. And as she talked, dwelling upon this phase and that phase of her present life with humorous sympathy and kindly interpretation, enlarging, with every disclosure, the perspective of the new-comer's outlook, Miss Whitman found herself presently looking forward with her, unconsciously framing an eager question now and then, or disclosing, in the sweet freedom of this new intimacy, somewhat of her own frail hopes and fears.

At the final pause, before the other's courteous, interrogative smile, she bent forward, her eyes intent and piteous upon her visitor's face. "Ah, if I could

only — with these people — Mrs. Osborn, I've been all my life, in the midst of the crowd, so fearfully alone — without any — friend." She brought out her confession with awkward intonation, her sallow cheeks flushing. "Why, I did n't know people could be so nice!" She beamed with frank admiration upon her visitor.

Mrs. Osborn laughed, pleased. "Well, it's merely that — on your great highway, you somehow missed the pleasant little by-paths. Some do." Then, as she rose to go, "But we've lots of faults, you know. Oh, you've a whole unexplored country before you here. To-morrow" — she looked about the bare walls of the room — "I am coming in to help you 'fix up.' Your room needs homing 'somethin' awful,' as our friend, Mrs. Sharp, would say."

Miss Whitman felt her cheeks tingling. "I — did n't bring many of my things. I did n't seem to think — It did n't seem any use. I have only a few books."

"Ah, you kept your books!" The friendly eyes lighted, seeking the other's shyly in a new recognition. A flash of mutual comprehension passed between them. "Well, I shall come to-morrow to help you fix your books."

She looked back, her head finely lifted, as in promise, from the doorway. But when at last she passed into the corridor without, there fell upon Miss Whitman a poignant, dream-like sense of unreality. Swiftly she opened the door, and peered into the dark hall, calling softly in a sudden, unreasoning terror. But when the other stood once more before her, she reproved herself, in shame, for her foolishness.

"I — I — Oh, I'm foolish," she feebly

explained. "I wanted just to see you — to make sure" —

Mrs. Osborn again held out her delicately assuring hands, pushing the other gently back into the room. "My dear — why, you are all unstrung! You need rest. You need some one 'magerful'" — she laughed — "to order you about. It is n't likely that I'll leave just yet. We'll maybe have long years together. Oh, my dear" — She reached up her hands, placing them as in gentle benediction upon the other's shoulder. They looked into each other's life-tried eyes. Unconsciously, the knowledge of the dignity of their years caused their heads to lift to higher poise. A certain reverence fell upon them —

When Miss Whitman had turned out the light, she sat in quiet content by the window, smiling to herself in the dark, and watching, with musing absorption, the shadow-draperies shaping patterns to themselves upon the wall. There would be so much to talk about, to tell, to hear. "Why, I've never talked like that to a woman. I've never had a woman — the real kind."

The spell of Mrs. Osborn's youthful eyes was still upon her. Well, it had come late, this discovery of the need of warm relationship, of kinship, with other human beings, but not for all her youth would she have given it up again. With mind alert, and on the strength of her first lesson, she began to read the letters of the established bond, flashing forward swiftly and without terror to the last Great Hour. When that should come — she breathed deeply, serene in her sure intuition — she would not be alone. That comforted her.

ROUND THE HORN

BY F. H. SHAW

As far as eye can see there is nothing but a gray-green waste of turbulent waters, rising and falling with a mountainous sweep, surging and roaring, hissing and crashing, bearing the flaky foam-crests high in air and dipping them thousands of feet beneath the surface. There is nothing to stop that gigantic ocean roll. No resisting continents have erected a formidable bulwark to its advance; the sea goes on its way around the whole globe, for this is the most-dreaded stretch of ocean that the mind of mariner knows.

Over the northern horizon now out of sight, there lies a single hummock, cone-shaped, insignificant, not worthy a second glance. But this puny bit of land is Cape Horn, the last remnant of the mighty Andes, which, after rearing proud pinnacles to the tropic sky, sweep southward in an ever-diminishing chain until the last link dips under the sea. Still below the far horizon, but more to the west, a small clump of jagged rocks tear the turbulent swell to pieces; but the Diego Ramirez are not to be seen now — there is nothing save the gray-hard sky and the gray-hard sea. Nothing, that is, save a stately albatross, scornfully ploughing its way into the very teeth of the gale that is rolling over the world. It always blows a gale off Cape Horn; always is the sea torn into frothing anger; always, the storm-defying albatross soars betwixt sea and sky.

Far to the north, only a speck of silver suddenly shown up by a wan gleam of sun, which is so surprised at its existence that it instantly disappears, something shows — then vanishes into nothingness. The hours glide by; the speck becomes a blur, the blur becomes reality. Speeding out of the stormy north, bearing

steadfastly on to the stormier south, there comes a ship. Her long gaunt masts are swinging in a reeling quadrant; her vibrating hull cleaves the foamy waste like a thing of magnificent life. She lifts her roaring forefoot from the water, higher and higher, still higher, until the red keel is exposed to the very foremast; and then, crashing downwards in momentary homage to her master, the sea, she buries her bows from sight in a flurry of far-flung foam.

Now she is here, here where the albatross soars on far-spread wing. But that bird of omen makes no sound; for the silence of a great solitude is upon him; he utters no welcome, makes no plaint.

The ship still reels on, plunging deeply into the mountains and valleys, swinging her ponderous bulk through and above all the waves that leap hungrily in her track, that rise in volume of might to drag her down, that retire beaten to rush on and on in a world-encompassing circle. Her spars are stripped almost bare; only two puny rags of straining canvas are flung to the gale, but the white cloud beneath her forefoot is as mighty as though she were clothed with glistening canvas from truck to scupper.

The gale is at her stern, it is carrying her on to her allotted goal; nothing is needed for the skillful shipmaster to do, save let her run and keep his eye on those two sheets of dull brown sail-cloth that are spread aloft. But he must keep both eyes on them now, for there is a flurry in the gale. It no longer booms in a gigantic diapason; it screams and snorts, rising in a violent crescendo, flitting to and fro, now backing, now filling; until the distracted ship is bewildered, and slews giddily round on her heel.

Even the very sea conspires with the

gale to drive the ship up to where those cruel fangs are lurking, in readiness for their prey. The stealthy Pacific-Antarctic Drift—a baffling current—runs here, and woe betide the man who once lets his ship get into the grip of that whirling stream! It were better that he should throw her high on one of those pitiless icebergs that steal silently by in a ghostly procession to the south, for then a chance might remain for dear life; but no man strikes the Diego Ramirez and lives.

Close on three thousand tons, four-masted, manned by Britons, the ship cleaves her way onwards and ever on. She has a precious freight beneath her closely-battened hatches; her skipper is one of the true-blue breed, a man who revels in storm, who flings his gauntlet in the very face of death, and laughs as the challenge goes forth. He is standing now on the spray-swept poop, a burly, white-bearded figure, swathed in oilskins to the eyes, his feet defying the cold and wet in their stout sea-boots. Standing by the binnacle, with one eye on the straining canvas, the other on the wavering compass-needle, he feels the change in the temper of the gale, and knows well that what has so far been his friend is developing into his hate-filled foe.

The wind raises a mighty comber high on the beam, and licks off the top as if it were but a drop of water. A hundred tons of solid ocean come swooping over the vessel's decks, sluicing along with the roar of mighty thunder, carrying a mass of shattered debris to and fro, until the clanging wash-ports fling the unwelcome visitor back to the parent sea. Then the tautened canvas aloft quivers complainingly, the heavy chain-sheets rattle in their sheaves; the massive topsail yards groan as the down-bearing tension is removed; but long before the sound has died away, the voice of the watchful captain is booming along the wave-washed decks, and one by one, figures clad in oilskin emerge from snug hiding-places, stagger perilously along

the sloping planks, clutching at every chance rope and belaying-pin, until the entire crew is mustered at the break of the poop.

"Hands wear ship!" The breeze has flown to the northwest, dead in the teeth of the vessel, and she must either ratch off towards the ice-flecked seas of the Antarctic, or take her luck in her hands and endeavor to beat past the Diego Ramirez.

Each man has his place, and knows it. Without undue confusion, yet slowly, for the men must walk as fate allows them, — now staggering a few paces forward, now clutching frantically at a stanchion, while a stunning mass of living green pours pitilessly over the bulwarks, and descends on their shivering forms, insinuating itself between clothing and skin, and rendering the stoutest water-proofs of no avail, — somehow or other they get to their stations; numbed fingers cast loose the gaskets that hold the foretopmast staysail in safe bondage; a couple of agile figures dart aloft up the quivering shrouds, and lay out on the great foreyard, casting off the ropes that have lashed the sail to the spar.

The weather clew of the foresail drops down, and a hoarse-voiced chorus rings out as the sail is sheeted home. The chorus continues and the insignificant triangle of water-soaked canvas jumps up the foretopmast stay in a series of uneven jerks, sometimes stopping for whole minutes; again, as the waves wash clear, climbing high on the stay, frapping thunderously in the lashing breeze. All is now in readiness. There is enough canvas ahead of the ship to ensure her head paying off before the wind, once the helm is jammed up, and the captain's voice rings along the deck: "Helm a-weather!"

The second mate leads his watch to the main-braces, and slowly, very slowly, for there is a great weight of wind in the sail, the main-yards swing round, until the shivering sail is flat aback. There is no resistance now to the swinging bow; the ship circles round gallantly on her heel;

a broad patch of smooth water to windward shows where she has drifted down to leeward. Then, high to windward, looming black and awful like some frantic spirit of the unexplored ocean, a huge mountain of greenish-black sea, foam-crested and menacing, hangs poised in air. It rushes on with a lightning speed, growing in volume as it comes; until the very sky is shut out by that dense threatening mass.

"Up aloft, all of you, for your lives!"

There was no need for the order. The men at the braces look once at the coming avalanche, then, with a nimbleness that is surprising, considering their ungainly appearance, they dart like squirrels into the rigging, and gain safety. They hang aloft breathless for a while, and the sea crashes over the rails, deluging the decks to the height of the topgallant rails; and the sore-stricken ship surges suddenly to the weight of another thousand tons of water. For as long as a man may count a dozen, she staggers under the furious blow, every bolt and rivet groaning its complaint; while the life-boats, swung high on their davits, are whipped free from their guarding lashings, swing out at the ends of their tackles, then disappear to leeward in a whirl of foam. A clean sweep! Smoke and ashes come eddying from the galley, and the seamen realize regretfully that there will be no hot dinner for them that day. Some daring spirit runs down to the deck, and wades arm-deep in the water to where the cook is lying half-stunned under a spare spar, surrounded by the implements of his trade. Nothing movable has been left in the galley: food and pots, pans and tools, all are lying in a chaotic heap under three feet of sea-water.

But for the moment the danger is past. A second wave rushes on to complete its fellow's work, but already the gallant ship has recovered from the blow. She dips her proud bow, and her stern climbs waveringly against the sky; then her prow heaves itself clear; the spidery bowsprit soars aloft like a rocket; tons upon

tons of water sweep over-side, and with a gloriously free action, like a racer recovering from a momentary stumble, the vessel reels on and on.

The second wave expends its energy on her staunch steel side, and retires discomfited; but the blow on the quivering plates has been like the thrust of a battering ram.

The men slide down the backstays, or clamber down the ratlines, and stand once more on deck, the tangled braces in their hands. The two stalwart veterans at the wheel have been washed to the limits of their stout lashings, but they have regained their post; and the captain, drenched and breathless, is clinging like a limpet to the mizzen backstays.

"Farrard, and get the foreyards round!" his voice cleaves the momentary lull, and the men obey. The foreyards are swung and pointed to the wind, the foresail is clewed up to the sound of that deep-throated chorus, the foretopmast-staysail is lowered, and the ship, answering to the hastily-hoisted after-sail, which a couple of gasping apprentices have loosed and flung to the breeze, comes slowly up into the eye of the wind. She is heading due north now, her bow pointing straight to Cape Horn, but her speed is diminished, and she merely crawls along. Her creamy wake stretches away to windward as she sags off before the booming gale and the battering seas; she will lose many a one of those glorious knots that preceded the shift of wind, but for the moment the work is done, and nothing remains but to wait.

"Steward! Splice the main-brace!" The bare-armed servitor of the cabin emerges on deck with the grog-bottle clutched to his breast, in his hand a tin pannikin, and on his face a smile of greasy complacency. The men struggle to the poop, and take their tots with the appreciation of men who have well earned their reward, wiping their mouths on the sleeves of their oilskins, touching their shaggy forelocks to the old skipper whose kindness had prompted this re-

cognition of their arduous work. Then they disappear into their hiding-places, and the ship lays herself down to the gale and snorts along through the boisterous sea with many complainings.

Little is to be seen now, save that the serene albatross soars steadily around the mizzen truck, keeping its position without a single flutter of the mighty wings that can break a man's legs with one blow. The gale is only just beginning, for the moment it shows sign of abating the pessimistic albatross will be skimming the wave-crests, on the lookout for chance greasy morsels thrown over from the galley. A mob of chattering Cape pigeons, birds that have all the beauty of our own domesticated carriers, with the beaks and heads of gulls, flutter over the creamy wake, while a couple of Molly hawks (those birds which are, by seamen, supposed to contain the souls of dead skippers) wing their flight in the vessel's rear, croaking monotonously from time to time.

The dense cloud-masses ahead part for a second to give a glimpse of hard, steel-blue sky. Out of that momentary breach a fresh burst of wind comes roaring over the sea. It springs upon the staggering ship like a beast of prey, and every spar vibrates to the sudden blow. Clew-lines, braces, downhauls; sheets, and spilling-lines, every one of the numberless ropes that clothe the gaunt masts, sings a song of defiance to the gale; the unsteady frap-frap of rope on wood has given place to a constant chatter — the true voice of the storm.

Wave follows wave in unbroken succession over the bulwarks now; there is no inch of safety on all the vessel's decks. Clouds of biting spindrift whirl through the air, the ship heels over to the shock, over and over, until the heart rises into the throat, for fear that she will never right herself again. Still over she heels, and the men at the wheel are bracing themselves against the gratings, for the feet can find no hold on the sloping deck. The skipper is hanging

by his arms from the weather rigging, trying to make his deep-sea voice carry to the mate's ear, but though that officer is hanging to the next shroud, he can hear no word, and only shakes his head in dumb show. But his eyes never leave the weather-sheet of the foretopsail, for with that terrific weight pressing the ship down, something must carry away.

There is one tense, heart-stopping minute, and then, with a report like a cannon-shot, the foretopsail splits down its whole length. The rent widens, rags of canvas detach themselves and whip about frantically, until they are torn away and flutter off to leeward like tiny birds. The jerking of the fore-yard, with the battering of the suddenly loosened canvas, is a serious menace to the safety of the ship. At any moment the spar may carry away and descend to the deck like a falling death; even if it fall overboard, the iron chains of the sheets will hold it alongside while the furious sea beats it resistlessly against the thin steel sides. And then — a great chasm in the ship's skin, a sucking gurgle of escaping air, a downward plunge — and another vessel posted as "missing" at Lloyd's.

But this is not to be. The mate has already left his post, and is scrambling forward on hands and knees. Once more the crew emerge, look doubtfully aloft at the jumping yards, and then, tightening their belts and cramming their sou'westers on their heads, commence to climb the shivering rigging. The wind pins them to the ratlines, the breath is driven from their bodies, they hang powerless, gripping with tenacious fingers, until their further progress is possible. After gigantic efforts they reach the yard, and scramble out on the footropes, while the giddy dance of the ship recommences. The men spring up and down like monkeys, now lying flat on the yard, now clutching wildly at a slippery jackstay, until all are there. There is not much left to save, but they grapple the flapping shreds of the sail, and hold to them while the blood starts from their

bruised finger-tips. The bitter cold has frozen the sail to the hardness of steel, their fingers can catch no grip, and when they do secure a hold and drag the sail on to the yard, a sudden gust snatches their hard-won prize from their clutch, and once again the sail roars out triumphantly.

They do it again, and again, and again, gasping strange oaths into the storm, leaning recklessly over the turbulent sea, working with both hands and hanging on by their eyebrows, and gradually, an inch at a time, the rebellious sail is won into safety, and the stout gaskets are passed over the quietened cloths.

The ship feels the relief at once, and rises upright, only to plunge more deeply into the sea. There is little of her to be seen now save her denuded masts. Her decks are one mass of water, the ropes are lying in tangled masses in the scuppers, a fowl-pen has become dislodged from its lashings and is hurtling to and fro along the decks, battering dreadfully at the bulwarks. This standing menace to the safety of the crew must be reduced to order, and the mate leads a forlorn hope to the rescue. It is precarious work, this, for the thing has become ungovernable, and hurls back and forth like a Juggernaut, crushing fingers and toes remorselessly. After a wild, breathless struggle, the pen is secured in some mysterious sailorly fashion, one or two men run aft to the steward to have their hurts attended to, and the inaction begins anew.

Night creeps down on the tumultuous sea, and the horrors of the storm are increased tenfold. Before, men could see the danger that hung over their heads; now they can only imagine it, and the imagination increases the peril to an indescribable extent. They must lie in shivering groups on the poop, ready for an instant emergency, unable to secure sleep or food, drenched and salt-sore, now starting into instant activity as a loud thunder breaks out from the furred foretop-sail, now sinking back into shiv-

ering lassitude as no order volleys to their ears from the wakeful man who clutches the binnacle, and gazes with unseeing eyes into the stormy night.

At intervals a couple of men detach themselves from the groups, and struggle aft to the wheel, relieving the nigh-frozen men there, while those who have stood for two hours win a hazardous way along the decks to their fore-castle, there to snatch a smoke until some cry shall come to them, demanding their instant presence on the poop.

The angry dawn leaps up out of the sky, and men stare at men's faces with dazed eyes. The white salt has caked on hair and beard, the young men of the past day have grown old and grizzled, their faces are deep-lined with anxiety; but there is no sign of drooping in that sturdy old figure by the wheel.

The sea, terrible before, is doubly terrible now. During the night it has increased alarmingly; wave follows mountainous wave in unbroken rush, the ship throws herself about like a cork, now swooping into a watery cavern, now giddily topping a lofty wave, while men hold their breath in awe.

Bang! The lee clew of the maintop-sail has carried away, and the sail is lashing about like a flail of death. But the canvas of this sail is strong and doubly strong; though it whips about with a noise of artillery, the sail does not split; only a length of chain is leaping in the air and threatening to brain any man who shall venture within its sweep.

The work must be done, no matter what happens. The mate looks a question at the captain, the latter thinks for a moment. He dare not strip his ship of her canvas entirely: under bare poles she could do nothing save run down to the south among the spectral icebergs. There is one of them now under her quarter, looming like some fairy palace on the horizon.

"Goose-wing it!"

They do it—somehow, though no man, on descending, can tell how the

work was done. They have a vague memory of clambering up the ice-coated rigging, slipping down a foot and climbing up a yard, of dragging their toil-worn bodies out to the lee yard-arm, and there grappling blindly with the frapping sail, while that hurtling chain cracks and rattles above their heads. The loose corner of the sail is dragged on the yard, stout ropes are lugged from the forepeak and passed round and round sail and yard; men haul on ropes that seem to lead nowhere, and curse, with tears, the adamant hardness of the frozen cloths. But they do it — for they are British seamen. Within an hour the sail is quietened, the lee clew fast on the yard, the weather clew still set. This is goosewinging — and is only resorted to in moments of extreme stress, when it is impossible to attach another lashing to the clew that has carried away.

But the wind is shifting to the south, and the ship drives suddenly due north. She cannot hold on long at this work, for the Diego Ramirez are there in her direct path. Something looms out of the storm-haze ahead, it takes shape, and resolves itself into a gallant clipper homeward bound. She is carrying a press of canvas that threatens to drive her under; she cuts through the waves like a thing of life; her stately bow puts aside the encroaching waters as a parish beadle puts aside a crowd of inquisitive children. By her black low hull, built on the lines of a yacht, by her five masts and her yellow spars, her identity is disclosed at once. She is one of the German P. line of West Coast clippers, making a record run home. Men turn to one another and say that this ship has run from Valparaiso to the Lizard in fifty-seven days, beating the majority of steamers on the run. They say her skipper receives a bonus for every day he takes off the run; and would receive instant dismissal should he exceed seventy days on his passage. Other men tell how the commanders of those ships have driven their panic-stricken crews to the braces at the muz-

zles of leveled revolvers, daring them to refuse their duty. But a flag is flung to the gale from the onrushing clipper, and the red, white, and black ensign dips gayly thrice. It is the salute of one brave ship to another.

Then the spindrift hides her, she blurs away into nothingness, and the struggling outward-bounder is alone. What is that sudden cry that comes from forward? It blanches a dozen faces, and sends the suddenly-stilled heart into the throat. "Land on the lee beam!" There above the horizon, like a mouthful of venomous fangs waiting to crunch and grind their prey, the Diego Ramirez show momentarily, then disappear. The inaction of the ship gives place to sudden life. There is a ceaseless stream of hard-voiced orders; the programme of the day before is followed, and the ship wears round on her heel. It is terribly dangerous work now, for every rushing wave threatens to envelop the ship, and drive her to her doom; the captain begins to talk of rigging sea-anchors in order that the vessel's head might be wrenched round off the shore, but by dint of skillful manœuvring the work is once more done, and the ship lurches drunkenly away to the south, leaving the rocks behind.

So it goes on, sometimes for days and weeks on end. Now an iceberg passes within a musket-shot, making men shiver at the thought of running headlong upon the ice-island in the dark of night; now a five-masted French clipper swings along, loaded to the scuppers, and keeping afloat by Heaven knows what means. But the gale dies away into fitful moanings, it veers to the south, one by one the ice-incrusted sails are loosed from their gaskets, and fall grotesquely down, while the toil-worn seamen drag the sheets out with hands that seem dead to pain. Tier on tier the canvas rises into glorious pyramids, every sail sings a booming triumphant song of dangers overcome, and with a fair wind and plenty of it, the good ship cleaves her way into the quieter waters of the Pacific Ocean.

SPIRIT TO SPIRIT

BY JULIA C. R. DORR

ÆONS, or centuries, or years ago —

We two were man and woman, thou and I,
On yon dear earth now swinging far below
The star-mists floating by.

But now we are two spirits, in the wide
Mysterious realm whereof all mortals dream;
The unknown country where the dead abide
Beyond the sunset gleam.

And I — I cannot find thee anywhere!
I roam from star to star in search of thee;
I wander through the boundless fields of air,
And by the crystal sea.

I scan all faces and I question all;
I breathe thy name to every wind that blows;
Through the wide silences I call and call —
But still the silence grows.

Dost thou remember how, one midnight drear,
We sat before a fading fire alone,
Dreaming young dreams the while the wan old year
Reeled from his trembling throne?

And thou didst whisper, "Dear, from farthest skies,
From utmost space, my love shall summon thee
Though the grave-mould lie darkly on thine eyes,
To keep this tryst with me!"

Was it last year? O Love, I do not know!
The high gods count not time. We are as they.
All silently the tides of being flow;
A year is as a day!

I only know I cannot find thee, dear!
This mighty universe is all too wide;
Where art thou? In what far-removed sphere
Is thought of me denied?

New lives, new loves, new knowledge, and new laws!

I still remember. Does thy soul forget?

Heart unto heart if love no longer draws,

Then the last seal is set!

CONFESSIONS OF A RAILROAD SIGNALMAN

VI

BY J. O. FAGAN

At the present day, public attention is being constantly aroused and focused upon all questions that immediately concern the general welfare of the people. In this way the efficiency of the service on American railroads has, of late, been freely discussed, not only by railroad men, but by thoughtful people in all the walks of life. The reason for this universal interest is to be found in the fact that an inquiry into an ordinary preventable railroad accident entails, at the same time, a study of the actual working conditions that exist in America between the rights and interests of the workingman, and the more important rights and interests of the general public. Of course, figures and tables in regard to efficiency of service cannot always be taken at their face value, and yet the conclusions that one is sometimes compelled to draw from them are altogether too significant to be lightly dismissed from the public mind.

For example, in the year 1906, a total of 1,200,000,000 passengers was carried on British railroads on 27,000 miles of track, against 800,000,000 passengers carried on American railroads on a mileage of 200,000. Generally speaking, collisions and derailments form quite a reliable standard from which to make comparisons in regard to efficiency of service. It must also be remembered that the chances for accidents are naturally increased with increase of traffic

and consequent multiplication of train movements. One might reasonably expect, therefore, to find the density of conditions in Great Britain reflected in a startling list of fatalities, as compared with the United States. Yet if we take the year 1906 to illustrate our theories and anticipated conclusions, we find that there were 13,455 collisions and derailments in this country, and only 239 in Great Britain. In the same year 146 passengers were killed and 6000 injured in the United States, against 58 passengers killed and 631 injured in Great Britain. The number of employees killed and injured in train accidents was respectively 13 and 140 in Great Britain, against 879 and 7483 in this country.

It is not surprising, therefore, that figures and returns like the above, repeated from year to year with the same marked, and, indeed, ever increasing disparity, should give rise to widespread discussion and criticism, consequently leading up to a better understanding of the nature of the problem that is now submitted, with all necessary facts and illustrations, practically for the first time, to the American people. For it must be understood, to begin with, that from its very nature and from the circumstances connected with the safety problem, the intervention of public opinion and of some kind of public action is imperatively called for. Numerous difficulties,

mistakes, and inconsistencies relating to the handling of trains, to the conduct of employees, and to the present status of the railroad manager, have been exposed and explained during the course of these confessions. But after all, these are merely side issues and details of the service; the real heart of the situation, as insisted upon from first to last in these articles, is significantly outlined in a recent issue of the *Engineering Magazine*, as follows:—

“Even more serious as a predisposing cause of railroad accidents, is the lamentable lack of discipline which is becoming increasingly manifest in these days of labor-union interference. This has been carried to such a point that the officials of our railroads have no longer that direct control of the employees which is absolutely essential to the maintenance of discipline. Until this condition has been changed it is hopeless to look for any material reduction in the number of killed and injured on our railroads.”

Such, then, being the truthful and logical diagnosis of the situation, the final and most important question of all remains to be considered. From individuals in no way connected with railroad life, as well as from employees and managers in different sections of the country, the general interest in the matter has been expressed in the following inquiries: “What are you now going to do about it? Granting this and granting that, what is your plan of construction or reconstruction? What can you propose as a practical method of reform?”

After a careful review and consideration of the conditions that obtain on American railroads at the present day, these significant and final questions, in the opinion of the writer, must all be answered in terms of *external authority*. It is really too bad to have to come to the conclusion that no reform can be expected, or indeed is possible, from within. The men, the organizations, and the managements must now be called upon to submit to publicity and to correction, to

be administered by the stern arm of the law. A proper adjustment of the interests of the men and the management, with a view to the safety of travel is, under present conditions, absolutely impossible.

Ample opportunity and time have been afforded these parties to solve the safety problem between themselves, without outside interference. The Canadian government has already come to the conclusion that it is useless to wait any longer, and accordingly it has taken measures to safeguard the rights of the traveling public. In like manner, just as soon as the government of the United States arrives at the same conclusion and sees fit to designate carelessness on a railroad as a crime, punishable in the same way as carelessness in driving horses or automobiles on a crowded thoroughfare, a revolution will take place in the service on American railroads. When the management and the men are called upon to face public examination and public criticism, there will be no more hair-splitting in the interpretation and administration of discipline. The men and the management will then very quickly recognize the necessity of adjusting their differences and combining their forces in the interests of the public. In a word, *authority* will become supreme, and it will not take long for it to assert itself in terms of effectual discipline. Such, according to my view of it, is the only possible solution of the safety problem on American railroads.

All other topics and questions, although closely related to the problem, are in reality merely matters of detail. For example, the lack of adequate supervision means, of course, unchecked negligence and points the way to no end of trouble; and yet the most comprehensive system of supervision imaginable would be of little use, unsupported by a reasonable and effective system of discipline. While, therefore, my opinion as to the immediate necessity for the intervention of the national government holds good, a general description of the American

method of discipline, upon which the efficiency of the service is, in the mean time, absolutely dependent, should nevertheless prove interesting to all classes of readers.

To a great extent, a system of discipline represents a state of mind, the ideals of an individual or of a community, and sometimes, under certain special conditions, an economical habit or business necessity. In the old countries of Europe, where the public interests smother individual rights as well as the schedules of labor organizations, the railroads have taken for their motto, "He that sinneth shall die." Cassio, faithful and true, with an honorable and spotless record in the public service, falls from grace in an unguarded moment, and is sorrowfully yet absolutely doomed to dismissal by the high-minded Othello. "Never more be officer of mine." Such in spirit, and, to a great extent, in actual railroad life, is the European interpretation of discipline. The European officials work upon the plan and with the unswerving determination to protect the traveling public at all costs. The record of accidents on their railroads leaves little doubt as to the correctness of their methods of railroad-ing. On the other hand, in the United States, the railroad manager, backed to a certain extent by public opinion, says to an offending employee, "Your sin has enlightened and purified you, go back to your job." This is the mental method of discipline. A man is called upon to think, without at the same time being called upon to feel.

On a railroad nowadays, when a "green" man makes a mistake, he is quietly informed by his superintendent that five or ten demerit marks have been placed against his name on the record book. The shock he receives on the commission of his first mistake is not very striking. He has perhaps been called upon to think, but in order to give his thoughts pungency and direction, he should also have been called upon to feel. Good habits are induced by feeling plus

thought much more surely and expeditiously than by thought alone. Feeling plus thought is the scientific route. Some day, perhaps, thought alone will prove sufficient, but a railroad is no place to experiment with Utopian possibilities. What is necessary is the best and quickest way to originate good habits. The whole nervous system in man is first organized by habit. The feeling plus thought method of discipline is humane as well as scientific, and is the most potent instigator and prompter of habit.

According to Webster, discipline is "subjection to severe and systematic training." In the American method of discipline on railroads, there is no systematic training of any kind; sensation or feeling plays no part in it, and thought is left to take care of itself.

Theoretically, the mental process has a good deal to be said in its favor, but in actual operation the system has proved to be disastrous, and the records on American railroads illustrate only too eloquently the fallacy of the principle, under any conditions, where human lives are at stake. It is simply a question between the ethics and philosophy of Portia, and the blind impartiality of Othello as applied to the railroad business. In social affairs and in relation to conduct between individuals, the standards of Portia are gracious and commendable; but on a battleship, in the army, and just as surely on a railroad, the services of the rugged Othello will be found at all times to be the most effectual. In the United States, however, there is a certain altruistic sentiment that would fain submerge the ethics and principles of the old-time disciplinarian. Not only does this criticism apply to affairs on a railroad, but our educational methods, in every direction, seem to be threatened with the same peril. On all sides there now appears to be a disinclination to use authority. There seems to be something in the nature of a national kick against constraint or discipline of any kind. The ideals and rugged characteristics of American man-

hood, both on railroads and in our schools, are threatened with the coddling process.

Within the last ten or fifteen years, many railroads have changed or modified their system of discipline, as a tribute, in part, to this popular sentiment. Perhaps in making these changes the managers did the best they could under the circumstances. They found themselves fast losing the backing and authority necessary to enforce the old system, and the new method was at least a working arrangement with harmony for its basis.

A great majority of the railroads of the United States are now using some sort of a merit system in the administration of discipline. Most of these methods are adaptations of the Brown system, which was invented by Mr. G. R. Brown, at one time vice-president of the Pennsylvania. Brown figured it out for himself, while he was taking all the steps from trainman up, on the Fall Brook Railroad; and when he got to be general manager he put it in on his road. The system, as modified by most of the roads, is a sort of bookkeeping, with debits and credits in the shape of marks, to the account of each man. Generally speaking, a perfect record for any term of years may not be entered as a credit item in the book, although conspicuous instances of heroism or devotion to duty are sometimes noted. But a perfect record for a certain period will wipe out previous debits. An employee has access to his record book at any time, otherwise the record is kept in absolute secrecy. On some roads "rolls of honor" are kept and published, usually in the railroad magazines. The names of the men, together with an account of the meritorious action, receive special mention. But on the other hand, there is no mention, either of names or particulars, in regard to the debits when employees make mistakes.

Railroad managers appear to be satisfied with this Brown system of discipline,

and the statement has repeatedly appeared in the public prints that the adoption of these rules has resulted in better service to the companies. So far as the safety of travel and the general efficiency of the service are concerned, the figures and reports issued periodically by the Interstate Commerce Commission are calculated to convey a very different impression. Railroad officials inform us that the Brown system is an attempt to promote good feeling between the men and the management. This is doubtless true, but the statement lets the cat out of the bag. The employee appreciates the fact that the sting is extracted from a reprimand when it is administered in secret. Doubtless, if the sole aim has been to secure harmonious relations between men and management, little fault can be found with the Brown system, but it appears in a somewhat different light when we study it in relation to the safety problem.

For example, a man makes a serious mistake, without actual injury to persons or damage to property. He is punished to the extent of ten demerit marks. In the course of a few months five or six other men commit the same mistake. In every instance a secret record of the mistake has been kept. When a mistake remains unchecked, sooner or later it arrives at the epidemic stage and reaches its climax in a wreck, and then finally a man is discharged for it. The demerit marks have had no corrective or preventive effect whatever. Under this system the trouble is allowed to evolve in a natural way, from a simple case of unchecked negligence into a disaster in which, perhaps, a community is called upon to suffer.

On the other hand, a system that takes publicity and the pocketbook for its principal factors enlists every corrective element in its favor. You cannot separate suspension and loss of pay from publicity, to a certain degree. In all systems of punishment or correction, in a police court or elsewhere, there are usu-

ally two or three elements that are depended upon to bring about beneficial results. These factors are the shame that is attached to the publication of names, the pecuniary loss in the shape of a fine, and the danger of imprisonment. The Brown system has abolished publicity and done away with pecuniary loss. The employee is now aware that no one can touch his pocketbook, no one can wound his pride, or hold him up as an example to his fellows. Of course it is too bad that a railroad man should be called upon to take his discipline home with him, that his wife and children should have to share the shame and the penalty; and yet the decisions of courts and of human tribunals everywhere are all subject to the same criticism.

The Brown system, in a modified form, is to-day the American method, and while its supposed primary object may be to increase efficiency, its actual working is all in the interests of harmony between the men and management. The proof of the efficiency of any system of discipline is to be found in the freedom from accidents of all sorts. Within the last few months, I have heard railroad managers who heartily approve of the Brown system, deplore in the same breath the alarming increase of accidents. One of these gentlemen went so far as to inform me that it is the only possible system, so long as the men and the political influence of the organizations are allowed to control the situation.

The men very much prefer to take punishment on the installment plan, in the dark, to any settlement on a cash basis in open and above-board fashion. Discipline in the dark, on the installment plan, has all the facts, experience, and records of the past and present, and the probabilities of the future, arrayed against it. When you ask the manager how it happens that the United States does not recognize the efficacy of the mental method on the installment plan, and treat *him* as the Brown system treats the employees, he merely shrugs

his shoulders. When an infraction of the "safety-appliance law" or the "nine-hour law" is brought home to a manager, the action of the government or the law recognizing the superior efficacy of the mental treatment might reasonably be expected to say to him, "I give you ten demerit marks. Your mistake has enlightened and purified you; go back to your desk." A manager is surely as susceptible to mental influence and suggestion as an engineman or a conductor. Yet there is not a suspicion of the Brown system of discipline in the actual fines and imprisonment which the government has agreed upon as the best and quickest way to enforce obedience in the interests of the public welfare.

The general introduction of the Brown system on American railroads has been brought about by the "irritation" of the men when their pay or their time has been interfered with. This was, in general, the power that gave the impetus and encouragement to the movement.

The exact amount of "irritation" in loss of money to employees for one month has been figured out by one railroad, as follows:—

<i>Engineers</i>			
Discharged	4	Merits	0
Demerits	455	Amount saved to the men	\$1706
<i>Firemen</i>			
Discharged	2	Merits	10
Demerits	1265	Amount saved	\$263
<i>Conductors</i>			
Discharged	4	Merits	10
Demerits	485	Amount saved	\$1523
<i>Operators</i>			
Discharged	10	Merits	0
Demerits	310	Amount saved	\$514
<i>Trainmen</i>			
Discharged	21	Merits	0
Demerits	696	Amount saved	\$1553

That is to say, a certain number of men had been awarded "demerits" for offences instead of suspension with loss of pay, which in one month would have amounted to \$5559. Of course, most of

this amount would have been earned by spare men, but this consideration by no means allays the "irritation" of the regular men.

Multiply this irritation by the number of railroads in the United States, and the Brown system of discipline is accounted for. From the safety point of view, the greater the "irritation" the more evident becomes the necessity for some system calculated to control and put a stop to the negligence that produces the irritation. The Brown system very effectively allays this irritation at the expense of the public safety, by treating the negligence as a matter of secondary importance.

But although the Brown system and its modifications may reasonably be termed the American method, nevertheless here and there one comes across an instance of an American railroad that has discarded it and adopted a radically different method, with exceedingly satisfactory results. One of the roads that has broken away from the Brown system is the Chicago & Alton.

A few months ago, while in Bloomington, Illinois, the writer paid a visit to what is termed "The C. & A. Stereopticon Car." So far as I am aware there are only two or three of these cars on American railroads. The car is, in fact, a training school and lecture hall for the benefit of the employees. Mr. Perdue, the man in charge, is a veteran employee of over thirty years' experience, extending over practically every department of railroad life. In order to enter the service of the Chicago & Alton, every man has to pass through this car and take the necessary examinations. In this way Mr. Perdue has become personally acquainted with practically every man in the operating department of the Chicago & Alton. He knows the weak men and the strong men, and his watchful eye is over them all. He has the necessary authority to call any man into the car for re-examination, and to withhold him from duty if necessary, in the interests of the service.

Mr. Perdue kindly allowed me to remain in the car while he was conducting the exercises. There were some twenty or thirty railroad men seated before him. The lecturer held in his hand a small bundle of papers. They were the record of the disciplines for the month. Some of the wrong-doers had been called into the car to listen to a description and an analysis of their mistakes. Mr. Perdue is very kindly, yet forceful, both in manner and speech. He talks vigorously to the men in their own everyday language. He takes one accident after another, and by the actual representation of it on his screen, he demonstrates just how it happened and how to avoid it for the future. He then tells a certain man to stand up, and questions him closely as to what he would do under such and such circumstances. Finally, he turns to his screen and shows his audience how to smash a carload of household goods by rough handling and by giving careless motions, and on the other hand, how to be loyal to the road and at the same time true to themselves by rendering careful and efficient service.

Altogether Mr. Perdue's work and story are so interesting that I am tempted to give a part in his own words:—

"I have kept a record of the men handled during the past two or three years. I promoted 148 brakemen to be conductors, 264 firemen to be engineers, and instructed in all 3839 men. Practically all the men passed, because if they failed to begin with, they kept coming to me until I had educated them up to my standard. I believe the Chicago & Alton has the finest and most loyal body of employees on any railroad in the United States. I may be accused of blowing my own trumpet, but I honestly believe it is nearly all due to my method of training and discipline. By the way, this method is copyrighted by President Murphy of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad. Of course the method is one thing, and the man who handles the method is another, and a most important consider-

ation. That is why I point with pride to my record with the boys on the Chicago & Alton. I want them to get the credit for it, for without their coöperation my work would be thrown away. To begin with, I make a point of getting the men interested, not only in their own records, but in the records and reputation of the Chicago & Alton. I tell you one thing, and that is, you cannot, with impunity, malign or abuse the Chicago & Alton Railroad in the hearing of one of my boys.

"Then again, I have no favorites. I make it a point to work with absolute impartiality and uniformity. Every man knows he must stand or fall on his own merits, that is, on his record as a flagman, a fireman, or an engineer; and when he gets into trouble, his character as a man is taken into account. Please don't lose sight of the fact that I made these Chicago & Alton boys. I made good men out of them because I aroused an interest in every man. We are all proud to be able to say that we work for the Chicago & Alton, and we point to our road as the best, safest, and most comfortable in the country to-day. To give you an idea of our splendid service, you should take a ride on our 'Red Train,' on 'The Prairie Express' or 'The Hummer.'

"In 1904, during the World's Fair at St. Louis, we carried thousands more passengers than any other road, and we neither killed nor injured a single passenger. I spent two-thirds of my time riding round with the boys during the Fair season. We heard of numerous accidents happening on other roads, and one thing leading to another, the word was finally passed around, 'Boys, not a scratch to a passenger on the Chicago & Alton.' And we lived up to our motto, I can tell you. This kind of work is part of my method. It is a system of personal effort and personal direction, and I can tell you it pays. If you don't think so, just take a look at the accident records of the other roads during the same period.

"In regard to discipline, I don't believe in being too severe. It's what you hold up your sleeve and have the power to use periodically, that counts. Yet we are severe enough on the Chicago & Alton. No merit or demerit marks for us. For minor offenses, from five to ten days' lay-off, with loss of pay. For neglecting to have your watch inspected, we give as many as fifteen days' lay-off, and once in a great while, the penalty for serious offenses goes up to thirty days. But discipline to any great extent is uncalled for. When a man has been through my car, he may need it once, but very seldom a second time. If you will compare the number of preventable accidents on the Chicago & Alton during the years 1897, 1898, and 1899 with any year or period since I took charge of this system in 1900, you will get a very good idea of what the 'Stereopticon Car' and all that it stands for has done for the Chicago & Alton Railroad."

But now, making an end in this way of our survey of conditions on American railroads, there is yet one topic of another nature that should prove unusually interesting to the general public.

To the writer of these articles it has always seemed strange that the public interest and anxiety in regard to these distressing railroad accidents should never yet have taken the form of a very natural curiosity to find out to what extent and by whom these matters have been systematically studied and thought out. Doubtless the public has the impression that its interests are being cared for somehow by somebody. But impressions of this kind must not be mistaken for evidence. What, for instance, are the names of the employees, the managers, the politicians, or the legislators who have studied these railroad accidents at close range and given the public the benefit of their investigations? If these authorities have given little time and no thought to the subject, the public should be informed why they have avoided the discussion. As a matter of fact, the investigation has

been avoided, practically by all hands, for the reason that no man can honestly apply any kind of a probe to a serious railroad accident, without running the risk of a clash with the labor organizations. No such neglect, for this or other reasons, of a great public issue can be pointed to in any other department of American industry or civilization.

For instance, from time to time we read in the public prints of prizes being offered by cities and states, and sometimes by the national government, for the best designs for some public building or memorial. Without delay architects and artists all over the country concentrate their minds on the subject. Those who are capable of submitting valuable opinions and plans are invited and encouraged to do so. Money and brains and professional pride are enlisted in the undertaking, and thus we actually secure the best results that the concentrated thought and talent of the profession is capable of producing.

Now it will certainly occur to most of us that it is quite as serious and important an undertaking to try to save thousands of lives on the railroads as it is to provide commodious and artistic public buildings. Upon examination at close range, however, it soon becomes evident that no concentration of thought whatever is being directed to this safety problem, such as all other questions of national importance immediately bring into play. If this point is well taken, it surely must result in bringing to light a most unusual and almost incomprehensible state of affairs. From my point of view, then, neither money, brains, nor professional pride are in any way enlisted in the undertaking, except along the lines of least resistance. The lines of least resistance in these railroad problems are concerned with and embrace all manner of signals and safety devices for the protection of life and property. The thought and money that are being lavished on this side of the problem can be realized by a glance at any or all of the scientific

periodicals. But the lines of greatest resistance, and at the same time of the greatest importance, which call for a study of the human element, that is to say of the conduct of the men in relation to efficiency of service, have as yet failed to receive the attention and thought which the importance of the problem undeniably calls for.

Undoubtedly this view of the matter will meet with considerable criticism. It is a distinct reflection on the policies and methods of the officials and the authorities to whom the public is in the habit of looking for assistance and enlightenment. Nevertheless, a short consideration of the subject will, I think, be sufficient to sustain my contention, and at the same time it will serve as an introduction to a chapter in the railroad business that is replete with interesting particulars, as well from the industrial as from the sociological point of view.

From the nature of the railroad business, with its multiplicity of rules, signals, and customs, which constitute the mysteries of the operating department, little assistance is to be expected, in a direct way, from the ideas and opinions of the general public in the devising or initiating of improved methods of operation. Public opinion, however, has its proper function and influence, which can be profitably utilized in other directions.

In the same way, judging from experience and our knowledge of the past, little assistance in the way of thought or co-operation is to be anticipated from the rank and file of the men. No amount of public stimulation or official encouragement has so far had any effect in rousing the average engineman, conductor, or station agent, and inducing him to devote any part of his spare time or his talents to a fearless discussion of these railroad problems, which are so intimately related to the safety of the traveling public. Neither in the railroad magazines nor in the newspapers, will you ever come across an article or any kind of appeal calling upon the organizations to take a

hand, in any public way, by coöperation with managers or otherwise, in improving the scandalous accident record, which at the present day is the distinguishing feature of the American railroad service. Every railroad man seems to be a specialist in his own department, and up to date there is no suspicion of a social conscience in any way connected with his job or his schedules. In a word, the employee has not devoted to the subject of railroad accidents any systematic thought or consideration whatever.

Turning now to the officials of our railroads, to the trainmasters, superintendents, and managers, the evidence is even less satisfactory. For it must be allowed that any systematic and persistent study of these matters on the part of the railroad officials would sooner or later become known to the public, through the press. But there is absolutely no evidence of the kind in existence. The press of the country can be carefully scrutinized and watched for an account of a railroad accident that has been fearlessly and thoroughly analyzed by railroad officials and published for the information of the public. Personally, after carefully watching the outcome of a score of cases, I am of the opinion that the investigation of a railroad accident by the management of an American railroad is neither more nor less than a hushing-up process, in which the officials are assisted by the railroad commissioners, who frequently dodge main issues by taking circuitous routes.

For instance, it cannot be denied that railroad commissioners in general are aware that interference with discipline in aggravated form is a recognized principle on our railroads. The Massachusetts Commissioners, for example, found themselves face to face with the issue, a few years ago, during their investigation of what is known as the Baker Bridge disaster. In their report of this accident, they characterized the principle as vicious and let it go at that, and yet they are just as well aware as I am of the duties

and habits of a grievance committee, as well as of the fact that the privilege of unlimited appeal from the discipline of the superintendent is to be found in almost every agreement between men and management.

I am not presuming, in any way, to define the functions or duties of the Railroad Commissioners; my object is simply to discover, if possible, by whom and in what manner these railroad accidents are being studied and analyzed in the interests of the traveling public. All our evidence, therefore, points to the fact that trainmasters, superintendents, and managers, — that is to say, the only men in the country who are thoroughly posted in all the details of railroad life, and therefore the only men with the ability and equipment to think out these problems to successful solution, — are absolutely tongue-tied and pen-paralyzed on the subject. Occasionally, perhaps, one of these gentlemen may emerge from his seclusion with an interesting essay on certain phases of railroad life. In a general way he may call attention to the importance of certain cardinal characteristics and virtues. He may emphasize a sermon on the absolute necessity of obedience to the rules with numerous and interesting illustrations; but when it comes to a question of enlightening the public in regard to the actual working arrangements that exist between the management and men, he immediately draws a wide black line.

If a superintendent should have the temerity to come out in the open and describe, for the benefit of the public, the process of running his division by a combination of rules, schedules, and grievance committees, with himself as an almost impersonal factor in the midst of it all, turning the crank merely as director of the machinery, he would in short order be called upon to back up his story with his resignation. This would be a perfectly natural consequence of his loyalty to the public interests and of his lack of consideration for the tra-

ditions and etiquette of his office. Not only is this true, but his usefulness as a superintendent would be at an end; he would be placed on the unfair list by employees, and thus he would quickly become *persona non grata* to his superiors, whose harmonious relations with the organizations he would constantly be in danger of upsetting.

But if the public should think fit to follow up the investigation suggested and initiated by the superintendent in this way, it would quickly find itself face to face with the fundamental antagonism that exists in the highest railroad circles between the *rival interests of harmony and efficiency*. So far as our railroads are concerned, this is the "land's end" of discussion on the safety problem. Harmony is the altar upon which the interests of the traveling public are continually being sacrificed. Harmony is the final adjuster, arbitrator, and referee. Harmony dictates the policy of the railroad, the nature and severity of its discipline, while efficiency follows in the rear, as best it can. Just as soon as the public gets interested sufficiently in preventable railroad accidents to call for all the facts in relation to them, then, and not until then, will harmony be dethroned from its dictatorship. So I think I am justified in repeating the statement that these preventable railroad accidents and the causes which lead up to them have not yet received proper attention and thought at the hands either of the public, of the employees, or of the managing bodies of the railroads. The superintendent allows the public to remain in ignorance out of regard for his job, and the manager does the same in the interest of harmony.

It must not be imagined, however, that the management is alone to blame in the matter. Only too often, in the past, when a railroad manager, in the interests of good service, has made a test case of his power, he has had the public as well as the men to contend against. As a matter of fact, even at the present day, the public is not in a mood

to give much credit or attention to explanations and statements that emanate from railroad headquarters. It is an uncomfortable truth that public opinion, as a rule, looks upon official announcements or reports of railroad accidents as being more or less tainted, and the idea is deeply imbedded in the public mind that a superintendent is open to the same suspicion that is commonly attached to a manipulator of stocks in Wall Street.

As it seems to me, then, the conclusion that little enlightenment in regard to railroad accidents is to be looked for from management or men has impressed itself in some way on the public mind, and the appointment of boards of railroad commissioners to look after the public interests has been the natural consequence. But when we come to hunt up the evidence in regard to the study of railroad accidents by railroad commissioners, a most unlooked-for state of affairs is disclosed.

Undoubtedly most of the problems that come up before the commissioners for solution are well within the sphere of their talents and business ability, but a fair and impartial investigation of railroad accidents calls for a thorough examination and sifting of the evidence by men who are actually in touch with the working of the rules and the movements of the trains. It is not sufficient for commissioners to call for the evidence and to listen to a rehearsal of some of the rules that apply to the case. A fair-minded and unprejudiced listener at any "hearing" conducted by these boards would quickly be impressed with the conclusion that in New England, at any rate, the commissioners are not fitted by training, study, or experience to furnish the public with intelligent criticism of the simplest case of a preventable railroad accident. I have not the slightest hesitation in recording this as the whispered opinion of all railroad men who have given any thought to the subject, although, of course, it would be highly imprudent for any one to say so out loud.

Not only to railroad men, but to the public as well, the following illustration will be as plain and to the point as words can make it:—

On September 15, 1907, a head-on collision occurred near West Canaan, N. H., between two passenger trains, in which twenty-five passengers were killed and about as many more injured. The accident was the result of an error, either in sending or receiving a train order—possibly both the sender and receiver were at fault. One of these men was the train dispatcher in the main office, the other was a telegraph operator at a way station. With a view of placing the responsibility and explaining the disaster, an investigation was immediately entered into by the Board of Railroad Commissioners of the State of New Hampshire. These gentlemen were assisted in their duties by the Attorney-General of the state, their legal adviser. Replying to the direct question of the board, "How do you think this accident happened? What occasioned it?" the General Superintendent of the Boston & Maine Railroad, himself an operator and train dispatcher, testified as follows:—

"I would say, in my thirty years' experience, closely connected with the dispatching of trains—we run something like 700,000 trains a year—I have never known a similar error to be made and I never have heard of it. An error certainly was made and due, as I believe, to a failure of the mental process, either in the brain of the dispatcher at Concord, the operator at Canaan, or both, *and it is utterly impossible for me to determine which one made the failure, or whether or not they both made it.*"

Such was the opinion of an expert railroad man, recognized as such by the commissioners themselves. Thereupon the general superintendent, at the request and for the benefit of the board, entered into a minute and exact account of the methods employed in moving and handling trains on the Boston & Maine Railroad, in so far as this was necessary to

explain the situation at the time of the accident. The narrative of the general superintendent was interrupted at frequent intervals by questions from the attorney-general and the commissioners. He, the manager, was called upon to explain, not only the rules of the road, but the commonest principles and movements in the train service. "What is a 'block'?" "What do you mean by 'O.K.' and 'complete'?" Explain in detail your train-order system." "As a matter of curiosity let me ask how this signal works." These questions are not put as a mere legal form or habit, for many of the points call for reiterated explanation before they are comprehended by the board. The language is plain enough: they don't understand this, they are not familiar with that, and the section of track on which the accident happened they know nothing about. In a word, the board goes to school to learn something about the elements of railroading and the details of train movements by telegraph, and having in this way been thoroughly drilled into an understanding of the accident, and having listened to all the evidence, the investigation comes to an end.

On October 11, 1907, the finding or report of the commissioners was published. After reviewing the accident, the evidence in relation to it, and the methods of operation in the train service of the Boston & Maine Railroad, all of which was, in fact, simply a reproduction of the testimony of the general superintendent, the board concludes its analysis by pointing to the train dispatcher at Concord as the "more than probable" transgressor, and actually undertakes to describe the train of mental wanderings by means of which the error was arrived at! In the face of the declaration of the expert railroad manager that it was impossible to single out the offender, the commissioners, on the same evidence, but without the expert understanding of it, are satisfied to send this train dispatcher out into the world with the stigma of implied guilt and respon-

sibility for the death of twenty-five people on his head. Train dispatchers all over the country were very much exercised and indignant at this "finding" of the commissioners, and I am convinced it would be very difficult to find a telegraph operator in the United States who would be willing to say a word in its favor.

That public officials should feel themselves justified in expressing opinions having the nature of verdicts, upon delicate questions relating to the train-order system of train movements, while confessing themselves ignorant of the terms "O. K." and "complete," is beyond the comprehension of railroad men; and public opinion would quickly see the point and recognize the justice of this criticism, if its attention should happen to be called to the members of a naval board of inquiry, for example, whose previous experience had been such that they were unfamiliar with the terms "port" and "starboard."

A careful perusal of the foregoing arguments and illustrations should have the effect of impressing upon the public

mind two simple, yet very significant, conclusions:—

In the first place it will be evident that the safety problem on American railroads must be taken in hand and solved by the people. The present tangled condition of affairs can be straightened out only by supreme authority.

And our second conclusion is the revelation that the area in American industrial life covered by these preventable railroad accidents and the causes that lead up to them is practically, at the present day, a *terra incognita*. Of course the railroad man who steps out from the rank and file and undertakes to give away the plans and topography of the country for the benefit of those who are interested in improving conditions exposes himself to all sorts of cynical criticism in the minds of his fellows. However, as a matter of fact, your true philosopher thrives in this kind of atmosphere. He is born of the battle and the breeze, and spends a lifetime in fortifying the walls of his "tub," into which, when hard beset, he retires to enjoy himself.

NATURE AGAINST NURTURE

BY E. T. BREWSTER

OUR knowledge of the way in which living things have come to be what they are, and of the means by which they may be made something else,—bionomics, as we are learning to call it,—has come a long way since 1902. The changed aspect of the science appears, not unstrikingly, in the two excerpts which follow: one by an English man of science, a Fellow of Gonville and Caius; the other by an Illinois farmer writing in a farm paper. Both are by men who have themselves done the things they write about.

"Less than two years have passed

since the first edition of this little book appeared, yet so rapid has been the progress of Mendelian studies, that part of what was then written is already out of date. Why the dwarf pea sprung from tall ancestors breeds true to dwarfness; why the progeny of a black and a white rabbit are in one case all black, and in another all of the wild gray color; why the 'pure' blue Andalusian fowl must ever remain a mongrel—these and other seeming paradoxes were clear two years ago. But why two white sweet peas should give a purple, and why two hair-

less stocks should revert to the hairy form — these were questions that were then unsolved. That experiment would give us the solution we were confident, and our confidence has been justified by the event. The sweet pea and the stock have yielded up their secret, and we are at last able to form a clear conception of the meaning of 'reversion'."

"You may with these laws [of Mendel] make a breed with these combinations: Black Angus with horns; same with white face; same with white face and no horns; you can put the Hereford white face on the buffalo (as has Colonel Jones); you can obtain any character you desire from any breed and graft this character on to your favorite breed, and at the same time eliminate all the other heredities gotten from the borrowed breed."

Ten years ago, organic evolution was one of the speculative sciences. To-day, the farmer has only to specify that his wheat must ripen by such and such a date; stand up under a certain wind velocity; thrive in this, that, or the other soil; bear in its seeds so much protein or so much starch; and the United States Department of Agriculture or the Seed-Grain Society for Sweden builds him the plant to order. What was but lately the solicitude of the theologian has now become the concern of the market gardener.

How such things are done, and the theory which underlies their doing, appears in a group of books whose number attests the world's perennial interest in the topic. A few of the group, to be sure, are more readable than fresh or important.¹ Yet even among these, Mr. Trumbull's brief work is noteworthy for

the unaffected sincerity with which it sets forth, as to a boy just getting too old for Sunday-School, the evolutionary basis of morality. De Vries² is as always — De Vries, the world's first authority in his field, an investigator who writes with the clarity of one who sees his subject steadily and whole. Of his three general works, this is much the briefest and least technical. The two Californians lecture each year to their university public; and the inevitable book,³ skillfully made as befits two such practiced writers, brings to an old topic enough that is new and Western to commend itself even to the hardened evolutionist. In much the same fashion, the junior author⁴ alone treats a single aspect of the larger problem. Both authors, in controverted matters, follow the middle way; each book, though too condensed for easy reading, is on the whole the best of its kind.

A zoölogist at Columbia surveys a field in which he has himself done much sound and not a little brilliant work.⁵ Professor Morgan was one of the first in this country to take up zoölogy from the experimental side, and few men in the world are better equipped to write a general work on the subject. In addition, since the passing of the group of which Hyatt and Shaler were the best-known figures, he has been the most important American opponent and critic of Darwinism. Of the two Englishmen, both students at first hand of the topics

¹ *Darwinism and the Problems of Life*. By CONRAD GUENTHER, Ph. D. Translated from the third German edition by JOSEPH McCABE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1907.

Life and Evolution. By F. W. HEADLEY, F. Z. S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1907.

Evolution and Religion. By WILLIAM TRUMBULL, LL.B. New York: The Grafton Press. 1907.

² *Plant Breeding: Comments on the Experiments of Nilsson and Burbank*. By HUGO DE VRIES. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. 1907.

³ *Evolution and Animal Life*. By DAVID STARR JORDAN and VERNON LYMAN KELLOGG. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1907.

⁴ *Darwinism To-day*. A discussion of present-day scientific criticism of the Darwinian selection theories, together with a brief account of the principal other proposed auxiliary and alternative theories of species-forming. By VERNON L. KELLOGG. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1907.

⁵ *Experimental Zoölogy*. By THOMAS HUNT MORGAN. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

they discuss, Lock¹ covers the wider field; while Punnett,² from whom comes my first quotation, seems to me to have achieved the best simple exposition yet in print of Mendelism and the Mutation Theory.

From the University of Aberdeen comes an orderly summing-up of all that is known and much that has been guessed concerning natural inheritance.³ The well-known *Evolution of Sex* of the same author has for years been the one book to which the lay student turns first; this newest work, strikingly like the older in method, may well attain the same high repute. Inevitably, since all bionomic roads now-a-days lead to the same Rome, Professor Thompson's book overlaps others of the group whose nominal subjects are quite different. Of them all, however, his is aimed most frankly at the general reader; his in consequence deals most fully with man.

Yet while Mendel and Mutation bulk large in all these books, they have for the three Britons a significance deeper than any scientific or economic interest. England, more perhaps than any other civilized nation, has realized that high social development and rapid material progress are not of necessity accompanied by any improvement of the stock itself. Thanks in no small part to Mendel, we can to-day distinguish pretty clearly between those qualities of men which, not being inherited, perish with their possessors; those other qualities which, by continuous selection, can be brought to a fixed pitch, only to deteriorate again, the moment selection ceases; and those other qualities which, less dependent on selection, remain as long as the race endures. With a sound and workable theory of heredity at last established, it is inevit-

able that English men of science should wish to apply that theory, to stop the degeneration of one of the finest of human stocks.

To this important topic are devoted also the latest Boyle⁴ and Spencer⁵ lectures. The two men who made modern biometrics have for years been pointing out just where the nation's efforts to better itself have been based on a fundamental misconception of the nature of living things. At last, suddenly, the nation has found ears to hear. The two printed lectures and Mr. Punnett's essay are, all three together, but an evening's reading — but they are tracts for the times.

The making and unmaking of men is also the burden of a larger work.⁶ Unfortunately, it seems to be the fate of sociologist and educator, when they attempt to found their conclusions upon more fundamental sciences, to select only the wilder theories of science, and to build their special doctrines upon some principle which the scientific world promptly repudiates. Witness, for example, Spencer's belief in the inheritance of acquired characters, or that ancient myth, still dear to the heart of the child-student, that the young animal repeats in its life-stages the history of its adult ancestors. Mr. Chatterton-Hill does not altogether escape the common failing. An ardent disciple of Weismann, he has chosen to put special stress upon precisely those parts of Weismann's teaching — "ids," namely, "determinants" "germinal selection," the whole fanciful theory of inheritance — which biologists have allowed to drop quietly out of sight. Mr. Chatterton-Hill's science, good so far as it goes, belongs to the last decade of

¹ *Recent Progress in the Study of Variation, Heredity and Evolution.* By ROBERT HEATH LOCK, M.A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1906.

² *Mendelism.* By R. O. PUNNETT. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

³ *Heredity.* By J. ARTHUR THOMPSON, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

⁴ *The Scope and Importance to the State of the Science of National Eugenics.* By KARL PEARSON, F.R.S. New York: Henry Frowde. 1907.

⁵ *Probability, the Foundation of Eugenics.* By FRANCIS GALTON, F. R. S. New York: Henry Frowde. 1907.

⁶ *Heredity and Selection in Sociology.* By GEORGE CHATTERTON-HILL. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

the nineteenth century rather than to the first decade of this.

Nor is Mr. Chatterton-Hill altogether sound in passages like the following, in which he expresses pretty completely an opinion, fundamental not only to himself, but also to the entire group to which he belongs.

"But cannot human reason put an end to this state of conflict, cannot it bring about, for the higher forms of human society, a cessation of strife? The reply must be negative. Only through the medium of conflict can selection operate; and if conflict be suppressed, the action of selection is rendered impossible. What must be the result? Stagnation and consequent extinction. By the suppression of conflict human society would suppress itself."

The facts are, of course, quite the contrary. The most rapid evolution that we know anything about appears in polled cattle and rustless wheats — in precisely those organisms, in short, which, most completely removed from the struggle for existence, are being selected in accordance with an ideal. A domesticated species in the hands of Nilsson makes more progress overnight than nature, with her free-for-all competition, can effect in a hundred years. Now, civilized man is not a wild species but a domesticated species. His immediate problem is not so much how the tiger acquired his claws and the ape lost its tail, as how Burbank's cactus lost its spines and Webber's oranges learned to withstand frost. One may indeed learn from the sociologists all that he cares to know concerning the causes of racial decay; he must look to the biologists if he would learn the possibilities of racial advance.

There really are two different problems confronting a modern state. One, to hold its population up to the standard of fitness which it has already reached, as nature holds a wild species up to its survival level. The other and quite different task is to transform and improve a population with every advance of civilization,

as a domesticated race is moulded to follow the demands of the market. The first of these might have been begun at any time within the last twenty years; the second has awaited precise knowledge which has come only within the last five.

Given that knowledge, there is little that a nation might not do for itself. It took Biffin at Cambridge University only three seasons to fix immunity to yellow rust in one of the worst rusting of English wheats. It took Castle at Harvard less than a year to put another toe on the hind foot of a guinea-pig. In hardly longer time, Tower at Chicago turned out a race of Colorado beetles, so much hardier and more prolific than the common potato-bug, that he was constrained to put them all to the sword lest they devastate half a continent. Thanks, among others, to the authors of several of the books now before us, a benevolent and all-powerful despot backed by a scientific commission could "Burbank" the soberness of Jew or Chinaman into the most drunken of races, and make the saloon as innocuous as the public library. A free people, who realized in full their duty to their children and the state, could make of themselves a race of able men who should do with ease and pleasure the tasks which they now perform with toil and pain. Either could solve the problem of the unemployed by having no more unemployable.

The general case of domesticated man against wild nature is put most unpromisingly by a distinguished anatomist too little known on this side of the water.¹ We might, if we only would, say various men of science, work diverse profitable miracles. We must, says the former director in the British Museum, whether we will or not. Civilized man has long ceased to take unresistingly what nature gives him. Now he comes to a parting of the ways, where he must either go forward to a complete conquest

¹ *The Kingdom of Man*. By E. RAY LANKESTER, M. A., D. Sc., LL. D., F. R. S. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

of nature—and himself; or else “perish miserably by the vengeance certain to fall on the half-hearted meddler in great affairs.” Man has defied nature, and one or other of them must take the consequences. Once more, this time in a Romanes lecture, an English naturalist calls upon science for a new kind of Englishman.

The same living faith in the power of science to transform humanity and thereby to make men happy, explains, I think, the vogue of Elie Metchnikoff¹ among thoughtful people. The ideal for which the man of to-day is to strive is not the harmonious development of all his powers. Those powers nature made, haltingly and blunderingly, to fit another environ-

¹ *The Prolongation of Life: Optimistic Studies*. By Elie Metchnikoff. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1908.

ment than ours. Civilized man has remade the earth—and seen that it is not good. It now remains for him to transform himself into the kind of man who will be happy amid his own handiwork. “Human nature, which, like the constitution of other organisms, is subject to evolution, must be modified according to a definite ideal. Just as a gardener or stock-raiser is not content with the existing nature of the plants and animals with which he is occupied, but modifies them to suit his purposes, so also the scientific philosopher must not think of existing human nature as immutable, but must try to modify it for the advantage of mankind.”

Much of this could be begun now. All of it will have to be done sooner or later. The world is the heritage of that nation which does it first.

THE RESTATEMENT OF THEOLOGY

BY GEORGE HODGES

ONE who reads the theological books of the past twelve months finds that a great number of them are engaged in discussing the restatement of theology. This is, indeed, one of the oldest of debates. Arius and Athanasius represented the opposing sides of it. The Council of Trent and the Westminster Assembly of Divines were busy with it. But the contention turns to-day upon a new point. The present proposition is not to substitute a new creed for an old one, but to change the emphasis of interest from a theological system to a theological method.

The previous arguments have been for and against a system, but the men who are just now doing the most interesting work in theology are not occupied in the defense or in the demolition of any particular body of results. Their whole de-

sire is to know the truth of God, and the point of variance is in the question whether the student is to be free to find whatever truth he can, or is to be forbidden to find any truth which is out of accord with the accepted system. This is plainly a more radical difference than that which arises in the discussion of any single article of the creed, for it is a debate between the claims of authority on the one side and of reason on the other. It involves the entire process of theological study, and the place of theology in the curriculum of learning. Shall the teacher of theology hear recitations or shall he give lectures? Shall he depend on a text-book or shall he verify and increase the knowledge of the past by his own research? The restatement of theology, as at present debated, implies not so much a proposition or series of proposi-

tions, as a privilege. It is a question of method. Thus the latest Bampton Lecturer, in his book, *The Reproach of the Gospel*,¹ says that if the restatement of the creeds means "an official recasting of dogma in the language of the twentieth century, then such a scheme might be summarily dismissed as impossible; all would end in a cloud of new controversy, and confusion worse confounded." But if this means "that our conception of God must develop with the mental and moral growth of each succeeding generation, the process is not only desirable but inevitable."

It is to be regretted that almost all the new books are written by the advocates of change. The old text is revised to read, "the new is better." The conservatives, indeed, are busy with their pens, but they are writing denominational tracts, or letters to ecclesiastical newspapers, or little books issued by publishing houses which have a rather limited constituency. This situation has two unfortunate results: it increases the misunderstanding between the reflective and the unreflective classes, and it impels the believers in things-as-they-are to substitute the superficial argument of compulsion for the convincing argument of reason.

The new books are in substantial agreement in deploring the misunderstanding between the reflective and the unreflective classes. A good many of them are written in the endeavor to recall the scholar, the philosopher, the man of letters, to his old place in the fraternity of the faithful people. They invite him back, however, on somewhat new conditions. They tell him that a great number of sermons have been preached since last he went to church, and that they are better now than they used to be. They assure him that not only has the doctrine of evolution been commonly accepted, but that to it has been added the doctrine of the immanence of God, and that all doc-

trines are interpreted and valued according to the principle of the pragmatic philosophy. And this means a great change. For the doctrine that God is in the world, as interpreted, for example, by Professor Bowne in *The Immanence of God*,² makes the natural as divine as the supernatural. God, then, is in the ordinary processes of nature, in the green hills as in the volcano, in the journey of the modern traveler through the Suez Canal as in the journey of the people of Israel across the Red Sea. God is in all history, in the slow progress of nations as well as in dramatic battles; and in all thought, assisting not only the prophet but the student. The old notion that God makes himself known only by the intervention of miracle passes away and leaves us free to examine the miraculous, and even in this and that instance to deny it, without feeling that we are thereby dismissing God. Also the principle of valuing doctrine according to its result in conduct, as set forth, for example, by Professor James in his *Pragmatism*,³ makes great changes in the perspective of theology. The most important thing in life, according to this philosophy, is conduct, action, *pragma*. And the most important truths for us are those which actually affect our lives the most. Other, lesser propositions, may be equally true, but not of equal "cash value." These the wise religious teacher will set in the background, and by this distribution of truths will practically make a restatement of theology.

Unhappily, however, while the progressive brethren are thus enlarging upon the doctrine of immanence and the method of pragmatism, and are gaining the acceptance of the reflective, the brethren of the conservative side are teaching the great body of the people that these doctrines are not only untrue but pernicious; while they are apparently making

¹ *The Reproach of the Gospel*. By JAMES H. F. PEILE. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.

² *The Immanence of God*. By BORDEN P. BOWNE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1905.

³ *Pragmatism*. By WILLIAM JAMES. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.

no serious attempt to commend their position, on either its positive or its negative side, to persons of learning and cultivation. That is, the progressives, being writers of books, are saying one thing to the reflective classes; the conservatives, being writers of tracts, are saying another thing to the unreflective classes.

The two voices are bad enough, but the separation between the classes is not only increased but embittered by an endeavor on the part of the conservatives to silence the progressives. They are trying to bring about a uniformity of teaching, not by a better understanding, not by conciliation, nor even by arbitration, but by a process of ecclesiastical lock-out. This is a confession of weakness, and thus far is encouraging to liberal theologians. The man who is sure of the stability of his position will argue gladly and everlastingly; he will welcome all investigation, and will be satisfied to entrust his case to the decision of the common sense of public opinion. He will have no desire to strengthen his side by putting his neighbor to silence. That will be as repugnant to him as the foul endeavor of an athletic team to win a game by crippling their opponents. That this summons of the police and invocation of the ecclesiastical court is indeed a true sign of a sense of weakness, is confirmed by the prevailing minor key of the conservative voice, and by the general conservative agreement that things are going every day from bad to worse. The contrast in current literature between the depression of the conservatives and the cheerfulness of the progressives is both notable and significant.

The contrast is altogether warranted by the progress which is evident in the restatement of theology. That is, the method of free study has established itself beyond recall. That part of the debate which has regard to the parliamentary procedure of theologians is settled. The attempt to evade the rules of the game by processes of excommunication is as futile as the attempt of a soldier to

protect himself against powder and shot by wearing chain armor. The effect of such evasion of debate, the use of force instead of reason, is only to array against orthodoxy the sympathies, and presently the convictions, of liberally educated people. There is at present an invincible distrust of a system which needs to be propped up after that manner. There is a general feeling that truth is able to stand alone.

How naturally and gradually the idea of ecclesiastical authority in doctrine grew among Christian people is shown by Mr. Durell in his book of citations from the early fathers, entitled, *The Historic Church*.¹ At first, there was none of it. In the New Testament it has no place. St. Peter, afterwards taken as the apostle of authority, speaks with singular restraint and humility. Then the Montanists and the Gnostics came, and they compelled definition. The Montanists said, "Are not we laymen priests as well as you?" and thus necessitated a definition of the church. The Gnostics said, "What we say is true, what you say is false," and the simplest mode of reply was to refer to church tradition. "Go to the Apostolic churches, and hear what they say. They have the truth which was committed by Christ to the apostles." In the East, the fathers were fond of philosophical debate, and they argued the Nicene Creed, for and against, for fifty years. But in the West, men were imperfectly acquainted with metaphysics, and impatient of philosophy, and intent on doing things, and in the habit of commanding and obeying, and the convenient reference to tradition prevailed. It saved the trouble of laboriously thinking the thing out. This, however, while it contented the Latin mind, did not abidingly satisfy the very different temper of the Teuton. Hence the Reformation. Hence also the difference in point of view between Scholasticism and Modernism.

Of course, there are a lot of people to

¹ *The Historic Church*. By J. C. V. DURELL. Cambridge: The University Press. 1906.

whom authority is absolutely necessary. And in this company most of us find ourselves at one time or another; one remembers Mr. Chesterton's happy phrase — "The human race, to which so many of my readers belong." But there is a great difference between authority as a free public utility and as a monopoly. We all use it and are glad to use it; but when any company of gentlemen announce that we must henceforth use their authority on pain of divers unpleasant consequences here or hereafter, we instinctively revolt, because we are made that way. This being the case, at least with the reflective classes, one is perplexed to see why a method of teaching which arouses inevitable dissent should not be given up for a method which produces a reasonable conviction of the truth. That the modern method is adapted to the maintenance of conservative positions is admirably shown by Dr. Orr in his vigorous discussion of the *Virgin Birth of Christ*.¹ The demand for a restatement of this particular article of the creed has usually been made by men who have already rejected the supernatural, and has been refused by men who seem to have no understanding of the serious difficulties which are involved. In this futile debate, it is pleasant to find a champion of orthodoxy who, with neither fears nor tears, proceeds at once to state and defend his position with a good knowledge of the intellectual situation. There is a downright quality in Dr. Orr's dialectic which sometimes carries conviction beyond the argument. Indeed, whatever weakness there is in it comes from a resolute purpose to defend his thesis at all points. The truth is that there are some points which are much more obscure than the argument allows. The reflective reader would prefer some recognition of these hard places, some confession that honest men are not wholly without reason in their incredulity.

¹ *The Virgin Birth of Christ*. By JAMES ORR. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

That would seem less like an appeal to a jury and more like a sympathetic study of a great mystery.

The mystery finds no place in Dr. Campbell's dealing with this doctrine in *The New Theology*.² He restates it by elimination. He thinks that it is true, but that it never happened. The truth which it contains is that "the emergence of anything great and beautiful in human character and achievement is the work of the divine spirit within human limitations." Thus the Virgin Birth, he says, is akin to the myth of the making of the world, and is repeated perennially in experience. "The spiritual birth described in the conversation between our Lord and Nicodemus as given in the third of John, is, properly speaking, a virgin birth. Every man who deliberately faces towards the highest, and feels himself reinforced by the spirit of God in so doing, is quickened from above; the divinely human Christ is born in him, the Word has become flesh and is manifested to the world."

One hesitates to speak of Dr. Campbell's work in any other terms than those of appreciation, partly because of the spiritual earnestness which is everywhere evident in it, and partly because his immediate neighbors are just now administering to him all the criticism which is really needed for his soul's health. He says in the preface to his *Christianity and the Social Order*,³ "At the present moment I am in the position of having been quietly excluded from an active share in every Nonconformist organization with which I was formerly connected, with the exception of the City Temple itself." But his dealing with the doctrine of the Virgin Birth explains in some measure the reason for this disapprobation. The constitution of the human mind is such that we are inclined to take plain hostility in better part than injurious fraternity.

² *The New Theology*. By R. J. CAMPBELL. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

³ *Christianity and the Social Order*. By R. J. CAMPBELL. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

We prefer a straight denial of the creed to an acceptance of it which at the same time virtually contradicts its meaning. We greatly dislike to be comforted in our loss of a fact by the offer of a "truth" of the same name; and if the comfort is administered in an affectionate manner we greatly resent it. The psalmist who said, "Let the righteous rather smite me friendly and reprove me," hastened to add (in the Prayer-book version) "but let not their precious balms break my head." Dr. Briggs, in his learned interpretation of the Psalms¹ in the International Critical Commentary, says that this is not a good translation. Nevertheless, it expresses a state of mind which is common enough. Whether the psalmist intended it or not, there are precious balms which hurt more than clubs. We are of the same mind with the small child who said, "Mother, I don't care how hard you scold me, if only you won't put your arm around me." Some of the disfavor with which Dr. Campbell's work is received is due to the fact that while he scolds us he puts his arm around us. Against that our souls revolt.

When Dr. Campbell's books are set beside *The Substance of the Faith*² by Sir Oliver Lodge, and *Through Scylla and Charybdis*³ by Father Tyrrell, we have the case against immutable orthodoxy stated from three quite different points of view, by a Protestant, by a Catholic, and by a man of science.

Bishop Gore, in *The New Theology and the Old Religion*⁴ expresses a decided preference for the position of Sir Oliver Lodge as contrasted with that of Dr.

Campbell. "The New Theology," he says, "is of course to be differently estimated when it is proposed to us from the side of science, and when it is advocated by ministers of the Catholic creed, or of Nonconformist bodies who have been identified with the same fundamental belief." In the latter cases "it represents abandonment, not progress. But, viewed as an advance from the side of science, I desire to give the warmest welcome to so spiritual a creed."

Sir Oliver Lodge, Father Tyrrell, and Dr. Campbell agree that there is need of a restatement of theology. The relation of theology to religion is like the relation of biology to life. The task of the theologian is to set forth in an ordered way our best knowledge of God. But in this region two changes are in constant progress; there is, in the first place, a change in our manner of expression, so that each generation must be addressed in its own tongue wherein it is born, the old sermons becoming inevitably obsolete, even the best of them, and the old commentaries becoming hopelessly unreadable; and there is, in the second place, an increase in our knowledge of God, partly by better acquaintance with the manifestation of God in nature and in experience, partly by better understanding of the revelation of God in the Bible, as the study of the book goes on year after year, and partly by an indefinable but perceptible leading of divine influence which, age by age, brings humanity into the presence of new problems and assists in their solution.

It is by recognition of these changes that men came into that attitude towards theology which is called Modernism. The Modernist perceives in ecclesiastical history a record of doctrinal development. The gradual formation of doctrine regarding the atonement, the church, the eucharist, the scriptures, illustrates this order of normal change and consequent restatement. "For the exigences of this ceaselessly developing life, an unalterable theology," says Father Tyrrell, "would be a strait-waistcoat, a Procrus-

¹ *A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Psalms*. By CHARLES AUGUSTUS BRIGGS and EMELIE GRACE BRIGGS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

² *The Substance of the Faith*. By OLIVER LODGE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1907.

³ *Through Scylla and Charybdis*. By GEORGE TYRRELL. London and New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.

⁴ *The New Theology and the Old Religion*. By CHARLES GORE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1907.

tean bed; every day it would become less helpful, and at last hurtful and fatal. The soul that is alive, and wants to live and grow, must have a congenial, intelligible idea of the world it would live in, and will therefore either adapt and interpret the current theologies to suit its requirements, or else break away from them altogether and make a home for itself."

This, of course, involves the possibility of such a restatement of theology as is made by Dr. Campbell. He is addressing conservative people, shut up, as he thinks, in stout prisons of ignorance and prejudices. The first thing to do is to let them free, and in order to do this the prison doors must be opened. The prisoner being unwilling to draw the bolts himself and admit the rescuer, the rescuer must resort to battering-rams. But this is most unpleasant for the prisoner, who is very comfortable and satisfied with the prison. As the demolition proceeds, he foresees that presently the roof will descend upon his head. He regards these big blows not as the breaking of a jail, but as the ruin of a home. It is in this spirit that he hears Dr. Campbell say, "By the Deity we mean the all-controlling consciousness of the universe, as well as the infinite, unfathomable, and unknowable abyss of being beyond." And again, "Jesus was God, but so are we. He was God because his life was the expression of divine love; we too are one with God in so far as our lives express the same thing." And again, "It is quite a false idea to think of Jesus and no one else as the Son of God incarnate. We can rise toward Him by trusting, loving, and serving Him; and by so doing we shall demonstrate that we too are Christ, the eternal Son." The problem of modern preaching has been defined as consisting in the difficulty of telling the truth without scaring your grandmother. During Dr. Campbell's preaching the ushers are busy removing grandmothers in various conditions of collapse.

And this, cries the sensitive soul, is
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Modernism! this is the New Theology! But the reply is Yes and No. Modernism does indeed carry with it the possibility of such conclusions, but not of necessity. The restatement of theology, implying as it does the free play of the mind upon the materials of religious truth, involves entire liberty to try experiments, to discuss audacious propositions, and even to make serious mistakes. What then? Shall we fall into panic fear? Shall we call on the arm of authority to put the questioner to silence? Shall we retire trembling behind the breastworks of excommunication? Who is afraid? Who is in terror lest the mathematicians shall invalidate the multiplication table, or lest the geologists shall undermine the hills? Is not the actual procedure now in process not only the most dignified, the most reasonable, the most believing, but also the most effective method? Dr. Campbell's neighbors are showing their dissent by quietly leaving him off from Nonconformist committees, and the Bishop of Birmingham answers him in a book. This beats the major excommunication and the *Encyclical Pascendi* out of sight. It not only confirms the faith of hesitating persons, but it gives Dr. Campbell a chance to change his mind. And truth will be no worse for it. "Whoever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Let her and Falsehood grapple." And Milton's next splendid sentence is worth remembering also: "Who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty; she needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power."

Moreover, the New Theology as Dr. Campbell interprets it is not Modernism; it is but a passing eccentricity in a strong, discriminating, and in the main conservative, movement. Thus Sir Oliver Lodge, even, as one might say, from the outside, deals with the matters which Dr. Campbell is discussing in quite a different manner. "The most essential ele-

ment in Christianity," he says, "is its conception of a human God; of a God, in the first place, not apart from the universe, not outside of it and distinct from it, but immanent in it; yet not immanent only, but actually incarnate, incarnate in it and revealed in the Incarnation. The Christian idea of God is not that of a being outside of the universe, above its struggles and advances, looking on and taking no part in the process, *solely* exalted, beneficent, self-determined, and complete; no, it is also that of a God who loves, who yearns, who suffers, who keenly laments the rebellious and misguided activity of the free agents brought into being by Himself as part of Himself, who enters into the storm and conflict and is subject to conditions, as the soul of it all."

And Bishop Gore says, "What we need is frankness of mind. In any settled period, the permanent faith becomes encrusted with more or less temporary elements, the gold becomes mixed with dross; and when a turn of the wheel of thought takes place we must have the intellectual courage to seek to dissociate the permanent from the impermanent, to draw distinctions between essential and accidental, to make concessions and seek readjustment." There speaks the true Modernism.

Thus the restatement of theology as it is set forth in the writings of Father Tyrrell is for the most part an assertion of this intellectual liberty. It is not a body of novel dogmas, but a state of mind. It is "a movement, a process, a tendency, and not, like Scholasticism, a system — the term or 'arrest' of a movement. It is a movement away from scholasticism in a variety of directions. But whereas in former years such movements have been in quest of some new position to be occupied as final and permanent, Modernism recognizes movement as itself a permanent condition, and seeks only to discover its laws and determine its direction. Growth is its governing category. In other words,

it is an attempt to reconcile the essentials of Catholic faith with those indisputable results of historical criticism which are manifestly disastrous to the mediæval synthesis of scholastic theology. It does not demand a new theology, or no theology at all, but a moving, growing theology, — a theology carefully distinguished from the religious experience of which it is the ever imperfect, ever perfectible expression."

This explanation at once defines Modernism and shows why the disciples of Scholasticism inveterately suspect it. Scholasticism holds to a formulation of theology made by philosophical and statistical minds in the Middle Ages. It differs from Modernism as Aristotle from Plato, or mechanics from art, or a canal from a river, or a plotted and planted garden from a forest, or a pile of boards from a tree. Some people, perhaps temperamental, are exclusively interested in one or the other of these aspects of life. Thus the ecclesiastic and the prophet look at the world from very different points of view. The ecclesiastic prefers truth in the form of boards built into neat houses, the prophet prefers truth in the form of living trees. The two come into contention only when one side proposes to turn all the trees into boards, or the other side proposes to abolish boards and return to the old fashion of living in caves in the midst of the wild woods.

For example, Mr. Frederic Harrison, in *The Creed of a Layman*¹ and in *The Philosophy of Common Sense*,² preaches a Human Faith which he finds answerable to his own spiritual needs as a "real, vital, sustaining, unailing, and inseparable religion." He believes in a Providence that enters into every side of daily life, and in an immortality "wherein our feeble span in the flesh will be continued

¹ *The Creed of a Layman*. By FREDERIC HARRISON. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

² *The Philosophy of Common Sense*. By FREDERIC HARRISON. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1907.

as a living force till it is incorporated in the great Being which knows not death." For this religion, he says, there is no need of church or ritual or priest, or even of clasped hands or bended knees. The blue roof of its universal sanctuary is inlaid with stars. But Father Tyrrell points out in twenty places that humanity needs more than this. The woods, indeed, for hermits, for mystics, for rare souls who respond to the inaudible influences of the Divine Spirit in the fragrance of the flowers; but for most of us, duller persons, houses and churches, which though they do shut out the sky, shut out also the wind and the rain.

They who believe that theology ought to be as frankly open to restatement as biology draw a distinction between theology and revelation. Revelation is a divine and certain disclosure of truth,

whereby religion has a foundation other than the conjectures of philosophers. It is variously defined and limited as consisting generally of the Bible, or of the ecumenical creeds, or of the Deposit of Faith. But, however defined, it is the subject matter with which theology deals. The idea of the liberal theologian is that revelation and theology are related as the mind of man is related to the books of the psychologists. Let the psychologists study the mind with all the diligence they may. Let them report what they discover, and submit their reports to the test of all honest criticism. Let them enjoy the common human privilege of making mistakes, and let them correct the errors one of another without heat or anxiety, and without fear lest truth suffer in the process. And let the theologians do likewise.

HILLSBORO'S GOOD LUCK

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

WHEN the news of Hillsboro's good fortune swept along the highroad there was not a person in the other three villages of the valley who did not admit that Hillsboro' deserved it. Every one said that in this case Providence had rewarded true merit, Providence being represented by Mr. Josiah Camden, king of the Chicago wheat pit, whose carelessly bestowed bounty meant the happy termination of Hillsboro's long and arduous struggles.

The memory of man could not go back to the time when that town had not had a public library. It was the pride of the remote village, lost among the Green Mountains, that long before Carnegie ever left Scotland there had been a collection of books free to all in the wing of Deacon Bradlaugh's house. Then as now the feat was achieved by the united efforts of all inhabitants. They boasted that the town

had never been taxed a cent to keep up the library, that not a person had contributed a single penny except of his own free will; and it was true that the public spirit of the village concentrated itself most harmoniously upon this favorite feature of their common life. Political strife might rage in the grocery stores, religious differences flame high in the vestibule of the church, and social distinctions embitter the Ladies' Club, but the library was a neutral ground where all parties met, united by a common and disinterested effort.

Like all disinterested and generous actions it brought its own reward. The great social event of the year, not only for Hillsboro', but for all the outlying country, was the annual "Entertainment for buying new books," as it was named on the handbills which were welcomed so

eagerly by the snow-bound, monotony-ridden inhabitants of the Necronsett Valley. It usually "ran" three nights so that every one could get there, the people from over Hemlock Mountain driving twenty miles. There was no theatre for forty miles, and many a dweller on the Hemlock slopes had never seen a nearer approach to one than the town hall of Hillsboro' on the great nights of the "Library Show."

As for Hillsboro' itself, the excitement of one effort was scarcely over before plans for the next year's were begun. Although the date was fixed by tradition on the three days after Candlemas (known as "Woodchuck Day" in the valley), they had often decided what the affair should be and had begun rehearsals before the leaves had turned. There was no corner of the great world of dramatic art they had not explored, borne up to the loftiest regions of endeavor by their touchingly unworldly ignorance of their limitations. As often happens in such cases they believed so ingenuously in their own capacities that their faith wrought miracles.

Sometimes they gave a cantata, sometimes a nigger-minstrel show. The year the interior of the town hall was changed, they took advantage of the time before either the first or second floor was laid, and attempted and achieved an indoor circus. And the year that an orchestra conductor from Albany had to spend the winter in the mountains for his lungs, they presented *Il Trovatore*. Everybody sang, as a matter of course, and those whose best efforts in this direction brought them no glory had their innings the year it was decided to give a play.

They had done *East Lynne* and *Hamlet*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Macbeth*, and every once in a while the local literary man, who was also the undertaker, wrote a play based on local traditions. Of course they gave *The Village School* and *Memory's Garland*, and if you don't remember those delectable home-made entertainments, so much the worse for you. It is true that in the allegorical tableau

at the end of *Memory's Garland*, the wreath, which was of large artificial roses, had been made of such generous proportions that when the Muses placed it on the head of slender Elnathan Pritchett, representing "The Poet," it slipped over his ears, down over his narrow shoulders, and sliding rapidly towards the floor was only caught by him in time to hold it in place upon his stomach. That happened only on the first night, of course. The other performances it was perfect, lodging on his ears with the greatest precision.

It must not be supposed, however, that the responsibilities of Hillsboro' for the library ended with the triumphant counting out of the money after the entertainment. This sum, the only actual cash ever handled by the committee, was exclusively devoted to the purchase of new books. It was the pride of the village that everything else was cared for without price, by their own enterprise, public spirit, and ingenuity. When the books had overflowed the wing of Deacon Bradlaugh's house, back in 1869, they were given free lodging in the rooms of the then newly established and flourishing Post of the G. A. R. In 1896 they burst from this chrysalis into the whole lower floor of the town hall, newly done over for the purpose. From their shelves here the books looked down benignly on church suppers and sociables, and even an occasional dance. It was the centre of village life, the big, low-ceilinged room, its windows curtained with white muslin, its walls bright with fresh paper and colored pictures, like any sitting-room in a village home. The firewood was contributed, a load apiece, by the farmers of the country about, and the oil for the lamps was the common gift of the three grocery stores. There was no carpet, but bright-colored rag rugs lay about on the bare floor, and it was a point of honor with the Ladies' Aid Society of the church to keep these renewed.

The expense of a librarian's salary was obviated by the expedient of having no librarian. The ladies of Hillsboro' took

turns in presiding over the librarian's table, each one's day coming about once in three weeks. "Library Day" was as fixed an institution in Hillsboro' as "wash day," and there was not a busy housewife who did not look forward to the long quiet morning spent in dusting and caring for the worn old books, which were like the faces of friends to her, familiar from childhood. The afternoon and evening were more animated, since the library had become a sort of common meeting-ground. The big, cheerful, sunlighted room full of grown-ups and children, talking together, even laughing out loud at times, did not look like any sophisticated idea of a library, for Hillsboro' was as benighted on the subject of the need for silence in a reading-room as on all other up-to-date library theories. If you were so weak-nerved and sickly that the noise kept you from reading, you could take your book, go into Elzaphan Hall's room and shut the door, or you could take your book and go home, but you could not object to people being sociable.

Elzaphan Hall was the janitor, and the town's only pauper. He was an old G. A. R. man who had come back from the war minus an arm and a foot, and otherwise so shattered that steady work was impossible. In order not to wound him by making him feel that he was dependent on public charity, it had been at once settled that he should keep the fire going in the library, scrub the floor, and keep the room clean in return for his food and lodging. He "boarded round" like the school-teacher, and slept in a little room off the library. In the course of years he had grown pathetically and exasperatingly convinced of his own importance, but he had been there so long that his dictatorial airs and humors were regarded with the unsurprised tolerance granted to things of long standing, and were forgiven in view of his devotion to the best interests of the library, which took the place of a family to him.

As for the expenses of cataloguing, no one ever thought of such a thing. Cata-

logue the books? Why, as soon hang up a list of the family so that you would n't forget how many children you had; as soon draw a plan of the village so that people should not lose their way about. Everybody knew what and where the books were, as well as they knew what and where the fields on their farms were, or where the dishes were on the pantry shelves. The money from the entertainment was in hand by the middle of February; by April the new books, usually about a hundred in number, had arrived; and by June any wide-awake, intelligent resident of Hillsboro' would have been ashamed to confess that he did not know the location of every one.

The system of placing on the shelves was simplicity itself. Each year's new acquisitions were kept together, regardless of subject, and located by the name of the entertainment which had bought them. Thus, if you wished to consult a certain book on geology, in which subject the library was rich, owing to the scientific tastes of Squire Pritchett, you were told by the librarian for the day, as she looked up from her darning with a friendly smile, that it was in the "Uncle Tom's Cabin section." The Shakespeare set, honorably worn and dog's-eared, dated back to the unnamed mass coming from early days before things were so well systematized, and was said to be in the "Old Times section;" whereas Ibsen (for some of Hillsboro's young people go away to college) was bright and fresh in the "East Lynne section."

The books were a visible and sincere symbol of Hillsboro's past and present. The honest, unpretending people had bought the books they wished to read, and every one's taste was represented, even a few French legends and pious tales being present as a concession to the Roman Catholic element among the French Canadians. There was a great deal of E. P. Roe, there was all of Mrs. Southworth — is it possible that anywhere else in the world there is a complete collection of that lady's voluminous pro-

ductions?—but beside them stood the Elizabethan dramatists and a translation of Dante. The men of the town, who after they were grown up did not care much for fiction, cast their votes for scientific treatises on agriculture, forestry, and the like; and there was an informal history club, consisting of the postmaster, the doctor, and the druggist, who bore down heavily on history books. The school-teacher, the minister, and the priest had each, *ex officio*, the choice of ten books with nobody to object, and the children in school were allowed another ten with no advice from elders.

It would have made a scientific librarian faint, the Hillsboro' system, but the result was that not a book was bought which did not find readers eager to welcome it. A stranger would have turned dizzy trying to find his way about, but there are no strangers in Hillsboro'. The arrival even of a new French-Canadian lumberman is a subject of endless discussion.

It can be imagined, therefore, how electrified was the village by the apparition, on a bright June day, of an automobile creaking and wheezing its slow way to the old tavern. The irritated elderly gentleman who stepped out and began blaming the chauffeur for the delay, announced himself to Zadok Foster, the tavern-keeper, as Josiah Camden of Chicago, and was electrified in his turn by the calmness with which that mighty name was received.

During the two days he waited in Hillsboro' for the repair of his machine, he amused himself first by making sure of the incredible fact that nobody in the village had ever heard of him, and second by learning with an astounded and insatiable curiosity all the details of life in this forgotten corner of the mountains. It was newer and stranger to him than anything he had seen during his celebrated motor-car trip through the Soudan. He was stricken speechless by hearing that you could rent a whole house (of only five rooms, to be sure) and a garden for

thirty-six dollars a year, and that the wealthiest man in the place was supposed to have inherited and accumulated the vast sum of ten thousand dollars. When he heard of the public library he inquired quickly how much it cost to run *that*? Mr. Camden knew from experience something about the cost of public libraries.

"Not a cent," said Zadok Foster proudly.

Mr. Camden came from Chicago and not from Missouri, but the involuntary exclamation of amazed incredulity which burst from his lips was, "Show me!"

So they showed him. The denizen of the great world entered the poor, low-ceilinged room, looked around at the dreadful chromos on the walls, at the cheap, darned muslin curtains, at the gaudy rag rugs, at the shabby, worn books in inextricable confusion on the shelves, and listened with gleaming eyes to the account given by the librarian for the day of the years of patient and uncomplaining struggles by which these poverty-stricken mountaineers had secured this meagre result. He struck one hand into the other with a clap. "It's a chance in a million!" he cried aloud.

When his momentous letter came back from Chicago, this was still the recurrent note, that nowadays it is so hard for a poor millionaire to find a deserving object for his gifts, that it is the rarest opportunity possible when he really with his own eyes can make sure of placing his money where it will carry on a work already begun in the right spirit. He spoke in such glowing terms of Hillsboro's pathetic endeavors to keep their poor little enterprise going, that Hillsboro', very unconscious indeed of being pathetic, was bewildered. He said that owing to the unusual conditions he would break the usual rules governing his benefactions and ask no guarantee from the town. He begged therefore to have the honor to announce that he had already dispatched an architect and a contractor to Hillsboro', who would look the ground over, and put up a thoroughly modern library

building with no expense spared to make it complete in equipment; that he had already placed to the credit of the "Hillsboro' Camden Public Library" a sufficient sum to maintain in perpetuity a well-paid librarian, and to cover all expenses of fuel, lights, purchase of books, cataloguing, etc.; and that the Library School in Albany had already an order to select a perfectly well-balanced library of thirty thousand books to begin with.

Reason recoils from any attempt to portray the excitement of Hillsboro' after this letter arrived. To say that it was as if a gold mine had been discovered under the village green is the feeblest of metaphors. For an entire week the town went to bed at night tired out with exclaiming, woke in the morning sure it had dreamed it all, rushed with a common impulse to the post-office where the letter was posted on the wall, and fell to exclaiming again.

Then the architect and contractor arrived, and with the jealous instinct of New Englanders to hide emotions from outsiders, Hillsboro' drew back into its shell of sombre taciturnity, and acted, the contractor told the architect, as though they were in the habit of having libraries given them three times a week regularly.

The architect replied that these mountaineers were like Indians. You *could n't* throw a shock into them that would make them loosen up any.

Indeed, this characterization seemed just enough, in view of the passive way in which Hillsboro' received what was done for it during the months which followed. It was the passivity of stupefaction, however, as one marvel after another was revealed to them. The first evening the architect sketched the plans of a picturesque building in the old Norse style, to match the romantic scenery of the lovely valley. The next morning he located it upon a knoll cooled by a steady breeze. The contractor made hasty inquiries about lumber, labor, and houses for his men, found that none of these essentials were at hand, decided to import everything from Albany; and by noon of the

day after they arrived these two brisk young gentlemen had departed, leaving Hillsboro' still incredulous of its good fortune.

When they returned ten days later, however, they brought solid and visible proof in the shape of a train-load of building materials and a crowd of Italian laborers, who established themselves in a boarding-car on a side-track near the station.

"We are going," remarked the contractor to the architect, "to make the dirt fly."

"We will make things hum," answered the architect, "as they've never hummed before in this benighted spot."

And indeed, as up to this time they had never hummed at all, it is not surprising that Hillsboro' caught its breath as the work went forward like Aladdin's palace. The corner-stone was laid on the third of July, and on the first of October the building stood complete. By the first of November the books had come, already catalogued by the Library School and arranged in boxes so that they could be put at once upon the shelves; and the last details of the interior decoration were complete. The architect was in the most naïve ecstasy of admiration for his own taste. The outside was deliciously unhackneyed in design, the only reproduction of a Norwegian *Stave-Kirke* in America, he reported to Mr. Camden; and while that made the interior a little dark, the quaint wooden building was exquisitely in harmony with the landscape. As for the interior, it was a dream! The reading-room was like the most beautiful drawing-room, an education in itself, done in dark oak, with oriental rugs, mission furniture, and reproductions of old masters on the walls. Lace sash-curtains hung at the windows, covered by rich draperies in oriental design, which subdued the light to a delightful soberness. The lamps came from Tiffany's. When the young-lady librarian arrived from Albany and approved enthusiastically of the stack-room and cataloguing,

the architect's cup of satisfaction fairly ran over; and when he went away, leaving her installed in her handsome oak-finished office, he could hardly refrain from embracing her, so exactly the right touch did she add to the whole thing with her fresh white shirt-waist and pretty, business-like airs. There had been no ceremony of opening, because Mr. Camden was so absorbed in an exciting wheat deal that he could not think of coming East, and indeed the whole transaction had been almost blotted from his mind by a month's flurried, unsteady market. So one day in November the pretty librarian walked into her office, and the Hillsboro' Camden Public Library was open.

She was a very pretty librarian indeed, and she wore her tailor suits with an air which made the village girls look uneasily into their mirrors and made the village boys look after her as she passed. She was moreover as permeated with the missionary fervor instilled into her at the Library School as she was pretty, and she began at once to practice all the latest devices for automatically turning a benighted community into the latest thing in culture. When Mrs. Bradlaugh, wife of the deacon and president of the Ladies' Aid Society, was confined to the house with a cold, she sent over to the library, as was her wont in such cases, for some entertaining story to while away her tedious convalescence. Miss Martin sent back one of Henry James's novels, and was surprised that Mrs. Bradlaugh made no second attempt to use the library. When the little girls in school asked for the Elsie books, she answered with a glow of pride that the library did not possess one of those silly stories, and offered as substitute, *Greek Myths for Children*.

Squire Pritchett came, in a great hurry, one morning, and asked for his favorite condensed handbook of geology, in order to identify a stone. He was told that it was entirely out of date and very incomplete, and the library did not own it, and he was referred to the drawer in the card

catalogue relating to geology. For a time his stubbed old fingers fumbled among the cards, with an ever-rising flood of baffled exasperation. How could he tell by looking at a strange name on a little piece of paper whether the book it represented would tell him about a stone out of his gravel-pit! Finally he appealed to the librarian, who proclaimed on all occasions her eagerness to help inquirers, and she referred him to a handsome great Encyclopedia of Geology in forty-seven volumes. He wandered around hopelessly in this for about an hour, and in the end retreated unenlightened. Miss Martin tried to help him in his search, but, half-amused by his rustic ignorance, she asked him finally, with an air of gentle patience, "how, if he did n't know *any* of the scientific names, he expected to be able to look up a subject in an alphabetically arranged book?" Squire Pritchett never entered the library again. His son Elnathan might be caught by her airs and graces, he said rudely enough in the post-office, but he was "too old to be talked down to by a chit who did n't know granite from marble."

When the schoolboys asked for Nick Carter she gave them those classics, *The Rollo Books*; and to the French Canadians she gave, reasonably enough, the acknowledged masters of their language, Voltaire, Balzac, and Flaubert, till the horrified priest forbade from the pulpit any of his simple-minded flock to enter "that temple of sin, the public library." She had little classes in art criticism for the young ladies in town, explaining to them with sweet lucidity why the Botticellis and Rembrandts and Dürers were better than the chromos which still hung on the walls of the old library, now cold and deserted except for church suppers and sociables, which were never held in the new reading-room, the oriental rugs being much too fine to have doughnut crumbs and coffee spilled on them. After a time, however, the young ladies told her that they found themselves too busy getting the missionary barrels ready

to continue absorbing information about Botticelli's rhythm and Dürer's line.

Miss Martin was not only pretty and competent, but she was firm of purpose, as was shown by her encounter with Elzaphan Hall who had domineered over two generations of amateur librarians. The old man had received strict orders to preserve silence in the reading-room when the librarian could not be there, and yet one day she returned from the stack-room to find the place in a most shocking state of confusion. Everybody was laughing, Elzaphan himself most of all, and they did not stop when she brought her severe young face among them. Elzaphan explained, waving his hand at a dark Rembrandt looking gloomily down upon them, that Elnathan Pritchett had said that if *he* had such a dirty face as that he'd *wash* it, if he had to go as far as from here to the Eagle Rock Spring to get the water! This seemed the dullest of bucolic wit to Miss Martin, and she chilled Elnathan to the marrow by her sad gaze of disappointment in him. Jennie Foster was very jealous of Miss Martin (as were all the girls in town), and she rejoiced openly in Elnathan's witticism, continuing to laugh at intervals after the rest of the room had cowered into silence under the librarian's eye.

Miss Martin took the old janitor aside and told him sternly that if such a thing happened again she would dismiss him; and when the old man, crazily trying to show his spirit, allowed a spelling-match to go on, full blast, right in library hours, she did dismiss him, drawing on the endless funds at her disposal to import a young Irishman from Albany, who was soon playing havoc with the pretty French-Canadian girls. Elzaphan Hall, stunned by the blow, fell into bad company and began to drink heavily, paying for his liquor by exceedingly comic and disrespectful imitations of Miss Martin's talks on art.

It was now about the middle of the winter, and the knoll which in June had been the centre of gratefully cool breezes

was raked by piercing north winds which penetrated the picturesquely unplastered, wood-finished walls as though they had been paper. The steam-heating plant did not work very well, and the new janitor, seeing fewer and fewer people come to the reading-room, spent less and less time in struggling with the boilers, or in keeping the long path up the hill shoveled clear of snow. Miss Martin, positively frightened by the ferocity with which winter flings itself upon the high narrow valley, was helpless before the problem of the new conditions, and could think of nothing to do except to buy more fuel and yet more, and to beseech the elusive Celt, city-trained in plausible excuses for not doing his duty, to burn more wood. Once she remarked plaintively to Elnathan Pritchett, as she sat beside him at a church supper (for she made a great point of "mingling with the people"), that it seemed to her there must be something *the matter* with the wood in Hillsboro'.

Everybody within earshot laughed, and the saying was repeated the next day with shameless mirth as the best joke of the season. For the wood for the library had had a history distinctly discreditable and as distinctly ludicrous, at which Hillsboro' people laughed with a conscious lowering of their standards of honesty. The beginning had been an accident, but the long sequence was not. For the first time in the history of the library, the farmer who brought the first load of wood presented a bill for this service. He charged two dollars a cord on the scrawled memorandum, but Miss Martin mistook this figure for a seven, corrected his total with the kindest tolerance for his faulty arithmetic, and gave the countryman a check which reduced him for a time to a paralyzed silence. It was only on telling the first person he met outside the library, that the richness of a grown person knowing no more than that about the price of wood came over him, and the two screamed with laughter over the lady's beautifully formed figures on the dirty sheet of paper.

Miss Martin took the hesitating awkwardness of the next man presenting himself before her, not daring to ask the higher price and not willing to take the lower, for rustic bashfulness, and put him at his ease by saying airily, "Five cords? That makes thirty-five dollars. I always pay seven dollars a cord." After that, the procession of grinning men driving lumber-sleds towards the library became incessant. The minister attempted to remonstrate with the respectable men of his church for cheating a poor young lady, but they answered roughly that it was n't her money but Camden's, who had tossed them the library as a man would toss a penny to a beggar, who had now quite forgotten about them, and, finally, who had made his money none too honestly.

Since he had become of so much importance to them they had looked up his successful career in the Chicago wheat pit, and, undazzled by the millions involved, had penetrated shrewdly to the significance of his operations. The record of his colossal and unpunished frauds had put to sleep, so far as he was concerned, their old minute honesty. It was considered the best of satires that the man who had fooled all the West should be fooled in his turn by a handful of forgotten mountaineers, that they should be fleecing him in little things as he had fleeced Chicago in great. There was, however, an element which frowned on this shifting of standards, and, before long, neighbors and old friends were divided into cliques, calling each other, respectively, cheats and hypocrites.

Hillsboro' was intolerably dull that winter because of the absence of the usual excitement over the entertainment, and in the stagnation all attention was directed to the new joke on the wheat king. It was turned over and over, forwards and back, and refurbished and made to do duty again and again, after the fashion of rustic jokes. This one had the additional advantage of lining the pockets of the perpetrators. They egged one another on to fresh inventions and

variations, until even the children, not to be left out, began to have exploits of their own to tell. The grocers raised the price of kerosene, groaning all the time at the extortions of the oil trust, till the guileless guardian of Mr. Camden's funds was paying fifty cents a gallon for it. The boys charged a quarter for every bouquet of pine-boughs they brought to decorate the cold, empty reading-room. The wash-woman charged five dollars for "doing-up" the lace sash-curtains. As spring came on, and the damages wrought by the winter winds must be repaired, the carpenters asked wages which made the sellers of firewood tear their hair at wasted opportunities. They might have raised the price per cord! The new janitor, hearing the talk about town, demanded a raise in salary and threatened to leave without warning if it were not granted.

It was on the fifth of June, a year to a day after the arrival of Mr. Camden in his automobile, that Miss Martin yielded to this last extortion, and her action made the day as memorable as that of the year before. The janitor, carried away by his victory, celebrated his good fortune in so many glasses of hard cider that he was finally carried home and deposited limply on the veranda of his boarding-house. Here he slept till the cold of dawn awoke him to a knowledge of his whereabouts, so inverted and tipsy that he rose, staggered to the library, cursing the intolerable length of these damn Vermont winters, and proceeded to build a roaring fire on the floor of the reading-room. As the varnished wood of the beautiful fittings took light like a well-constructed bonfire, realization of his act came to him, and he ran down the valley road, screaming and giving the alarm at the top of his lungs, and so passed out of Hillsboro' forever.

The village looked out of its windows, saw the wooden building blazing like a great torch, hurried on its clothes, and collected around the fire. No effort was made to save the library. People stood

around in the chilly morning air, looking silently at the mountain of flame which burned as though it would never stop. They thought of a great many things in that silent hour as the sun rose over Hemlock Mountain, and there were no smiles on their faces. They are ignorant and narrow people in Hillsboro', but they have an inborn capacity unsparingly to look facts in the face.

When the last beam had fallen in with a crash to the blackened cellar-hole, Miss Martin, very pale and shaken, stepped bravely forward. "I know how terribly you must be feeling about this," she began in her carefully modulated voice, "but I want to assure you that I *know* Mr. Camden will rebuild the library for you if —"

She was interrupted by the chief man of the town, Squire Pritchett, who began speaking with a sort of bellow only heard before in exciting moments in town-meeting. "May I never live to see the day!" he shouted; and from all the tongue-tied villagers there rose a murmur of relief at having found a voice. They pressed about him closely and drank in his dry, curt announcement: "As select-man I shall write Mr. Camden, tell him of the fire, thank him for his kindness, and inform him that we don't want any more of it." Everybody nodded. "I don't know whether his money is what they call tainted or not, but there's one thing sure, it ain't done us any good." He passed his hand over his unshaven jaw with a rasping wipe and smiled grimly as he concluded, "I'm no hand to stir up law-breakin' and disorder, but I want to say right here that I'll never inform against any Hillsboro' man who keeps the next automobile out of town, if he has to take a axe to it!"

People laughed, and neighbors who had not spoken to one another since the quarrel over the price of wood, fell into murmured, approving talk.

Elnathan Pritchett, blushing and hesitating, twitched at his father's sleeve. "But father — Miss Martin — We're keeping her out of a position."

That young lady made one more effort to reach these impenetrable people. "I was about to resign," she said with dignity. "I am going to marry the assistant to the head of the Department of Bibliography at Albany."

The only answer to this imposing announcement was a giggle from Jennie Foster, to whose side Elnathan now fell back, silenced.

People began to move away in little knots, talking as they went. Elzaphan Hall stumped hastily down the street to the town hall, and was standing in the open door as the first group passed him.

"Here, Mis' Foster, you're forgittin' somethin'," he said roughly, with his old surly, dictatorial air. "This is your day to the library."

Mrs. Foster hesitated, laughing at the old man's manner. "It seems foolish, but I don't know why *not*!" she said. "Jennie, you run on over home and bring me a dusting-cloth and a broom for Elzaphan. The books must be in a *nawful* state!"

When Jennie came back, a knot of women stood before the door, talking to her mother and looking back at the smouldering ruins. The girl followed the direction of their eyes and of their thoughts. "I don't believe but what we can plant woodbine and things around it so that in a month's time you won't know there's been anything there!" she said hopefully.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE WEAK JOINT IN THE SENTIMENTALISTS' ARMOR

THERE are surely no more noble-minded persons alive than the man and wife who point the moral of this tale. Though they live in a palace of art, surrounded by treasures which kings might covet, rarities unexcelled, unique, priceless, yet they live with an austerity which cloistered nuns would call a hardship — and all for conscience' sake. Fish? meat? They have tasted neither for many years. No gloves of leather are on their hands; no shoes of leather are on their feet; no dress of silk or wool. Nothing but cotton or linen for them. In the stern purity of their self-denial they refuse butter and eggs and milk. A plain dish of boiled carrots, some olive oil, a few nuts, a little savory relish dressed with sweet herbs, is their fare. Compassion is their creed, and in nothing that demands bloodshed or cruelty will they share. There is something so lofty in their asceticism that I cannot speak of it without admiration. It is one of the beautiful follies of the world, deserving its own shrine, to which might journey troops of pilgrims anxious to obtain the purity of heart which these two typify in their refusal to be stained with the blood of beasts, in their resolve to be free from entailing any suffering upon any creature.

And yet I find a flaw in all their self-denial, — the folly of the sentimentalist. He is a man to beware, if he be under fifty, because he always knows too little to be trusted. His judgment is not sound. His grip on facts is but a fumble, and half of his self-sacrifice is worthless because it lacks sense. The fundamental trouble with the sentimentalist is his ignorance of common facts. Why do my friends refuse milk? It would deprive the young calf of his natural nourishment and we should

get veal in consequence. Quite useless to remind them of the objectionable domestic character of most veal creatures when grown up; wholly so to remark that the remnant saved live and grow up to be thriving cows. With the actual facts they have no concern; nothing satisfies them but the total emancipation of the cow and a full regard for her rights of motherhood. (They have no children themselves.) Butter and milk are off the programme of the world's foods already, and they hasten the day of the cow released from servitude, quite free to make her own shelter in winter and browse or starve in liberty. But why are eggs denied? An egg in the course of nature hatches out into a happy, fluffy little chicken, and fried eggs for breakfast means so many little lives cut off from the joys of existence. (There are no happy little children in their home.) It is indelicate to remind my noble-minded friends of the fundamental facts of life, to hint to them that an unfertilized egg and a cold boiled potato stand an equal chance of producing fluffy little chickens. They *will* deny themselves eggs. And eggs are off the list, from simple ignorance of nature's laws. Indeed, ignorance seems to be a large part of the game. It would be quite impossible to play it so vigorously if the light were let in ever so little.

But what causes me to marvel is the complacency with which my friends dress in cotton. Cotton! Of all the blood-dyed fabrics wherewith men have invested themselves is there another so red with human woe as cotton cloth? There have been times when every yard of it was grained with the life-blood of a human being. From the slave who raised the plant to the English spinner waiting, starving for it by his idle loom, from the hectic woman breathing lint in the mill and the child robbed of health and child-

hood and hope, what a world of woe has been woven into the fruitage of the cotton loom! The wool my friends refuse to wear, the sheep would have pulled out in tag-locks on every bramble before the summer was flown; the silk they deny themselves could, at the worst, have cost only a sleeping life in the chrysalis which could never have waked to more than a brief, passionate span of searching for a mate; and, at the best, a cunning chemistry might have made it without the silk-worm's help. But cotton cloth! I can but wish sometimes that, before they retired from the world, my friends of the palace of art might have seen a southern cotton mill understandingly; that they might have been, even as I have been, a dweller in northern mill towns when the price of cotton cloth was down, and the great mills first ran short time, and then closed, and want and starvation stared the worker in the face. Then they might have hesitated before the choice presented them; they might still have worn cotton, but not with complacency, and they might perhaps have come to live in a world of men and women where we face the facts the best we may and count ourselves happy if we can face them and still keep our courage. But they could never have haggled with their consciences as to the degree of wrong involved in silk and wool and cotton and leather and butter and milk and eggs; they would have known good and evil by eating of the tree of knowledge, which grows only among living men. Perhaps one of the ripest fruits of that tree, because the highest up, is the knowledge that some things, beside some others, are not worth while.

The instance is extreme. The worth of it is that it is not too extreme to be possible. It shows the tendency of the sentimentalist, the maggot in his brain, which, like the knight of *La Mancha's*, drives him to tilt with giants whose nature he only partially perceives. It would be quite as well if he recognized the wind-mill by its real name. The sentimentalist rarely knows the facts; and, more-

over, he seldom cares to listen to those who do know them. But it is the uncomfortable art of the sentimentalist to make the man who differs feel that he is hard-hearted. Last winter a kind lady in Boston wrote the press that the pigeons of the city were suffering because their poor, bare little feet had no protection from the cold stones. After that, what kind-hearted man could fail to feel a trifle guilty for leaving them without stockings in the bitter weather? Freezing its feet is one of the rarest accidents that happen to a wild bird, but I never see the pigeons strutting on the cold, cold stones without noticing how red their feet look! They make me uncomfortable; I shall come to hate their bare-footed audacity some day.

After all, the only sentimentalist who carries much weight is the reformed bad character. When he can prove that he was an ardent and successful hunter or fisherman and that he voluntarily left the sport while he still enjoyed it, the world will listen to him. The man who never liked the taste of liquor is not the best advocate of temperance with the hardened sinner who does like it. Know the game, and then reform — provided always you do it while you are young. It is no credit to a man to have overcome his taste for stolen apples and watermelon at sixty; nature should have eliminated the desire long before. In like manner there comes a period in a man's life when the active hunter settles naturally into the contemplative observer. It is after dinner now in life; he has had his fill. If he becomes a sentimentalist then, it is sweet and commendable in his nature, but it does not argue that the younger man should feel the same.

While it is well to "love the wood-rose and leave it on its stalk," no man ever became a botanist by so doing. Exact knowledge cannot be obtained by traveling the sentimentalist's route. Indeed, a great part of the sentimentalist's contributions to natural history are properly filed under "Rubbish." "Better the sight of the eye than the wandering of the desire,"

said the wise old Preacher; better exact and definite information, even though the boy or man kill the beast or bird, than the slipshod accomplishment so often passed on for information. And, even as a sport, hunting and fishing are not without their uses. My own boy is of the age to go a-fishing, and with my good speed he shall go. Let him come home wet and tired and dirty, with a tiny string of witless little fish; surely they deserved to be caught by a tyro, and in learning to shift for himself he has caught something more than fish. He is a natural boy, and I know what to do with him; but if he were a sentimentalist before his teens, I confess I should despair of ever making a man of him.

FISHES' FACES

DID you ever stop to examine the expression on the face of a fish? I do not mean of some notoriously grotesque fish, but of just any plain seafaring fish. I confess that the fascination for me is the same, whether I stand in front of some great collection of little monstrosities like that in the Naples aquarium, or whether I sit by my dining-room window and contemplate the gold-fish in my little boy's glass bowl. People watch the monkeys at the Zoo and remark how human they are, how sly and crafty the old ones, how "cute" and playful the young ones. But for steady company give me the fish. How restful they are with their mouthings, as regular as if they were governed by a balance-wheel! How quiet, too, for not one word of murmured protest or of chattering fault-finding do they inflict upon us! How philosophical, as they bask in the sun the livelong day or seek the occasional shade of the modest sprig of greens which forms the conventional garnishing of their watery abode! How easily gratified are their simple tastes! Surely with their good manners, their quiet deportment, and their stoical bearing, gold-fish are the ideal companions of the mature man. Monkeys and dogs

and kittens may amuse the children by their tricks and antics, but only the grown man can appreciate the solid qualities of the fish's character as written upon his features.

Not long ago I turned to my old textbooks of natural history to see what the nature students had to say about the facial expression of fish. Would you believe it? There were pages about the bone structure of the creature, his scales and his fins, all having to do with his physical fitness for the peculiar kind of navigating through life that he is called upon to perform. But not one word was said about the features of his face, that racial expression of receptivity and of philosophical candor which is a constant sermon and inspiration to the thoughtful observer. I put this down as one more failure of the scientists to explain what poor humanity really wants to know. What do we care about the adaptability of the fish's body to the element for which he was created or to which he has been banished? When it comes to constructing flying-machines, we may well study the structure of the bird's wings. But did any one ever learn to swim by watching a fish? Seriously, can any one look a fish in the face and not admit that there lies the highest expression of the creature's nature? All the rest of the body is the mere machinery for getting about. One wonders why Izaak Walton, that lover of the trout and grayling, did not write one of his inimitable chapters on his little fishes' faces. Or rather one wonders how Piscator could go on catching and cooking harmless creatures who had done no harm to God or man, and whose wondering faces are a constant rebuke to the passion of their cruel captors. Doubtless our fish-mongers and cooks take good care to remove the death-head of our morning purchase before it appears on the table, knowing full well that our appetite would perish if forced to confront the cold staring eye and the mouth at last stilled in death.

But to return to the expression of the

living fish. There are only a few animals that may be said to have any facial expression worthy of the name. The rabbit's prominent feature is his flexible nose; the cow and the deer melt you with their great soft eyes; the owl sounds our very being from the bottomless depths of his great orbs; the dog and the horse find expression in the movements of their head and tail. But when I think of these fish, my memory goes back for a parallel to the "ships of the desert," those melancholy and patient camels hobbled for the night and chewing their cud in the market-place at Tangiers. There is the same philosophical rumination, the same stoical determination to make the best of it. The mouth expresses it all.

There have been those superficial observers who think that the fish is a fool, that he has no brains. "Ignorant comme une carpe," say the French. Well, I can only say that I have seen many a boy on the benches at school whose expression after a copious dinner would compare unfavorably with that of a fish. I have an idea that one of my little gold-fish does not miss much of what is going on. Move where I may, his eye follows me like that of a horse. And as for his mouth, — well, I can't help coming back to the mouth. You simply can't escape it. He seems to be all mouth. Yet, his is not the mouth of indiscriminate greed, or of the vulgar gum-chewer. He chews as if his very life depended upon it (and indeed it does), — as if he were determined not to let one atom that comes his way from the outside world escape him. All the useless chaff, all the buzz-buzz from without, may be said to go in one ear and out the other. But what is worth while he keeps with fine discrimination to build into that graceful body, and to deepen that look of philosophical dignity which I envy but cannot emulate.

You cannot pet a fish; you cannot pull his tail, and tie up his neck with ribbons, and whisper sweet nothings in his ear, as ladies do with poodle-dogs. He is away above that sort of thing. He would not

stand for that kind of nonsense, and I respect him for his personal dignity. His nature does not lend itself kindly to slavery, no matter how fair may be the mistress.

Somehow, then, I feel that one of these fishes knows a deal more about the secrets of the universe there in his watery element than we do with all our loud chatter and our airy boastings. When I consider his simplicity, his regularity, his dignity, his receptive expression, — I am sure that he is a philosopher, and my heart, like that of Saint Francis, goes out in sympathy to this little brother.

A PLEA FOR THE BLACK SHEEP

I HAVE always felt a profound sympathy for characters in fiction who are evidently disliked by their authors. Theirs is perhaps the most miserable of all human lots. To be disliked by a parent would be sufficiently painful; but these wretches are in the state of children disliked by a parent who has complete control over their every word and act, who is their sole reporter and interpreter, and who has unlimited power to punish. They are much in the condition of those unhappy ones who in the old Calvinistic theology were predestined by their Creator to damnation. In one respect the Calvinistic non-elect had the advantage: they might find consolation in reflecting that they were sacrificed by Inscrutable Justice, whereas their brothers and sisters in fiction seem often the victims of very human prejudice or whim.

This imperfect sympathy between creator and creation in fiction is most commonly seen, I think, in novels written by women. Various cynical wits and epigrammatists have hinted that women do not tend to sympathize keenly with one another, and a good many things both in life and literature seem to bear out the imputation. A year or two ago I was standing on the rear platform of a crowded street-car in a large city. All the seats in the car were occupied by women,

most of them well-dressed, many of them young. An old woman, plainly dressed, with a crutch and a large bundle, got on the car. No one offered to give her a seat; not one even moved. At last the conductor, by forcing the women on one side of the car to crowd closer together, succeeded in securing for the old woman a few inches on the edge of a seat. The incident is of course conclusive of nothing, but it sets one thinking. Is it a similar (if much more refined) lack of generosity toward others of their own sex that causes even the great women novelists sometimes to seem unfair to the women in their stories?

I am a warm admirer of Jane Austen; but I nearly always lose my temper when I try to read *Mansfield Park*. I cannot believe that Mary Crawford is as selfish or base as the novelist insists on making her appear. When Mary meets the "Mr. Bertrams," for instance, she prefers Tom, the elder, to Edmund, as any sensible girl would, Edmund being an intolerable prig. Miss Austen interprets this preference in the worst possible light. "She has felt an early presentiment that she should like the eldest best. She knew it was her way." I have never quite forgiven Miss Austen for using so human and delightful a girl as Mary merely to set off the virtues of that tediously unimpeachable little martyr, Fanny Price.

Few novelists, men or women, have been broader in their sympathies than George Eliot; yet it seems impossible for her to like her heroines if they are pretty. I have always felt that a little less than justice is done to Hetty in *Adam Bede*. Certainly not much mercy is shown her; and one gets rather tired of the eternal contrast between her and Dinah, and wishes that Dinah were not quite so pale and spiritual. I am more doubtful about Rosamond Vincy; but I have an uncomfortable feeling that in her creator's eyes her prettiness is her gravest sin. I cannot

help wondering how Thackeray's Amelia would have fared in George Eliot's hands.

In reading *The House of Mirth* I constantly felt that Lily Bart must be either a good deal better or a good deal worse than she is represented. Since her creator seems to dislike her, it is plausible as well as charitable to suppose that she is not so black as she is painted. A woman who has the occasional good impulses and gleams of true insight that the novelist rather grudgingly grants to Lily, must, one would think, make a greater effort to follow them than Lily is allowed to make. I feel a similar doubt about Bessie Amherst, in *The Fruit of the Tree*, and wish I could read another version of the story, told from Bessie's point of view.

It might be fairer, as well as less unchivalrous, to attribute these imperfect sympathies to a moral bias of the novelists. Yet the fact remains that human nature excuses the sins of people it likes, and reserves its moral indignation for the faults of those whom it dislikes; so that after all we seem to come back to a basis of natural antipathies.

I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell.

Not many writers are "of a constitution so general that it consorts and sympathizeth with all" and is untouched by "those natural repugnancies," or have the power which Browning showed in *Mr. Sludge the Medium* of representing with perfect sympathy a character they detest. I wish not so much to ascertain the motives of the injustice as to plead for the injured, who have to contend not only with destiny and their own innate wickedness, but with the constant hostility of their creators. Considered in this light, how tragic is the career of Rosamond Vincy or of Bessie Amherst! No protagonist of Greek drama is so cruelly overmatched by Fate, or demands our sympathy with so urgent an appeal.

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THE STORY OF BULLY

BY CHARLES D. STEWART



The World's my book, with two leaves spread,
One under foot — one overhead;
The text runs true to each man's need;
Let him who will go forth and read.

THAN this black Bully, I never knew an ox that was an abler near wheeler — never a one that could sit back with such bull-dogged determination and put the brakes on a string of wild, wrong-headed Texas steers. One would not think there could be so much will-power in a mortal body.

He was none of your gaunt, ungainly, ridge-back cattle; he lived comfortably in a roomy physique and had legs like posts at the four corners of himself. His neck was finely wrinkled and fissured with extra pelt, as if Nature had calculated on letting out the tucks, not knowing how big he might grow. He had a wealth of swinging dewlap that swept the flowers as he passed; it looked as if he were growing sole leather as a by-product, an extraneous animal fruit of himself. In fact, for a steer, he was generously endowed with everything bovine; he looked the bull *en bon point*. Nature had put on his horns the rings of four summers.

With all his bench-legged solidity, he was not clumsy; he was perfectly muscled, from the end of his calfish nose to the tassel of his lion-like tapering tail. His seat of power seemed to be in his built-up neck; and it was because of this gristly mass of neck that he was called Bully; for even though he was a steer he had the mien and make of a sire of the herd. From that neck his ship-shape lines spread out expansively to his four-

stomach middle, slid off over neat loins, and dwindled away in his tail. Withal he was wise and Juno-eyed — and guileless as a calf.

His hair lay sleek and short, — he was largely Spanish, — and that was a great satisfaction to me. I have seen the dust fly out of his yoke-mate, Brig, in a way that made me think I was beating a carpet, and so it was a comfort to observe that I had one ox that cleaned himself automatically and kept an ebon smoothness. For bovine nobility, general bull-comeliness, he would have stood out among a herd — but that might be said of any steer that is selected for a near wheeler.

On evenings when we had been breaking prairie far from home, and I was tired sitting on the iron seat, I would mount him and go home ox-back. Or I would go out in the morning and mount him *en pasture*, bring him home to the plough, and thence proceed leisurely across the open to the farm we were making. It is different from riding a broncho — less up and down and more round and round. It is, in truth, the nearest approach to motion in all directions at once. At every step of the rolling, weltering gait, your leg is softly compressed between his swinging paunch and that of his partner; thus you go along for miles, knee deep in ox. This feeling of the muscular labor of a ponderous bull makes it less like riding than transportation; like sitting atop a load of life.

He had a barrel-like body and a platform of a back; and I have thought, at such times, that he would have been fit

for the cavalry — or rather the bullery — of an African king. Certain of the Ethiopian potentates use the bull in battle; and I am sure that if he had ever tried this particular bayoneted steed, old Mushwush would not have parted with him for anything. For cavalry purposes he would have had to use Bully (after the African practice) with a cincture, using a girth to ride bareback. A horse has his pelt fairly well fastened to him, so that if you stick to his hide you stay on the horse; but a bull is loosely clothed in his. Therefore the results are entirely different. Hence the African practice; and it is my opinion that to have used Bully with perfect success in the cavalry it would have been necessary to use two cinctures — a girth fore and aft — to belt his hide on.

However, for straight traveling, without much evolution, a person who was a little used to ox-equitation found him a very good rocking-chair. A woman, I think, could have made out on him by sitting far forward and taking hold of a horn; but a man was more fit for him, being a sort of clothes-pin to his loose mantle.

The walnut beam of his yoke came down to Texas with some settler from the North, and was carved with Yankee care; and when I scraped down its ancient surface to the wine-colored wood, my near wheeler and his mate looked handsome in it. It was a well-modeled yoke, too; the rest of them labored against mere hacked-out timbers. Jeff Benson (the Texan to whom he previously belonged) had ornamented the yoke, in front of the eye-bolt, with a Lone Star of brass-headed tacks; and the ends of it were further decorated with tin tobacco tags by the same artist. It was a distinctive yoke, a fit recognition of his superiority; and it sat upon his neck as so much jewelry from which depended the trifle of a log chain.

This mention of Jeff reminds me of a tug of war that Bully was engaged in by the man who trained him — for it was

Jeff that caught him wild and made an ox of him. Jeff was rather argumentative in a dry way and patriotic to his own "string" — he was a tall, wiry, typical Texan, which is possibly sufficient description. He had, I might add, a slight brisket under his chin (like an ox), he chewed the cud, and spat, and Nature in her wisdom had gifted him with big hearty eloquence in certain words that oxen consider their favorite epithets. He was one of the race that seems to have been specially provided to "bust" the soil and blaze the way for culture.

Jeff, being bound with his string for a certain location on the prairie designated by four surveyors' stakes, — the boundaries of the farm he was to make, — came past the Colonel's place where Bill Pierce was putting on an addition of a few acres.

"Bet you he can."

"Bet you he can't."

"Bet you a dollar *and* a quarter he can."

The point was, whether Jeff's wheeler or Bill's wheeler could hold back the hardest. A bull, for various reasons, can and will pull still more in a contrary direction than he can or will pull forward. It is due to peculiarities of his structure, and to mechanical reasons incident to his sitting back on all fours; and furthermore, and not a bit less, to his natural disposition. The full extent of his strength and will-power can only be seen when he chooses to make himself a Sitting Bull. And so it came to the test. First it was to be seen whether Jeff, with his whip and other persuasion, could make Pierce's oxen drag Pierce's wheelers. Then Jeff's wheelers were to be put in their place and show whether they could hold back the same string, against Pierce's efforts.

Pierce had a fairly well-broken off wheeler, but his main dependence, as is usual, was the near wheeler, one Scot by name. Although I had a partiality for Bully, I must say that Scot was a very good ox — as worthy a foe as Bully could have met. Of the wheelers in that

particular neighborhood, Scot had the reputation of being the determinedest. His indurated bull neck was worn bare up to the roots of his horns with his dutiful *woing*. He was a tawny, tousled, roughish sort of a Carlyle of an ox; his hair seemed to be as perverse as himself. He had a horn that was not quite straight on his head — but it was becoming and looked well on him as being the natural offshoot of a perverse brain. But it is no wonder he was stubborn. Having had to do much breaking in tough wire-grass, where a long and powerful string of raw, newly recruited cattle was needed, he had been used to hard fighting to bring them to a standstill at the end of every furrow. In this educated function of holding back with such odds against him he had learned that he had to pitch in mightily or be dragged; and this experience had made him a live dog. To see this Texas steer throw himself back with his mind made up, and stick to the task even when he was being pulled along stiff-legged, would be a revelation to any one whose notions of cattle are based on the cow in ordinary. He was none of your meek and gentle kine. Scot was older at the business than Bully, but Jeff did not care for that; he unhooked his cattle, took out his wheelers, and renewed the challenge.

I have long thought that I ought to put this tug of war fully on record, as something having a basic bearing upon the winning of our new country — something very universal and fundamental and already passed unrecorded into the *artes perditæ* — especially as it would have to be done by one who has first-hand experience. But it is a delicate task to undertake, and I do not know even how to make excuse; but possibly the world will understand after I have told more about the ways of Bully. I have heard some very good deep-sea swearing; but, as history would show, the art of ox-driving has required the world's most eminent profanists. It cannot *all* be told. But it all had to be done, even in Puritan

New England; and I doubt if there is a Yankee left who could put a fid in a chain.

Suffice it to say that Bill took the bet; Jeff examined his cracker and stood off at good lash-length from the string; Bill stood at the left rear corner of the outfit to attend to his wheeler's state of mind, and then the contest began. Jeff's whip uncoiled its serpentine length and hit vacant space so hard that it fractured the atmosphere; the string started to move. Bill said "Wo!" and Scot squatted. The yoke slid up behind his ears; he threw up his head and caught the beam at the base of his horns and he laid back "for keeps," his stout legs braced and set. Jeff plied his art on the cattle ahead; Bill commanded his ox to "wo," and the chain stood stiff as a crowbar.

At each outburst from Jeff the chain wavered forward, and still harder Scot held back, twelve hundred pounds of solid resolution. He balked like a bulldog on the chain. Sometimes it would seem that Jeff had him coming — but Scot would *not*. Always, with some new summoning of will-power, some inward do or die, he would get a hold with his hoofs and bring them all to mere dead endeavor. But presently he began to slip — ten feet — twenty feet, still struggling for a chance to come back again with all fours set. He nearly did it; and then there seemed to blow up a storm of language. Jeff's eloquence rolled forth like thunder, and played along his length of leather lightning; it created havoc on the backs of the cattle like a summer storm on a shingle roof. Scot fought like mad. He went along a little farther, partly dragged and partly walking stiff-legged as he struggled to come back on his haunches; and Jeff kept driving oxen with a crack at every outburst. Scot came forward a step at a time and a slide at a time, till he had been brought a hundred feet or more. Jeff shut himself off and smiled peacefully; he caught the cracker in his hand

and looked perfectly content and harmless.

"Ye can't do *that* — not with my Bully," he said.

Bully was more leisurely (all "staggy" steers are) in his ways of going at things. He lagged slightly in his progress, and as the beam slid up his neck he threw his head up slightly in the usual way and inclined ponderously backward for the tug of war. He always held his head slightly sidewise, for some reason, catching the beam on only one horn; and he looked forth at you with the one-eyed unconcern of a Cyclops in the confidence of his power. While Bill did his best ahead, Jeff kept addressing his own ox in a subdued and private tone of "Wo, Bully." You have to address a near wheeler personally if you want him to do his best.

Despite all the power the cattle were exerting, there was no motion to show it. There were only the yokes sunk deeper in their worn, scrawny necks, the horizontal chain, and the fixed position of the sitting bull. Jeff's feelings, to judge by his looks, went up and down like a thermometer as the chain began to show signs of going forward or back. He stood with bent knees and watched; and as Bill broke forth worse than ever, he laid one hand on his ox and said very confidentially, "Wo-o-o-o, Bully." Suddenly (and to Jeff it must have sounded like the rending and tearing of Destiny) Bully got one leg out of the furrow where he was braced, and the wire-grass went ripping through the cleft of his hoof. They were dragging the whole mettlesome mass of him. They seemed to have him overcome, despite the mechanical brace of his short, thick legs. But only for a few feet; he gave his head an impatient toss, planted himself anew, and came back like the everlasting buttress of his bull determination. The harassed cattle were now straining forward as if they would choke themselves on the bows; they took steps without advancing; they veered from side to side as if the

leaders were trying for an easier opening through the atmosphere. Bill threw out his lithe bull-whip and started to pull out of there; they made Bully plough a furrow with each of his four hoofs. Jeff put his whipstock in front of the wheeler's nose and spoke to him personally — and again Bully *woed*. This time he brought his hoof back into the furrow, got all fours rooted into the upturned sward, and sat back as in a lockjaw of his whole physique. And there he stuck. His whole welterweight of ox was now in action and he was not to be budged. Jeff let the string pull against Irresistible Force for a while longer, not to have any argument about it; and then he claimed the victory. He had won. Of course there was a technical argument about this and that point of the art; and it was still going till Jeff was so far on his way again that his voice would not carry back.

This victory became part of Bully's pedigree; Jeff submitted it verbally to any one who talked ox.

In common with other staggy, philosophic wheelers, Bully had another ability that surpasseth human wisdom. On dry, hot days, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he would suddenly "wo" on his own authority, and having brought them all to a stop he would drop in the furrow. Without any ceremony whatever, he would stop them and plump down on the prairie like a big frog in a pond. The idea of taking a rest seemed to strike him in the head with the force of a sledge hammer and fell him to earth; and then he would deliberately start chewing the cud. When he did this you could not make any impression or have any influence with him until the appointed time had come. While you mauled his staunch carcass, or put your boot-heel into his strong ribs, or prodded him with the whipstock, he would ruminate in holy quiet, looking out upon the world with a mild and gentle eye. You might torture his body if you would; you could not affect his inner spirit. He had retired within himself for a season; he had

duties with his digestion. In this posture he had a distended Falstaffian paunch and an air according:—"Shall I not take mine ease in my furrow?" He seemed to have taken in his feelings where they would be out of harm's way; and I have thought sometimes that he might be one of those who believe in faith. It was strange—but it must be remembered that a much-used ox is inured to hard usage and abuse.

I must say, however, that I seldom disagreed with him. How could any one differ with him—to his face? His eyes were murkily blue; and looking into his honest face I could only wonder how it was, anyway, that a black Spanish bull could see his way to be so obliging. He was indeed innocent to be so unsophisticated of his great strength; his obedience was a flattery. You could buy his affection for a mere corn nubbin, which he would reduce in his mill of a mouth,—husk, kernel, and cob; and all the time he would regard things with a doe-like eye and the tears standing out on his nose. Jeff, when he had him, was seldom disgruntled by this habit; he regarded it as a mark of brains in the steer; and being himself a philosopher, he would take a chew, following the wheeler's example, and loaf on the seat. When the time was fulfilled, Bully would arise voluntarily, and then he would be good for any amount of balk and battle. I think it would have gone hard with any other ox that tried to do that. But Bully had to have his sacred rest; and it is never good policy to have a falling out with your wheeler.

In a cold blow—a dry norther—an ox is the best of all walking companions. A dry norther is a sunny, sweaty day in Texas, and then a change that makes you feel as if somebody had suddenly stepped into the north and left the door open. It remains clear and sunny; the cold is entirely in the wind; and so, on the south side of anything it is as warm as ever. You can take your choice of climate; a walk around a haystack is like circum-

navigating the globe. It usually catches you when you are out on the shelterless prairie with your coat (if you have one) at the other end of a long furrow; and with the sweat upon you, you shiver and chatter. Here is where you take to the lee-side of your wheeler and walk along with him, stooping down in complete refuge from the cold. I have often been glad that an ox is not a long-legged, high-up horse that the wind can blow through. He is not only a windbreak but a whole broadside of animal warmth; he is both cosiness and company; he is a perfect breastwork as you stalk against Boreas, with your hand resting on his tough neck or grasping his warm horn. Nowhere, in mere walled warmth or kitchen comfort, is there this same sense of refuge and shelter—of contrast between the warmth within and the cold without; it contains the secret of human gratitude.

And here, by way of apology, I must remark that this closeness of mine to the wheeler—this unavoidable relation of "brother to the ox"—must be my excuse for writing in this vein of bestial intimacy. Even now I can feel the cold wind whisking past the edge of his dewlap that hung down like a thick curtain—his *portière* if you please. For half a day at a time I have gone back and forth hugging Bully, cold on the up furrow and warm on the down, till finally the sun, all too slowly, went down like a big red wafer and set its seal upon the day.

More and more every year we are becoming a nation of travelers. To those who would travel for both pleasure and profit I can say a good word for ploughing. It recommends itself to people in whatever circumstances, and for deeply founded reasons. When a man travels for pleasure he is likely to put himself at the task of enjoyment; when he is traveling to a destination, his journey is all a wait—his business with the landscape is to leave it behind; and I think it will be generally admitted that the culminating pleasure of a trip is in the arrival. Travels are more useful in the

reminiscence, the fond memory, than in the actual experience. Now, in ploughing prairie with a sulky, you have the greatest of all human privileges, to loaf at work; and your outfit comes at every step to the object of your going. Your journey is *all* arrival. It does not break in upon one's time at all; it exhilarates the cogitations like fishing or whittling; and by covering the ground so many times a man becomes thoughtful and thorough. It, more than anything else, makes thinking quite respectable, giving it that seeming remove from idleness that keeps the neighbors from talking; it cultivates the gift of remembering; it is altogether the best mode of travel.

In the choice of motive power, allow me to suggest the ox. The horse leans forward to pull, and even helps himself along by bobbing his head; he jerks a load out of a hard place by plunging bodily against the collar, stopping and lunging again; he strains through a hard place and then starts suddenly forward at his release; he works himself into a lather; and you, if you are the right kind of a person, cannot help feeling for him and assisting him with inward stress and strain.

The ox does not bob a horn. He simply journeys, and the load goes along. When he comes to a tough place his pasterns do not bend down; he does not squat to pull; he does not pinch along on the toes of his shoes; he seldom blows, and he does not *know how* to sweat. He does not exert himself at a patch of woven soil and then hurry up when he is past it. The chain becomes stiffer and the yoke sits solider to his neck, and that is all; there is no sign of effort. The earth may grit its teeth and crunch as it swallows the plough, but the ox stalks on his way. With the share deep or shallow, or lifted entirely and hanging from the axle, — whether he is ploughing earth or air, — it makes no difference to him. His most ponderous task is still himself, and he heeds no incidentals.

He is out for a stroll; he does not allow

work to interfere with the even tenor of his way. His tendons are rigged to his outstanding rump-bones like so much spar and tackle, and he goes along by interior leverage; inside his old-woman hulk is the necessary enginework, and he will neither go slower for this thing nor faster for that. There is much about him besides his disposition that is self-contained; he is the antithesis of the automobile. To ride on his back is a cure for the indigestion; to ride behind him is a rest for the mind; a course of ox is an antidote for the ills of the times.

The steadiness of ox-ploughing is like sailing the prairie — out of sight of wood and water, and the earth curling up before your prow. A streak of wire-grass giving way bitterly beneath you gives the machine a tremor that imbues you with a sense of power — like an engine below decks. You are on a seat of the mighty. The yellow medlarks hurry along in your wake, keeping close to the opening furrow, steadfast as porpoises. The breeze, tempered by an ocean of flowering prairie, cocks the brim of your sombrero as you sail along, close to the wind. You sit on your seat and have a general disposition to let the world revolve.

I could, if I had a mind, write an excellent tribute to the ox, but all he needs is a record of facts. In the matter of primal motive power, it was he that founded this United States. In the two great transmigrations of our people westward, what jeopardy of life and limb has instantly rested on his sturdy neck — over the Alleghanies, over the Rockies, over the deathful desert, over the steep Sierras. In that great outpouring from New England that began about 1817, the ox, as usual, pulled forward and held back mightily on the mountain-side and laid down his bones for humanity. It was he who took our multitudinous ancestor from his old onion farm at Wethersfield and hauled him with his household to the Little Miami; and there he again assumed the rôle of prairie "buster," opening up the more generous

bosom of nature. Again, in the days of '49, he took up the trail; and the history of that exodus was writ across the continent in the bones of oxen. Where is deeper reading than this — the bones of two or three yoke lying where they fell, and across their skeleton necks the heavy beams all strung along on a chain that would move a freight train. It stands for departed strength in a fight to the finish. It means that the motive power ran out of water.

And having twice subdivided our people, cutting them almost entirely off from each other in the railroadless days, the ox did his part, along with horse and mule, to bring them together again. In 1863, on the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, they began a memorable work. On the mountain-sides of California a thousand axes began to swing and there was a roaring of twenty-five saw-mills — a reaping and threshing of trees. The mountain groaned as it brought forth a railroad. The oxen strained down the mountain-side with logs for the ties; they kept the Chinamen supplied with rails and ties a hundred miles in advance.

Eighteen months after this, eighteen thousand men (mostly soldiers) arrived at Omaha with three thousand teams. They were starting the other end of the railroad; and the two halves would finally match the ends of their rails in Utah. Omaha was not connected by railroad with any other place; they could not haul supplies with locomotives; but Chicago was building towards it. Ahead of them was a stretch of a thousand miles with but one tree upon it; and then the plains again. The teams brought material and locomotives from one or two hundred miles; they hauled the first locomotives to the starting-place and set them on their feet, as it were; and then ransacked six states and territories for more material. Right here the ox, as a long-haul machine, handed over his task to the locomotive forever. When the ox once has the machinery of "civilization" a-going

he is needed no more; he is turned loose and forgotten. Nevertheless it was he that started the country, for he is the father of having and hauling. Tribute! The ox would not know what to make of such a thing. You may work him all day and then kick him out to graze all night; you may use him to found society and then kick him out of history. It is only left for us to try to realize the history of our country, even as seen through the medium of an animal. All hail, say I, the traction engine of our forefathers, the four-stomached, short-levered, grass-consuming, self-supporting ox.

For the purpose of the philosopher, the thinker, ox-driving is all it should be; it is equal to the fishing of the Cleve-landean school of meditation. There is little interruption of one's train of thought; and while all such practices make call for their vices, as lying and swearing, this needs only an idle vociferation that means little and comes as a matter of habit. And in the absence of line or bridle, there is naught to do but sit on the seat through long, slow furrows and keep on in one's way of thinking; there is none of the distraction of newspapers and books and lectures to keep one from thinking. Of the two primitive vocations, sheep-herding was the school of the prophet. But prairie busting with a sulky plough is the natural chair of philosophy. The former is productive of the expansive, vacuous speculations, the iteration of the metaphysical, mystical Baa (sometimes spelled B. A.); but the latter, on the substantial iron seat, is the natural ruminator of definite human fact. When a man has long been in an attitude of thought, as if he were chewing the cud of things and digesting the world at leisure, the world, no doubt, has a right to ask him what he has thought. In view of this it has often seemed to me that some one should print the main points of the Bovine Philosophy. It includes the fundamental principles of things as seen by our American form of the Man with the Ho,

I shall begin by reminding the world of the three stages of society — the pastoral, the agricultural, and the metropolitan, with especial reference to the United States. In the first stage, the cowman and the sheep-man occupy the land in a nomadic way, and fight each other for what they call their rights, the cowman objecting to the sheep because they crop grass too close, and cut it up with their sharp hoofs, thus spoiling the range. The "cowboy" is usually the aggressor, calling the other the Locust of the West; and in their fights the shepherd is often, to the surprise of many, the better man. He can fight with a fanatic frenzy peculiar to those who lead the life of the prophet.

The cowboy has been much misrepresented as a "character;" the genuine ones are seriously engaged in a trade which takes some time to learn, and it is a matter of business with them. Even more of a character than these men is the wild cow with her strange notions. Never having had occasion to think otherwise, she has an idea that man and horse are one animal — she believes in centaurs, and considers them proper. One time I dismounted in mid-range to my own legs, and was observed of a cow with a calf. She saw me do it. Imagine her feelings to see her centaur divide itself into two parts and act like that! She immediately felt it her duty to kill off such a miscarriage of nature; and while she would run from me on four legs she now ran at me. I clapped myself on my horse again just in time to avoid a horn; and she kept brandishing at me as I loped away. Such is the truly wild cow; she can run like a horse, and will fight upon occasion; and she can dodge a great deal easier than a horse. This is where the cowboy's hardest riding comes in, for it is his business to outdodge her — to drive her where he wishes her to be. In the quintessence of his calling he is the artful dodger of the plains; and from this comes the peculiarity of his long-stirrur riding, and all that makes his

ménage really different from that of other horsemen.

In this stage of affairs there comes trailing over the horizon a Jeff Benson, his bull-whip in his hand, his chain clanking against the tongue of his plough-carriage. He is "full of strange oaths;" he threatens his chain-gang at regular intervals; he cracks his whip explosively and then subsides on his seat as peaceful as any fisherman. A gentleman fly-caster cannot surpass him with the pole and line, for though he casts no flies he can reach out and knock a fly off the ear of his near leader. He is come to make a farm for a German; and from this time the nomads must prepare themselves to civilize or move back. And what is the new ploughman driving? A string of those very cattle of the plains.

This first of all ploughmen never appears with horses — always with cattle. This is in the nature of things. In the natural state of things, where there are as yet no corn and oats, the horse has stunted endurance but not muscular weight. As the draught horse is not only bred, but more truly made, out of corn and oats, he may be said to be created by the ox. The horse finds enough nourishment, strength, in the grass, to get himself, and rides nimbly over it, and that is all that is needed of him. But the ox has four stomachs — a large, economic digestive plant. He can do the heavy work; and, because he has this thoroughness with what he eats, he can even lie down in the furrow at noon and eat the dinner he has brought along in his anatomical lunch-basket. He is no trouble, no expense, has more power, and he does not pull things to pieces with sudden jerks. And so he is the one who does the work in the cornless, oatless state of affairs. Once he has done that tough task with the woven sward, conditions are changed, and he does not get the benefit of the series of crops he has started. The horse can keep the fallow field in order. The horse and the mule are preferred by a more adroit civilization; and so they

come to eat *his* oats and be what he has made them. The streets of Chicago used to be filled with oxen. And where are the oxen now?

After the cowboy, the steer has a new master. For this new master, tied on behind, to make him go in any general direction is comparatively easy, seeing that the steer is still a dodger. Jeff can throw his whip out this side or that and regulate the course. But to *stop* a steer — that is the question! The cowboy has to trip him up with the lasso — throw him bodily. And to perform with him the parallel furrows of the field — that is still another question. Of course, if the ox were obedient he would stop when you told him or pulled on a rope. He would have to be thoroughly domesticated for that; and a new country can hardly halt civilization until a whole army of steers are somehow tamed and educated. Here was a problem in animal psychology and practical politics for the ox-driver to solve. The solution of it is that a bull is “bull-headed,” and can hold back powerfully; and so one animal that has been trained according to his nature will serve to handle a whole string.

Let us follow Jeff to work. He is ploughing “around” a field, putting a furrow down one side of a strip, crossing over and coming up the other side; and so on till his furrows meet in the middle and he is done. At the end of a furrow his wheeler holds back and makes himself an immovable pivot, while the string is whipped around to cross over to the other furrow; and having arrived exactly at it the wheeler sits back again, and they are brought around accurately in the furrow. It is as if he had a corner of his team firmly fastened until such time as the other end was pushed around just right. Without the sitting back of the wheeler, the whip could only accomplish an erratic scrawl with the plough. But with this restraint upon them the driver has time to do fine work. Thus in ox-driving, as in the other arts, success

does not depend merely upon power, but also upon restraint.

It is the near or left wheeler that is the principal pivot, because in this country we plough around land to the left, not to the right as they do in England. We rebelled against their way of ploughing.

Thus your primitive team is founded with one word, “wo;” and that understood by but one ox. The ox-language now begins to grow. After hard experience the leaders begin to observe that when the word is spoken they are whipped around to the left; and then, anticipating the lash, they hurry to the left of their own accord. You take them at their word, and soon are addressing them direct. The word “wo,” that formerly meant “stop,” has now changed its meaning by usage and means “turn to the left.”

You want your other wheeler to hold back also in emergency, and especially in turning to the right on a road; and for him to stop you have a word with a different vowel sound — “back.” He knows that for his own. Finally the leaders learn that this means to turn to the right; and it comes to be their word for right. Thus it is that in a new part of the country, as in Texas a quarter of a century ago, there were “wo-back” oxen — and the English language seemed to be contradicting itself. Leaders would hurry to the left or right at the words “wo” or “back.” And then they learned their names — and a more general and vociferous “wo” would bring them all to a stop without the work of the wheeler. But you were ploughing from the first. Like all *earlier* languages, it was one of fewer words and more inflections.

Here “gee” and “haw” become of interest, together with the usual “wo” and “back,” which we all understand the meaning of. To the dictionary, “gee” and “haw” — terms we inherited from England — are a mystery in their origin. It is said that possibly “gee” comes from “gee-off,” meaning to go away, as the leaders do when they turn. But that is simply saying that

"gee" means "gee"—hardly an explanation. The fact is that it came to us from times so remote that the origin is lost. Now the clue to this could never be had by watching "gee-haw" oxen, for a very good reason. They are domesticated oxen; and domesticated oxen are broken one at a time by putting a young steer in a team and having him hauled about till he knows the whole vocabulary, by force. It is simply handed down from ox to ox. The Texas team I knew understood ordinary English in a way different from its meaning; and the oxen of British lineage understand an English that we do not know the original meaning of at all.

This seems to explain the mystery of "gee" and "haw." Were they not the words addressed to the near wheelers away back in the beginnings of England? Does not "haw" sound like "ho," from the lantern-jawed dialect of an English yeoman? To a primitive team, as we have seen, "ho" would come to mean left, when used in their wild state. And as "haw" means left, to everybody, I think it was originally only "ho." "Gee" might have been "gee-ap"—a corruption of "get up" as spoken to the near wheeler, just as you had them whipped around.

However, I do not know anything about it—I am simply trying to help the dictionary out of its difficulty, it not having had enough experience with oxen. I know nothing about oxen except in the primitive state, when nothing was inherited from former generations; and it is this I am telling about particularly. And such was the genesis of bread and butter; for before the cow furnished butter she had to provide the bread to put it on. So endeth the Bovine Philosophy.

Except, of course, one were to view the matter curiously, poetically. On this matter one might write a volume of history and speculation. The ox, John-sonian as he is, has never had his Boswell. Clothes have had their philosophy in Carlyle, but not the cow. No seer has arisen to expound the original labor-

saver of this steel-armed, reciprocal, thrust-and-pull, wheel-filled whirl and grind of to-day.

Because of woman's first desire, man received the curse; and having her he had so much that he had to live on one spot. At that it was necessary for him to set to work; and he soon looked about for a way to put the work on other shoulders. Consider him sitting tired and discouraged by his first garden-patch, viewing the stream as so much power running to waste, and the beasts so much more muscular than he. And then his mighty resolve as he threw down the spade and decided to labor by proxy. See him as he views the woof and warp of the sward while woman waits hopefully for him to produce society out of the clay. Imagine him in his first inexperienced essays with the bull—what wrecks and wrestlings with the wild bull! I can see, myself, how they ran away with him across a whole township of Eden, and finally left him sitting in the hoof-marked muck of a distant watering-hole. There they had spilled him.

And whilst they stand peacefully and lave their bellies in the drink, he sits there and takes thought. He studies out the bull's little weaknesses; and lo, he conceives the idea of the wheeler. I can see the satisfaction come out on his face to sun itself. Straightway he comes forth with the full-rigged team; and he goes and performs the engraved field. He can back and tack and do all evolutions—with whip and wheeler it is like paddle and rudder; there is no runaway now. He can plough with never an idle scribble or scrawl on the face of nature. He thinks he has circumvented the curse; he has taken Bos from his meditations and become boss himself. This was the beginning of motive power; and when it came to hauling stone and timber for his first dam or windmill, then was the ox his true helpmeet.

But it is no wonder that the ox has not had his life written. The three stages of society are more or less permanent,

and he is used only at the beginning of one; his appearance is but momentary when he gives the new order of things its first shove.

This Bully owed his fine form, and his position among his fellows, to a piece of good fortune that befell him in infancy. When he was a calf he was missed in the spring round-up. Thus he was spared the branding, the weaning, and all that befalls a young bull who is not fine enough in breeding to become a sire of the herd. His mother was a black Spanish cow that had got up into that part of Texas from Mexico; and I think she must have been related to heroes of the bull-ring, for Bully looked the part exactly. His father was half Durham, and so he got his short symmetrical horns. Having been missed in the spring round-up, he took all advantage of a most affectionate mother. She let him nuzzle at her far beyond the usual time; and so, on a mingled diet of milk and grass, he filled out with the full physique of a bull. When the riders found him out, in the fall, he was still following his mother about; and it was a fine sight to see a neat black cow with so flourishing a child. He was almost as big as she, and just as strong; it was hard work to upset *him* by horn and jaw to brand him. He was evidently intended for a near wheeler. Jeff took hold of him as soon as he was used to the yoke.

Even in a story of civilization, it is necessary, I suppose, to tell what became of the hero. In the course of time he fell into the hands of a man who had no more

work for him; and seeing that he was becoming older and tougher every day he was hurried away to Chicago. There they put him through the system — hair for plaster, horn for the Japanese to carve, soles for shoes and the high heels of beauty, combs for ladies' hair, fertilizer, imitation butter, lily-of-the-valley soap, more gew-gaws than Little Buttercup ever peddled. No doubt some of his tough hide became harness; and some of that worn-out harness is still hinges on corncribs, after so many years.

In Chicago there was an old Judas bull that was trained to lead the herds across the Bridge of Sighs. I have seen him, and I have thought how the near wheeler, in all the innocence and honesty of his heart, followed the crowd across that stilted runway. Inside there is a stall; and above the stall is a board on which a man stands with a sledge — at just the right height for the sledge to come down right on the star in the middle of each forehead. All day the man works, as if he were breaking stone or driving railroad spikes; and he fells herd after herd. I do not wish to be tragic; but standing before that stall I have felt like writing on it, "Here fell Bully, the father of his country." It must be remembered that I knew him well, Horatio. They made beef of him — and used the rest for the by-product. But I'll wager "a dollar *and* a quarter" they never conquered that callous bull neck of his. They never made charity soup out of that.

POLITICAL CAMPAIGNING IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA

BY EDWARD PORRITT

AMERICANS admittedly are much more frequently at the polls than Englishmen. In municipal, state, and federal elections they mark at least ten ballot papers for the Englishman's one; for nowadays, when school boards in England are no longer elected by direct popular vote, an Englishman is seldom called upon to mark more than seven ballots in the course of six years. He may be called upon once a year to vote at a municipal election. Parliamentary general elections occur about once in every six years; and when a city-dwelling Englishman has voted for the member of the municipal council for his ward and for the member of the House of Commons for his parliamentary constituency, his duties as regards voting are at an end. He is never called upon to vote in the election of mayor or alderman. The choice of these lies exclusively with the city council. Elections of judges are unknown in England. All judges, whether of the local police court, the recorder's court, the county court, the court of quarter sessions, or the higher courts that go on circuit or sit permanently in London, are appointed by the Crown, on the nomination of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, who is a member of the Cabinet.

Among local executive officers, municipal auditors are about the only officials who are elected directly by popular vote. All other municipal officers are appointed by the city council, and are answerable to the city council for the faithful discharge of their duties. In an average period of six years in a constituency where a parliamentary by-election does not occur, and in a ward in which death or resignation causes no vacancy on the

municipal council, an English elector would not be called upon to vote more than seven times for men to serve his ward or his parliamentary constituency. The probability is that in these six years the English elector would do nothing more than reelect his representative, both on the municipal council and in the House of Commons. Municipal councillors are reelected again and again, and are not infrequently in the civic service for half a lifetime. If their record for efficiency and loyalty to municipal work is satisfactory they look to reelection, until they are chosen as aldermen by the municipal council, and occasion for popular election is at an end.

The English electoral system, municipal and parliamentary, and the extra-constitutional machinery which has become necessary to its easy working, makes infinitely less call on the time of Englishmen than does the electoral system of the United States — municipal, state, and federal — and the elaborate and complicated machinery which has long been necessary to its working. Yet while this is so, while the American spends much more time in elections, I think it will be conceded by any one who is familiar with political life and thought in the two countries, that in England the general level of popular political education, of women as well as of men, is much higher than it is in the United States. Interest in politics — municipal and national — is keener and more continuous in all classes of society than it is in this country; and this in spite of the fact that the great majority of the parliamentary voters to-day have possessed the right to vote only since 1885.

— It was 1867 before workmen living in

the parliamentary boroughs were enfranchised; and another eighteen years elapsed before agricultural laborers and miners who dwell outside of the larger municipalities were able to vote for members of the House of Commons. The widespread interest in national politics in England seems at first sight all the more remarkable when it is remembered how late in the nineteenth century the working classes were enfranchised. But this fact in itself helps to explain much of the present popular interest in politics. From the American Revolution to 1885 there was never a time in England when there was not a movement on foot for the parliamentary enfranchisement of the working classes; and the interest of the working classes in rural and urban England in politics was kept alive and stimulated for more than a century by the piecemeal fashion in which the parliamentary franchise was extended.

Had Grey and Russell and the other Whig leaders who constituted the administration of 1830-32, made the parliamentary franchise in 1832 as wide and inclusive as it is to-day, when every man out of the workhouse or jail can exercise it who has a settled abode, it is probable that to-day there would be less popular interest in Parliament and its proceedings. But the Whigs of 1830-32 were cautious. They were anxious to impair as little as possible the political power of the governing classes—of those who had ruled England since the Revolution of 1688. Only the fairly well-to-do middle classes were admitted to the parliamentary franchise by the Reform Act of 1832; and the royal assent had scarcely been given to that famous enactment before there was begun another agitation for the extension of the franchise to the working classes. Out of this agitation developed the Chartist movement; and after much delay came the Reform Act of 1867. This applied only to the larger boroughs; and it admitted to the franchise the working classes only in those constituencies. The artisan in ru-

ral communities, the agricultural laborer and the miner, were left by the Act of 1867 where they had been left by the Reform Act of 1832. Nothing was done for them; and the consequence was that there was soon another popular agitation for the enfranchisement of the working classes in rural England.

The third agitation resulted in the Reform Act of 1885, which put the parliamentary franchise on its present democratic basis. Thus for more than a century there was an almost continuous agitation for the extension of the parliamentary franchise. During all these years the working classes were interested in Parliament because it was in its power to bestow on them a right which they were anxious to possess. From the American Revolution to the Reform Act of 1885 the working classes were looking to Parliament for this right. They were continuously in an expectant mood. The attitude of Parliament towards parliamentary reform, from the time that the question was first brought before the House of Commons by Pitt, in 1785, to the act which Gladstone carried through Parliament in 1885, was of direct and personal moment to them,—a fact which served to give them a keen and continuous interest in politics.

Foreigners visiting England towards the close of the eighteenth century frequently noted the interest of the working classes in politics, and the zest with which politics was discussed. This interest of the working classes was obvious even in the days when the stage-coach men and the carriers were the principal purveyors of news, and long before newspapers came generally into service; before the London daily and weekly newspapers, which cost seven or eight pence a copy, were passed from hand to hand until they were so thumbed and worn that they would scarcely hold together. Even after newspapers were published at a cheaper rate, and every large town had its daily, weekly, or semi-weekly journal, politics—national and municipi-

pal — filled most of the newspaper space; for it was not until the eighties of last century that sport began to obtain its present foothold in English daily and weekly newspapers, and began the contest with politics for preëminence and right-of-way in the newspaper world.

Widespread popular interest in politics in England can be dated at least as far back as the American Revolution. For more than a century this interest was intensified by each new agitation for parliamentary reform, and with each extension of the parliamentary and municipal franchise. These extensions of the franchise, of necessity, involved the creation of some machinery for parliamentary and municipal elections. But the machinery has not become so intricate or so elaborate as to overshadow the elections, and the questions and principles at issue in parliamentary or municipal contests.

There has not grown up in England, what has long existed in this country, one small and interested class exclusively intent on working the electoral machinery, and another and enormously larger class, much more loosely held together, which does little more than march to the polls to vote for the men whom the smaller and more interested class — really the governing class — has nominated for election. Hence the wholly different meaning of the word politician in this country and in England. In this country my understanding of the word politician is a man who is closely, continuously, and actively concerned in the working of the machine, or who holds an office, or is a perpetual candidate either for elective or appointive office. The word has no such narrow significance in England. It implies a man or woman who is interested in political questions and principles, — who is a student of politics in this wider sense.

There are many men in this country who would resent being described as politicians; who would regard such a designation as derogatory to their dignity and social standing. In England

no man or woman who is known to be interested in political questions would in the least resent being spoken of as a politician. Few English people to-day recall, if they ever knew, Dr. Arnold's dictum that the desire to take an active share in the great work of government is the highest earthly desire of a ripened mind. But there are people beyond count in England, in all walks of life, with whom interest in politics is as intense and as continuous as it was with Dr. Arnold. Tens of thousands of these people have no expectation of ever being of the House of Commons, or even of a municipal council. Politics is chiefly an intellectual interest with them, put into active exercise only when they go to the polls. But no man or woman in England ever apologizes for being a politician; just as no one in this country ever apologizes for being of a Browning or a Dante society, or for a love of music.

There are, and there must be, men in England who are actively interested in the organization and working of the machinery of elections. Registration of voters must be continuously attended to by party agents. At elections the vote must be got out, just as in this country. The law, however, rigorously limits the number of men who can be engaged for pay; and there are practically no remunerative offices, either in the national or municipal civil service, that can be bestowed as rewards upon party workers. These workers, paid and voluntary, form but an infinitesimal group in any electorate; and in a campaign, whether national or municipal, much less reliance is placed upon their efforts than upon the work of the men of the machine at elections in this country.

An election in England, whether for the House of Commons or for a municipal council, is chiefly an educational campaign, in which the spoken and the printed word are the far-reaching and all-powerful weapons. Every candidate must make clear to the constituency from which he would be elected the

principles for which he stands, and the policies in national or municipal economy which he advocates. If he has been of the House of Commons and is seeking reëlection, he must justify the votes he has given in the Parliament that has come to the end of its term, and also the policies of the government which he has supported. He must also make popularly and generally understood the measures and policies he is prepared to support in the event of his return to the House of Commons.

It is much the same in municipal politics. A candidate seeking reëlection to a municipal council must give an account of his stewardship during his three years in office, and must also inform the electors of his ward of the line that he expects to take in the ensuing three years' work of the council.

In this country, except for the campaign buttons and the banners that are stretched across the streets — banners on which are displayed only the names of the party and its candidates, — there are usually few out-door indications, even in a presidential year, that an electoral canvass is in progress. In an English city during a parliamentary election, whether a general election or a by-election, a new-comer could not get half a dozen blocks from the railway station at which he had arrived without opportunities of ascertaining who were the candidates, what claims they had on the suffrage of the constituency, and what were the political issues on which the election was being fought. An American who should arrive in Liverpool during a parliamentary contest could fully and accurately inform himself on all these points in a walk from the landing-stage to Exchange or Lime Street Station.

The printed word, in its largest and most outstanding form, still survives in English electioneering, in all its glory and splendor of coloring. On all the bill-boards, from the time the electoral campaign begins until the returning officer's writ is in the possession of the successful

candidate, are the portraits of the candidates, the addresses of the candidates to the electors, the record of the government that is seeking a renewal of its lease of power, the criticisms of that record by its political opponents, and the promises of the party that is seeking to dislodge the government and to take its place.

All other advertising disappears from the bill-boards during an election. The politicians are in exclusive possession. Proprietary-goods men and other trade advertisers willingly surrender their rights in the bill-boards; for they know that at election times it is a waste of good money to attempt to dispute possession with the politicians. For two weeks the public is solely occupied with politics; and at these times the bill-board has nearly as great an educational value as the platform or the newspaper press. These factors in an election are used as assiduously as the bill-board. So is the post-office; but the bill-board, while it commands the attention of people who read the newspapers, attend political meetings, and receive electioneering literature by mail, also reaches people who do none of these, and in this way all classes in the community are brought within the influence of the educational machinery of a parliamentary election.

It is now twenty-four years since I first went through a presidential election in the United States. It was my first visit to the United States; but even yet I have not got over my surprise at the complete absence of bill-board electioneering literature in the city of St. Louis, in the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884, and at the meagreness and indefiniteness of what are called "cards," that were issued by congressional and state candidates in Missouri at that election. The English elector expects much more than a card from his parliamentary candidate. He knows without a card to which political party a candidate belongs; and he expects from a candidate who is seeking his vote a carefully written and detailed manifesto in which the candidate must

set out without equivocation his position on all the political questions which at the time of election are agitating the country. In England these election addresses from individual candidates, as they appear in the press, frequently run to three-quarters of a column in newspaper type and measure. They are additional or supplementary to the manifestoes which are issued by the parliamentary leaders of the several political parties.

At an English municipal election, procedure is much the same. Each candidate for the municipal council issues his election manifesto. It is published in the newspapers and on the bill-boards; and, as is the case with the parliamentary candidate, he elucidates or amplifies it at the public meetings of the electors which he is called upon to address. There is no such far-reaching educational work in most municipal elections in this country.

At the time I write a municipal canvass of much significance is in progress in my home city of Hartford. But the bill-boards are exclusively occupied by the theatre men, and the proprietary-goods advertisers; and I have not been able to find in print a signed and detailed electoral address from either of the candidates who are in the contest for the mayoralty. My home is in one of the largest wards, but not a single one of the five Republican candidates for the city council has made an appearance on the platform in the ward. The candidates were nominated at a party caucus which was so formal and perfunctory that all the business was transacted in twelve minutes; and although three or four of the candidates were seeking reelection, not one of them thought it incumbent on him to give the meeting any account of his stewardship, or any indication of his attitude towards municipal policies. The candidates did not even stand up in caucus to allow the electors to make the acquaintance of the men who were asking their electoral support.

It is a constant complaint from the press and the pulpit of this country that

electors are indifferent to the caucuses. The complaint is at least as old as my acquaintance with American politics. I do not remember the time when it was not made. But I am not surprised that the caucuses arouse so little interest after my experience of municipal caucuses in Hartford. English electors would not turn out for caucuses such as I have attended here. English electors are keenly interested, not so much in the men for whom they are to vote, as in what the men stand for in national and municipal life.

Election contests in England owe their vitality and interest, not to the men who are the candidates, but to the questions and principles that are at issue in the election. The municipal candidates for my ward in Hartford, had they been contesting a ward in an English city, would have had to hire a hall, and address meetings open to Liberals and Conservatives, to women as well as men, and even to boys and girls of the upper grades of the grammar schools. It is by such methods as these that the municipal spirit, so characteristic of provincial England, has been developed since 1835; and it seems to me that municipal spirit in this country will not reach the high level of England until there is less of machine, less of exclusively partisan activity, and more of mass meeting and of other influences that are distinctly educational, and concerned rather with questions and policies than with the mere election to office of this or that man, and the success of the machine of one party over the machine of the opposing party.

It has always seemed to me that the public political meeting in England is much more educational than the political mass meeting in this country. I will concede that Americans in attendance at a political meeting behave with more propriety and decorum than English people. I have attended many political meetings in this country at which the principal speaker was given a hearing as uninterrupted and respectful as would be accorded to a king's chaplain or an arch-

bishop in a chapel royal in London. But this characteristic of an American audience obviously has its disadvantages as regards popular political education.

From this point of view my preference is for the English political meeting, even with its occasional tendency to rowdiness, to platform storming, and to marksman-ship practice with antique eggs. But these features are only occasional. They break out at seasons of intense political excitement, and have their usefulness in testing the nerve of the ushers and policemen. The English political meetings at which there are interruptions of the speaker by impromptu interjections of query, approval, or dissent from the audience, are not occasional. Meetings so interrupted are the rule at election times. Interruptions and interjections are expected by a speaker. Usually they are welcome, because they show the mood and bias of the audience, whether the speaker is holding their attention, and whether he is carrying the meeting with him.

Time and again I have been sorry for a political speaker in this country who has addressed an audience for an hour or more without eliciting from it any indication of sympathy or of disapproval. This decorous propriety of American political gatherings — such for instance as I witnessed when Mr. Secretary Taft spoke for an hour to an audience of two thousand in the Foot Guards Hall in Hartford — would chill the heart of an English political speaker, and result in a serious self-examination as to whether it was worth his while to continue his canvass.

For the audience as well as the speaker the English style of public meeting has its advantages. It enables the audience to carry the speaker outside the lines he might have set for his speech, and to direct him to aspects of a political question other than those he had in mind when he prepared his speech. Moreover, the English style enlivens a meeting and adds to its interest and educational

value. Furthermore, it results in better newspaper reporting than is the fortune of American political speakers.

In this country it is a common practice for a speaker of verbatim importance in the newspaper world to give a typewritten duplicate of his speech to the Associated Press or the local newspaper, and it is printed as written, with no indications interwoven in the text of the reception which was accorded to it by the audience. Neither of a speech delivered in Parliament, nor of one delivered on the platform, does an English statesman ever hand over his manuscript to the press. It would not be safe to print such a speech; because the marshaling of the subjects, the phraseology, and much of the content of the speech might be completely changed by the questions and interjections from the audience.

All great speeches in England are taken down verbatim by the reporters and telegraphed all over the country from the place where they are delivered. Every cheer, every expression of approval or dissent, and every question addressed to the speaker, goes on the reporter's note, and is reported in the newspaper the next day; so that newspaper readers are fully informed of what actually happened, and not of what the speaker proposed to say when his speech was put into manuscript.

English newspaper readers want to know what a speaker said, not what a reporter conceived that he might have said; and it is for this reason that, in spite of many changes in the last ten or twelve years, — not all by any means adding to the civic value of the English press, — the ability to take a verbatim note and transcribe it with accuracy is still a *sine qua non* for most reporters on the staffs of responsible English newspapers. Shorthand writing is belittled in the newspaper world of this country; but the importance of the four generations at least of newspaper reporters who have written shorthand cannot be over-estimated in appreciating popular political education in England.

NEWPORT: THE CITY OF LUXURY

BY JONATHAN THAYER LINCOLN

AFTER a winter spent in the City of the Dinner Pail, in the midst of its busy life and in touch with that vast army of toilers which daily marches to the sound of the factory bells, I found myself when summer came, comfortably settled on a sea-girt farm near Newport. At first it was difficult to realize that the scenes about me and the scenes in the life of the toiler, to which I was so accustomed, were parts of the same drama. Yet the scenes so different are intimately connected, and there is more than passing significance in the fact that Fall River and Newport are separated by only twenty miles of railway track.

At Newport no factory bell awakes the sleeper in the early morning hours; the hum of industry does not reach the ear at noonday — here is no camping ground for the Army of the Dinner Pail. No, this quaint old city by the sea has nothing to suggest of wealth in the making — it speaks rather of wealth accumulated, and by its splendid pageantry dazzles the imagination with visions of America's material prosperity. Here is more magnificence than you may find in the courts of kings — the lavish display of princes in a democracy where all men are created equal.

My first impression of Newport, however, had nothing to do with its lavish pageantry — it related rather to the toil of fisher-folk and farm-hands, and thus in the end became the means of unifying in my mind the problems suggested by the two cities. The farm was situated on the point which reaches out towards Brenton's Reef, on which, some weeks before, a fishing steamer had been wrecked. For several days I studied the stranded vessel, wondering how long it might be before the sea would break it

up, and if the ship were copper-fastened, and if so, how many barrels of driftwood I might find along the beach to burn in my study fire when the winter evenings came. But others had looked upon the wreck who had no thought of driftwood fires and colored flames, but who saw anchored there upon the rocks a whole season's fuel for their homes, and these men set about to do themselves what I had hoped the wind and waves might do for me. There on the reef lay the wrecked vessel, to me a picturesque sight, suggesting wind and weather and the perils of the sea, but to the farmers and the fisher-folk it suggested cords of firewood and a winter day's necessity.

Three companies engaged in reclaiming the wreck: one of Greek fishermen, whose huts stand on the beach near by, one of Portuguese farmers, whose scant acres lie some miles to the north, the other of farm-hands employed on one of the near-by estates. The work, begun in the afternoon when the tide was rising, was carried on until midnight. Men with ropes about their bodies swam to the wreck, and reaching it, hauled great hawsers from the shore; these they made fast forward, aft, and amidships. On shore yokes of oxen and teams of horses strained and tugged at the hawsers, wrestling from the sea its lawful booty, and at last hauling the huge dismantled craft upon the nearer rocks.

The ship, being derelict, was anybody's property, so the work was carried on by moonlight, lest others who had not borne the heat and burden of the day should come by night and carry away the prize. The Greeks were more fortunate than the rest, for their part of the wreck included the pilot-house. This they, wading and swimming beyond the surf or

tugging from the shore, towed into a little cove between two points of weather-beaten cliffs and landed it upon the beach. In the pilot-house they camped for the night; but for the others, they must work while the moonlight lasted and afterwards keep vigil until sunrise. A deal of labor this for a pile of firewood, hard labor indeed for the simplest necessity of life.

Later in the season, within half a mile of the place where the wreck was brought to the shore, I witnessed another scene — a scene of action quite as strenuous but to a different purpose. The polo grounds are situated on the same point where the vessel went ashore. The green field lay bright in the sunshine, while beyond rolled the ocean, blue as the sky above it. About the side-lines great ladies and gentlemen of fashion were gathered to enjoy the game. Some sat in finely upholstered carriages, drawn by magnificent horses, whose golden harness-trappings glittered in the sunshine; others sat in automobiles, while others, clinging to the tradition of an earlier day, were there on horseback. On the piazza of the club-house finely gowned women and well-groomed men drank tea while they watched swift-footed ponies, bearing their crimson- and yellow-clad riders helter-skelter over the field. As for the game, it was a splendid show; they played well, those husky young fellows, with a skill and courage altogether admirable, giving the lie to the notion that wealth and dissipation necessarily go hand-in-hand.

As I watched the game, admiring the skill of the players and realizing the magnificent surroundings in which they spend their lives, — surroundings permitting of infinite leisure for the cultivation of body and mind, — the words quoted by Matthew Arnold, in his beautiful apostrophe to Oxford, came to my mind. "There are our young Barbarians all at play." Arnold, it will be remembered, referred to the upper, middle, and lower classes of English society as Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace. The aristo-

crats, he said, inherited from the Barbarian nobles, their early ancestors, that individualism, that passion for doing as one likes, which was so marked a characteristic. From the Barbarians, moreover, came their love of field sports, the care of the body, manly vigor, good looks, and fine complexions. "The chivalry of the Barbarians, with its characteristics of high spirit, choice manners, and distinguished bearing, — what is this," he asks, "but the commencement of the politeness of our aristocratic class?" "There are our young Barbarians all at play." That line of Arnold's coming to my mind, which at that moment was contrasting the scenes I have described, suggested the thought that, despite the familiar words in the Declaration of Independence, and our inherited repugnance to the idea, we have an upper, middle, and lower class in America.

We cannot refer to our aristocracy by the term Barbarians, for its members are not descended from "some victor in a Border brawl," their ancestors being of the old-world populace. Yet by whatever name it may be called, our aristocracy of wealth possesses characteristics curiously akin to the descendants of the Goths and Huns.

America has been a surprisingly short time in creating this aristocracy in all its refinement. We need not now be ashamed to entertain the most beribboned prince in our summer palaces at Newport; and yet but little over fifty years ago the author of "Lotus-Eating" complained mightily of the lack of refinement in the "Society" of that famous watering-place. "A very little time will reveal its characteristic to be exaggeration. The intensity, which is the natural attribute of a new race, and which finds in active business its due direction and achieves there its truest present success, becomes ludicrous in the social sphere, because it has no taste and no sense of propriety." He complained that the aristocracy, being most successful in the acquisition of wealth, knew but poorly how to spend it;

that Croesus, having made his money, was bent on throwing it away, so he built his house just like his neighbors' — only a little bigger — and furnished it with Louis Quinze or Louis Quatorze deformities, just like his neighbors, and bought carriages and gave dinners and wore splendid clothes, but owned few books or pictures; he was mastered by his means, and any other man with a large rent-roll was always respectable and awful to him.

"What is high society," asks the Lotus-Eater, "but the genial intercourse of the highest intelligence with which we converse? It is the festival of Wit and Beauty and Wisdom. . . . Its hall of reunion, whether Holland House, or Charles Lamb's parlor, or Schiller's garret, or the Tuileries, is a palace of pleasure. Wine and flowers and all successes of Art, delicate dresses studded with gems, the graceful motion to passionate and festal music, are its ornaments and Arabesque outlines. It is a tournament wherein the force of the hero is refined into the grace of the gentleman — a masque, in which womanly sentiment blends with manly thought. This is the noble idea of society, a harmonious play of the purest powers." And in Newport he finds but the form of it — the promise that the ideal may some day be realized; but for the time we must be content with the exaggeration, for "Fine Society is a fruit that ripens slowly."

A generation only has passed since the Lotus-Eater wrote his charming book, and making allowances for an exaggeration of style quite in keeping with the exaggeration of the fashionable folk about whom he wrote, we may say that his dream of what American society should be is, in a measure, a reality. Here in Newport is seen not only the form of a "Fine Society," but something of the substance. To be sure, much of exaggeration remains, but it is hardly fair to call it characteristic; it remains in the excesses of the ultra-fashionable set

— the very new aristocracy; but back of this excess, the description of which furnishes many fair readers with so much enjoyment in the Sunday papers, there is a solid foundation of good manners, bred of culture, in which we may find that "harmonious play of the purest powers," the Lotus-Eater longed to see.

This aristocracy, founded on money though it be, early learned that money is but a means, that culture is the end, and it soon came about that a man must be a pretty insignificant sort of a millionaire, who by his benefactions was unable to found a university, or at least have a professorship named for him, even if he himself were unable to write English grammatically — and the children of these millionaires benefited by their father's aspirations. We may not say by what marvelous means the transformation was effected, but certain it is the Newport of to-day is very different from the Newport of a generation ago. Croesus does not build his house just like his neighbors', only a little bigger, but commands the services of the ablest architects, who have transformed Newport from a city of commonplace cottages to one of rare architectural distinction. If Croesus lacks the taste to furnish his house becomingly, he has the sense to hire a decorator to do it for him — although in a larger measure than we realize, this is unnecessary; for Croesus has, in these later days, abandoned fast horses and flashy waistcoats, and has learned to buy pictures and books for himself — and he enjoys them too, which is even a greater matter. He does not always spend his money wisely — that were asking too much in a single generation; he still makes too great a show of his money, leading humble folk to imagine that there is some magic pleasure in the mere possession of vast wealth. He will overdo things occasionally — or at least Mrs. Croesus will; as when once she built a temporary ball-room next to her stately summer home, at a cost — so the newspapers said — of some forty

thousand dollars, and tore it down after a single evening's entertainment. Mrs. Croesus will spend vast sums of money to no rational purpose, and so give the socialists a deal to talk about, besides creating the impression that her husband's wealth was not inherited; but on the whole she has made tremendous progress since she was a schoolgirl.

Yes, despite all that we like to think to the contrary, we have an upper, middle, and lower class in America, but these classes are quite different from the very distinct strata observable in Europe. If Arnold had been describing American society, it would have been difficult for him to find a nomenclature so readily as he did when he described the English. To a degree the metric system has been adopted in the division of Americans into classes — very much depends on the number of ciphers to the left of the decimal point. This is not to say that everywhere in America a man is rated by the amount of his securities — that were an absurd statement so long as the golden dome reflects the sunlight over Beacon Hill; but from the very nature of things in a nation whose history is essentially one of commercial development, any line between class and class must be relative to the success of individuals in competing for the reward of commercial supremacy; and this reward in the first instance is a matter of dollars.

The history of society in America is the story of workmen rising to be employers of labor, and this rise is accompanied with a constantly changing standard of living; children whose fathers were content with rag-carpets buy, without knowledge of their significance, oriental rugs, and wear diamond shirt-studs. Their daughters go to finishing school and take on a fine surface polishing, their granddaughters go to college and learn that the color and design of the ancestral rug is what constitutes its distinction, not the great price which their successful forebears paid for it.

This is how classes have grown in our society, despite our faith in the gospel according to Jefferson; and it is just this process which has made Newport to-day so very different from the Newport George William Curtis wrote about.

I recently read a novel written twenty-five years ago, describing the humiliations of a Western girl, whose father was a wealthy ranchman, when introduced to the polite society of New York. At table she never knew which fork to use, and once she picked geranium leaves out of the finger bowl and pinned them to her gown. In the end, of course, she learned the usages of good society — and married a titled Englishman. The villain was a Western congressman, who chewed tobacco and shocked but fascinated the ladies of the exclusive set. This antithesis between the social development of the West and the East was a constant quarry for the novel-writer in the last generation, and even now stories of this kind are to be found on the bookstands. The moral usually is that real virtue is not a matter of manners — and all good Americans are pretty much alike under the skin. Such stories illustrate the fact that social classes in America are more elastic than in the old world, the one merging imperceptibly into the other as individuals rise in successful competition. In England a junk-dealer's clerk is certain to remain a clerk until the end of his days; or if, by force of ability, he should become a junk-dealer, he will not change his social position by a hair's breadth. In America, if he has persistency, he is more than likely to be the proprietor of a business; and if his success be great enough, you may see him occupying a box at the Newport horse-show, or hear of his wife's brilliant entertainments at her villa. You may not read that Mrs. Blank was among the guests, — it was her grandfather who dealt in scrap iron and naturally she is a bit exclusive, — but our junk-dealer has established himself as the ancestor of some future exclusive Mrs. Blank.

There is a danger in generalization, and we must not infer that there is no part of our American society claiming refinement as its heritage, that refinement which is inseparable from true nobility and finds its best expression in simplicity of life and character. Such society we may find enthroned in the finest of the palaces which front the sea at Newport; we will find it, too, in some humble home yonder in the City of the Dinner Pail. Wealth offers no barrier to this society any more than poverty is its open sesame. To the happy mortals who dwell therein, money is but the means to make the world a happier place in which mankind shall live. This man owns a great house which overlooks the sea, beautiful pictures hang upon its walls, and in the library are fine books and precious manuscripts. It has been his pleasure to collect these masterpieces of literature and art; he shares the joy of them with his friends, he invites the student and the connoisseur to enjoy his treasures with him; he lends his pictures to the public galleries and holds his manuscripts in trust for scholars; and so his pleasure has added to the public wealth as surely as the railroads his industry has built or the mine he has opened. And after the long day's work in one of the countless factories which the genius of this multi-millionaire has created, many a man and woman return to their quiet homes, there to enjoy the same pictures and books which enrich his mansion — for in this marvelous age, machinery, so despised by some, has given to the humblest citizen all the means of culture.

One day during my summer on the sea-girt farm, society was stirred by the arrival of a duchess who came for a visit to a great house on the avenue. The next afternoon many carriages stopped at the door, the footmen leaving cards; society paid its call of welcome. Driving my quiet rig by the house, the sound of the horse's feet upon the pavement attracted attention within. The great doors swung open; two flunkies, dressed in crimson

satin livery, white silk stockings, golden knee-buckles, and powdered wigs, stood before me; one extended a golden salver to receive my cards, but, seeing his mistake, retired. Before the doors closed behind him, I glanced into the great hall, down which a line of other flunkies in similar livery stood at attention. Somehow that livery has remained in my memory ever since. Surely, in the fifty years since Mrs. Potiphar consulted the Reverend Mr. Cream Cheese concerning the color and cut of the Potiphar livery, Americans have made tremendous strides in dressing their servants. It is not, however, the questionable right of Americans to the apostolic succession of flunkydome that keeps the vision of those radiant servants in my memory, but the suggestion of luxury their decorous forms called up to a mind filled, that afternoon, with the problems of poverty and with speculations concerning the possibilities of a distribution of wealth in which a living wage might be guaranteed to every able-bodied man who is willing to work for it.

Poverty and Luxury — these are the diseases of our industrial régime, to the cure of which the socialists offer their ineffectual remedy; ineffectual since the population of the United States is made up of ninety million individuals, some of whom will be forever on the verge of bankruptcy, however great their income, and some frugal and always carrying their account on the right side of the balance-sheet, however small their annual allotment of wealth.

Poverty and Luxury — twin diseases sapping the life of society: the one destroying ambition by withholding sufficient nourishment to the body; the other rendering men worthless to society by a superabundance of the good things of life. Poverty is a disease not indigenous to our American soil; it is a plague brought in by immigrant ships from worn-out Europe, and the patients are cured here by the thousands. So long as there remains an uncultivated acre of land anywhere in the Union, there is

no real cause for poverty, nor any excuse for luxury while a foot of land is undeveloped.

"The extreme of luxury," De Lave-laye says, "is that which destroys the product of many days' labor without bringing any rational satisfaction to the owner." Another author calls luxury "that which creates imaginary needs, exaggerates real wants, diverts them from their true end, establishes a habit of prodigality in society, and offers through the senses a satisfaction of self-love which puffs up, but does not nourish the heart, and which presents to others the picture of a happiness to which they can never attain."

Take either definition you will, we behold in the social life at Newport a measure of luxury men have not witnessed since the fall of Rome.

There was a time when economists apologized for luxury on the ground that those who supported it kept money in circulation, thus benefiting the poor; but that was when scholars believed that money was wealth in itself, and fondly believed that one might eat his cake and have it too. "Money changes hands," they said, "and in this circulation the life of business and commerce consists. When money is spent, it is all one to the public who spends it." We have passed beyond such specious arguments, but there are those even now who think if a man builds a temporary ballroom and destroys it the next day, some one has been benefited. The workers engaged in building and demolishing it and the men who employed them have, no doubt, obtained an immediate benefit; yet the same money might have built ten houses to be the homes of generations of men. Mrs. Croesus has had her vanishing palace, but ten families are sleeping without shelter because of it. She should beg her husband to use his influence at Washington to restrict immigration, or else to employ his wealth in such a way that these newcomers may be allowed to earn a proper living.

The sentiments which give rise to luxury, we are told, are vanity, sensuality, and the instinct of adornment; but the greatest of these is vanity, the desire to distinguish one's self and to appear of more importance than others. It is this aspect of luxury that flaunts itself on the avenue during the season. "My owner is rich, rich, rich," toots the horn of yonder marvelously upholstered motor-car, as it speeds along regardless of the pedestrian exercising his inalienable right to cross the street. "My husband is a multi-millionaire," this splendidly gowned matron declares, trailing her marvelously wrought skirt in the mud as she steps from her carriage, while her footman, in a livery more splendid than that of any prince in Europe, stares vacantly into space and touches his shining hat. Yes, these people are distinguished, but it would take an exceptionally sharp eye to tell which in this hierarchy of ostentation is of the most importance.

Condemnation of luxury, however, is not condemnation of wealth. Luxury is a disease merely, which may attack the successful individual just as poverty may sink the unsuccessful one to lower and lower depths of despair, and is no more a necessary result of a large income than poverty is of a small one. The question, after all, is not, how great is this man's fortune, but what does he do with it? We can make no quarrel with the Captain of Industry because he possesses so many dollars that neither he nor a dozen clerks could count them in a twelve-month, if he has earned those dollars by his skill in trade and is conscious of his stewardship. He entered the race on even terms with many thousand others, and outstripped them; by the very bent of his genius he is incapable of becoming a prey to luxury, and uses his wealth to develop new railroads and open new mines, and thus feeds with a bountiful hand thousands of half-starved immigrants from the old world. Such a man is a benefactor of mankind, as truly as the greatest philanthropist. He is en-

gaged in a real service to the nation, and his great fortune is the witness of his service. It has become the fashion of late to belittle these men of great genius and to forget the benefits which they have bestowed; but this fashion will soon pass and men will again restore to them the praise which is their due.

When, in the economic history of man, the world passed from the agricultural, through the handicraft, to the industrial stage, the multi-millionaire became inevitable; when the first factory was built, the "trust" was its certain result. The trust and the multi-millionaire are essential factors in our industrial evolution, stepping-stones to a new and better order. Very well, you say, we will accept the multi-millionaire at his real value; he is indeed a necessary factor in the development of our industrial world and we will not only cease to pursue him with venomous prejudice, but we will weigh carefully the findings of investigating committees and allow the rich every privilege guaranteed to the humblest citizen by the Constitution. We will do even more than this: we will admit the right of the multi-millionaire to the fruit of his industry, and allow him to keep unmolested his numerous residences, his horses, his motor-cars and his steam yachts. But what right has his son, who never earned a dollar throughout all his useless days, to inherit this vast wealth?

Well, that is a matter for future philosophers and future statesmen to settle among themselves. When the evil becomes sufficiently acute, they will, no doubt, find some remedy, but for the present we have more immediate problems.

We do not know toward what end our American republic is moving, whether it be toward that industrial state which one enthusiastic young socialist has prophesied will be a reality within ten years, or whether it be in quite a different direction. But those who mark the course of events see a mighty evolution at work in our national life. On one side we behold the flood of immigration typified by the Greek fisher-folk and Portuguese farm-hands, working throughout the long night on Brenton's Point, to win from the sea a scanty pile of firewood; and on the other, the lords of wealth, living in regal splendor in the stately homes overlooking the sea. The amazing natural resources of the new world have brought hither these humble folk to a richer life than their fathers ever dreamed might be, and the same natural resources have made possible this life of splendor — more vast if not more magnificent than the world has known before. What this evolution means, we shall none of us live to understand; for the American nation is still in its infancy, its natural resources are still undeveloped, and its contribution to civilization still lies in the future.

THE KING'S SON OF PALEMBAN

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

ONCE upon a time, a great many years ago, — almost a century ago, in fact, — there lived a lady who was young and fair, and rich enough, in all conscience, as riches went then. Indeed, there were, no doubt, many ladies who were young and fair and rich enough; but this particular one was my great-grandmother, which may be the reason for my telling this story.

Now this lady, whom we will call Iphigenia, principally because that was not her name, was married to a very worthy gentleman and brave man, who was the captain of a ship. And this ship sailed, one voyage after another, to Bombay and Calcutta and Manila and Batavia and Singapore and such-like outlandish ports, from Boston. Captain Steele had sailed, late in September of the year 1821, on what was to be his last voyage. When he should sail into Boston Harbor again and land at the India Wharf, he would retire; or, at least, that was his intention. For he had been at sea, with certain brief intermissions, for the better part of fifteen years. And, at the age of thirty-three, it is fitting that a gentleman should retire from active service at sea, and should partake of the benefits and amenities of a life ashore.

Such, at least, was Captain Steele's opinion; and such was the opinion of Iphigenia, his wife. Indeed, she would have been glad if he had seen fit to retire earlier. For in what was she better than a widow — a widow for all but about three months out of every twenty-four? If she had been asked — she was not asked, but if she had been — she would have given it as her opinion that every gentleman should stay ashore for good and all after he was twenty-three, thereby setting ahead the date of retirement by

ten years. Captain Steele was married at twenty-three. And Iphigenia, as she pondered upon these matters in her own room, pouted somewhat.

"Nine years a widow!" she said. "Nine years a widow! Well, thank heaven, there is but a year more of it." And she pulled the bell-cord.

She was sitting in her own room, rather huddled up over a great fire that roared in the chimney. It was cold, bitter cold, outside, and none too warm inside, although the fire was doing its brave best. But fire in the rooms does not warm the halls, especially if the doors be shut, as hers was. And, with the doors open, it is but a draughty place before the great chimney, that sucks up all the air it can get, be it cold or warm; and the air at this season was mostly cold. And Iphigenia had before her an embroidery frame and she was sitting in a very high-backed chair. The door into the hall must open sometimes. And she tried to embroider, but her fingers were rather cold, and besides, to say the truth, she did not want to. There was nothing that she did want to do, and neither did doing nothing suit her.

It is to be feared that Iphigenia was out of sorts. Perhaps she missed her husband. For I have always understood that Captain Steele was a very loving husband, although he did not ask his wife's opinion as often as he might, even on matters in which she might have had a preference and in which that preference should have had some weight. He did not ask his wife's opinion at all. No doubt he was to blame in that. We should not do so, now — we should not dare. But I have always understood, also, that it is never the way of sea captains — it is not a habit worth mention-

ing — to ask anybody's opinion in regard to anything, but to trust to their own. And that method has its advantages, too.

The door opened and a maid entered. "Madam rang?" said she, in the low voice that well-trained maids always use — always have used, since maids were.

Iphigenia did not turn her head. "Yes, Marshall, I rang," she said; and her voice was not even and calm, like Marshall's, but its tones betrayed her irritation. She did not have to modulate her voice always within a certain compass, as Marshall did. It might have been better for her if she had had to. She did not have to do anything that she did not want to do; it was only to convention that she bowed. And, if conditions only became sufficiently hard to bear, why, convention — But she went on.

"What people have I asked to supper here, to-night, Marshall?"

"Madam has asked but three people for to-night," answered Marshall, in the same well-trained voice. "There is Captain Cumnor, and Miss Peake, and Mr. Hunter. That is all, madam."

"Have n't I asked Captain Ammidon — and Mrs. Ammidon?" asked Iphigenia, in a sort of panic, as it seemed.

"No, madam."

Now Iphigenia knew very well that she had not asked Captain Ammidon and Mrs. Ammidon. For, although it would be Christmas Eve, and although Captain and Mrs. Ammidon had always been asked to sup with her on Christmas Eve, she had omitted them of set purpose. Captain Ammidon was old and white-haired and fatherly — Mrs. Ammidon did not matter; and Captain Cumnor was not old, nor was he white-haired or fatherly, but he was her very devoted slave — or so it appeared. Her friends were beginning to whisper that he was too devoted. But I am not forgetting that Iphigenia was my great-grandmother or that she was a very charming woman — even to Marshall; nor that Captain Steele had been at sea almost continually since they were married. And now

it seemed that she was remembering some things, too, that she had been in danger of forgetting, and she was panic-stricken accordingly. For Miss Peake did not matter, either, nor did Mr. Hunter.

"Dear me!" cried Iphigenia. "I must ask them at once. I hope they will overlook the lateness of the invitation and come. Oh, Marshall, I *hope* they will!"

"If madam will excuse me," said Marshall, still in that low voice which contrived to hint at sympathy, "I think that they will come. They believe that it is through some mistake that they have not received their invitation. They have always been asked, madam knows."

"Yes, yes," said Iphigenia hastily. "And you will see, Marshall, that Captain Ammidon is seated on my right and Captain Cumnor on my left. The others will be — where you see fit to put them, Marshall."

"Yes, madam," said Marshall. And she opened the door again, to go out, and there entered a blast of air so cold that Iphigenia shivered as she got up to write her belated note to Captain Ammidon. It was addressed to Mrs. Ammidon and the words were written to Mrs. Ammidon; but the spirit of it was, none the less, to the captain.

And so it was come to Christmas Eve and the table was all dressed prettily — Marshall had seen to that; and Iphigenia was all dressed, infinitely more prettily — and Marshall had seen to that, too. And, when she was all dressed and ready to go down, she would first see her boys. For she was the mother of two fine boys, the older eight years old and the younger but three. They were already in bed.

"I am afraid, madam," said Marshall, "that Bobby is asleep." She smiled as she spoke. "Madam knows that he wastes no time, but goes immediately to sleep. But Norton is awake. He was hoping that you would come in."

"And so I will," said Iphigenia. Then she sighed. "We have too much company, Marshall, too much company. It's

going to be stopped." And, with that, she swept out; and Marshall smiled a knowing smile and murmured something under her breath.

"Poor dear!" she said. "Poor dear! If only the captain would come! It's full time."

But Iphigenia swept into her sons' room. Norton was sitting up in the high bed with a warm wrapper over his shoulders. His eyes were shining. The room was cold and Iphigenia shivered.

"Oh, mother!" cried Norton, softly, lest he wake Bobby. "You are so beautiful — so beautiful! I love to see you ready for parties. I wish father could see you now."

Iphigenia sank down with her knees on the cushion that her little boys used to get into bed; for the bed was an old-fashioned, high affair, with hangings. And she flushed in a fashion that, Norton thought, made her more beautiful yet.

"I wish father *could* see me, my dear little boy," she said. "I *wish* he could!" And she took him in her arms and crushed his face against hers.

"But your pretty dress, mother!" protested Norton, struggling away. "It'll rumple it all up."

Iphigenia was in a passion of tenderness. "Never mind the dress, Norton," she cried. "Never mind the dress. Give me a great big hug — a regular bear hug! Now!"

And Norton, although he could seldom be prevailed upon to do such things, — he loved his mother dearly, but was shy about demonstrations, — Norton complied.

"My dear little boy!" cried Iphigenia. "My dear little boy!" And she kissed him until he protested and hid his face in the pillow.

And Bobby was restless and talking in his sleep, although neither his mother nor Norton could make out what he said. Suddenly he sat up in bed, crying and evidently much frightened. Iphigenia had him in her arms in an instant.

"What is it, Bobby, dear?" she said.

"Did he have a bad dream? Here is mother, and Norton is right beside you. Nothing can hurt Bobby."

But Bobby kept on crying and sobbing. It was some minutes before he could be quieted. Then he opened his eyes, saw his mother, and clung with both arms about her neck.

"Had a horrid dream," he faltered sleepily, "about farver, an' he was on a big ship an' sailin' over the wide ocean, an' some other little ships comed an' — an' they — an' —" And Bobby was sleeping again, peacefully this time.

Iphigenia laid him back in his place. She was strangely excited. "Now, Norton," she said, "we will pray to the good God — just say it to ourselves, silently — that He will bring father safe home again."

And Norton, very willingly, folded his hands as he sat there in bed, and his lips moved, while Iphigenia buried her face in the bedclothes as she knelt. And, having done, Iphigenia rose to her feet.

"Good-night, mother," said Norton. "Now He will, won't He?"

"Yes, dear little son," said Iphigenia. "Now He will. Good-night."

She found Captain Cumnor warming his hands before the fire. He had come early, for some reason best known to himself. Iphigenia made a beautiful picture as she came into the room with her emotion fresh upon her. Captain Cumnor advanced to meet her and bowed low; and he took her hand in his and lightly touched her fingers with his lips. Iphigenia shivered.

"My lady is looking well, to-night," he said, in a low voice. His eyes said much more. Captain Cumnor had handsome eyes.

"I have been bidding my babies good-night," said Iphigenia, with a little trembling smile.

There was something about that smile which seemed to Captain Cumnor to put him far from her. He did not like it.

"And —" said Captain Cumnor,

"and —? There is something else. What is it?"

"And —" repeated Iphigenia, "and —" But she could not tell him. "No," she replied somewhat coldly, "there is nothing else."

Then Captain Ammidon came in, and Iphigenia was glad. And Mrs. Ammidon came after the captain, as they ever were, she following in his wake like a shadow — or like a shark — a very mild sort of shark; more like a dogfish — or so Iphigenia seemed to think. Iphigenia did not like Mrs. Ammidon. And Miss Peake and Mr. Hunter came together, and after a time they all went in to supper.

It was toward the end of the supper that Captain Ammidon was giving toasts. And he had just proposed Captain Steele's health, with the hope that he might have a fortunate voyage and live thereafter in honor and happiness ashore. Captain Ammidon had retired years before. And they were all standing and had raised their glasses — little, delicate glasses, with the leopard's head cut on them — when Iphigenia had a feeling that she was about to faint. She braced herself; she *would not* faint. And then —

She was just stepping out of the cabin door on to the quarter-deck of the *Aulis*. Before her was Captain Steele, in the gold-laced uniform that he kept for state occasions. The mates, also, were in uniform, which was unusual, and the crew, below, in the waist, were clad in the best that they could raise, which was not bad, for the most part, considering. It seemed to be about seven in the morning, although the sun was well up, being perhaps two hours high, or thereabouts. The weather was hot and sultry, with a promise of worse to come.

Iphigenia was much surprised to find that it seemed the most natural thing in the world that she should be there at that time. There was a light air stirring, but not enough to fill the sails, which hung, almost flapping, from the yards. There was a cloud of canvas spread, and Iphigenia noted that. She noted, too, that

the ship was barely making steerage way. She advanced towards the group of officers.

Captain Steele was speaking to the mate. "Overhaul the cargo," he said, "or as much of it as you can, and find something that will do for presents." Iphigenia touched him on the arm. He looked up, and she was about to speak, but he held up his hand for her to be silent. She was silent, waiting. "Be quick about it," he added, to the mate. "They will be aboard of us in half an hour."

Then he turned to Iphigenia. "Good-morning, my dear," he said, smiling, "and a merry Christmas to you!"

Iphigenia took hold of the lapels of his coat with both hands. She would have clung to him with her arms around his neck, but that there were the two mates and the whole crew to see. She turned imploring eyes to him.

"Is it Christmas morning, Elliott? A merry Christmas to you, if it is. I wish that you — you could — kiss me, Elliott." Her eyes filled.

Captain Elliott Steele laughed. "Do you, Iphigenia? Well, bless you, I can." He bent and kissed her full on the mouth. "If everything were as easy as that — and as pleasant! A man may kiss his wife, I hope, on Christmas morning, without exciting remark."

She was happy, then. "And where are you now, Elliott? And why have you got your uniform on — and why is — everything? Tell me."

Captain Steele laughed again, a full, round laugh. "No time for an answer to that. We are in latitude about nine fifty south, and longitude one hundred and five forty-four east. I have not taken an observation to-day, but that land you see over there is Christmas Island, and the water you see is the Indian Ocean. And the feluccas you see rowing this way are, I suspect, buccaneers, who will be aboard of us in less than half an hour, now. And the wind that you don't see is what I wish devoutly that there was, to help us

show them a clean pair of heels. But don't you be frightened, Iphigenia," he added hastily. "I think that we shall circumvent them."

Iphigenia was not frightened. She looked over the water, that rolled in long, lazy swells, unruffled by a breeze, and, far down upon the northern horizon, she thought that she saw the high land of Christmas Island, although she was not very sure. It made but a darker patch of blue on the blue of the horizon, at the best. And to the eastward she saw four boats — the "little ships" of Bobby's dream, she thought — that, in the absence of wind, had out a forest of oars and were closing in, in a leisurely manner, upon their prey. Each little ship was crowded with men. And she wondered — wondered — and said nothing.

"You keep near me," said Captain Steele, "and whatever I may do — I don't know, yet, what I shall do — you follow my lead. You understand, Iphigenia? Follow my lead."

"Yes," said Iphigenia.

In the crew there was one man who could speak the native language of those parts. Captain Steele had that man called to act as interpreter, for he himself knew but little of that tongue. And he had a gangway put over the side, and the first of the boats drew near and hung, a few oars' lengths away. A man stood out from the mass of men, but, before he could speak, the interpreter called to him.

"Peace be with you!" he said.

And the man looked surprised, but he answered, and in his own tongue.

"And with you, peace," he said.

And, with that, the interpreter, at Captain Steele's bidding, asked him to come aboard, with thirty of his men — there were thirty men in the crew of the Aulis — and be the guests of the Aulis at dinner. And, after a few minutes of hesitation — no doubt he had some fear that he might, I say, be walking into a trap, he and his men; it was a reasonable fear — after a few minutes, he came, and certain of his men from each of the boats

came also. But the boats took up their stations about the ship, about a cable's length away, as though they meant to stay there. And Captain Steele, clad in his gorgeous uniform, and the mates, and Iphigenia, a little timorous, waited at the head of the gangway.

The man came up and bounded lightly on deck, his men behind him. He looked alertly about him, ready for anything, it seemed; then, seeing only the officers in their uniforms, and a certain timorous lady, he smiled and touched his head and his lips and his breast, and made a low salaam, and said something which nobody understood. There was not time for the interpreter; and, besides, he had gone with the crew. Captain Steele held out his hand, which the man took, and he was presented to Mrs. Steele, although it is to be feared that he understood no more of what was going on than they did of his language.

He was a handsome man, younger than Captain Steele, with a little black mustache which turned up, quite cunningly, at the ends, and, on his head, a big turban of fine linen. Iphigenia laughed as she looked into his eyes, but whether from relief or from nervousness or from what other cause soever she could not have told, for the life of her. But she felt no fear of him. And he, seeing her laughing, and her eyes looking frankly into his, smiled merrily back again. And, at that, Captain Steele laughed too, and they all went into the cabin together.

"It's a little early for our Christmas dinner," said Captain Steele, "but we'll have it, if the steward has done his duty. If not, I'll string him up."

And again they all smiled, though it must have been more from the friendly feeling which had come over them than because of Captain Steele's words. And their guest was seated cross-legged on cushions that had been placed upon a divan. This divan commonly did duty as a transom and locker, in which were kept various papers of Captain Steele's; among them, the log of the voyage which

is before me now. And at the other end of the table sat Captain Steele, with Iphigenia and the first mate on either side; and the door opened and a badly frightened steward began serving the dinner.

It was a merry meal, in spite of the fact that nobody could understand a word that their guest said; and, noting that, which was plain enough, he seemed to have a certain pleasure in talking much. It was to be supposed that he could understand no more of what was said to him. And presently, Captain Steele, getting tired, as I suppose, of understanding nothing that his guest said, and being equally weary of keeping the smile on his face and not knowing what he smiled at, had the interpreter fetched to help them out. It was rather hard on him, taking him away from his dinner and making him stand behind the captain's chair, from which point he could smell the dinner well enough, but could not get so much as a taste of it. There was no turkey, nor yet goose; but there was a very passable soup, and excellent salt horse and plum-duff to come, and Captain Steele could keep wines well enough, if he could not keep fresh meat.

The guest observed the salt horse with some amusement, and tasted everything, though he did scarcely more. Then, when the salt horse was finished, — it was the second course, — he said something to Captain Steele, with much smiling and many gestures. Captain Steele looked at the interpreter, whose face was glowing.

"He says, captain, will my lord pardon him for suggesting, and accept a slight contribution from his stores? For he has been ashore within these two days, at Java, and there procured fresh meat and a trifle or two, which he well understands that his excellency has not had this long time, being at sea. And he believes the trifles he mentions will be grateful to his lord and honorable lady, and to the crew, and he hopes that you will deign to accept them. And I make bold

to say, captain, that I hope you will."

At which ending Captain Steele burst out laughing, as did Iphigenia and the mate; and their guest laughed as merrily, which made Iphigenia wonder whether he really understood no more than he seemed to. But Captain Steele thanked him heartily for his courtesy and said that he would gladly accept whatever he offered. And he, not waiting for the interpreter to interpret, murmured his excuses and arose and hastened on deck, with Captain Steele following after as fast as he could. But Iphigenia waited there with the mate.

And, after a while, there entered Captain Steele with their guest, and, strangely enough, he had his hand on the man's shoulder, as if he were an old friend.

"Iphigenia," said the captain, "what do you think of him? He understands English as well as I, and he has been fooling us all this time. As for you," he added, to the interpreter, "you can go forward to your dinner."

"Aye, aye, sir; thank you, sir," said the man; and went out, laughing silently.

"I make my apologies to the lady and the honorable captain," said the guest; "but it was necessary that I be sure that there was no plan to trap us, me and my men. Now we can enjoy our dinner in fullness."

"In fullness," echoed Captain Steele.

Iphigenia laughed again. And immediately there entered men bearing dishes in their hands. And they set them down and whipped off the covers, and there were pheasants, smoking hot, and many another thing that I do not know the name of, for neither Iphigenia, nor Captain Steele in his log, has said what they were. But I am sure enough that they must have tasted good to Captain Steele and his sailors, who had been three months without fresh meat or fruits, or anything much better than salt beef.

And, when the dinner was over, Captain Steele gave an order, and there was brought in to him, as he sat at the table, a box of carved ebony inlaid on the top

and sides with silver. And the captain made a little speech, which I will not try to give — he had been drinking toasts, which will account for his readiness with his tongue; for he was not used to making speeches, and he did not like to — he made a speech, presenting the box and its contents to his guest, in memory of a pleasant occasion. And he pushed the box across the table, turned the silver key, and opened it. There lay a pretty pair of pistols, with their grips inlaid with some fine and beautiful design in silver, also.

"I had nothing else that I could offer you," said Captain Steele. "I hope you will not be using them upon my friends." And he laughed in somewhat embarrassed fashion.

Iphigenia saw a deep red suffuse the dark color of the man's cheek, and she feared that the captain might have transgressed some rule of which he was ignorant. Then the man laughed as if he was pleased, and, feeling beneath the neck of his robe, he drew forth a chain of pearls. It was a long chain, and they were beautiful great pearls, each one perfect; and they grew from little to big, and at the bottom of the loop was a pendant with an enormous blue pearl in it. Iphigenia drew a long, shivering breath at the sight. She liked pearls very much; no doubt she would have said that she loved them. And the man rose, smiling, and went over to Captain Steele and bowed.

"I beg that you will accept this trifle for madam," he said. And, seeing the doubt growing on Captain Steele's face, he laughed. "I did not take it from one of your friends," he continued. "It is nothing. It will give me pleasure to have madam wear it — to remember a pleasant occasion."

And there was nothing else for the captain to do but to take it, which he did with what grace was in him, and with but feeble protest. As for Iphigenia, she went red and pale by turns, and could only stammer her thanks. And, in time, they went on deck and the man betook

him to his boat again and sailed away. For a gentle breeze had arisen, with, now and then, hard squalls. And great thunder heads darkened the water, but it was yet hot. Iphigenia leaned upon the rail and watched the boats and waved her handkerchief. She was no longer timorous.

The men of the *Aulis* were taking in sail. Captain Steele leaned on the rail, beside Iphigenia, and watched the boats. Their crews seemed to have no idea of taking in any sail, but they went with all that they could carry. "The fools!" said he. "Well — perhaps they know their own boats best."

And he shrugged his shoulders and turned away. Iphigenia watched the boats as they drew abreast of Christmas Island. It was very squally there, the wind drawing off the high land in puffs and swirls. She saw the boats careen, one after another, under one of these puffs, and recover; then, seemingly, there came a blast of great force. It knocked them flat, so that they went over like a row of ten-pins, and the men were struggling in the water. Iphigenia gave a little scream and dropped to the deck.

Queer things were happening to her. She would have cried out with the horror of it, but she could not raise her voice above a whisper.

"Oh, is he drowned?" she said. "Tell me, is he drowned?"

It was very still, and she was about to repeat her question. Then she heard voices, low and far off. And she opened her eyes, and she saw faces turned to hers, over the candles; but she saw them vaguely and indistinctly, as if they were dream-faces. Then they came nearer and were more real, and she knew them. She was in her own dining-room and she still held the little glass in her hand — the little glass with the leopard's head cut in it — and her other hand gripped the table so hard that it was numb. And Captain Ammidon and Mrs. Ammidon were looking at her, their faces beginning to show the fear they felt, and they whis-

pered together. Captain Cumnor was looking at her, too. Miss Peake and Mr. Hunter did not matter, as I have said.

"My lady is not well?" asked Captain Cumnor, in a low and anxious voice. There was more in his voice than in his words — infinitely more, and his eyes expressed more than his voice. They said — but it does not matter, now, what they said; if he had only known it, the time was already past when it could matter to Iphigenia what he said, whether with lips or voice or eyes. And his voice was so low that even Captain Ammidon, on Iphigenia's other hand, did not hear. But Captain Ammidon was deaf. As his lady did not reply, Captain Cumnor went on, —

"Let me take you into —"

And Iphigenia turned upon him a look that would have frozen his heart within him — if he had had a heart — so filled was it with contempt and loathing.

"I am quite well, thank you," she said; and shuddered and turned again and drank her wine. How long had she been standing there, holding that glass?

Captain Cumnor was surprised at the look she gave him; surprised out of his discretion. What could he know of the workings of a woman's mind? What did the woman herself know of them, for that matter? But he was no fool. He could see through a hole in a millstone.

"I am very glad that you are well," he said. "I was beginning to fear that, perhaps, you were not." And he shrugged his shoulders.

His words were well enough, but his voice was an insult; and no woman would have cared to see his eyes as he spoke. Iphigenia turned towards him, and her words cut like knives.

"I fear it is you who are ill, Captain Cumnor," she said. "If you feel that you should go home, we will excuse you."

Captain Cumnor smiled an evil smile. "I am indebted to you, madam," he said. "I hesitated to ask so great a favor." He turned to the others. "Mrs. Steele is kind enough to excuse me at

once. She thinks I am ill and ought to be at home. Good-night." And he bowed and was gone.

Mr. Hunter and Miss Peake gaped in astonishment and Mrs. Ammidon smiled grimly. Only Captain Ammidon reached over and took Iphigenia's hand. He did not smile but he looked affectionately at her. "Casting pearls, my dear," said he; "casting pearls."

Involuntarily, Iphigenia reached up to feel her pearls. They were her own amber beads that she felt between her fingers.

Iphigenia never saw Captain Cumnor again, which was just as well, no doubt. But when Captain Steele came back, nearly a year later, he handed her a packet. And she undid the packet, with fingers that trembled a little, and she drew out from its wrappings a string of pearls. It was a long chain, and they were beautiful great pearls, each one perfect; and they grew from little to big, and at the bottom of the loop was a pendant with an enormous blue pearl in it. Captain Steele watched her as she drew them forth, but he said nothing, only stood there, smiling slightly.

And Iphigenia raised shy eyes to his. "Was he drowned?" she whispered. "Tell me, was he drowned?"

Captain Steele laughed. "I don't know what you can know about them — or him," he said. "But I will show you."

And he went and fetched his log: the log of the *Aulis* on the voyage from Boston towards Manila, beginning September the twenty-seventh, 1821. And he opened it and turned to a certain page, and set it before her. That same log lies open before me now, and at the same place. And I will mention, in passing, that I have that same string of pearls in my strong box at the bank. It is a long chain still — as long as when it was Iphigenia's — and they are beautiful great pearls; but some of them are turned dark. It is nearly a century since Iphigenia got them.

At sea the day began, for Captain

Steele at least, at noon; which will account for the date of the entry. And so December the twenty-fourth, "latter part," would correspond to the forenoon of the twenty-fifth, as we reckon days ashore. He mentions it. And, if Captain Steele had been of a religious turn, he might well have filled a page of the book with a prayer. Captains of those days often filled nearly a page with prayers, of a Sunday — uncommon long ones, too, though, no doubt, they were sincere. And this was Christmas Day, which would have been excuse enough, if one were needed. But Captain Steele contents himself with the briefest; though it must have been heartfelt.

Monday, Dec 24th, 1821. 88 days. Comes in gentle S. E. gales and pleasant weather. Set royals and skysails. Middle part light airs. Set royal steering sails. At daylight saw Christmas Island bearing N. by W. about five leagues.

Christmas morning at home — and here. May God bless us all and all who are dear to us, and grant us a safe return to our native land. Amen!

Latter part squally, with thunder, lightning and rain. Sent down all steering sails, royals, T. Gallant sails and skysails and reef'd main topsail. At about 10 A. M. pass'd the Island distance about three miles. Very squally while passing the Island, with great numbers of Boobies and Man-o'-War birds round the Ship. Ends with fresh trades and passing clouds. All proper sail set.

At about 7 A. M. sighted four feluccas bearing down on us, which I took to be buccaneers. Had the mates (and myself) in our best uniform to their great astonishment, and the men in their best, and received them hospitably. Christmas dinner at 8 A. M. (rather early) at which the captain of the buccaneers show'd himself a friendly fellow and a man of a pretty wit. *Mirabile dictu!* Made him a present of my silver-mounted pistols, with the hope that he would not

use them on my friends. He, in turn, presented me with a string of pearls for Mrs. Steele. (I had a curious sense of her presence with me all through dinner and for a little while after. Then she was gone.) Very handsome pearls, if I am any judge. Wondered where they came from, but asked no troublesome questions, being thankful for our own escape. God moves in a mysterious way. After dinner, the captain of the buccaneers took to his boats and stood away from us, in towards Christmas Island. Very heavy squall capsized all boats. Stood in as fast as we could, but had to make some sail. Picked up the captain and the most part of his people.

And when Iphigenia had finished the reading of the log for that day, Captain Steele stooped and turned a page. "There!" he said, "Read that, too." And he turned away to hide a smile.

So Iphigenia read.

Thursday, Dec. 27th, 1821. 91 ds. At anchor in Mero Bay, the peak on Prince's Island bearing N. by W., the North Extreme of Java N. 38 E. the Watering Place on Java Shore S. 25 E. Sent the boats for water. Our Captain of Buccaneers gone with them, with his men. The boats returned at five, having 2010 gals. water. Took in boats and water and got under way and made sail through the straits. Stood in for Anger at 11 A. M. I went ashore and left letters for Boston and procured a supply of fowls, vegetable and turtle. Ends light airs from N. & W.

Friday, Dec, 28th, 1821. 92 ds. Comes in light airs and pleasant weather. At 1 o'clock, I came on board with our supplies, procured of Amon, a Chinaman, having heard by the master commandant (Van Bassal) of the recovery of Palembang by the Dutch and the taking of the King, then a prisoner on board a Dutch Man of War at Batavia, and the escape of the King's son, with a party. It is thought that he may have sailed to make war

upon the Dutch. Can he be our captain of buccaneers!

Ends with lt. airs and variable. Three ships in sight supposed bound for Batavia, one of which is the English ship Amity of Whitby, 157 days from England.

Iphigenia looked up from her reading, a question in her eyes. "Was he?" she asked, at last.

Captain Steele laughed. "He was, I found, the King's son of Palembang."

Truly, he loved a joke, that King's son of Palembang.

MORRICE WATER

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

ALONG the shallows of the river
That flows by Hemlock Mountain's side,
There is a street of elms and gardens,
With flower-de-luce and London-pride;
All green and blue and white reflected
Within the still and dreaming tide.

When from the castellated steeple
The bell's melodious long refrain,
Full early on a Sabbath morning,
Is heard across the windy plain,
Along that street the flowered waistcoat
And polonaise appear again.

In the Town Hall, at springtime parties,
To many a quaint and charming tune,
They play "Where art thou?" and "King William;"
And still beneath the autumn moon
Lead forth to "Money Musk" their partners,
And dance the reel and rigadon.

And when the graybeards fill the tavern
With talk of camp, and sword, and gun,
They mingle Shiloh and Stone River
With Concord, and with Lexington;
Until through yesterdays forever
The Morrice Water seems to run.

HONEST LITERARY CRITICISM

BY CHARLES MINER THOMPSON

THERE are five groups interested in literary criticism: publishers of books, authors, publishers of reviews, critics, and, finally, the reading public.

An obvious interest of all the groups but the last is financial. For the publisher of books, although he may have his pride, criticism is primarily an advertisement: he hopes that his books will be so praised as to commend them to buyers. For the publisher of book-reviews, although he also may have his pride, criticism is primarily an attraction for advertisements: he hopes that his reviews will lead publishers of books to advertise in his columns. For the critic, whatever his ideals, criticism is, in whole or in part, his livelihood. For the author, no matter how disinterested, criticism is reputation — perhaps a reputation that can be coined. In respect of this financial interest, all four are opposed to the public, which wants nothing but competent service, — a guide to agreeable reading, an adviser in selecting gifts, a herald of new knowledge, a giver of intellectual delight.

All five groups are discontented with the present condition of American criticism.

Publishers of books complain that reviews do not help sales. Publishers of magazines lament that readers do not care for articles on literary subjects. Publishers of newspapers frankly doubt the interest of book-notices. The critic confesses that his occupation is ill-considered and ill-paid. The author wrathfully exclaims — but what he exclaims cannot be summarized, so various is it. Thus, the whole commercial interest is unsatisfied. The public, on the other hand, finds book-reviews of little service and reads them, if at all, with indifference, with distrust, or with exasperation.

That part of the public which appreciates criticism as an art maintains an eloquent silence and reads French.

Obviously, what frets the commercial interest is the public indifference to book-reviews. What is the cause of that?

In critical writing, what is the base of interest, the indispensable foundation in comparison with which all else is superstructure? I mentioned the public which, appreciating criticism as an art, turns from America to France for what it craves. Our sympathies respond to the call of our own national life, and may not be satisfied by Frenchmen; if we turn to them, we do so for some attraction which compensates for the absence of intimate relation to our needs. What is it? Of course, French mastery of form accounts in part for our intellectual absenteeism; but it does not account for it wholly, not, I think, even in the main. Consider the two schools of French criticism typified by Brunetière and Anatole France. Men like Brunetière seem to believe that what they say is important, not merely to fellow dilettanti or to fellow scholars, but to the public and to the mass of the public; they seem to write, not to display their attainments, but to use their attainments to accomplish their end; they put their whole strength, intellectual and moral, into their argument; they seek to make converts, to crush enemies. They are in earnest, they feel responsible, they take their office with high seriousness. They seem to think that the soul and the character of the people are as important as its economic comfort. The problem of a contemporary, popular author — even if contemporary, even if popular — is to them an important question; the intellectual, moral, and æsthetic ideals which he is spreading through the coun-

try are to be tested rigorously, then applauded or fought. They seek to be clear because they wish to interest, they wish to interest because they wish to convince, they wish to convince because they have convictions which they believe should prevail.

The men like Anatole France — if there are any others like Anatole France — have a different philosophy of life. They are doubtful of endeavor, doubtful of progress, doubtful of new schools of art, doubtful of new solutions whether in philosophy or economics; but they have a quick sensitiveness to beauty and a profound sympathy with suffering man. Not only do they face their doubts, but they make their readers face them. They do not pretend, they do not conceal; they flatter no conventions and no prejudices; they are sincere. Giving themselves without reserve, they do not speak what they think will please you, but rather try with all their art to please you with what they think.

In the French critics of both types — the men like Brunetière, the men like Anatole France — there is this common, this invaluable characteristic, — I mean intellectual candor. That is their great attraction; that is the foundation of interest.

Intellectual candor does not mark American criticism. The fault is primarily the publisher's. It lies in the fundamental mistake that he makes in the matter of publicity. Each publisher, that is, treats each new book as if it were the only one that he had ever published, were publishing, or ever should publish. He gives all his efforts to seeing that it is praised. He repeats these exertions with some success for each book that he prints. Meanwhile, every other publisher is doing as much for every new book of his own. The natural result follows — a monotony of praise which permits no books to stand out, and which, however plausible in the particular instance, is, in the mass, incredible.

But how is it that the publisher's fiat

produces praise? The answer is implicit in the fact that criticism is supported, not by the public, but by the publisher. Upon the money which the publisher of books is ready to spend for advertising depends the publisher of book-reviews; upon him in turn depends the critic.

Between the publisher of books anxious for favorable reviews and willing to spend money, and the publisher of a newspaper anxious for advertisements and supporting a dependent critic, the chance to trade is perfect. Nothing sordid need be said or indeed perceived; all may be left to the workings of human nature. Favorable reviews are printed, advertisements are received; and no one, not even the principals, need be certain that the reviews are not favorable because the books are good, or that the advertisements are not given because the comment is competent and just. Nevertheless, the Silent Bargain has been decorously struck. Once reached, it tends of itself to become ever more close, intimate, and inclusive. The publisher of books is continuously tempted to push his advantage with the complaisant publisher of a newspaper; the publisher of a newspaper is continuously tempted to pitch ever higher and still higher the note of praise.

But the Silent Bargain is not made with newspapers only. Obviously, critics can say nothing without the consent of some publisher; obviously, their alternatives are silence or submission. They who write for the magazines are wooed to constant surrender; they must, or they think that they must, be tender of all authors who have commercial relations with the house that publishes the periodical to which they are contributing. Even they who write books are not exempt: they must, or they feel that they must, deal gently with reputations commercially dear to their publisher. If the critic is timid, or amiable, or intriguing, or struck with poverty, he is certain, whatever his rank, to dodge, to soften, to omit whatever he fears may displease

the publisher on whom he depends. Selfish considerations thus tend ever to emasculate criticism, criticism thus tends ever to assume more and more nearly the most dishonest and exasperating form of advertisement, that of the "reading notice" which presents itself as sincere, spontaneous testimony. Disingenuous criticism tends in its turn to puzzle and disgust the public — and to hurt the publisher. The puff is a boomerang.

Its return blow is serious; it would be fatal, could readers turn away wholly from criticism. What saves the publisher is that they cannot. They have continuous, practical need of books, and must know about them. The multitudinous paths of reading stretch away at every angle, and the traveling crowd must gather and guess and wonder about the guide-post criticism, even if each finger, contradicting every other, points to its own road as that "To Excellence."

Wayfarers in like predicament would question one another. It is so with readers. Curiously enough, publishers declare that their best advertising flows from this private talk. They all agree that, whereas reviews sell nothing, the gossip of readers sells much. Curiously, I say; for this gossip is not under their control; it is as often adverse as favorable; it kills as much as it sells. Moreover, when it kills, it kills in secret: it leaves the bewildered publisher without a clue to the culprit or his motive. How, then, can it be superior to the controlled, considerate flattery of the public press? It is odd that publishers never seriously ask themselves this question, for the answer, if I have it, is instructive. The dictum of the schoolgirl that a novel is "perfectly lovely" or "perfectly horrid," comes from the heart. The comment of society women at afternoon tea, the talk of business men at the club, if seldom of much critical value, is sincere. In circles in which literature is loved, the witty things which clever men and clever women say about books are inspired by the fear neither of God nor of man. In

circles falsely literary, parrot talk and affectation hold sway, but the talkers have an absurd faith in one another. In short, all private talk about books bears the stamp of sincerity. That is what makes the power of the spoken word. It is still more potent when it takes the form, not of casual mention, but of real discussion. When opinions differ, talk becomes animated, warm, continuous. Listeners are turned into partisans. A lively, unfettered dispute over a book by witty men, no matter how prejudiced, or by clever women, no matter how unlearned, does not leave the listener indifferent. He is tempted to read that book.

Now, what the publisher needs in order to print with financial profit the best work and much work, is the creation of a wide general interest in literature. This vastly transcends in importance the fate of any one book or group of books. Instead, then, of trying to start in the public press a chorus of stupid praise, why should he not endeavor to obtain a reproduction of what he acknowledges that his experience has taught him is his main prop and support, — the frank word, the unfettered dispute of private talk? Let him remember what has happened when the vivacity of public opinion has forced this reproduction. It is history that those works have been best advertised over which critics have fought — Hugo's dramas, Wagner's music, Whitman's poems, Zola's novels, Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom*.

Does it not all suggest the folly of the Silent Bargain?

I have spoken always of tendencies. Public criticism never has been and never will be wholly dishonest, even when in the toils of the Silent Bargain; it never has been and never will be wholly honest, even with that cuttlefish removed. But if beyond cavil it tended towards sincerity, the improvement would be large. In the measure of that tendency it would gain the public confidence without which it can benefit no one — not even the

publisher. For his own sake he should do what he can to make the public regard the critic, not as a mere megaphone for his advertisements, but as an honest man who speaks his honest mind. To this end, he should deny his foolish taste for praise, and, even to the hurt of individual ventures, use his influence to foster independence in the critic.

In the way of negative help, he should cease to tempt lazy and indifferent reviewers with ready-made notices, the perfunctory and insincere work of some minor employee; he should stop sending out, as "literary" notes, thinly disguised advertisements and irrelevant personalities; he should no longer supply photographs of his authors in affected poses that display their vanity much and their talent not at all. That vulgarity he should leave to those who have soubrettes to exploit; he should not treat his authors as if they were variety artists — unless, indeed, they are just that, and he himself on the level of the manager of a low vaudeville house. These cheap devices lower his dignity as a publisher, they are a positive hurt to the reputation of his authors, they make less valuable to him the periodical that prints them, and they are an irritation and an insult to the critic, for one and all they are attempts to insinuate advertising into his honest columns. Frankly, they are modes of corruption, and degrade the whole business of writing.

In the way of positive help, he should relieve of every commercial preoccupation not only the editors and contributors of any magazines that he may control, but also those authors of criticism and critical biography whose volumes he may print. Having cleaned his own house, he should steadily demand of the publications in which he advertises a higher grade of critical writing, and select the periodicals to which to send his books for notice according, not to the partiality, but to the ability of their reviews. Thus he would do much to make others follow his own good example.

What of the author? In respect of criticism, the publisher, of course, has no absolute rights, not even that of having his books noticed at all. His interests only have been in question, and, in the long run and in the mass, these will not be harmed, but benefited, by criticism honestly adverse. He has in his writers a hundred talents, and if his selection is shrewd most of them bring profit. Frank criticism will but help the task of judicious culling. But all that has been said assumes the cheerful sacrifice of the particular author who must stake his all upon his single talent. Does his comparative helplessness give him any right to tender treatment?

It does not: in respect of rights his, precisely, is the predicament of the publisher. If an author puts forth a book for sale, he obviously can be accorded no privilege incompatible with the right of the public to know its value. He cannot ask to have the public fooled for his benefit; he cannot ask to have his feelings saved, if to save them the critic must neglect to inform his readers. That is rudimentary. Nor may the author argue more subtly that, until criticism is a science and truth unmistakable, he should be given the benefit of the doubt. This was the proposition behind the plea, strongly urged not so long ago, that all criticism should be "sympathetic;" that is, that the particular critic is qualified to judge those writers only whom on the whole he likes. Love, it was declared, is the only key to understanding. The obvious value of the theory to the Silent Bargain accounts for its popularity with the commercial interests. Now, no one can quarrel with the criticism of appreciation — it is full of charm and service; but to pretend that it should be the only criticism is impertinent and vain. To detect the frivolity of such a pretension, one has only to apply it to public affairs: imagine a political campaign in which the candidates were criticised only by their friends! No: the critic should attack whatever he thinks is bad, and he

is quite as likely to be right when he does so as when he applauds what he thinks is good. In a task wherein the interest of the public is the one that every time and all the time should be served, mercy to the author is practically always a betrayal. To the public, neither the vanity nor the purse of the author is of the slightest consequence. Indeed, a criticism powerful enough to curb the conceit of some authors, and to make writing wholly unprofitable to others would be an advantage to the public, to really meritorious authors, and to the publisher.

And the publisher — to consider his interests again for a moment — would gain not merely by the suppression of useless, but by the discipline of spoiled, writers. For the Silent Bargain so works as to give to many an author an exaggerated idea of his importance. It leads the publisher himself — what with his complaisant reviewers, his literary notes, his personal paragraphs, his widely distributed photographs — to do all that he can to turn the author's head. Sometimes he succeeds. When the spoiled writer, taking all this *au grand sérieux*, asks why sales are not larger, then how hard is the publisher pressed for an answer! If the author chooses to believe, not the private but the public statement of his merit, and bases upon it either a criticism of his publisher's energy or a demand for further publishing favors, — increase of advertising, higher royalties, what not, — the publisher is in a ridiculous and rather troublesome quandary. None but the initiated know what he has occasionally to endure from the arrogance of certain writers. Here fearless criticism should help him much.

But if the conceit of some authors offends, the sensitiveness of others awakens sympathy. The author does his work in solitude; his material is his own soul; his anxiety about a commercial venture is complicated with the apprehension of the recluse who comes forth into the market-place with his heart upon his sleeve. Instinctively he knows that, as

his book is himself, or at least a fragment of himself, criticism of it is truly criticism of him, not of his intellectual ability merely, but of his essential character, his real value as a man. Let no one laugh until he has heard and survived the most intimate, the least friendly comment upon his own gifts and traits made in public for the delectation of his friends and acquaintances and of the world at large. Forgivably enough, the author is of all persons the one most likely to be unjust to critics and to criticism. In all ages he has made bitter counter-charges, and flayed the critics as they have flayed him. His principal complaints are three: first, that all critics are disappointed authors; second, that many are young and incompetent, or simply incompetent; third, that they do not agree. Let us consider them in turn.

Although various critics write with success other things than criticism, the first complaint is based, I believe, upon what is generally a fact. It carries two implications: the first, that one cannot competently judge a task which he is unable to perform himself; the second, that the disappointed author is blinded by jealousy. As to the first, no writer ever refrained out of deference to it from criticising, or even discharging, his cook. As to the second, jealousy does not always blind, sometimes it gives keenness of vision. The disappointed author turned critic may indeed be incompetent; but, if he is so, it is for reasons that his disappointment does not supply. If he is able, his disappointment will, on the contrary, help his criticism. He will have a wholesome contempt for facile success; he will measure by exacting standards. Moreover, the thoughts of a talented man about an art for the attainment of which he has striven to the point of despair are certain to be valuable; his study of the masters has been intense, his study of his contemporaries has had the keenness of an ambitious search for the key to success. His criticism, even if saturated with envy, will have value. In spite of all that

partisans of sympathetic criticism may say, hatred and malice may give as much insight into character as love. Sainte-Beuve was a disappointed author, jealous of the success of others.

But ability is necessary. Envy and malice, not reinforced by talent, can win themselves small satisfaction, and do no more than transient harm; for then they work at random and make wild and senseless charges. To be dangerous to the author, to be valuable to the public, to give pleasure to their possessor, they must be backed by acuteness to perceive and judgment to proclaim real flaws only. The disappointed critic of ability knows that the truth is what stings, and if he seeks disagreeable truth, at least he seeks truth. He knows also that continual vituperation is as dull as continual praise; if only to give relief to his censure, he will note what is good. He will mix honey with the gall. So long as he speaks truth, he does a useful work, and his motives are of no consequence to any one but himself. Even if he speaks it with unnecessary roughness, the author cannot legitimately complain. Did he suppose that he was sending his book into a world of gentlemen only? Truth is truth, and a boor may have it. That the standard of courtesy is sometimes hard to square with that of perfect sincerity is the dilemma of the critic; but the author can quarrel with the fact no more than with the circumstance that in a noisy world he can write best where there is quiet. If he suffers, let him sift criticism through his family; consoling himself, meanwhile, with the reflection that there is criticism of criticism and that any important critic will ultimately know his pains. Leslie Stephen was so sensitive that he rarely read reviews of his critical writings. After all, the critic is also an author.

The second complaint of writers, that criticism is largely young and incompetent, — or merely incompetent, — is well founded. The reason lies in the general preference of publishers for criticism that

is laudatory even if absurd. Again we meet the Silent Bargain. The commercial publisher of book-reviews, realizing that any fool can praise a book, is apt to increase his profits by lowering the wage of his critic. At its extreme point, his thrift requires a reviewer of small brains and less moral courage: such a man costs less and is unlikely ever to speak with offensive frankness. Thus it happens that, commonly in the newspapers and frequently in periodicals of some literary pretension, the writers of reviews are shiftless literary hacks, shallow, sentimental women, or crude young persons full of indiscriminate enthusiasm for all printed matter.

I spoke of the magazines. When their editors say that literary papers are not popular, do they consider what writers they admit to the work, with what payment they tempt the really competent, what limitations they impose upon sincerity? Do they not really mean that the amiable in manner or the remote in subject, which alone they consider expedient, is not popular? Do they really believe that a brilliant writer, neither a dilettante nor a Germanized scholar, uttering with fire and conviction his full belief, would not interest the public? Do they doubt that such a writer could be found, if sought? The reviews which they do print are not popular; but that proves nothing in respect of better reviews. Whatever the apparent limitations of criticism, it actually takes the universe for its province. In subject it is as protean as life itself; in manner, it may be what you will. To say, then, that neither American writers nor American readers can be found for it is to accuse the nation of a poverty of intellect so great as to be incredible. No; commercial timidity, aiming always to produce a magazine so inoffensive as to insinuate itself into universal tolerance, is the fundamental cause of the unpopularity of the average critical article; how can the public fail to be indifferent to what lacks life, appositeness to daily needs, conviction, intellectual

and moral candor? At least one reason why we have no Brunetière is that there is almost no periodical in which such a man may write.

In the actual, not the possible, writers of our criticism there is, in the lower ranks, a lack of skill, of seriousness, of reasonable competence, and a cynical acceptance of the dishonest rôle they are expected to play; in the higher ranks, there is a lack of any vital message, a desire rather to win, without offending the publisher, the approval of the ultra-literary and the scholarly, than really to reach and teach the public. It is this degradation, this lack of earnestness, and not lack of inherent interest in the general topic, which makes our critical work unpopular, and deprives the whole literary industry of that quickening and increase of public interest from which alone can spring a vigorous and healthy growth. This feebleness will begin to vanish the moment that the publishers of books, who support criticism, say peremptorily that reviews that interest, not reviews that puff, are what they want. When they say this, that is the kind of reviews they will get. If that criticism indeed prove interesting, it will then be printed up to the value of the buying power of the public, and it will be supported where it should be — not by the publisher but by the people. It is said in excuse that, as a city has the government, so the public has the criticism, which it deserves. That is debatable; but, even so, to whose interest is it that the taste of the public should be improved? Honest criticism addressed to the public, by writers who study how to interest it rather than how to flatter the producers of books, would educate. The education of readers, always the soundest investment of the publisher, can never be given by servile reviewers feebly echoing his own interested advertisements. They are of no value — either to the public, the publisher, or the author.

The publisher of a newspaper of which reviews are an incident need not, how-

ever, wait for the signal. If, acting on the assumption that his duty is not to the publisher but to the public, he will summon competent and earnest reviewers to speak the truth as they see it, he will infallibly increase the vivacity and interest of his articles and the pleasure and confidence of his readers. He will not have any permanent loss of advertising. Whenever he establishes his periodical as one read by lovers of literature, he has the publishers at his mercy. But suppose that his advertising decreases? Let him not make the common mistake of measuring the value of a department by the amount of related advertising that it attracts. The general excellence of his paper as an advertising medium — supposing he has no aim beyond profit — is what he should seek. The public which reads and enjoys books is worth attracting, even if the publisher does not follow, for it buys other things than books.

If, however, his newspaper is not one that can please people of literary tastes, he will get book-advertising only in negligible quantities no matter how much he may praise the volumes sent him. Of what use are puffs which fall not under the right eyes?

If, again, his periodical seems an exception to this reasoning, and his puffery appears to bring him profit, let him consider the parts of it unrelated to literature: he will find there matter which pleases readers of intelligence, and he may be sure that this, quite as much as his praise, is what brings the publishers' advertisements; he may be sure that, should he substitute sincere criticism, the advertisements would increase.

The third complaint of the author — from whom I have wandered — is that critics do not agree. To argue that whenever two critics hold different opinions, the criticism of one of them must be valueless, is absurd. The immediate question is, valueless to whom — to the public or to the author?

If the author is meant, the argument

assumes that criticism is written for the instruction of the author, which is not true. Grammar and facts a critic can indeed correct; but he never expects to change an author's style or make his talent other than it is. Though he may lash the man, he does not hope to reform him. However slightly acquainted with psychology, the critic knows that a mature writer does not change and cannot change: his character is made, his gifts, such as they are, are what they are. On the contrary, the critic writes to influence the public, — to inform the old, to train the young. He knows that his chief chance is with plastic youth; he hopes to form the future writer, still more he hopes to form the future reader. He knows that the effect of good reviewing stops not with the books reviewed, but influences the reader's choice among thousands of volumes as yet undreamed of by any publisher.

If, on the other hand, the public is meant, the argument assumes that one man's meat is not another man's poison. The bird prefers seed, and the dog a bone, and there is no standard animal food. Nor, likewise, is there any standard intellectual food: both critics, however they disagree, may be right.

No author, no publisher, should think that variety invalidates criticism. If there is any certainty about critics, it is that they will not think alike. The sum of x (a certain book) plus y (a certain critic) can never be the same as x (the same book) plus z (a different critic). A given book cannot affect a man of a particular ability, temperament, training, as it affects one of a different ability, temperament, and training. A book is never complete without a reader, and the value of the combination is all that can be found out. For the value of a book is varying: it varies with the period, with the nationality, with the character of the reader. Shakespeare had one value for the Elizabethans, he has a different value for us, and still another for the Frenchman; he has a special value for the play-

goer, and a special value for the student in his closet. In respect of literary art, pragmatism is right: there is no truth, there are truths. About all vital writing there is a new truth born with each new reader. Therein lies the unending fascination of books, the temptation to infinite discussion. To awaken an immortal curiosity is the glory of genius.

From all this it follows that critics are representative: each one stands for a group of people whose spokesman he has become because he has, on the whole, their training, birth from their class, the prejudices of their community and of their special group in that community, and therefore expresses their ideals. Once let publisher and author grasp this idea, and criticism, however divergent, will come to have a vital meaning for them. The publisher can learn from the judgment of the critic what the judgment of his group in the community is likely to be, and from a succession of such judgments through a term of years, he can gain valuable information as to the needs, the tastes, the ideals of the public or of the group of publics which he may wish to serve. Accurate information straight from writers serving the public — that, I cannot too often repeat, is worth more to him than any amount of obsequious praise. That precisely is what he cannot get until all critics are what they should be — lawyers whose only clients are their own convictions.

The author also gains. Although he is always liable to the disappointment of finding that his book has failed to accomplish his aim, he nevertheless can draw the sting from much adverse criticism if he will regard not its face value, but its representative value. He is writing for a certain audience; the criticism of that audience only, then, need count. If he has his own public with him, he is as safe as a man on an island viewing a storm at sea, no matter how critics representing other publics may rage. Not all the adverse comment in this country upon E. P. Roe, in England on Ouida, in

France on Georges Ohnet ever cost them a single reader. Their audience heard it not; it did not count. There is, of course, a difference of value in publics, and if these writers had a tragedy, it lay in their not winning the audience of their choice. But this does not disturb the statement as to the vanity of adverse criticism for an author who hears objurgations from people whom he did not seek to please. Sometimes, indeed, such objurgations flatter. If, for example, the author has written a novel which is in effect an attempt to batter down ancient prejudice, nothing should please him more than to hear the angry protests of the conservative — they may be the shrieks of the dying, as was the case, for instance, when Dr. Holmes wrote the *Autocrat*; they show, at any rate, that the book has hit.

Now, each in its degree, every work of art is controversial and cannot help being so until men are turned out, like lead soldiers, from a common mould. Every novel, for example, even when not written "with a purpose," has many theories behind it — a theory as to its proper construction, a theory as to its proper content, a theory of life. Every one is a legitimate object of attack, and in public or private is certain to be attacked. Does the author prefer to be fought in the open or stabbed in the dark? — that is really his only choice. The author of a novel, a poem, an essay, or a play should think of it as a new idea, or a new embodiment of an idea, which is bound to hurtle against others dear to their possessors. He should remember that a book that arouses no discussion is a poor, dead thing. Let him cultivate the power of analysis, and seek from his critics, not praise, but knowledge of what, precisely, he has done. If he has sought to please, he can learn what social groups he has charmed, what groups he has failed to interest, and why, and may make a new effort with a better chance of success. If he has sought to prevail, he can learn whether his blows have told, and,

what is more important, upon whom. In either case, to know the nature of his general task, he must learn three things: whom his book has affected, how much it has affected them, and in what way it has affected them. Only through honest, widespread, really representative criticism, can the author know these things.

Whatever their individual hurts, the publisher of books, the publisher of book-reviews, and the author should recognize that the entire sincerity of criticism, which is the condition of its value to the public, is also the condition of its value to them. It is a friend whose wounds are faithful. The lesson that they must learn is this: an honest man giving an honest opinion is a respectable person, and if he has any literary gift at all, a forcible writer. What he says is read, and what is more it is trusted. If he has cultivation enough to maintain himself as a critic, — as many of those now writing have not, once servility ceases to be a merit, — he acquires a following upon whom his influence is deep and real, and upon whom, in the measure of his capacity, he exerts an educational force. If to honesty he adds real scholarship, sound taste, and vivacity as a writer, he becomes a leading critic, and his influence for good is proportionally enlarged. If there were honest critics with ability enough to satisfy the particular readers they served on every periodical now printing literary criticism, public interest in reviews, and consequently in books, would greatly increase. And public interest and confidence once won, the standing and with it the profit of the four groups commercially interested in literature would infallibly rise. This is the condition which all four should work to create.

Would it arrive if the publisher of books should repudiate the Silent Bargain? If he should send with the book for review, not the usual ready-made puff but a card requesting only the favor of a sincere opinion; if, furthermore, he showed his good faith by placing his advertisements where the quality of the

reviewing was best, would the critical millennium come? It would not. I have made the convenient assumption that the critic needs only permission to be sincere. Inevitable victim of the Silent Bargain he may be, but he is human and will not be good simply because he has the chance. But he would be better than he is — if for no other reason than because many of his temptations would be removed. The new conditions would at once and automatically change the direction of his personal interests. He and his publisher would need to interest the public. Public service would be the condition of his continuing critic at all. He would become the agent, not of the publisher to the public, but of the public to the publisher. And although then, as now in criticism of political affairs, insincere men would sacrifice their standards to their popularity, they would still reflect public opinion. To know what really is popular opinion is the first step toward making it better. Accurately to know it is of the first commercial importance for publisher and author, of the first public importance for the effective leaders of public opinion.

This new goal of criticism — the desire to attract the public — would have other advantages. It would diminish the amount of criticism. One of the worst effects of the Silent Bargain is the obligation of the reviewer to notice every book that is sent him — not because it interests him, not because it will interest his public, but to satisfy the publisher. Thus it happens that many a newspaper spreads before its readers scores upon scores of perfunctory reviews in which are hopelessly concealed those few written with pleasure, those few which would be welcome to its public. Tired by the mere sight, readers turn hopelessly away. Now, many books lack interest for any one; of those that remain, many lack interest for readers of a particular publication. Suppose a reviewer, preoccupied, not with the publisher, but with his own public, confronted by the annual mass

of books: ask yourself what he would naturally do. He would notice, would he not, those books only in which he thought that he could interest his readers? He would warn his public against books which would disappoint them, he would take pleasure in praising books which would please them. The glow of personal interest would be in what he wrote, and partly for this reason, partly because the reviews would be few, his public would read them. Herein, again, the publisher would gain: conspicuous notices of the right books would go to the right people. An automatic sifting and sorting of his publications, like that done by the machines which grade fruit, sending each size into its appropriate pocket, would take place.

But the greatest gain to criticism remains to be pointed out. The critics who have chosen silence, rather than submission to the Silent Bargain, would have a chance to write. They are the best critics, and when they resume the pen, the whole industry of writing will gain.

But the critic, though liberated, has many hard questions to decide, many subtle temptations to resist. There is the question of his motives, which I said are of no consequence to the author or to the public so long as what he speaks is truth; but which, I must now add, are of great consequence to him. If he feels envy and malice, he must not cherish them as passions to be gratified, but use them, if at all, as dangerous tools. He must be sure that his ruling passion is love of good work — a love strong enough to make him proclaim it, though done by his worst enemy. There is the question again of his own limitations: he must be on his guard lest they lead him into injustice, and yet never so timid that he fails to say what he thinks, for fear it may be wrong.

I speak of these things from the point of view of the critic's duty to himself; but they are a part also of his duty to-

wards his neighbor, the author. What that duty may precisely be, is his most difficult problem. A few things only are plain. He ought to say as much against a friend as against an enemy, as much against a publisher whom he knows as against a publisher of England or France. He must dare to give pain. He must make his own the ideals of Sarcey. "I love the theatre," he wrote to Zola, "with so absolute a devotion that I sacrifice everything, even my particular friends, even, what is much more difficult, my particular enemies, to the pleasure of pushing the public towards the play which I consider good, and of keeping it away from the play which I consider bad."

That perhaps was comparatively easy for Sarcey with his clear ideal of the well-made piece; it is perhaps easy in the simple, straightforward appraisal of the ordinary book; but the critic may be excused if he feels compunctions and timidities when the task grows more complex, when, arming himself more and more with the weapons of psychology, he seeks his explanations of a given work where undoubtedly they lie, in the circumstances, the passions, the brains, the very disorders of the author. How far in this path may he go? Unquestionably, he may go far, very far with the not too recent dead; but with the living how far may he go, how daring may he make his guess? For guess it will be, since his knowledge, if not his competence, will be incomplete until memoirs, letters, diaries, reminiscences bring him their enlightenment. One thinks first what the author may suffer when violent hands are laid upon his soul, and one recoils; but what of the public? Must the public, then, not know its contemporaries just as far as it can — these contemporaries whose strong influence for good or evil it is bound to undergo? These have full license to play upon the public; shall not the public, in its turn, be free to scrutinize to any, the most intimate extent, the human stuff from which emanates the strong influence

which it feels? If the public good justifies dissection, does it not also justify vivisection? Is literature an amusement only, or is it a living force which on public grounds the critic has every right in all ways to measure? Doubtless his right in the particular case may be tested by the importance of the answer to the people, yet the grave delicacy of this test — which the critic must apply himself — is equaled only by the ticklishness of the task. Yet there lies the path of truth, serviceable, ever honorable truth.

The critic is, in fact, confronted by two standards. Now and again he must make the choice between admirable conduct and admirable criticism. They are not the same. It is obvious that what is outrageous conduct may be admirable criticism, that what is admirable conduct may be inferior, shuffling criticism. Which should he choose? If we make duty to the public the test, logic seems to require that he should abate no jot of his critical message. It certainly seems hard that he should be held to a double (and contradictory) standard when others set in face of a like dilemma are held excused. The priest is upheld in not revealing the secrets of the confessional, the lawyer for not betraying the secret guilt of his client, although as a citizen each should prefer the public to the individual; whereas the critic who, reversing the case, sacrifices the individual to the public, is condemned. The public should recognize, I think, his right to a special code — like that accorded the priest, the lawyer, the soldier, the physician. He should be relieved of certain social penalties, fear of which may cramp his freedom and so lessen his value. Who cannot easily see that a critic may write from the highest sense of duty words which would make him the "no gentleman" that Cousin said Sainte-Beuve was?

But the whole question is thorny; that writer will do an excellent service to letters who shall speak an authoritative word upon the ethics of criticism.

At present, there is nothing — except the law of libel. The question is raised here merely to the end of asking these further questions: would not the greatest freedom help rather than hurt the cause of literature? Is not the double standard too dangerous a weapon to be allowed to remain in the hands of the upholders of the Silent Bargain?

Meanwhile — until the problem is solved — the critic must be an explorer of untraveled ethical paths. Let him be bold — whether he is a critic of the deeds of the man of action, or of those subtler but no less real deeds, the words of an

author! For, the necessary qualifications made, all that has been said of literary criticism applies to all criticism — everywhere there is a Silent Bargain to be fought, everywhere honest opinion has powerful foes.

The thing to do for each author of words or of deeds, each critic of one or the other — is to bring his own pebble of conviction — however rough and sharp-cornered — and throw it into that stream of discussion which will roll and grind it against others, and finally make of it and of them that powder of soil in which, let us hope, future men will raise the crop called truth.

THE ROMANCE OF MOTORING

BY HENRY COPLEY GREENE

I

“THEY go by the breath of Allah! they go by the breath of Allah!” This exclamation of kneeling Arabs reveals an awe in the presence of motor-cars which we, of a more sophisticated race, hardly feel. The force which drives a six-cylinder machine is, for us, no spiritual thing. If we ride this sleek, this purring steel tiger, its power reminds us how low the gasoline is ebbing in our tank, or what tribute, in the guise of pay for that volatile fluid, we have poured so reluctantly into the golden flood from which magnates, in their moments of innocence, irrigate the bad lands of American education. But if, on the other hand, we shrink by the wayside while the monster of speed storms past, its power suggests to our shuddering minds neither the spirit of greed, nor Allah’s immortal breath. For us “what makes it go” is a breath, to be sure, but a breath from the Pit.

When the doctrine of speed for speed’s sake was orthodox, this Satanic impres-

sion came hourly to the wayfarer. Now that it has lapsed into heresy, the impression is so rare that spectators in search of it troop by thousands to the race-track. There the flash of dragon’s-eye lamps at dawn, the machine-gun fusillade of explosions, the smoke, the fire, the whirlwind speed, — these things make racing cars actually such fierce demons as their cousins of the road once appeared. Only, however, to hysterics, human and equine, can the road machines of to-day seem diabolic. For the rest of us, the lounging-rooms on wheels which carry those princesses of democracy, our eighteen-year-old daughters of Success, on their shopping bouts and their calling “bats;” the motor-carts, if we may call them so, which convey their furbelows and flowers to the paternal mansion; these, and the runabouts in which bribe-givers hurry to court, and the touring-cars in which bribe-takers parade back and forth from jail, these are so usual, so tame, so traditional, that they induce in us the state of mind of the fur-clad, auto-riding four-

year-old who remarked, one winter day: "Did n't Adam 'n Eve feel *cold* speedin'?"

If some brisk little runabout, as this youngster supposed, had whisked our first parents naked through the Garden of Eden, or if huge sight-seeing "autos" had chug-chugged into Canterbury on Geoffrey Chaucer's Pilgrimage, motor-cars would seem to us as legendary as the armored chargers that clang across the background of Lord Tennyson's poetry. But Time has had no leisure to wrap motor-cars in mystery; and Poetry abashed has turned away her head. Unveiled, except in dust, they shoot the rapids of our streets; unsung, unless in coon-songs, they purr across hill and meadow. Song will follow them. The Egyptian woman hides her face behind fold on fold of black; behind shining crimson and brass the tiger of modern speed hides, not its face, but a spirit of romantic fact.

If Poetry has not seen it, the unwary motorist is to blame. Speed-possessed, he hurls his "auto," stonelike, at the twin birds, space and time; and when its flight is once over, they lie dead before his spirit. To the wise motorist, space and time, as they fly, sing songs which thrill and echo in the mind. Up, then, and mount with the wisest of your acquaintance; up and be off with him where the heavens' light, broken into the colors of tree, flower, and grass, accompanies the song. Then, as miles and moments slip behind you, all the past will seem like a dim and soundless cave, and your former self will stand before you strange as a skin-clad cave-dweller. So at least it will seem to your gladdened senses; nor will those enthusiasts be seriously deceived. For in motoring, one's self is indeed transformed, and the world tinged, for the awakened mind, with a tone lively, fresh, and actual.

This tone is not, as skeptics may imagine, a mere product of singing swift-ness. There are moments when a following breeze stills the wind of your motor's

making, moments of halting on some bridge, with the incessant machinery arrested, when the tinkle and gurgle of a brook below melt into the thrushes' song among cool and scented balsams; there are moments such as these when stillness beneath dim branches is tinged with a tone as keen as the dazzle and swiftness of day. For wherever the wise motorist speeds or halts, there is the romance of reality.

II

A wise motorist is not merely exempt from speed-mania; he knows the time, the place, the way; he has the skill to make each inspired choice whereon poetic motoring depends. He knows when to brave wind and sun, when to seek sheltering hillsides or tunnels of green. Leaving the allurements of a road that would soon toss like the English Channel, he comes, on grassgrown lanes, to the ease of green-winged locusts; waysides of jagged tawdriness he lets pass in one flare of color; and quenching a burst of speed, he makes beauty linger in long cadences of stream and willow.

All this, however, he can do perfectly, not for you, but for himself only. For in motoring, as in love, one man's poem is another's prose, one man's cleansing joy another's pool of infamy. Only with spirits whose nature he shares can the motor-sage share his romance. If then romantic motoring depends, for you, on the blindness of speed, a chauffeur's bought wisdom must suffice you. If your thirst is for shy lights on ocean or hillside, friendship with some motoring painter may slake it. But if all reality waits for you like a goddess scarcely veiled, if it lurks in the street as in the desert, in the throbbing of machinery as in silence, in the sky as in the openness of a woman's most intimate smile, — then, for you, chauffeurs will be an abomination, acquaintances inept, and even a close friend welcome only as he loosens your too firm grasp on the steering wheel, guides your fingers to the levers con-

trolling throttle and electric spark, "cranks" your engine, and with a word or two of technical reminder, takes the seat beside you on your first long run.

No matter what zest may have dazzled you as the motoring-guest of youths or gallant maidens, it is outshone as you feel your machine leap, fraught with power by the crook of one forefinger, or steeled to nervous energy by the other's bending. To drive the sun's horses would seem, by comparison, dull. But though you escape a Phaeton's catastrophe, your triumph must be quelled. Of a sudden your car shoots willfully to the left; too obediently following your corrective convulsion, it swerves to the right hand gutter, then slews across the road, and keeping forward incorrigibly, forges up a bank, grazes an apple tree, and by a wayward miracle stops just short of a wall.

An instant's exultation smothered in shame, this and no romance have you tasted; for as yet you are no sage. On the contrary, a self-confessed motor-fool, to the core of all your bones, you descend, weak-kneed and with dewy brow, from your car to the grass, and under your mentor's indulgent eye, seize the crank handle. With a slow twist and a pull like his, you seek to revive the engine. A jerk, a blow, and the handle is wrenched away, leaving you a spectator, first of your own bruised and bleeding fingers, then of your mentor's skill as he readjusts a lever which, to your cost, you have neglected.

Then you mount and turn; then with brakes hard on, creep down the bank to a highway all peace and ease. For your muscles no longer meet each pull of the steering-wheel with panicky counter-tugs. They have learned their first lesson in proportionate readjustment, a lesson reflected in the machine's abstinence from independent sallies, — till a baby-carriage on the uttermost horizon stirs it to caricature your unselfish anxiety in a series of snaky twinings. But though your muscles have been disciplined into a semblance of wisdom, you yourself must still grasp, and impart to those hab-

its at work in the twilight of consciousness, many a fact and many a mystery: facts like those of the carburetor, to be learned only with the reek of gasoline in your nostrils; mysteries, like those of the electric spark, to be penetrated only by a flash of the imagination. For herein lies the sanity of your novitiate, that it is a double growth, a growth of faculties both plodding and picturesque. As a novice you must ascertain by exact experiment the mixture of fuel and air that will explode the most powerfully in your engine-cylinders. Yet as a novice, too, you must so master the mysteries of the accelerating spark that, like Maeterlinck, you can say, on swifter and swifter flights, "I feel as if thousands of unseen wings, the transparent wings of ghostly great birds . . . had come to strike with their vast coolness my temples and my eyes."

III

When once stirred, even silently, to such lyrical thought as this, you grow irrepressible. Impatient to face alone the hazards of the road, you submit with an ill grace to the final task of your novitiate; unwillingly you remove, replace, and readjust every nut and cog of your machine. But then, rising from bent knees, you find yourself free to go whither you will.

Some fifty miles away, a house more inviting than others stands open to welcome you, and, motor-fledgeling though you are, you fare forth to attain it. Much more than a fledgeling you feel yourself as the city of your work begins to slip behind, dwindling, vanishing under its canopy of smoke; for every nerve and muscle of your body, every thought of your mind, tunes itself to the machine's efficiency. Nor can you recognize your resulting thrill as a mere echo of perfect mechanism. So obedient is the speeding car that the high and exquisite key of its activity seems, on the contrary, an echo of your mastery. Buoyantly, then, you push forward. A village appears, keen-spired

among trees; it sweeps near, sweeps past on either hand; and the road before you flows like a spring freshet down the slope that you surmount. As you spy ahead, familiar hills, arching their backs on a horizon, stir you with prophecies. Your spin imaginatively complete, you regret it while still faring on past field and farm, and past motorist after motorist, repairing punctured tires by the wayside.

As for you, your tires are intact, and your cylinders hum like a swarm of bees. Complacency swells within you, as large, as iridescent, and, alas, as thin as a child's sunny soap-bubble; all this till, like the complacency of one other novice, it is touched by the finger of fact.

The fledgeling whom I have in mind turned one day into a lane whose smooth length, after a turn or two, appeared buried in sods, stones, and clods scraped from its sides by a village "rud-agent's" road-machine. More annoyed than hindered, my fledgeling hastened on, bumping and swinging around a blind corner to where that plough-like monstrosity straddled a rise in the lane. In the nick of time he swerved aside, but with one rear wheel in the gutter, came helplessly to a standstill. In vain he opened his throttle to its widest; that wheel, deep in slime, revolved to no purpose till the "rud-agent" came down from his overgrown plough, and threw a spadeful of gravel where the whizzing wheel bit into it, and with quieter turnings, carried the machine to terra firma.

Thirty horse-power and the best of machines had proved less efficient than a spadeful of gravel. "Why the devil," asked the fledgeling, correspondingly chagrined, "why the devil do you plough your road into a potato-field?"

With a shrewd dim glance came the answer, "Yer don't like the looks of it? Wal, I guess yer would n't like the looks of my boy's back, either, when I've licked him like *he* needs."

"Spare the plough and spoil the rud;" some such paraphrase of the old, vile VOL. 102 - NO. 2

adage was so fixed in the "rud-agent's" brain, that even my fledgeling was mute; and with speech, his complacency left him. May yours escape such rude extinction! Yet fact must extinguish it; and most probably it does so when you pass, with the most triumphant sense of contrast, some car lying derelict beside the road. Then with a gun-shot report and a tug at your steering-wheel, Catastrophe is upon you. That tug instinctively mastered, you stop, dismount, and face this fact: that your "gun-shot" was the report of an exploding tire, a tire which you find, like a cast-off snake-skin, limply surrounding one of your wheels. Because some wayward urchin has scattered glass in the highway, you must now, not only labor while your engines sybaritically rest, but must pay, pay, pay! Forewarned, let us hope, you have paid before starting, and therefore carry a new tire at the back of your car. If so, you unstrap it, lay it by your wheel; then prod, pry, and pull at the old tire-casing, pull, pry, and prod again at the new; insert its intestinal tubing; and pump, pump, pump in the hot sunlight till the firm, replete, and distended tire encircles your wheel like some Gargantuan sausage.

Then, mopping at your forehead, you climb aboard, and settle in your seat, growling at the injustice which has made you suffer in labor and temper for the venom or folly which scattered that destructive glass. With a jerk, you "throw in" the "clutch" which connects your engine with the wheels of the car. To your amazement it does not move. Are the brakes on? No. What then? As you sit puzzling, you grow at last aware of a great stillness around you, a stillness stirred only by the breeze seething in a wheatfield across the wall. Then suddenly, with a peal of laughter, you understand. Smothered in your own mood, you have forgotten a *sine qua non*; you have forgotten to start your engine!

Out you jump; forward you scamper; seize the crank handle, and turn it with a

jerk that rouses your engine from its rest. Then back to your seat; and off you go, down the diagonal turn of a white state-road, where you can drink to the dregs those delights of speed: the delight of air sweeping past with a sound of great waters, and the delight of the foam-like road itself, as it rushes to vanish beneath you. Now your car, like a yacht skimming a breaker, skims over a rolling rise; and while the azure horizon levels dissolve into a seeming ocean, you climb in a lapse of leisure to where the white chalk-line of the road is seen sweeping first toward a bowl-shaped hollow, then over a knoll into woods.

Foreseeing a test of skill, you put on speed, and as you gain momentum, "throw out" the clutch. So while your fingers on spark- and throttle-levers make the engine's throbbing almost cease, your car is free to speed yet more swiftly, in the grip of the still earth's power, down, down, till the hollow rising toward you is not a hundred yards ahead. Still, in the miracle of its hushed acceleration, the car speeds on. The hollow, now, is beside you; now it is behind you. Will this rush of momentum carry you over the knoll? Not, you judge, unless the engine is roused to aid it. So your finger moves; and the machinery's throbbing grows swift and swifter, pulsing and more pulsing, till your ear believes it in harmony with the car's whirring wheels. Then you "throw in" the clutch, reconnecting engine and car. It hesitates, and only as you open the throttle, does the pitch of the engine's pulse rise in tune with your former speed.

The test has failed; the car's momentary hesitation has proved your instinct wrong. But again, as you rush down a long incline, you "throw out" the clutch, and soothing the engine almost to sleep, give yourself up to the power of the earth. Your eye on a train across the valley, you contrast the passengers' cooped-up suffocation with your own draining of the wind's illimitable cup. The tail of your eye still on the

laggard train, you grow aware of a hollow rising to meet you; and again, as you cross it, you listen while the crook of your forefinger converts the engine's soft, slow throbbing into an evenly swift and swifter beat. Suddenly you feel it attuned to the speed of your car, and "throwing in" the clutch, you find your instinct verified. Smoothly cog slips into cog, and, with no instant's hesitation, all the engine's power joins the momentum of the car to carry it up the incline ahead, and along its spine-like ridge.

The woodland hill of your destination, its slope dignified by a house all grace and ancient welcome, flashes green and clear on your begoggled eyes. After good fortune and ill, after patience, zest, and labor, your run is almost over. Four miles more, eight minutes to make them in, and you may pride yourself on a success briskly earned. "Speed, speed, on this snow-like road, speed," you whisper, "speed!" and letting the cylinders inhale their explosive vapor through a throttle wide open, you make the unseen spark gleam within them earlier and ever earlier, till their purring turns to a note almost musical. "Speed,—speed!" you whisper; and your sleek steel tiger gathers force in a rush of wind that sings to you, as it sang to Henley:—

Speed!

Speed, and the range of God's skies,
Distances, changes, surprises;
Speed, and the hug of God's winds
And the play of God's airs,
Beautiful, whimsical, wonderful;
Clean, fierce, and clean,
With a throat in the throat
And a rush at the nostrils;
Keen, with a far-away
Taste of inhuman,
Unviolable vastitudes,
Where the Stars of the Morning
Go singing together
For joy in the naked,
Dazzling, unvisited
Emperies of Space!
And the heart in your breast
Sings, as the World
Slips past like a dream
Of Speed —
Speed on the knees of the Lord.

IV

Breaking into this glory of sane exhilaration, a blackness against the road ahead appears and defines itself as a buggy, whose driver raises one hand in appeal to you, while, with the other, he tries to control his horse. The horse waves and flaps himself like a pennant in the air, till you stop and silence your machine. Then, all docility, he passes; and you, recording an inward protest against the presence of mere animals on a road, prepare to pursue your way. The engine purring, you "throw in" the clutch. A rasping sound startles you; the machine stands motionless; and test your clutch as you may, the wheels of the car remain helplessly disconnected from the engine.

The seriousness of your plight you will learn all too soon. Sufficient to the instant is the woe thereof, — your woeful inability, with a smoothly running, thirty-horse-power engine, to make that car budge. In vain you experiment; in vain you protestingly wrestle with all the imps of motoring. Even to get the machine to shelter you must have help, help that you receive at last from a ploughman and two oxen lured from a neighboring field.

The great dull brutes once yoked to your car, you who have sped so swiftly experience a strange thing. Seated placidly, steering lazily, you grow aware of a silence broken only by the slow footsteps of animals and man, the whisper of leaves, the scampering of squirrels along a branch above your head. And as your progress continues, slow and measured, toward the goal of your small journey, you sigh with delight in spreading elms, in honeysuckles, in wild violets, purple, white, and yellow. Of all this, you abruptly realize, speed would have bereft you. Then why such speed? Is it because you are no better than that first of dramatic motoring types, Bernard Shaw's Straker, who drove a touring-car at sixty miles an hour simply "to get her

money's worth out of her"? And while you digest as best you may this acid query, your ears suddenly ring with the laughter of a girl possessed by the Comic Spirit.

V

A man in a brown study steering a machine which two ponderous oxen drag after them, — this man is so laughable that, unless utterly morose, he shares the spectator's hilarity. Only in later solitude is he gnawed by questionings. But when repair-bills, reptilian in length, begin to uncoil themselves before him, he must be free-spirited indeed to escape the doubt whether this motor-fool *can* be made into a sage. The doubt, moreover, is real: only experience can solve it. But the doubter's mood, meantime, grows less harassed, less personal, so that whatever his immediate plight, vicarious pleasures attend him. He delights in the old earth's vitality, doubled and redoubled in men's motoring; shares in imagination their breasting of snow-suffused wintry winds; pictures the loosening tentacles of cities as they release their prisoners to whiz into open sundown, starlight, and dawn; dreams of enormous organism upon factory organism created by men's new craving for the machine; sees the inventive intellect conceiving, under the impulse of the lust for speed, mechanisms of such light yet terrible energy, that they overshoot their terrestrial purpose, and lift us into the kingdoms of the air.

In such outward-darting thoughts as these the defeated motorist finds recreation, then leaps again into action. Dreams have their truth: witness the flight of aeroplanes whose engines could never have existed were it not for engines first devised for automobiles. But the truest of dreams still lack the tang of actuality. Craving this, the defeated motorist soon spurns vicarious pleasures for experience of a machine sometimes wayward, sometimes whimsical, yet powerful as the spirit that rose out of Alad-

din's jar. By the magic of the Machine its master grows familiar with hidden beauties in smoke and pavement, earth and sky, and shares them in companionship with all lovers of reality. If Heaven smiles, he finds some few as gayly laugh-

ing as that spectator of a certain fledgeling's ox-drawn progress; and if one of these be possessed by the spirit not only of comedy but of tenderness and awe, he may learn at last the truest romance of motoring.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE AN ENFRANCHISED WOMAN

BY ELLIS MEREDITH

It is not a truism to say that nobody but the enfranchised woman knows what it means to be an enfranchised woman, for apparently this experience belongs in the category with running hotels and newspapers, and everybody thinks he understands perfectly what it signifies, even if he has only taken note of its operations from a car window. The average critic is ready to join in "Hilarion's" song, and describe the ambitions of women according to Gilbert:—

The little pigs they're teaching for to fly,
 For to fly,
 And the niggers they'll be bleaching, by and by,
 By and by;
 Each newly joined aspirant to the clan,
 To the clan,
 Must repudiate the tyrant known as man,
 Known as man.
 They mock at him and flout him,
 For they do not care about him,
 And they're going to do without him,
 If they can.

Others, with more sanguine temperaments, but hardly more judgment, expect to see sin wiped off the face of the globe. They expect the "kindly earth to slumber, lapt in universal law," once woman is given a finger, even a little finger, in the political pie, and when nightmares continue to afflict the body politic they are grieved and do not understand.

When women were first enfranchised it was confidently predicted that they would neglect their homes in the pursuit

of office. When a very small percentage of them showed the slightest disposition either to accept or to seek office, it was argued that the politicians would have none of them, and that they would soon be eliminated as a political factor. They have had something the experience of Ex-Governor Alva Adams, Democrat, who once said he had "never been able to make a political speech that pleased the Republicans."

When Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, the president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, was asked what it meant to her to be enfranchised, she replied,—

"You can't exactly explain why suffrage is desirable. If you were to post a notice that all the workmen of this state would be disfranchised at the next general election, you would have war and bloody war. Why? Does it make any particular difference to any individual workman whether Roosevelt or Bryan is elected? Not a particle. Then why does he want to vote? Because the vote is an indefinable something that makes you part of the plan of the world. It means the same to women that it does to men. You never ask a boy, 'Have you closed the saloons, have you purified politics and driven all the political tricksters out of the state?' No, you put your hand on his shoulder and you say, 'To-day, my boy, you are an American citizen,' and that is what you say to your daughter."

Columns of indiscriminate criticism and columns of injudicious praise have been written about the enfranchised woman, yet the general public does not get her point of view, and nobody seems to think of trying equal suffrage by the rule suggested by Mrs. Decker. It is assumed that it must mean something different in the case of woman, and her failure to bring about innumerable reforms is considered an evidence of her unfitness for the ballot, while nobody questions the fitness of those who, having voted for a hundred and twenty-five years, have made reforms necessary in every state in the Union.

What does the possession of the ballot mean to women? Much or little, according to the woman, just as it means much or little to the individual man. Duty is always largely a matter of personal equation. Many men and women carry their obligations lightly. They pay their debts when they get ready, or are compelled by process of law, and curfew ordinances are enacted for the benefit of their children.

And right at this point may be found one of the fundamental differences between men and women in politics. The man whose boy is brought home by the policeman or truancy officer may be intensely interested in politics,—national politics. He may be rabid on the subject of the tariff and hardly know the name of his alderman. The woman who is interested in politics begins at home, and has a vital interest in the quantity and purity of the water supply. She wants to know why the streets are not kept clean, and she is willing to help. It was the women of Denver who prevailed on the authorities to park Twenty-third Avenue, put up anti-expectoration signs, and provide garbage-cans and drinking fountains at the street corners. Denver's politics are unquestionably dirty, but Denver itself is a clean city. To be sure the smoke-consumer ordinance is not enforced, nor the Sunday and midnight closing ordinances, because Denver is run

upon the principle, so highly lauded, that "municipal government is business, not politics," and there is a very perfect arrangement between the administration and many of the leading businesses of the city. Anything that can be done for the city without incommoding them can be accomplished, but business must not be interfered with, so the all-night saloon flourishes.

The first query put by the looker-on in Vienna who hopes to find out what the ballot means to woman is nearly always, "Do the women vote?" Now, that is a very significant question, for under it lies that latent distrust, that growing doubt of our form of government that can no longer be denied. Those who ask it doubtless know how many men fail to vote. Not long ago the returns showed that forty thousand men in the city of Boston had failed to avail themselves of their privilege to do so. No wonder we are asked if the women vote.

And they do. Let it be firmly fixed in the mind that women form but forty-two per cent of the population of Colorado, and that they cast forty-eight per cent of the vote, and the thoughtful individual will perceive that practically all the women vote. What is more, they vote just about the same in "off" years as they do in presidential campaigns. Statistics have been gathered several times, and the figures remain relatively the same. At one municipal election in Colorado Springs, the wealthiest and most exclusive town in the state and a Republican stronghold, the women cast fifty-two per cent of the vote, and elected a Democratic mayor on a law-enforcement platform.

The next question usually is, Are the nominations better out of consideration for the woman's vote? This is a question that has to be answered in two ways: if one says, "Yes," there must be a qualification of the affirmative. As a rule candidates are better men morally, but it does not follow that they are better officers. Unfortunately, the domestic virtues

do not always insure sound judgment and executive ability. In politics Thoreau's idea holds good: it is not enough for a man to be good, he must be good for something; and this is a lesson that women and reformers have not yet learned.

There are at least two cases that deserve mention to show that women are not quite so extreme or so narrow as they are sometimes supposed to be. Two men have been nominated for judicial positions at different times and in different sections, neither of whom could get into the class with Cæsar's wife. Their judicial record, however, was above reproach. One of them was reelected by the Women's Christian Temperance Union vote, because he had closed the gambling places. The other received the endorsement of the Epworth League because he had closed the gambling dens and dance halls.

But these are exceptional cases. As a rule, a candidate must have a clean bill of health morally to appeal strongly to the woman voter. If not, he may receive a half-hearted support from those of his party, but will lose the independent vote entirely, and be pretty certain to be badly scratched on his own ticket. The saloon remains in politics, but it is there by its representatives; saloon-keepers are no longer so much in evidence, personally, at least. Whereas men in this business were frequently elected to office prior to 1893, none have been elected since in a number of towns, and they are not considered desirable candidates.

On this subject the women feel very strongly. When the first charter under the new law was to be framed for Denver a convention was called from all the non-partisan bodies in the city, and they nominated one-third of the twenty-one members of that convention, asking the two parties to send in nominations from which seven names could be chosen to fill out the entire quota. The proprietor of the Zang Brewing Company was a candidate for this honor, but the women

were opposed to him. One, who had had more experience than the others, went to the leaders of the Women's Christian Temperance Union delegation and stated her case this way. "This is our first chance," she said, "to get at this industry in the open. It has under cover killed your local-option laws and every other law you have proposed, and we have n't been sure who represented it. This man is a good citizen from our standpoint, if he is in a bad business. If he is in the convention, what he says will be authoritative, and we can probably secure larger concessions from him than we can from somebody, unknown, who will be looking after his interests; that they will be looked after, we know." The women were obdurate, however, and he was not named. He did serve upon the second charter convention, after the first charter had been defeated.

On the question of temperance it has meant a great deal to the women to be enfranchised, though this is not evident in the large cities of the state. In Pueblo and Denver they are practically powerless. In Colorado Springs the sale of liquor is prohibited, and there is a more or less continuous warfare against its illicit sale by drugstores, and in so-called "clubs." Greeley is also, by virtue of its charter, a "dry" town, but in the mining camps it is almost impossible to make much headway. All over the state, however, when the returns come in, the only question involved is usually "wet" or "dry," and the temperance "arid belt" seems slowly growing.

One incident will suffice. Ten years ago there was a little town of less than a hundred inhabitants about twenty-five miles from Denver. It was a very tiny town, but it managed to support two saloons with the aid of the surrounding territory. A woman active in Women's Christian Temperance Union work moved into the neighborhood shortly before the spring election, and learning that the sole question was the issuance of licenses to these saloons, she organ-

ized the women, who had only lacked a leader, and they defeated the license ticket, and have kept the saloon out of that town ever since. The town has more than quadrupled in size, and several important industries are now carried on there.

The last legislature passed a local-option law, about which there is a wide diversity of opinion. It requires a forty per cent referendum to submit the question of license or no license, and this is the main point of difference; advocates of the bill when it was pending explained that it would be much easier for temperance people to get signatures than for saloon men to do so, and that once "dry," any territory would be much more likely to remain so. The opponents said that inasmuch as the initiative would generally rest with them, it was a hardship to require so many signatures to a petition for submission, and thus put upon them the double work and expense of getting the petition and making a campaign for its adoption. They argued that it would have been fairer and easier to have secured fifty-one per cent of the total vote. After eighteen months the "dry" territory has materially increased. Several wards excluded the saloon in the May election in Denver. As usual in such cases, the liquor dealers will contest the constitutionality of the law in the courts.

There have been individual campaigns and candidates that have shown something of the power of women when they have worked together. The reelection by the Civic Federation, of Mr. MacMurray as mayor of Denver, when he had broken with the Republican machine; the election of Mrs. Helen L. Grenfell three times to the state superintendency of public instruction; the election of Judge Ben B. Lindsay when both party machines had an understanding that he was to be shelved, — these are significant instances; but after all, the real meaning of government lies deeper than the choice of a few eminently fit candi-

dates for office and the exclusion of unfit individuals. If the franchise were important only on the occasion of Colorado's biennial elections, it would mean no more to women than it — apparently — does to men. As Senator Pepper said of Kansas, that it was not a place but a condition, so one might say of the suffrage, that it is not the ballot itself, or the polls, but a general and well-understood, even if undefined, attitude of mind.

The ballot has brought with it an intangible something that no one can understand who has not had to deal with public officials first as a humble suppliant and then as a constituent. It is quite possible to find men who will refer slightly to women, but that is not confined to suffrage states, and the men who sneer at them now are the same gentlemen who referred to them gently as "old hens" and "hatchet-faced females" in that chivalrous past that we hear so much about.

It is, by the way, a singular fact that men seem unable to consider the abstract question of voting quite apart from its personal bearings. For instance, one well-known Denver writer laments that since the disastrous year of 1893 he has seen upon the streets of Denver "the sad faces of unloved women." Both before and since that time the sad faces of unloved, unlovable men have not been absent from our thoroughfares, but who ever thought of such a thing as disfranchising a man in order that he might be rendered attractive? Socrates would never have received so much as honorable mention in a beauty contest. Yet this kind of thing is accepted seriously, and men are influenced, not by arguments but by the personality of the one who presents them, when it is a matter of woman's enfranchisement.

There are certain things that all women want. The first law they asked for after their enfranchisement was one making them co-equal guardians of their children, with the father, and it passed practically without a dissenting voice. They

had not secured it before, and such a law does not obtain in a third of the states of the Union to-day, though everywhere women have sought to obtain it. The next thing they did was to establish a State Home for Dependent Children, and from that time on they have passed first one and then another law for the protection of childhood, until no children in the world are better cared for than those of Colorado. Other states have similar laws, and some of them claim to possess better ones, but the peculiarity of the Colorado laws is that they are enforced. This is largely possible because the Colorado Humane Society is a part of the state administration, though its management remains in the society. This bureau has over seven hundred volunteer officers, scattered all over the state; this means that in the vast territory of one hundred and three thousand odd square miles there is no place so remote, on lonely prairie or in deserted mountain glen, that the law cannot hear "an infant crying in the night . . . and with no language but a cry."

The greatest difficulty in enforcing the compulsory school law is in the cases of foreigners who can't understand why a man has not the right to work his own children in "a free country." One of the truancy officers reported the case of an Italian boy several times. To evade the school law the father sent the child into the next county and put him to work in a coal mine; but it is a state law, and the authorities brought the boy back and brought the father into court, where he was given his choice of sending his boy to school or going to jail himself.

Women have always been regarded as natural conservatives, but it is interesting to note the gradual effacement of the imaginary lines of demarcation between social classes where women are most active in public affairs. The Pingree Gardens, Social Settlements, Neighborhood Houses, Day Nurseries, and like interests fostered by women's clubs have done much to bring women together,

and the ballot-box is the most democratic of all social institutions. True, the woman meets only her own neighbors at the polls, while she touches elbows with all the world in shops, theatres, and public places; but in all other places it is an individual interest, at the polls it is a common interest and one that affects the public. The difference is infinite. And as the woman of education and intelligence is apt to be better informed than the woman of more restricted opportunities, she has greater influence, and thus it comes that slowly but surely the process that seems to some people to be one of disintegration, becomes a leveling up.

To those who fear the fierce partisanship of women it may be rather startling to know that such a thing as a party measure has never been espoused by women in any legislature, in Colorado at least. Women want the same things, and they have worked together in perfect harmony. They wanted a pure-food law, and secured one in line with the national provision in the last legislature; they want civil service, and they have obtained that in a measure, though the ideal thing is yet to come; they want honest elections and the elimination of graft.

During the session of the last legislature an attempt was made to change the law in regard to the control of the State Bureau of Child and Animal Protection, taking it from the Colorado Humane Society and creating a political board. Every federated club in the state besieged its senators and representatives, and the vice-chairmen of the two dominant parties waited on different members of the legislature together to enter their protest. Men understand that in legislative matters, when they oppose the women, it is practically all the women, and the great independent vote of the state.

One inference would be that this would bestow on the women the balance of power, and make them invincible; but long ago they found that if there was no politics in their attempts to secure

cleaner politics by means of better registration, primary laws, etc., there was no politics in the opposition to them, and Republican and Democratic machine men agreed that nothing must be done to interfere with the machine, and still agree. *Hinc illæ lachrimæ.* After a dozen years of this the enfranchised woman understands that eternal vigilance is the price of a republican form of government, and that most people grow weary in well-doing about the second watch. Sometimes she grows discouraged, like that great home-keeping army of men who take no interest in politics; in rare instances she understands the belligerent tendencies of Carrie Nation; and sometimes she begins to see, even if it is through a glass darkly, that government is an evolutionary process, and it does not yet appear what it shall be. If she is a reader of newspapers, which have been fairly successful in filching from us our convictions, leaving nothing more stable than a few opinions in their place, she believes that we are on the top wave of prosperity, or on the way to destruction, according to her political affiliations. If she has read a little history and learned to reason, she thanks God and takes courage.

Unfortunately, the thinking type of citizen, man or woman, is not the commonest among us. Whatever else has caused the condition prevalent over the United States, our political situation is not the result of deep, earnest, general thoughtfulness.

But the enfranchised woman has to think, whether she wants to or not. At church she is likely to be reminded that it is her civic duty to see that the city is made decent for childish feet; at the club she hears of the iniquities of food adulteration and learns that the food she is setting before the king may be the cause of bibulous habits, while her own bread and honey are nothing but the chaff the wind has failed to drive away, and a preparation of glucose. When the county commissioners misappropriate the public

funds she knows that it is the children's bread that is being given to dogs.

What does it mean to be an enfranchised woman? It is easier to tell what it does n't mean. It does not mean the pleasing discovery that "politics is the science of government;" it does not mean attending a few political meetings and reading a few bits of campaign literature; it does not even mean going to the polls and voting as conscientiously as one knows how. All of that is but a small portion of it. The vital part of being enfranchised is not to be found in its political aspects at all, but in its effect in teaching us our relationship with the life about us. The real significance lies in getting in touch with what newspaper people call "the human interest" of daily life, and finding one's own place in the great scheme of the universe.

And to be enfranchised means to make mistakes? Yes, dozens of them. And failures? Yes, scores, and some of the worst of them come in the guise of successes. That's what it means to be alive. The journey to the Delectable Mountains does not lie through the Elysian fields but through the Slough of Despond, past the Giant Despair, over the Hill Difficulty, and down into the Valley of the Shadow. And many men are discouraged with equal suffrage? Yes, but hearken unto this true story.

During the last campaign in Colorado a little German woman walked into one of the state headquarters and sat down with a sigh. "Vell," she said, wiping her forehead, "I vas most discouraged mit mens. You know dey haf change die precincts in our county, und ve not rechister die same blace some more but fife miles outd in die country. I vas visiting mit some friends dere, und dot snow come und der man he not can pull die beets. Die mens tink of nuttings but die beets dis fall. I say, 'Now you cannot pull die beets, hitch up vonce und ve go rechister,' und er sagen, 'Ach, nein, dere vas blenty of dime!' I vas dot provoked, aber I say, 'No, dere is shust to-day und

to-morrow. You get dot big wagon, und I go finds some beeples.' Vell, he get hitched up, und I find zwelf beeples, und ve drive dot fife miles und ven ve get dere it was fife o'clock. Der shudge und die clerks dey haf sit dere all day, und ve vas die erste to come to rechister. Ach, dese men! I vas discourached mit dem!"

Both men and women find human nature discouraging at times, and it behooves us to be patient with one another. The stream does not rise higher than its source, and with us government is not a remote something far away, but just what we, in our individual precincts, will that it shall be.

When the school readers give the children "The Launching of the Ship" as the perfect picture of the Union that is to sail on, —

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore, —

they should give them also "The Ship that Found Herself" as a companion piece. Part of us are like the foremast that believed the whole sea was in a conspiracy against the ship, and part of us are like the rivets, and "confess that we can't keep the ship together," and all of us need somebody like the Steam to come along and tell us that "a rivet, and especially a rivet in our position, is really the one indispensable part of the ship." Until this miracle happens and we learn to pull together, we shall continue to experience the discomfort that comes from pulling apart. The enfranchised woman has to find this out before she can hope to find herself or learn what enfranchisement means. That man is still seeking it, need not discourage her.

WITH THE LAUREL

To Edmund Clarence Stedman

ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1903

BY INA COOLBRITH

Who wears this crown — greater than kings may wear —
Is monarch of a kingdom, once possessed,
Nor foe nor fate from him may ever wrest!
Illimitable as space is, and as fair
As its illumined depths, he gathers there
All things, obedient to his high behest.
His is the sea, the valley's verdant breast,
And his the mountain-summit, lost in air.

Thought's infinite range to him no barrier bars;
His soul no boundary knows of time or place;
Bird, beast, flower, tree, to him in love belong;
Child of the earth yet kindred to the stars,
He walks in dreams with angels, face to face,
And God Himself speaks in his voice of song.

IN GOOSE ALLEY

BY LUCY PRATT

THE moon dropped from behind a cloud on to the still floor of the sky and shone steadily down on Hampton Roads. By the edge of the water stood a dark figure looking up, while swiftly, here and there, across the grounds of the Institute which bordered on the Roads, moved other dark figures. With the exception of the still one by the water, however, they all seemed to be moving on to some definite purpose, to have some final goal in view, while Romulus Quick, still gazing upwards, was apparently sunk in meditation. For Romulus had just attended one of the Sunday evening meetings in the old Virginia Hall chapel, and there he had listened to a talk which still ran vaguely in his ears.

"We have got to lift our people out of this abyss of ignorance and superstition!"

Romulus fastened a boat and struck off across the grounds, still meditating.

"Dat's a fac'," he ruminated.

"It's appalling," came the voice in his ears; "the depth of ignorance and superstition among our people is nothing short of appalling."

"Sho!" murmured Romulus, "cert'nly is a shame!" He passed out through the gates and turned into Goose Alley, while the moon from out the still floor of the sky now shone straight down into his own modest dooryard. Into the flood of bright, steady light bobbed two small colored boys, chasing their own shadows ecstatically, and then bobbing, with hilariously tagging movements, around Romulus's legs.

"Oh, ain't you-all foolish 'n' triffin'!" came a quick protest of disgust, "runnin' roun' an' dodgin' an' bus'in' right out laffin' on Sunday! Now, why n't you 'have you'selves?"

The two small colored boys looked momentarily rebuked and then dropped back into their dodging manœuvres again.

"Oh, cert'nly mek me tiahed!" protested Romulus; "look like a man cyan't even have no peace a-walkin' down de road to 'is own do'. Well, it's jes ez de gen'leman say, yer's s' ign'rant I s'pose yer doan' know no better, needer one uv yer! S' ign'rant an' superstitious!" continued Romulus warmly, "an' I kin prove it!"

The dodgers looked quite alarmed at the prospects.

"I kin prove it," repeated Romulus with growing confidence, and glancing at the closed door just before him, "an' 'xpose yer! By axin' not mo'n two free questions, too! An' hyeah's de fus' question now, an' yer kin answer it ef yer kin. W'at's a do' fer?"

There was a dreadful silence, and the dodgers felt the hand of fate suddenly suspended above them with threatening significance, and an entire future trembling wretchedly in the balance.

"Huh? W'at's a do' fer?" demanded Romulus again. "An' ef yer cyan't answer, w'y, jes say so!"

"Ter open," spoke up one, with full realization of the frightful danger of the venture.

"Ter shet!" faintly suggested the other.

"Tain' no sech a thing!" contradicted Romulus, with scorn too deep for really proper expression, "co'se sometime a do' does open, an' 'casion'ly it shets. But yer ain' s'pose it's *buil'* fer dat pu'pose, is yer?"

He seemed to tower miles above them, and the dodgers appeared to be fast shriveling away to indiscriminate atoms.

"A do'," he went on, his voice adapt-

ing itself beautifully to the situation, "is p'rimarily fer keepin' out mersquitters, wasps, rain, bu'glars, fire-flies, birds, tom-cats, bumble-bees, gnats, all smaller an'muls an' so fo'th. Nex', a do' is fer walkin' inter w'en yer wants ter go in, an' fer walkin' out av w'en yer wants ter go out. Ain' dat so? Well, w'at yer mean by stan'in' up dere an' givin' me sech triflin' answers fer, anyway?"

The dodgers looked as if they would like to be excused from living, if possible, but it evidently was not possible. Romulus's voice once more broke the stillness.

"Well, yer's merely 'xposed yer ign'rance an' superstition, jes ez I 'spected yer would! But I'se gwine give yer one mo' chance, an' ef yer doan't improve dis time, w'y, 't won' be no hope fer yer 't all. W'at's yer haid fer?"

The dodgers glanced feebly at each other and regretted the evil moment when they had joyously and unsuspectingly gamboled into Goose Alley.

"Ter r-res' yer hat on!" ventured one politely, his tongue moving thickly in his mouth.

"Ter hole yer ears on!" breathed the other.

Once more did Romulus regard them from an incalculable distance.

"Well, now yer's completely 'xpose yerselves, an' dat's de trufe," he announced. "Ter res' yer hat on!" he murmured almost sadly. "An' ter hole yer ears on! Trufe is, yer's ser deep down in de abyss o' ign'rance an' superstition, I doan' r'ally think I kin do nuthin' fer yer 't all."

They looked both worn and humble.

"No, I jes natchelly ain' gwine was'e my time wid yer. I'se too disgusted ter even mek de 'tempt ter 'mprove yer."

He stepped up to the low door at one side, made primarily for keeping out mosquitoes, wasps, rain, burglars, and so forth, and opened it slowly, while the dodgers suddenly dodged away into the night again and disappeared.

But Romulus's dreams were peaceful,

even joyous that night, in spite of the trials and shocks of the evening. True, he figured largely in them himself, but that, after all, only added to the general effect of peace and joy. He saw himself in a succession of attractive lights — as an actual student at the Institute in a natty blue uniform, as the proud bearer of a diploma, the famous graduate of graduates, the founder of the school of schools, and finally as the general and final emancipator of the whole army of ignorant and superstitious.

In the light of his waking morning thoughts then, it came sweeping down on him with vivid, uncompromising reality that he had seriously neglected his studies of late; that he had n't even been attending the Whittier School, that, to put it plainly, he was n't making any preparations whatsoever for the rapidly approaching examinations for the Institute. But, as he arrayed himself for the day in a loose suit of brown corduroy, which a benevolent individual of a previous date had once referred to as a hand-me-down, his ideas were fast focusing themselves around one person who would, he felt certain, prove the anchor and final preserver that he needed in this time of floating misfortune and distress. This person was Miss Augusta Merrill, a Northern woman, to be sure, but one whose chief interest for many years had been this particular institution, or anything that bordered on it in any way. Romulus had bordered on it ever since he had been born into the world in Goose Alley, and Miss Merrill had known him and befriended him and urged him on in the paths of duty and rectitude for many years. She had even, at one period in his career, helped him through the first distracting principles of "substraction," and now, in the face of approaching trouble, for which he was ill prepared, Romulus recognized that Miss Merrill was the one above all others to consult.

As he strolled down the alley in the morning sunshine, his eyes dwelling leis-

urely on bright April flowers, blooming here and there in small, tidy dooryards, it was with a glow of satisfaction that he suddenly recognized Miss Merrill herself, crossing the main road at the end of the alley and moving slowly on toward the school gates. With a long, easy, but quickened stride, he traveled on until he stood beside her.

"Mawnin', Miss Mer'l," he began in a soft, good-natured drawl, and his lippy felt hat came down to his knees with easy grace.

"Why, good-morning, Romulus!" A sudden gleam of high light seemed to strike out from Miss Merrill's eyes. She had a sense of humor, if she did occasionally get swamped by the missionary spirit, and the sight of Romulus usually affected her like a spring tonic.

"Mawnin'," repeated Romulus benignly. "I'se jes fixin' ter go 'n' inquire fer yer, Miss Mer'l, an' ter ax yer does yer reckon yer kin len' me a li'l' 'sistance wid my books. Yer see I'se thinkin' 'bout tekkin' de 'xaminations fer de Ins'tute time de res' o' de chil'ren does, an' — well, trufe is, Miss Mer'l, I'se studyin' mos' all time lately 'bout my *peoplé*. An' natchelly, co'se I kin see de only way I kin r'ally *help* 'em, is ter git my edjercation fus an' den 'mence 'plyin' it."

"Certainly. I see what you mean," agreed Miss Merrill. It was a long time since she had heard anything so altogether praiseworthy. "When would you like to begin, Romulus? This evening?"

"Yas'm, I doan' reckon it's nuthin' ter pervent beginnin' dis evenin'," he agreed meditatively, "yas'm, 'tain' r'ally nuth'n' ter pervent it."

"All right, Romulus, I shall be at the house to help you this evening at eight. Of course, you won't keep me waiting."

"No'm!" he assured her, smiling and nodding gallantly as she turned to the gates and wound on up the drive to the distant buildings. He watched her leisurely as she went on, and then turned

himself and meandered into Goose Alley again, while the gushing April flowers nodded and smiled gallantly, too, and Romulus traveled back to his own door and sat down and looked back at them, meditating while the morning wore on.

But the day had worn on and the flowers had gone to sleep, and Miss Augusta Merrill was traveling down Goose Alley now, toward the same door, while shifting, indistinct figures seemed to be hovering there in the dim light as she came nearer. It was not until she was within a few yards of the shifting figures, however, that she was able to decide on their exact nature, and then she stopped, a prominent but unnoticed observer.

Romulus stood facing the porch where he had sat meditating earlier in the day, and across the porch was a line of boys of assorted sizes. They were all seated, and Romulus was looking down on them from his standing position with a half indulgent, half patronizing expression which did full justice to the future emancipator of ignorance and superstition.

"Co'se yer kin see fer yerselves," he was saying in easy but friendly tones, "it's gwine do yer mo' good ter se' down yere an' listen' at me w'ile I tries ter r'ally teach yer a li'l' sump'n' 'bout yer country an' edjercation an' helpin' yer people 'n t' is ter be dodgin' 'n' taggin' up 'n' down de alley all de evenin' 'thout no pu'pose yer could r'ally name ef yer's ax'."

There seemed to be no one who felt like disputing this statement openly, but there were suspicious signs of levity up and down the entire line.

"Well, now de basis o' de matter is jes ez I said," broke in Romulus warmly, "yer ain' no pu'pose yer could r'ally mention, not nary one uv yer! An' co'se de natchell consequence o' dat is yer set up dere an' ack puffleckly no-count 'n' triflin'. Well now yer'll jes be 'blige dis-range yer plans ef yer's gwine set on *dat* po'ch, caze de case stan's like dis. Ef yer wants ter 'have yerselves an' learn some sense so's folks wid manners 'n' edjerca-

tion ain' 'shame' ter *look* at yer w'en dey passes yer on de street, w'y, yer kin keep on settin' where yer is a li'l' w'ile longer. But ef yer *ain't*, I jes ain' gwine bother wid yer 't all, an' yer kin git up right now 'thout stoppin' fer any argament."

At this point, the moon slipped up above the horizon and shone down on a row of faces altogether irreproachable and attentive. Miss Augusta Merrill, leaning lightly against a fence, fully appreciative, but still unnoticed, could not find it in her heart to move on another step.

"I'se waitin'," continued the speaker, pausing suggestively, "fer any leave-takin's or departin's." There was not a movement to be distinguished from any member of the line, and Romulus cleared his throat and began again.

"Well, ef yer *is* 'cide' ter stay, co'se I'se puffedekly willin' ter len' yer all de 'sistance I kin todes raisin' yer out o' de abyss o' ign'rance an' helpin' yer ter git r'ally stahsted on de road ter learnin'."

There were various sulky, grumbling undertones of response, one of which stood thickly but unmistakably out from the others.

"I ain't in no 'byss o' ign'rance!"

Romulus, with no rancor of feeling, ingratiatingly changed his tactics.

"Well, co'se yer ain't r'ally in de abyss," he went on magnanimously, "but yer's jes a-tippin' on de *ve'y aidge!* An' yit I reckon 'tain' too late ter ketch yer 'fo' yer pitch in, too, ef some one only stops an' tek a li'l' intres'. Sho! 'T ain' nuth'n' ter wo'y 'bout, caze ef yer'll jes set still an' 'have yerself r'al good, I reckon I kin p'raps ketch yer an' save yer fum death myself. An' co'se de fus thing ter do is ter see ef yer kin add up some simple figgers."

The dissenter, not only alarmed but feebly grateful, appeared to be wondering how this was going to save him from death.

"Dat is after I'se ax jes a few leadin' questions on learnin' in gen'al. Co'se 't ain' no use thinkin' yer kin help yer

people ef yer ain't 'quainted wid a few leadin' questions in gen'al. Well, jes ter git yer 'customed ter answerin' I'se gwine 'mence r'al easy." His hand rose slowly, pointing up through a long shaft of light.

"W'at's dat ser bright an' shinin' settin' up dere yonder in de sky?"

There were low, doubtful murmurs, barely audible.

"De moon."

"De moon, did yer say? Well, dat's *pretty* good fer de fus' time," admitted Romulus gingerly, "co'se I doan' 'spec' *much* de *ve'y* fus time. W'at's de diffunce 'tween de sun an' de moon? — W'at's de diffunce 'tween de sun an' de moon?" repeated Romulus. "Well, doan't set up dere *grunt'n* 'bout it; answer, w'y doan't yer? Say *sump'n* any-way." And his eyes rested encouragingly on a hopeful-looking countenance just before him.

"'T ain' *no* diffunce," returned the favored one, taking him at his word.

Romulus's eye traveled pessimistically up and down the line.

"'T would 'a' been better ef yer ain't made any 'tempt 't all," he commented briefly. Then his glance fixed itself drearily on the speaker.

"Co'se I knows yer ain't never had no 'xp'eience ter speak of," he added, "but 'side fum all dat, cert'nly looks ter me like it's gwine git *ve'y* wea'ysome ter have yer in de class. *Ve'y* wea'ysome. Trufe is, de only way I kin see ter keep yer is fer yer ter promise right now yer won't nuver speak aloud ag'in under no *sucumstances*."

As he had already been stricken absolutely dumb, the promise was altogether unnecessary.

"I ain' gwine ter refer ter w'at yer jes said," continued Romulus delicately. "I'se merely now gwine pass it by an' 'splain ter de class ez a whole w'at *is* de diffunce 'tween de sun an' de moon. Fus' uv all dey ain't de same an' dey could n' be de same caze de sun's de sun, an' de moon's de moon. Secon', ef anybody

should ax yer w'at's de diffunce 'tween a dawg an' a chick'n, co'se 'tain' nobuddy wid sense gwine set up 'n' say 'tain' no diffunce, caze fus' place yer knows by lookin' at 'em dey *is*, an' second place ef yer looks at 'em an' r'ally *thought* de dawg wuz a chick'n, w'y, co'se yer'd know af' thinkin' 'bout it li'l' w'ile it r'ally could n' be, caze it's alraidy a *dawg*, an' same way wid de chick'n, yer'd know praesen'ly co'se it could n' be a dawg caze it's alraidy a *chick'n*. Same way ef anybody should ax yer ter go out an' call in de dawg, co'se 'tain' nobuddy wid edjercation gwine out 'n' call in de *chick'n*. Furdermo' ef dey should ax yer ter go out an' call in de chick'n, co'se 'tain' nobuddy gwine out 'n' call in de *dawg*. Caze fus' place a chick'n only got two laigs an' a dawg got fo', an' ef yer start ter call in de chick'n thinkin' twuz de *dawg*, w'y, dat's gwine mek trouble sho, caze co'se yer'd 'spec' it ter come in on fo' laigs an' natchelly it cyan't only come in on two. Well, it's jes same way wid de sun an' de moon — an' ez I wuz sayin', ef yer start ter call in de moon — ez I wuz jes sayin', it's jes same way 'tween de sun an' de moon — an' co'se nobuddy wid sense or edjercation or manners is gwine set up an' say 'tain' jes same way, caze 'tis, an' yer need n' say 'tain' no diffunce 'tween de sun an' de moon caze trufe is, it's a heap o' diffunce. Fus' place — ”

There was something like a smothered choke down there by the low fence, and some one moved quickly forward in to the moonlight.

“Romulus!”

He turned, looking abstractedly down on the interrupter.

“Yas'm, evenin', evenin', Miss Mer'l, I'se jes 'splainin' diffun things to 'em, Miss Mer'l. Caze co'se ef I'se goin' in de Ins'tute 't would n' be right not ter start helpin' 'em, anyway, so dat's de reason I tole 'em — ”

“I see, I see, Romulus; but you know you have an engagement with me now.”

“Yas'm, I'se comin', Miss Mer'l. I'se

jes 'splainin' to 'em 'bout de sun an' de moon. Co'se dey oughter know it's some diffunce 'tween de sun an' de moon, an' I'se jes 'splainin' to 'em 'bout de diffunce — fus' place — ”

“Yes, but tell them you will explain it next time! Next time, Romulus!”

She moved up the steps, and the line rose to make way for her and broke, while Romulus, vaguely following her, still went on in exhortation.

“Furdermo' de sun shines 'ntirely in de daytime an' de moon mos' gen'ally at night — ”

But his dispersing class had ceased to listen, and only long, bright rays, striking down on him as he stood alone, bore out the truth of his final words in vivid, flashing agreement.

When Miss Merrill came out again he was still following her, profusely appreciative of her evening's services.

As she moved on toward some lighted buildings in the distance, and then turned her head, looking back, a figure stood out alone again on the low porch, stood out for just a moment like a dark silhouette on a bright background. Then it moved slowly and disappeared through the door. She shook her head.

“Oh, Romulus!” she murmured, “are n't we undertaking almost too much!”

But the next evening she was there again while figures shifted again in the moonlight and Romulus's voice went flowing on.

“Is it the same class, Romulus? The same class that you had last night?”

“Yas'm, jes same.”

He knew that he had gathered them in as they gamboled in the alley, anyway, just as he had the night before. Why should n't it be the same?

She noticed, however, as the evenings went on and the fatal day drew near, that though the shifting figures might increase or decrease, the fact was never commented on, was even apparently unobserved by Romulus. She noticed, too, that occasionally there was no line at all

across the steps, that the figures shifted and gamboled in the near distance, both unnoticed and unsought.

On one particular evening she spoke about it as Romulus, half sitting, half lying on the low porch, rose languidly at her approach.

"Is it because to-morrow is the day for your examinations that you are resting instead of teaching this evening?"

"Wha'm yer say, Miss Mer'l? Did yer say ter-morrer's de day fer de 'xaminations? No'm, I'se been kine o' busy ter-day, so I'se jes tekkin' a li'l' res'. But ef ter-morrer's de day fer de 'xaminations I reckon I'll be 'blige call 'em in, too."

Already he was hailing them in tempting, tactful tones, and already they were tumbling gradually towards the porch. As they dropped into a shiftless, grinning line before him he regarded them seriously.

"Well, now it's jes like dis," he began.

"Ter-morrer I'se gwine tek de 'xaminations fer de Ins'tute. Co'se I ain' mean by dat I'se gwine begin 'n' pass yer by w'en I meets yer on de street, caze, trufe is, I'se gwine treat yer jes 'bout de same ez I allays is. 'T ain' r'ally gwine be 'nough diffunce in de way I speaks fer yer ter wo'y 'bout it 't all. Nudder thing, co'se I kin teach yer all diffun' kine o' things w'en I gits in de Ins'tute, an' *nudder* thing, ter-morrer evenin' I'se gwine give yer a li'l' cel'bration. An' w'en yer *gits* yere ter-morrer evenin' I'se gwine tell yer w'at 't is."

They had disappeared in the near distance again, and Miss Merrill and her pupil had disappeared into the house. When they finally reappeared, after a long, last evening of labor, they both looked involuntarily away to some lighted buildings.

"Would you be disappointed if you failed, Romulus? Of course — you know —"

But Romulus was staring fixedly at the lighted buildings, and hardly seemed to hear.

"Well, good-night. *Try not to be disappointed if you fail, Romulus.*"

"Good-night, Miss Mer'l."

The sun rose with a particularly warm and beneficent glow the next morning, and while the clock hovered around nine, Romulus stood just outside the big stone academic building of the Institute, basking contentedly in the cheerful warmth, while streams of young colored people moved past him and went in.

"Reckon I'll go in too," he meditated.

"'T ain' gwine do no good stan'in' yere."

In a room with high windows through which the sun shone down with the same cheerful warmth, he was given a seat with perhaps twenty others. At the desk stood a modest little lady who passed out papers, and looked as if she might have just come herself. Romulus regarded her with kindly interest and glanced down at his paper. Then his brow puckered concentratedly as he bent over his desk.

For almost two hours he had worked on with the same puckered brow. Then papers were collected, more were passed out, and for almost another two hours he had worked on again, when slowly his hand rose. The little lady at the desk inclined her head.

"Will yer read de las' question?" requested Romulus, rising politely from his seat and clearing his throat.

"The last? 'Write a letter to a friend describing the school you have attended during the past year and what you studied there.'"

"Yas'm," agreed Romulus, regarding his paper, "is it mean like dis?" He cleared his throat again preparatory to a brief, oral résumé of his work, but the little lady at the desk proved quite equal to her task.

"But you will have to wait — for that. You know the others are at work. You will have to wait until after the bell rings."

"Yas'm," agreed Romulus, "yas'm;" and just here a bell struck sharply.

Gradually all work was handed in.

Slowly, one after another, they passed out, the little lady made a neat pile on her desk, when again a voice sounded questioningly in her ears and she looked up to find herself alone with Romulus.

"Of course I could n't tell you anything about it," she explained. "That would n't be fair, would it?"

"No'm. But yer see, trouble is I written it ter Miss Mer'l," he argued doubtfully. "Jes like dis:—

"Miss Mer'l. Dear frien',—I s'pose yer'll be glad ter hyeah I'se settin' yere tekkin de 'xaminations, an' fer dat reason I'se glad ter write yer.'"

"Well? I'm sure it's entirely right to have written to Miss Merrill," came the encouraging return, but the little lady was wondering, with inordinate curiosity, how the written work compared with the oral interpretation. "Entirely right—if you answered the question."

"Yas'm," agreed Romulus, with more assurance. "Well, I written it ter Miss Mer'l, anyway. Yas'm. I'll read it ter yer." And the oral interpretation continued:—

"Miss Mer'l. Dear frien',—I s'pose yer'll be glad ter hyeah I'se settin' yere tekkin de 'xaminations an' fer dat reason I'se glad ter write yer.'" He glanced briefly at the little lady, who seemed to be feeling a bit inadequate to circumstances, and continued: "'Fus' place I'se been ser busy lately I ain't had time fer no foolishness, an' yer knows too, I'se mekkin' all p'eparations to uplif' my people. Well, it's some kine o' wuk, 'specially ef yer deal wid de ign'rant. Co'se ef yer tek 'em w'en dey's edjercated 't would n' be ser bad, but cert'nly is wea'ysome tryin' ter uplif' de ign'rant, ez I knows counten doin' it myself. At fus' co'se dey ain't ser bad twell dey starts inter laf an' play an' den I tole 'em ef dey's gwine stay in de class I could n' 'low 'em nuver speak 't all, so now dey's doin' pretty good, an' ter-night I'se gwine give 'em a cel'bration counten gittin' in de Ins'tute. I ain't 'ntirely 'cided 'bout it but I reckon it'll be singin' wid p'raps peanuts

'n' prayer. Co'se I cyan't 'spec' fer 'em ter set up an' 'have's good's usual at a 'casion like dat, an' natchelly I'se gwine give 'em mo' liberties 'n dey's been 'custom' to befo', but I doan' r'ally reckon it's gwine do 'em no pumanent ha'm, an' anyway, after I gits in de Ins'tute, co'se I'll be 'blige mek 'em wuk all time. W'y, it's a gen'leman over 't de Ins'tute one Sunday, say it's a po'tion o' de cull'd folks where's ser shif'liss 'n' lazy look like yer cyan't scacely do nuth'n wid 'em 't all. Well, af' I graduates an' start a school co'se I kin teach 'em better in diffun kine o' ways. One way is not give 'em nuth'n 't eat but p'raps sump'n' like pieces o' boad or 'casionaly a ole hat—an' nudder way is ter hide dey clo'es w'en dey goes ter baid at night so dey cyan't have 'em in de mawnin' twell dey promises dey'll go ter wuk 'thout no mo' shif'lissnes—an' nudder way is make b'leve yer's gwine move de furniture an' p'raps set it righ' down atop uv 'em. An' co'se edjercation too, caze co'se all de res' ain' gwine do de leas' good lessen yer puts in edjercation too. Dat's jes w'at I keep on tellin' 'em in de class, dey kin git new clo'es, a necktie or p'raps a new pair pants, but 't ain' gwine do 'em de leas' good 'thout dey gits edjercation too, so dey might jes ez well keep on wea'in' dey ole ones. W'y, de gen'leman say he know'd a man once 'thout no laigs or arms. I ain' nuver 'xp'eience no sech plaisure's dat myself, but de stranges' part uv it wuz, he's gotten ser much edjercation he could set all day an' read 'n' talk an' nuver miss 'em. So co'se dat's anudder thing fer edjercation, too, any time yer loses yer laigs an' arms yer kin set all day an' read 'n' talk an' nuver miss 'em. Yours truly, ROMULUS QUICK.'"

The reader folded his paper again and glanced at the modest little lady for approbation. But she was blowing her nose so violently that she was quite unable to frame a sentence immediately.

"Does yer reckon Miss Mer'l 'll like it?" interrogated Romulus.

"I should think quite — quite likely," came the somewhat floundering reply: "but — you did n't really answer the question, after all, did you? The question, you know, about — about the school you have attended!"

"No'm," agreed Romulus, "I did n't r'ally git ter dat part uv it. Does yer reckon I kin fine out ter-morrer ef I'se pass?"

"I should think so—I certainly should think so!"

"Yas'm." And Romulus passed out, leaving the modest little lady at the desk feeling a bit weak and fragile.

He had wandered around rather aimlessly that afternoon, and now he sat on the low porch and looked away toward the burnished tossing water in the distance, and watched the sun drop lower and finally drown itself in the burnished gold.

"Reckon I'll go over ter Miss Hoar's office," meditated Romulus, already a little hazy on previous conversations; "Miss Hoar, she's de r'al headquarters, an' *she'll* know ef I'se pass;" and slowly he pulled himself up and sauntered away down Goose Alley, while the burning afterglow struck in warm colors on his back.

How Miss Hoar happened to be in her office at just that time Romulus did not ask. He merely stood before her with a lippy felt hat in his hand and a question on his lips.

"Did you pass?" she repeated kindly, glancing over a pile of papers on her desk, which had already been brought in. Then she stopped, selected two or three, and looked back at Romulus standing before her and fingering at his lippy felt hat. Miss Hoar was used to this sort of thing.

"No, I'm afraid you did n't." From her voice Romulus almost had a notion that she had said, "Yes, I think you did."

"You say I—I did n't?" he questioned quickly. "Yas'm. Thank you." And he turned and went down the stairs again.

As he came out of the building and walked away down the broad walk, the colors from the glowing sky and water struck softly on him again, and his shoulders seemed to drop forward under his worn, loose coat. But he walked steadily on, past the large, homey-looking buildings, down the long, winding road to the gates — and then he turned into Goose Alley again. He noticed, as he came on, that there were figures in the distance, shifting, gamboling aimlessly in the last rays of the sun, and his eyes moved slowly from the ever-shifting figures to the glowing sky until he came to the low porch. Then he sat down, his eyes wandering absently, until the chapel bell at the Institute struck dully on his ears and he pulled himself up again.

"Reckon I'll go," he muttered.

The last notes of a song came rushing out to him as he opened the chapel door, and the assembled company sat down, while Romulus slid in softly and sat down, too. Then a man rose to speak, and again Romulus's gaze wandered absently, drearily, over the rows and rows of upturned faces, until suddenly it returned and focused itself steadily on the speaker. He had heard him before. He had heard him one Sunday evening when he had talked about — about the ignorance and superstition of his race. He had heard him — His mind stopped short in its wanderings, and slow, distinct words fell unmistakably on his ears.

"It is n't so much the *amount* of education you get," the voice was saying, "as what you do with what you do get. Why, I know of a young colored man who has had so little education that you young people here might not have much respect for it. And yet what is he doing? He is teaching a class of the most ignorant boys that he can find, everything that he does know."

The speaker's voice dropped gently as he thought of his conscientious, hard-working friend, miles away, and Romulus's breath came quickly and his eyes caught a slow fire. How should he know

— how should that gentleman know *that about him* ?

"They meet every evening," went on the voice, "and this young man is trying to teach them *everything that he knows*. Is n't that sort of thing worth talking about? Is n't that young man one of the leaders that we want?"

Romulus was leaning away forward, a deep, burning red just showing under his dark skin, his eyes glowing steadily up at the speaker. He had n't known that it was all going to be *about him*; he had n't known —

The speaker sat down, and Romulus sank back gently in his seat, while words that had died in the stillness seemed to come back and echo again, louder and louder, while the long rows of faces still gazed up.

But they were all marching out again, the speaker was slowly descending from the platform, and Romulus, with his breath coming rapidly again, was waiting by the door.

"I — I'd like fer you ter see — de class," he began unsteadily as the two stood for the moment side by side.

The speaker looked at him, not just comprehending, and then they were gently pushed on with the crowd.

"I'd — like fer you ter see — my class," repeated Romulus. "I reckon dey mus' be waitin' now — on de po'ch."

The speaker looked up with an acute, suddenly comprehensive expression.

"Why, surely," he returned. "I'd like to see your class."

They moved on together, the flush just visible under Romulus's dark skin, the

man glancing up at him with a kindly, humorous, penetrating glance. As they came into Goose Alley there seemed to be shifting figures before them, and then, suddenly, the figures seemed to shift from the scene, and Romulus and the speaker were standing before a low porch, across which sat a long, silent, waiting row.

They had remembered the "celebration," and were ready.

It was a supreme moment for Romulus, and he turned silently toward the speaker. Just for the moment even the art of conversation seemed to have flown. But his eyes came back to the waiting row, and his arm moved out toward it with a flourish that wholly made up for any previous lack.

"All dese yere where's settin' on de po'ch is de class," he announced. "I teaches 'em eve'y evenin'."

The line listened wonderingly while the same voice alternated with the pleased, encouraging one of the speaker, until suddenly they both stopped, and the speaker, with the same kindly, humorous, penetrating glance, looked at Romulus and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Good-by," he said. "I shan't forget that you're a leader, one of our leaders! I shan't forget it!"

He was moving away down the alley, and silently Romulus's eyes followed him until he was lost in the shadow. Then they turned back again to the waiting row, and grew mistily soft.

"Now, fus' uv all," he began, just a bit unsteadily, and then he stopped and began again; "fus' uv all — we'll begin wid de celebration."

THE DIMINISHING INCREASE OF POPULATION

BY W. S. ROSSITER

THE forces which have operated in the past to restrict population have had their origin principally in turbulence and ignorance. In this age, the population of civilized nations is chiefly affected by two factors, migration and decreasing fecundity, both of which are essentially economic in character.

The effect of migration upon population is less pronounced than that of decreasing birth-rate. Emigration in the twentieth century is largely a practical matter. Ambitious or discontented men and women in every community of Europe are offered continual opportunity to migrate at small expense, and without delay, hardship, or danger, to countries in which the labor market or natural resources appear to be especially inviting. To nations developing great industries, labor is furnished by others in which industry is inactive and labor plentiful. Hence the United States—still the leader in industrial development—thus far has been the highest bidder; but the facility with which the present-day emigrant passes from his native land to the United States or elsewhere, is no greater than that with which he can return, or move on to other lands more to his liking.

As the century advances, emigration may be expected to become even more a matter of business, governed by the inducements offered by this or that nation, no matter where located. There is likely to be less stability to alien population, and little probability that migration will continue to flow in definite streams or directions. A German writer has recently asserted that the nations fall into two classes: emigration states and immigration states. In which class a nation remains is likely in the future to depend upon its enterprise, and thus upon its

ability to offer greater inducements to aliens than those offered by other nations. A condition such as this is doubtless new in the world's history, but it is only one of the innumerable ways in which our age is breaking from all precedent and proving itself unique.

General and continued decrease in fecundity—hence decrease in the proportion of children in the community—is apparently another new factor in population change, new at least in certain aspects. Many causes have been assigned for this present tendency of civilized nations. Most of these relate directly or indirectly to modern conditions—social and educational—and to modes of living. There is, however, a cause of far greater consequence. From the earliest ages until within the last twenty years, population increase has been largely a matter of instinct, reproduction resulting as nature determined. Voluntary restriction of family, however, is now well understood and widely practiced in civilized nations. The ultimate effect upon population of such control cannot thus early be measured or even predicted, but it is a fact which economists must confront, that in the future the proportion of instinctive or accidental births will constantly decrease, and that of deliberately predetermined births will increase. It is obvious that this knowledge tends toward decreasing fecundity; hence, as already suggested, its effect must be more far-reaching upon increase of population than that of migration.

It is not possible to foretell the effect of making the world a vast labor market such as it is fast becoming, nor is it possible fully to determine the cause of the decreasing size of families which seems to be characteristic of this period, and

possibly due, in the final analysis, to some great natural law made operative by modern conditions. These conditions, indeed, differ so radically from those existing in earlier periods that they may be expected to produce results along unfamiliar lines. Our age is comparable with no preceding age. Statistics, the stars which men in this century read to forecast the future, merely suggest the mighty economic changes which are in progress, and often light but dim trails.

Changes in the Population of Europe.

In 1860 the population of Europe, including the British Isles, but exclusive of Russia and Turkey in Europe (the former having made but one enumeration and the latter none at all), according to the censuses nearest the date mentioned, was 207,572,650. In 1900 the aggregate population of the nations previously included was 265,851,708, an absolute increase of 58,279,158, or slightly more than 25 per cent in 40 years. The increase in population during the decade from 1860 to 1870 was practically nothing, the direct result of the Franco-German war, as both France and Germany reported decreased population in 1870. In 1880 the percentage of increase for the previous decade was approximately 8 per cent; in 1890, slightly less than 8 per cent; and in 1900 slightly more. The population of Europe, including Great Britain, has thus increased at a slow but practically uniform rate for the past 30 years, although a continued drain, due to emigration, has been in progress.

The Latin, or southern nations of Europe,¹ are increasing in number of inhabitants less rapidly than most of the other nations of the continent. During the last two decades of record, the Germanic and Anglo-Saxon nations² increased 8.8 per cent from 1880 to 1890, and 11.4 per cent from 1890 to 1900, while

the Latin nations (including Greece) increased but 6 per cent during the former, and 3.8 per cent during the latter decade. This noteworthy difference between the two groups is not explained by proportionately greater immigration to the United States from the southern nations, since the natives of those countries living in the United States represented but 0.2 per cent of the aggregate population of the Latin nations in 1880, and 0.6 per cent in 1900; on the other hand, the residents of the United States native in the Germanic and British group were equivalent to 3.9 per cent and 4.2 per cent, respectively, of the total population of those countries.

In absolute figures, the nine nations in the Germanic and British group aggregated 138,722,939 population in 1880, and 168,185,537 in 1900, thus recording an increase of approximately thirty millions; while that of the five nations in the Latin group was 88,741,312 in 1880, and 97,666,171 in 1900, showing an increase of nearly nine millions. The population disparity between the two groups in 1880 was 50,000,000, but in 1900 it had increased to 70,500,000.

If existing tendencies thus indicated shall continue, it is evident that the population of the Latin nations will speedily reach a stationary or declining condition, while the other group continues to increase, even though much less rapidly than at present.

It must be remembered that each of the nations here considered relies almost wholly upon native stock for its increase. The total number of aliens or persons of foreign birth reported at the censuses of the various nations in 1900, or at the nearest census thereto, was slightly more than two and a half millions, or but one per cent of the total; therefore the increase reported represents the growth of the native population.

The important fact brought out by this brief analysis is the virility of Europe's population, its reproductive power after many centuries of existence. It

¹ France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Greece.

² Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark.

is probable, indeed, that the increase has been greater during the past century than in any previous period. This is the more significant when it is remembered that the states of Europe without exception have contributed freely of their inhabitants, not only to the United States, but to South America and to the various colonies and commercial centres of the world.

Changes in the Population of the United States.

In 1790, at the beginning of our constitutional government, the young republic found itself possessed of 3,929,214 inhabitants, composed of 3,172,006 white, and 757,208 negro, or 80.7 and 19.3 per cent respectively. This may be termed native stock, since the immigrant, as we know him, did not then exist.

From 1790 to 1860 the percentage of increase remained roughly uniform, that reported from 1850 to 1860 (35.6 per cent) being almost the same as the rate of increase shown from 1790 to 1800 (35.1 per cent). After 1860, with some variation due to the Civil War, the rate of increase steadily diminished, shrinking to 20.7 in the decade 1890 to 1900, with the probability that the percentage of increase from 1900 to 1910 will approximate but 18 per cent.

Of the two racial elements of population, the increase in the number of negroes has declined from 32.3 per cent, reported from 1790 to 1800, to 18 per cent from 1890 to 1900. The increase in the number of whites, from 35.8 per cent reported in 1800, declined with irregular changes to 21.2 per cent in 1900, although reinforced during the century by increasing throngs of immigrants, to which must be added the mighty company of their descendants.

It is impossible to determine to what extent the colonial stock, if unassisted, would have increased the population of the United States. Children born in this country of immigrants are added to the native-born; their children are classed as

native-born of native parents; thus the foreign element becomes so woven into the national fabric that the strands are statistically indistinguishable.

In 1890 the classification of "native-born of native parents" was introduced in Census analysis,¹ the effect of which was to separate the native and foreign elements one generation farther back than "native-born." Use of this classification reveals the fact that the increase in the number of persons in the United States born of native parents, computed upon the total native white population, declined nearly one-third from 1880 to 1900 (20.5 per cent to 14.5 per cent).

By a slightly different process the increase of the native-born was computed at the census of 1900 to have been 16 per cent for the previous decade, and in the North Atlantic division not more than 9.5 per cent. While the results of computations of increase in the various elements of the population may thus vary slightly, they confirm the general fact of material diminution of increase.

In 1820 the proportion of white children under ten years of age to the total native white population was 32.7 per cent, or almost one-third. In fact, twelve of the twenty-six states and territories reported more than one-third of their white population as being under the age of ten.

In 1900 the proportion which children formed of the total population classed as native white of native parents, was 26 per cent; but two out of 50 states and territories reported a proportion of children exceeding one-third of the population. Moreover, in the majority of states and territories the proportion declined from 1890 to 1900. If the states in existence in 1800 be considered, so that the figures may be strictly comparable for a century, the proportion of children to the entire white population was 34.4 per cent in 1800 (28.1 per cent in 1850) and 24.6 per cent (native white of native parents) in 1900. In New England, indeed, the

¹ In 1870 and 1880 by derivation.

proportion has shrunk almost half, from 32.2 per cent to 17.9 per cent.

In 1820 no state reported the proportion of white children under 10 years so low as one-quarter of the total white population, but in 1900, more than two-fifths of the states reported the proportion of native white children as being less than one-quarter of the total native white inhabitants. This number included all the Pacific Coast states (in each of which the proportion declined from 1890 to 1900), three Western states, Montana, Nevada, and Colorado, which perhaps may be disregarded because of the disturbing influence of mining communities, and fourteen, comprising all the Eastern, Northern, and Middle states as far west as the Illinois line. It is significant that these fourteen form the manufacturing centre of the United States. They contributed, in 1900, 71 per cent of the total value of all manufactured product, and contained 46.2 per cent of the total population. The decrease in the proportion of native children thus appears to be most pronounced in the wealthiest and most populous sections, conspicuous for urban communities and the most extensive industrial interests.

While, as shown, it is impossible to separate the early native element and the later foreign element so as to measure the contribution of each to the total population, it is obvious that the United States, in the face of ever-increasing reinforcements from abroad, has recorded a declining rate of increase and a decreasing proportion of children. Having accomplished an extremely rapid and somewhat artificial growth, the American Republic appears to be approaching a condition in which, were the ship of state to cast off the towline of immigration, she would make very slow population headway.

The Effect of Diminishing Increase in the United States.

Were the present rate of alien arrivals in the United States to continue, that

fact, in the light of the census record, would merely justify expectation of continued diminution of increase. Were such diminution to continue to the middle of the twentieth century, at the same rate per decade as shown from 1860 to 1900, the population of continental United States in 1950 would not exceed 130 millions, and after that date would tend to become stationary. This figure is far below the forecasts of population, sensational in their liberality, made by newspaper and magazine writers from time to time. There is, indeed, a popular tendency to overestimate future population. Predictions concerning the number of inhabitants likely to be living in the United States in 1900, which were made early in the nineteenth century, or within the last fifty years, whether by students or statesmen, (the latter including even President Lincoln¹), greatly exceeded the total actually reported for that year.

Three nations only now have more than one hundred million inhabitants, — Russia, India, and China. They are largely agricultural, and are composed of communities having limited and simple requirements. Industrial nations (which have more active and restless communities) in general are small in area, and have relatively small populations, which are thus easily subject to control.

The United States will soon join the three nations exceeding one hundred millions of inhabitants, but differs radically from them, since manufacturing, mining, and other industries are steadily outstripping agriculture. Urban popula-

¹ "At the same ratios of increase which we have maintained, on an average, from our first national census of 1790 until that of 1860, we should in 1900 have a population of 103,208,415 (in 1910, 138,918,526). And why may we not continue that ratio far beyond that period? Our abundant room — our broad natural homestead — is our ample resource. . . . Our country may be as populous as Europe now is at some point between 1920 and 1930 — say about 1925, — our territory, at 73½ persons to the square mile, being of capacity to contain 217,186,000." — LINCOLN, Annual Message to Congress, 1862.

tion is increasing four times as rapidly as that of the country districts (the increase in the former in 1900 was 36.8 per cent, and in the latter but 9.5 per cent). These facts suggest a tendency toward instability, and become increasingly important as population assumes colossal proportions. It is not in government alone that the United States is an experiment.

National considerations, however, are by no means the only ones involved in great population increase. There is a point at which the citizen must alter his mode of life. In densely populated countries the liberty of the individual is necessarily restricted, and economy of agricultural and other resources becomes imperative. In the United States the improvident habits contracted by the newcomers of a century ago still prevail. A population materially in excess of one hundred millions, living as wastefully as Americans now live, would soon confront the necessity for federal and state regulation, the creation of many of the limitations which prevail in the more populous states of Europe. Preservation in any form, however, of soil or natural resources, is accomplished by restriction; restriction means that large numbers of the more restless and eager will drift to newer lands.

Population and Industrial Activity.

Malthus, in his famous treatise upon principles of population, declared that the natural tendency toward increase is checked by inadequacy of means of subsistence; but in our time this statement should be modified; new industries, the development of mines and extension of commerce, directly or indirectly, furnish means of support for increasing numbers and seem to create a demand for human beings, — causing what may be termed a population vacuum.

The population of England and Wales, for example, in 1701, was 6,121,525;¹ in 1751 the total number of inhabitants had

increased but 214,315, or 3.5 per cent in fifty years. After the middle of the eighteenth century, however, continuous increase occurred, amounting to three millions in 1801, nine millions in 1851, and fourteen and a half millions in 1901. This change was coincident with the creation of British industry and trade.

But if it be true that the quickening of industrial life has tended to increase population, the present stationary condition of population in parts of Europe, previously pointed out, and the diminishing increase of population in the United States, suggest the possibility that what may be termed the drawing power of natural and industrial resources upon population has culminated. We are justified at least in asking what influences upon increase of population, if any, are being exerted by the marvelous economic changes now in progress.

The discovery and exploitation of the world's stored-up natural resources have made this age conspicuous among all ages. It might be said, indeed, that the human race is now living upon principal, whereas through all previous periods of history it existed upon income. Prior to 1840, upon the sea all transportation was accomplished by utilizing the winds of heaven as motive power to drive ships to their desired harbors, and upon land by the use of beasts of burden. Within the short space of 67 years, — less than the allotted lifetime of a man, — transportation on sea and land has been revolutionized; the steamer and the locomotive are now supreme. In 1905 there were 20,746² ocean-going steamships plying between the ports of the world, and nearly 163,000 locomotives³ in all lands and climes drawing innumerable freight and passenger cars. To propel these steamers against wind and current, approximately 75,000,000 tons of coal are required annually, while the locomotives of the world consume approximately 133,000,000 tons.

² Lloyd's Register, 1906.

³ Interstate Commerce Commission, and by derivation.

¹ British Census Report, 1863.

Thus during many thousand years the commerce and passenger traffic of the world were conducted without the expenditure of a pound of the natural resources of the earth, but in our time practically all transportation, although possessing capacity beyond the comprehension of earlier generations, is secured by burning up annually more than 200,000,000 tons of coal.

Such staples as coal, iron, petroleum, copper, and gold, were left practically untouched by the successive generations of men who peopled the earth prior to the nineteenth century; but within fifty years the world-old attitude of the race toward these and other natural resources has been completely reversed. This brief period has witnessed a mighty attack upon most of the known deposits of metal and minerals. In order to increase the vigor of the onslaught which the civilized nations have made upon natural resources stored up through countless ages, human strength has been supplemented by ingenious mining machinery.

The world's coal product in 1850 was 220,535 tons; in 1900, 846,041,848 tons; in 1905, 1,033,125,971 tons. English writers of half a century ago estimated the maximum annual production likely to be reached in the future from the British coal-fields at 100,000,000 tons. The actual product, however, in 1905 was 235,000,000 tons.

In the production of pig iron a similar striking increase has occurred. The world's product advanced from 1,585,000 tons in 1830, to 54,054,783 tons in 1905. Petroleum, discovered in the United States in 1859, and aided later by extensive wells in Russia, was produced to the amount of 3,296,162,482 gallons in 1890, but the product was increased to 9,004,723,854 gallons in 1905. Of copper, the product was 117,040,000 pounds in 1850; but the mines of the world, spurred by the demand of electrical requirements, yielded 1,570,804,480 pounds in 1905. Production of gold increased from \$94,000,000 in 1850, to \$376,289,200 in 1905.

PER CAPITA¹ PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION OF COAL, IRON, PETROLEUM, COPPER, AND GOLD IN EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES, 1905.

MINERAL.	PER CAPITA PRODUCTION.		PER CAPITA CONSUMPTION.	
	United States.	Europe.	United States.	Europe.
Coal	4.73 tons	2.10 tons	4.72 tons	1.78 tons ²
Petroleum ³	16.6 gallons	2.22 gallons	7.2 gallons	3.10 gallons
Iron	0.27 tons	0.12 tons	0.20 tons	
Copper	10.8 pounds	0.44 pounds	6.1 pounds	1.7 pounds
Gold	1.06 dollars	0.06 dollars	0.99 dollars	0.66 dollars ²

¹ Population in 1905 or nearest year.

² Principal countries.

³ Refined illuminating oil.

With the exception of the production of coal in Great Britain, mining in European countries is not characterized by the feverish activity which attends such operations in the United States. Here, however, not only are the per capitas of production and home consumption very large, but it is evident that this nation is also supplying much of the European requirement. While gratifying as evidence of Nature's liberality to us, and also of American enterprise, is there no

limit to the supply under such unparalleled demand?

The production of coal, iron, petroleum, copper, and gold in America practically began — at least so far as a modern commercial basis is concerned — within the lifetime of many men now living. Coal production in the United States dates approximately from 1820. Eighty-five years later (in 1905) the product of American coal mines was 392,000,000 tons annually, practically two-

fifths of the coal production of the world. Advancing into the future from 1905 as far as that date is distant from 1820, we should reach 1990. In that year, according to the estimates which have been made by the leading student of coal production, the output of American coal mines would approximate 2,077,000,000 tons each year.¹

This age is preëminently a coal age; industry and commerce depend upon and follow coal supply. "In those localities both in Europe and America where coal is found, it has completely changed the face of the country. It has created great hives of industry in previously uninhabited valleys and lonely plains, drawn the population from the agricultural districts into manufacturing centres; it has altogether modified the relative importance of cities, and has peopled colonies."²

Jevons, the English economist, discussing in 1865 the relation of wealth and political power in England to the coal supply, declared that the industrial preëminence of the English people was due to coal; that future development depended upon a continuance of cheap fuel supply; but that it was not reasonable to expect indefinite commercial expansion at the then rate of progress. He predicted that well within a century from the date mentioned, a perceptible check in the rate of growth would be experienced and that the premonitory symptom would be a higher price for fuel.³ This economic prophecy in some particulars is already being fulfilled. Not the least ominous fact is the decided increase in the price of British coal. It is stated that at the present rate of production the cream of the South Wales coal-fields will have been skimmed in another half-century.

The United States is now the greatest coal-producing nation in the world. Even should the annual product attain to the

enormous total predicted for the close of the century, the coal reserve would not be seriously impaired for many centuries to come. In fact, it is not likely ever to become completely exhausted. The crisis in the maintenance of national prosperity, however, does not await coal exhaustion, but it must be expected when the slowly increasing difficulty and expense of mining coal result in prices easily beaten by newer fields. The price, therefore, of early extravagance in production, or in use, or both, is the ultimate creation of irresistible industrial rivals. The United States is becoming more and more industrial, hence both prosperity and population constantly lean more heavily upon coal; the greater the annual output, the earlier may be expected the era of materially advancing prices. Even if it be conceded that such a result would not seriously impair the industrial efficiency of the United States, it must exert a direct influence upon population, because decided increase in the cost of coal means increased cost of living and of production in all lines of industry. Moreover, an increased proportion of labor and capital must be devoted to the extraction of coal, thereby diminishing the proportion of both available under more favorable conditions for other productive activities.

Old settlers and newcomers have reveled in the fertility of virgin soil and seemingly unbounded space and resources. Waste has been rampant. If land ran out, the farmer made scant attempt to renew it, — he merely moved on to the West or South. If the timber, coal, or iron supply of forest and mine was depleted, no thought of economy arose — there were greater forests and richer mines elsewhere. Thus like a spendthrift heir, the inhabitants of the United States have dipped deep into the riches of their mighty inheritance, while from other lands millions of immigrants, glad to escape the restrictions of intensive forms of existence, have flocked to assist the American in exploiting his resources.

¹ E. W. Parker, U. S. Geological Survey.

² Thomas, *Journal Royal Statistical Society*, lxi, 461.

³ *The Coal Question*. London, 1865.

How long can these resources, though some of them are seemingly limitless, withstand this attack? ¹

The present age is differentiated from all others principally by this exploitation of natural resources, and by its reflex influence upon men. Had this onslaught begun, with equal vigor, a few hundred years earlier, conditions in the present age would have differed so radically from what they actually are, that even speculation concerning our state in such a contingency is futile.

Supremely serious are the questions which arise from consideration of the unprecedented advancement of our time: Has Nature no penalties in store for her

¹ Clearly no country has been so richly dowered by nature with mineral resources of all sorts. . . . On the other hand we must render tribute to the extraordinary rapidity with which these resources have been developed of late years. . . . It is quite reasonable to predict that the time will come when, pending the exploitation of the coal fields of China, all the world, with the exception of northern and northwestern Europe, which will almost certainly remain customers of Great Britain, will look to the United States for its coal supply. . . . In production of iron ore the United States far outdistances all other countries, its output in 1902 being over thirty-five million tons. . . . In 1880 it was only seven million tons. Comment upon the rapidity with which it has increased would be superfluous. . . . One is tempted to ask whether the ultra-intensive exploitation to which the iron mines are submitted will not soon exhaust the magnificent deposits of the Lake Superior district . . . but the Americans, relying on the constant good-will of Nature, are confident that they will discover either new and productive ranges in this district or rich deposits in other districts. — P. LEROY-BEAULIEU, *United States in the Twentieth Century*, pp. 223 et seq.

children who draw too liberally from her breast? Burning the fires of life so fiercely, shall they not burn out? If, on the one hand, phenomenal population increase resulted from the quickening of industrial and commercial life in the civilized nations during the past century, — due in the last analysis to natural resources, — and on the other, instinct, manifested in a score of local forms, is now tending to restrict population while the momentum of national prosperity is apparently at its height,² may there not be in operation some hitherto unexecuted law of nature, to prevent too great a drain upon the inheritance of future generations?

Invention and discovery may be expected to continue. It may well be that the men of the future will succeed in their time, as we have in ours, but the problems which arise are likely to be increasingly serious, as “the great world spins for ever down the ringing grooves of change.”

² The fundamental law of population is, that population constantly tends to increase at a greater rate than the means of subsistence. Here we have the converse occurring over a period embracing nearly the life of a generation. Is this apparent reversal of the general law due to the establishment of a higher standard of existence by advancing civilization, or to prosperity having in some insidious manner sapped the reproductive powers of the nation? Whatever be the cause, we have to face the fact that the rate of increase of the population is being maintained by the decrease in the death-rate, and notwithstanding such decrease, extending over the past twenty years, the excess of births over deaths per thousand has dropped from 14.90 to 11.58, or over twenty-two per cent. — THOMAS, *Journal Royal Statistical Society*, lxi, 453.

THE NATIONAL GAME

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

"BASEBALLING," writes Mr. Hashimura Togo, "is National Sport. Walk some distance to suburbs of trolley, when, all of a sudden, you will notice a sound. It is a very congregational lynch-law sound of numerous voices doing it all at once. Silence punctuates this. Then more of."

Addressing himself to a policeman, Mr. Togo solicits enlightenment: "Why all this yell about, unless of mania?"

"Three men have got home," explains the officer.

"So happy to welcome travelers! Have them gentlemen been long absent for such public banzai?"

Thus we perceive that Mr. Togo is as yet no "fan," or, instead of walking to "suburbs of trolley," he would have added himself to the burden of some ancient and doddering electric car, which, languishing else in oblivion, is fetched forth to trundle "red-blooded" citizens toward yon blessed inclosure. A jocund air has that trolley. Though meriting the pathetic grandeur of the Grand Army of the Republic, it goes caroling, "As Young as I Used to Be." Yet the throng aboard, clinging fly-fashion, and jammed gayly man on man, breathes no prankish spirit. Theirs is a calm mood and a dignified. They are buttressing the nation by upholding the national game, and a certain stateliness is permitted to patriots.

Mr. Togo, in his heathen blindness, may question the essential Americanism of baseball. Until recently the game originated in the English schoolboy sport of rounders. To abate that scandal, an oecumenical council of baseball hierarchs has defined the true faith. By order of the Special Commission, it *shall have been* "indigenous." Its American origin, then, resembles the infallibility of the

Pope, which, as a Catholic savant once remarked to me, is "a dogma we unfortunately have to believe."

But, despite its alien lineage, the game has become as characteristically American as bull-fighting is characteristically Spanish, or pelote characteristically Basque, or heresy-hunting characteristically Scotch. Not that our national sport stays pent within our traditional frontiers; it follows the flag, and westward, of course, the umpire takes his way. He is revered in Luzon, as is also the valiant batsman. Persons reluctant to canonize our Philippine policy should observe how five thousand natives will pour down upon the diamond to felicitate the author of a three-bagger, and continue his apotheosis for a solid hour. Meanwhile, baseball has annexed Canada — leaving only the sordid political details to be adjusted — and captured Cuba. "No tiene descripcion el entusiasmo!" cries the Cuban press. "El publico en masa se desborda liinando el inmenso campo, dando Vivas! Hurrahs!" Yet it is in the United States especially that the game thrives and grows and keeps on growing, till now it cheerfully meets an annual cost of \$5,500,000, supports more than thirty leagues, major and minor, sells its 25,000,000 tickets a year, and evolves a treasurer's report that reads like a mathematical pæan. Already it stands among our notable industries. Erelong its capitalization will reach the figure of \$20,000,000, the price we paid Spain for a second-hand war.

This glittering phenomenon, so grateful to all who love their country, though to Mr. Togo a stumbling-block and to the trolley conductor foolishness, invites philosophy. How comes it about? Because the "grandest of nations" must

instinctively espouse "the grandest of games"? Doubtless man might have made a better sport, but doubtless man never did. Man made cricket, enabling it to proceed with the languid tread of a Chinese tragedy, while from time to time upon some hot-head might arise and exclaim, "Played, sir! Played indeed!" Man made football, endowing it with benign carnage but giving it a season all too brief. Man made golf, wherein the ruminative derive satisfaction from a comparison of records. Man made tennis, a pleasant pastime, yet not for heroes. Man at his best and highest made baseball, which gallops gloriously to its sublime culmination, holds a nation spell-bound from snow to snow, provides always the clash of player against player, and calls for the combined exercise of muscle, brain, skill, and manly daring.

Besides, it appeals sweetly to sentiment. Every American has played baseball in his boyhood, learning the ecstasy of triumph, the unforgettable anguish of defeat. Sings Mme. Calvé:—

*"Plaisir d'amour ne dure qu'un moment,
Chagrin d'amour dure toute la vie."*

But she would be less confident of the supreme pathos of her theme had she been walloped, anciently, by the Cedar-villes, and slunk supperless to bed.

The child is father of the "fan," and the middle-aged — the aged, even — renew their youth while "rooting" on the bleachers. And yet in such reflections, however exhilarating, we find no adequate interpretation of the paramountcy achieved by this vociferous amusement. Though the game existed in the forties, it promised small delirium; it lacked import; it was team against team, — mere parochial imbroglios, — and not an entire people struggling mightily all summer toward a golden bourn. Then arose that Moses of the diamond, "Father" Henry Chadwick, who began his career as law-giver a few years before the Civil War, which was a conflict deeply to be regretted, since it deflected the national mind from the pursuit of the na-

tional sport, and devoutly to be praised, since it preserved a nation wherein that sport might disport itself.

After the war came Reconstruction, which gathered up the fragments of a shattered commonwealth, and set them upon the firm foundation of baseball. The country had now a purpose. Henceforth it could develop into a nation of "rooters," the loudest and maddest on earth. For "Father" Chadwick had codified the rules, thus enabling New York to give battle to Philadelphia, Boston to Detroit, Cleveland to St. Louis, while affording the mythopoetic faculty an opportunity not surpassed in our era. No Secretary of Baseball sits in the President's cabinet; it is not by manhood suffrage that municipalities elect their ball-nines; nor do the champions receive the pennant from the secretary's hand with a mediæval accolade and gain dukedoms as rewards for high service; yet in the "fan's" thoughts it might almost be so, despite his knowledge that organized baseball is a business — a business controlled by a trust; that the "clubs" are stock-companies; that the players are rarely sons of the cities whose names they wear over their hearts; and that the progressive series of shows has been adroitly devised to keep him dangling betwixt hope and despair throughout the season, and get his money. So it is no trivial, isolated, ineffectual fray that assembles yonder multitude this afternoon.

As Pisa fought Venice and Venice fought Florence, so the town dearest to our pride is to take up arms against a loathed and hated rival; only, in our case, consider how incomparably more grave the issue! Our city, if victorious, will advance one stage further toward the championship of its league. If it wins that championship, it will meet the champions of the other major league, and battle for the championship of the world. If triumphant then, it will reign in a moral splendor surpassing the sublimity of Nineveh, Carthage, or Imperial Rome, until — perish the thought! — the arbit-

rament of next year's campaign snatches the sceptre from its grasp. In the light of so much glory, one grieves to recall how misguided warriors fought and bled on Italian soil for a mere petty, backyard sovereignty, little worth the fuss, and one sighs for a greater Dante to sing this grander warfare. Still, there is song in the souls of "fans." Said Emerson: "The people fancy they hate poetry, and they are all poets and mystics."

Arriving at the gates of glee — gates piercing an otherwise impervious board-fence, cruelly devoid of those cracks and knot-holes which afford solace to impecunious urchinhood — our bards undergo a self-imposed classification. The frivolous, the detached, the shallow — fabricators of "society verse," let us say — purchase tickets for the grandstand; those a shade or two less artificial prefer the fifty-cent bleachers; but the true runic singers, they of the flaming heart and awesome howl, humble themselves to be bleached for a quarter.

Though "Casey at the Bat" has been attributed to all known poets from Homer to Theodosia Garrison, and though its authorship is claimed by a wool merchant named Thayer, it is clear that the ballad reached his pen by a process of metempsychosis, having enjoyed a previous existence in the brain of some twenty-five-cent "rooter." Accordingly, we shall find the uncrowned laureates of baseball among its lowliest devotees. While Mr. Reginald Van Brunt will yell with a fervor conscious of its absurdity and relish this release from convention, Mr. Micky O'Hooligan will yell with impassioned earnestness. Between these gentlemen, however similar their vocal outbursts, you note the same difference as between the carnival Indian and the wild Comanche. Mr. Van Brunt harbors a suspicion that the national game is perhaps a trifle less important than the national destiny. Not so the honest Micky.

Him let us follow. Through the joyous portals, then, with care to retain our rain-checks. In these read the first intimation

of contrast between professional baseball and its collegiate compeer. The powers of the air might spoil a college game and cheat the spectators. Here, if the heavens drip before the middle of the fifth inning, we may go in free at some subsequent game. Thus the management emboldens the over-weather-wise, who, when clouds look ominous, may perchance obtain more baseball, instead of less, for their money. Inside the gate, contrasts not less pronounced. Instead of the modest grandstand, a huge, many-canopied pavilion, over which float ensigns inscribed with the name of our city and that of the despicable municipality for whose destruction we yearn. Instead of the strings of carriages, those vast, austere tribunes, the bleachers. Instead of multitudinous gay hats and gowns, only an occasional dash of color, and that only in the grandstand. Instead of the pennant of our Alma Mater, the nation's flag, fluttering a bit sadly, as if conscious of its subservience to business. Instead of a distant prospect of academic spires and cupolas beyond the meadows, a background composed of bill-boards, where advertisements of whiskey, beer, and heinous cigars almost crowd out the score-board, while above them loom the chimneys of factories. Everywhere an atmosphere bespeaking capitalized enterprise, speculation, commercialism. Upon the ear fall raucous cries: "Hot roasted peanuts, five a bag," "Ice-cold moxie," "Fresh pop-corn" — uttered by savage brats in white coats and white caps. Ministering angels actually, these young persons wear an expression of cruelty, having caught thus early the aggressive spirit of the diamond.

On the bleachers, however, there is much the same talk as among collegians, though mouthed less gently, and absolutely the same belief in the cosmic importance of sport. Have not vanquished football braves been known to weep? Once, when a victorious eleven were shedding their moleskins amid profane

exultings, their trainer burst into the dressing-room, lifted a reverent hand, and cried, "Silence, boys! Now everybody sing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow!'" — which they did, in perfect solemnity. When such excesses occur among seekers after wisdom, why scorn poor Micky for calling baseball the most serious occupation of a serious people? His microcosmos refuses admittance to larger interests. The players now at practice down below — they are lions, heroes, sublime demigods, in Micky's eyes. Pity him, then, for his failure to identify them; "beneath the cupola," Paris is equally at a loss to identify its Forty Immortals; as Monsieur le Ministre appeals to Madame la Maréchale, so Micky appeals to 'Rastus Jones, and 'Rastus to a truckman, who in turn invites elucidation from a freckled office-boy. There are loud assertions, louder contradictions, as is scarcely surprising, so extraordinary is the family resemblance that pervades the profession. Always the lithe, nimble figure; always the shaven face; always the bold nose and assertive chin. Later, when the game is on, we shall know the artists by reference to the score-card.

For artists they are — sensitive as violinists, "temperamental" as painters, emotional as divas. A little detraction will "get their goat," a little adulation prepare them to walk upon pink clouds. As the Presbyterian said of the Methodists, they are "up attic or down cellar all the while." They cherish their dignity, riding only in Pullmans, sleeping only in the hotel's most luxurious apartments. They exact from their manager a consideration as delicate as that displayed toward his mariners by the gallant captain of the Pinafore. They demand dazzling emoluments; Corot died rich, Paderewski carries home a fortune every year, yet how insignificant their services to humanity compared with those of a baseball player! Meanwhile the fraternity resents imputations of mere commercialism. Speak not of "Hessians." If you insist upon a military allusion, call

them Swiss, to whom may one day be carved a Lion of Lucerne.

Happy is their lot, since their craftsmanship, unlike that of other artists, wins the most exuberant admiration from those that comprehend it least. Hence their rank as popular idols. The physiological psychologist, who can hardly be said to abound, admires the precision with which the muscular sense judges the whereabouts of a moving object by the tug of tiny muscles as the eyes converge upon it; he admires the accuracy with which the muscles of eye and arm adjudicate and direct the effort required to hurl a missile to its goal after the muscles around and inside the eye have determined the range; he knows that in that solemnest of ball-games, an artillery engagement, ranges must be found mechanically. There, with some incidental enthusiasm over the diligence expended in training the muscular sense to such superb efficiency, his admiration ends. To Micky, however, the skill of a star ball-player savors less of the magnificently natural than of the out-and-out miraculous. And our world consists mainly of Mickys. Ages ago, when it contained no other folk, such wonder-working would have qualified the "wizard" to teach spiritual truth. In our own day, it has enabled a baseball hero to become a popular evangelist.

But see, the game is about to begin! Quick, your score-card! At last it is settled that Murphy, not O'Toole, is to pitch, O'Toole having doubtless a temporary "glass arm;" also that Kelley, though spiked a week ago by a furious base-runner, is again to mount guard over yonder hypertrophied pincushion; who's who, we now know, so far as concerns "our boys," and as for the enemy, seated in a cross-legged, red-legged row on the bench, the score-card will make them out for us as obligingly as the programme that names the actors "in the order of their first appearance on the stage." All is clear, save perhaps to some wretched Togo.

Billiards, the Japanese intellect can fathom: "two sticks, three balls, two men. One says 'Damn!' The other says, 'Hard lines!'" But baseball is more intricate. It is billiards in three dimensions (and a fourth, sometimes, namely the umpire), with an uneven field for a table, the ball shot through air and deflected by wind, and the play executed with chain-lightning rapidity, while always nine men are pitted against one. So you will bear with Mr. Togo if his account errs through excess of impressionism. Says he, "One strong-arm gentleman called a Pitch is hired to throw. Another gentleman called a Stop is responsible for whatever that Hon. Pitch throw to him, so he protect himself from wounding by sofa-pillows which he wear on hands. Another gentleman called a Striker stand in front of that Stop and hold up club to fright off that Hon. Pitch from angry rage of throwing things. Hon. Pitch in hand hold one baseball of an unripe condition of hardness. He raise that arm lofty — then twist — O sudden!! He shoot them bullet-ball straight to breast of Hon. Stop. Hon. Striker swing club for vain effort. It is a miss and them deathly ball shoot Hon. Stop in gloves. 'Struck once!' decry Hon. Umpire, a person who is there to gossip about it in loud voice."

Despite traces of inaccuracy, we have here a transcription from reality. Such titanic efforts, such lifting of huge hopes, such scant fruition! They hurl the ball, but not canonically. They hurl the ball canonically, but the batsman cowers. They hurl the ball canonically, and the batsman smites it, but erroneously. They hurl the ball canonically, the batsman smites it righteously, and then some fellow catches it. This process, varied with the scampering of certain gentlemen in haste, who at best reach only the point they started from, continues through nine innings, while the majority of the eighteen demigods stand beside bags or guard distant outposts, chewing, chewing, or sit all a-row and drink water out

of a pail. Upon what boresome doings, then, hangs the destiny of our cities! How justly has Mr. Steffens celebrated their shame!

To the "fan," this very uneventfulness is in itself an event. One recalls the ardor of the shopkeeper in a college town, who had feared that a football defeat might impoverish the gamesters who owed him money; hearing that it had yielded a score of nothing to nothing, he cried, "Blessed be nothing!" So here. The red-blooded look not kindly upon the "hippodrome" and the "batfest." They desire that skill shall match skill in "an even break." What the performance lacks of melodrama it makes up in show of technique, so that, as Mr. Togo phrases it, "all America persons is settled in state of very hoarse condition." Nor can even he suppress a spasm of admiration for that central luminary, the twirler. "Hon. Pitch prepare to enjoy some deathly agony. He hold that ball outside of twisted arm, turn one half beside himself, throw elbows away, give whirling salute of head, caress ankle with calf of leg, then up-air — quickly shoot!!"

Mr. O'Hooligan, steeped in the lore of the "spitball," the drop curve, the high in-ball, the out-curve, and the "fade-away," and aware that the finger-tips, as the "pill" leaves the hand, endow it with its rotary genius, pays this wizard the homage of a somewhat more enlightened reverence. He will speak of the "cushion of air" that produces the curve, yet gilds his science with gleams of the supernatural. Those enchanted missiles — lo! trailing clouds of glory do they come! And the twirler — what charmer of political conventions, serpents, or railroad stocks commands a higher magic? Behold, for instance, the necromantic spitball, how it drops from the batter's hips to his knees in two feet of forward motion, or "floats up like a chunk of lead till it gets close to the swatting station and then ducks around the corner like a subpoena-dodger!" The mere expectation of a spitball un-

nerves the doughtiest "sons of swat!"

Physicist, though mystic, Mr. O'Hooligan dabbles also in psychology. To him—and to us, for that matter—the pitcher is a "deep thinker," fathoming the batsman's heart, discerning his aversions, and uprooting his courage by proffering what he most detests at the least grateful juncture. To "deep thinking" our twirler adds moral hardihood. It takes character to face a whole dynasty of cudgel-kings, one after another, and not "go up in the air," especially when bayed at the while by a maniacal public.

Likewise it takes character to bat; for the batter views eight allied foes, one of whom prepares to slay him with a look, if not with the "pellet." I recall a portly batsman whose person protruded in a sort of oriel; though slow of foot, he possessed a talent for knocking phenomenally evasive flies. Knowing this, the pitcher smote him with the ball in the region of the watch-chain, and, when rather severely criticised by his victim, remarked, "Perfectly fair ball! Right over the plate!" Just so; but after that this batsman could never face its author with any pleasure. Invariably he "fanned out." And even the slim run some risk. Nevertheless, such is their devotion to country that, when necessity requires, they will defy the rule that forbids self-martyrdom, and deliberately offer their bodies to be hit. Sometimes I wonder if it hurts. I have seen a batter receive a resounding crack on the funny bone, and make for first base with a radiant countenance, limping jocosely all the way. Indeed, one is tempted, while surveying the moral pinnacle attained by cudgelers, to forget those equally lofty artistic summits which loom less splendid because more remote. Not only must the ash meet the horsehide, however fantastic its course; the clash must be so timid, ideally, that the ball will come down in precisely the spot intended—an unguarded region of the "front yard," let us say—or perchance some defenseless section of "left garden." Wielding what

the violinist calls a perfect instrument, the man with the round club must juggle with angles of incidence and reflection, complicated by the manifold eccentricities of an inspired gyroscope, and instantly determine what speed to give his bat as it describes with its tip the arc of a circle, since the hundredth part of a second, whether too soon or too late, will vitiate the entire calculation. Saw you ever a task that called louder for "all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy?"

Time—what a factor in battles! One hates to descend to the trivial, but it was time that decided Waterloo, and here every infinitesimal moment is treasured, as befits the gravity of the issue. Fans understand this, and bear it in mind when appraising the performance. They know why the management has selected a "south-paw" to man first base; the left-handed player has the advantage of being already in a position to throw to second when the ball comes to him from the catcher. They know why base-runners should slide feet first. Says Mr. Togo, "All spectacles in grandstand decry 'O make sliding, Hon. Sir!'"—and "Hon. Striker is sliding to base by the seat of his stummick." Bad policy, think the fans. Not only do basemen cherish a distaste for spiked shoes and a fluttering of the heart on their approach sole out, so that the feet-first onslaught will meet the milder discouragement; the main point is to arrive ready to pick yourself up in an instant and resume your career. Games are lost and won in fractions of a second.

It is time, again, that determines the brilliancy of fielding. When the ball whizzes just above the ground, and a man runs in for it and takes it at his shoe-lacings, Micky's whole soul rises up to bless him. When the ball soars across the blue, and the "gardener" turns his back on it, darts into the remote distance, and wiles it from over his shoulder into his mitt, Micky relights his pipe. Why this frantic approval of a feat by no means showy, this indifference to a feat

amazingly spectacular? Because time, by its brevity, glorified the one, whereas time, by its prolixity, cheapened the other. Only instantaneous perception and judgment and action can stop the white-hot liner. The very sensationalism of the arching path that a long fly follows will afford time to decide where the ball must alight, time to transfer one's activities to the appointed spot, time composedly to welcome in that fly with gently smiling jaws. As well solicit applause for keeping a tryst with an express train!

Thus it appears that Mr. O'Hooligan appreciates, equally with alacrity of body, alacrity of mind. He would redouble his enthusiasm could he hear astronomers discourse of the "personal equation," how it qualifies an observer to note with greater or lesser precision the moment when the star crosses the hair-line and to press with greater or lesser promptitude the instrument that records its transit. Eminence as a baseball-player presupposes a personal equation any astronomer might envy, and this endowment accounts for the profusion of Kelleys and Caseys, of O's and Mac's on the nation's diamond. The nimble-witted, the quick-tempered, the recklessly daring — in a word, a race given to bulls, half-bricks, and brilliancy on the firing-line — possess the required rapidity of perception and intellection, the required rapidity of nervous reactions. Women, but for those limitations to which humorists attribute the survival of the hen, should play astounding baseball; as regards the personal equation, every woman is an Irishman.

Nowhere a keener demand for such celerity than behind the bat, where the catcher acts as a collector and conservator of twisted thunderbolts and as steersman of the sloop of destiny. Alone able to scan the whole battle, he must shape its strategy in moments of peril. Yet while there exists a code of signals between pitcher and catcher, and while extraneous counsel from coaches mitigates the consternation with which men on

bases are so richly furnished, still further hints and persuasions proceed from the manager. He signs in esoteric symbols, unknown to the foe, though legible to his vassals, so that he who reads may run. Sometimes, to ward off suspicion, he deposes the "signing" to a henchman, but there's risk in that. Once Sweeney, bidden to slide when Lauterbach crossed his feet, beheld the sign and slid, thereby losing the game; Lauterbach, crazed with excitement, had crossed his feet unconsciously. The manager could nevertheless rejoice in the perfection of his discipline, as when, on another occasion, Bad Bill rejoined his comrades at breakfast, saw the horrified manager stroke his beard, and instantly dived under the table. As a posse of waiters were ejecting him, Bill expostulated, "What yous puttin' me out fer? Did n't me manager sign to slide?" His not to reason why, his but to do and die.

Now Micky, despite his knowledge of wireless communications, boards of strategy, and the team-play that alone captures pennants, proffers advice of his own, instructing the players, even the manager; and hereby hangs psychology. A lordly egotist is Micky. He looms vast within his personal universe because that universe is itself so small. Besides, he is a part of all that he sees. He assists the progress of a blood-and-thunder play with cries of "Sick 'em!" and "Cheese it!" On the bleachers he not only comments aloud upon every incident, gasping, "He's out!" or "He's safe;" he relieves a burning heart by howling, "Come on, Pat!" or "Slide, Kelley — slide!" It is not in the initial stages of civilization that humanity acquires the art of thinking with its mouth shut. Meanwhile, his shrewdness enables him to admire a player for disregarding his suggestions. When the man on third, whose whole soul is chanting "Home, Dearie, Home," displays a masterly inactivity, all fans approve with their intellects, while demurring with their emotions.

Conscious of a power within himself making for victory, since his yearnings readily translate themselves into volitions, Micky regards his whoops and yells as by no means impotent. Nor are they always. At a crisis, "Hi! Hi! Hi!" may unnerve a batsman or "rattle" the most stoical of pitchers. The "rooting" of his allies, on the other hand, may calm the quiverings of a distraught spirit and convince a player that the stars in their courses are fighting for him. All the which goes to show that Mr. O'Hooligan has still very much to learn concerning the ethics of sport; yes, and concerning its aesthetics. Both on moral and artistic grounds, good sportsmen denounced the college glee club that serenaded a visiting ball-nine throughout the night preceding a game. On similar grounds, they condemned the half-back who entered into his closet and prayed for victory. It is the theory of clean sport that its participants should conduct their manoeuvres without interference, earthly or celestial, malignant or beneficent. Consequently the higher priesthood of baseball have set their faces sternly against "rooting" and hope to do it away.

Already they have at least partially extinguished a more crying abuse. Writes Hashimura Togo, "Occasionally that large German intelligence what set next to me would say with voice, 'Kill that umpire!' I wait for very large hour to see death of this Hon. Umpire, but it did not occur as I seen. Too bad! I had very good seat to see from!" To umpire is human, to forgive divine; and fans are progressing, however slowly, toward that commendable altitude of morality. Instead of tying tin-cans to his coat-tails, chasing him up trees, bedecking him with tar and feathers, or forcing him to seek asylum in the town jail, they now harry this martyr with rhetoric — accusations of perjury, piracy, and grand larceny, for the most part, with now and then a promise of annihilation. Gradually they have come to understand his modest plea for tolerance.

"The umpire may make mistakes as well as any other mortal," says the renowned Sheridan, "and if he does, it does n't follow that he should hang for it. Here are people seated in a semi-circle around the grounds. On almost every play some of them will be better witnesses than he, yet they imagine he ought to see it exactly as they do; and if he does n't, what a chorus of yells and howls!" Good lack, you would say so! "Robber!" bawl the fans. "Liar! Thief! Kill him!" — till the uproar "has feeding time at the zoo faded to a whisper." And remember, the umpire is the most sensitive of all the beasts of the field. Hence the humiliation with which patriots reflect that this comparative immunity results less from a softening of the heart on the part of fans than from a drastic severity on the management's part toward the players. For the bleachers take their cues from the diamond, and heavy fines have taught players to beware how they unchain the passions of the mob. Left to themselves, our fans bestow upon their salaried arbiter only such abuse as authors, if they had the pluck, would extend to his prototype, the editor.

Happily, you may attribute this vocal umpire-baiting in some measure to mere love of din. To many, his crime is the occasion, rather than the cause, of pandemonium. Not so those thrilling incidents that elicit the wild and terrible "E-e-e-yah," the long drawn "h'ra-a-a-ay," the ear-splitting "Hoo-oo-oo-wow!" "More yells of shouts in head," cries Hashimura. "I am an enthusiasm. Such sound of hates! Port Arthur was took with less noise!" Considering the yelps, roars, and growls in which our four-footed ancestors expressed themselves, such reversion to type need hardly perplex us. The marvel is not that the bleachers lie so near the jungle, but that they are separated from it by so vast an interval. The whooping and bawling reflect intelligence, intelligence finer and higher than we are wont to believe the proletarians possessed of.

How comes it that they command sufficient range of consciousness to grasp simultaneously all the phases of a dazzling play or the nimbleness to foresee all its consequences? May we not conjecture that Micky sees one facet of greatness, 'Rastus another, the office-boy a third; that each acclaims what he himself comprehends; and that, by a felicitous contagion, the excitement of each redoubles the excitement of the rest? A false hypothesis. For the game is not particularly complicated, as games go; it is quick — so quick that successive impressions make a palimpsest of the untutored mind (the mind of the philosopher, let us say, to whom a ball-game is a rare indulgence), whereas no palimpsest is inscribed upon Mr. O'Hooligan. Having played baseball, watched baseball, talked baseball, read baseball, dreamed baseball, and devoted little earnest cogitation to anything but baseball ever since he was able to lift a bat, he takes in each new move as swiftly as it occurs, and knows by lifelong experience what it portends. I once passed an evening at a resort peopled exclusively by "greatest living authorities." Were they brilliant, these masters of infinitesimal specialties? They were dull. The same process that makes Micky O'Hooligan an adept in baseball had made them retentive reservoirs of erudition. Micky, had he devoted equal assiduity to mycology, the evolution of the aorist, or the histology of the potato-bug, might have won honorary degrees, I doubt not, and a paragraph in "Who's Who."

Spare the sigh! This scholar craves no laurels. Born a democrat, he adores the simplicity of "rooters' row." Not even in the smoking-car, where hod-carriers hold converse with bankers, does democracy blossom more superbly. Here to every fellow it is permitted to exhibit frightful suspenders, smoke infamous cigars, wield a palm-leaf fan, swear horribly, advance the most unpleasant opinions, and punch the heads of malefactors — that is, those who intercept their

neighbors' peanuts, as the boy tosses up the bag from down below, and those who wantonly stand while the congregation is seated. Fortunately, the congregation boasts a sheeplike suggestibility; in general, when one stands, the rest stand also; otherwise nothing short of legislation analogous to that against the theatre hat could defend the bleacherites against mutual annihilation.

Thus we follow the game in quite tolerable misery. Hot? It was never so hot. Pitilessly the sun beats down from a sky broken only by the fleecy white clouds that the players call "angels," because they afford so benevolent a background for the batted ball. Though sun-stroke seems inevitable, inning succeeds inning, with nine men walking away slowly, nine others coming up on the run, till the ultimate inning is now nearly completed. Jubilant moments there have been — jubilant moments and moments glum; awful suspense, too, and at this the eleventh hour the score stands three to two against us. Amid terrific cheers, great Murphy strikes an attitude as of the Colossus of Rhodes, fire in his eye, desperate determination in his heart. His cudgel menaces the pitcher. Two men on bases dance nervously sidewise, ablaze with excitement. There are cries from the coaches, mingling oddly with "Ice-cold moxie!" and "Fresh popcorn, five a bag!" The pitcher holds the ball meditatively beneath his chin and glares defiance. He coils himself up "like a dissolute bed-spring," lets loose, and then — oh, mad instant! The ring of a bat, flying forms that fling themselves feet-first along the ground in clouds of dust, other forms with heads thrown back and faces upturned, one horror-stricken figure moving across the far, far background, his posture that of anguish hoping against hope — and victory is ours! We howl.

Then a metamorphosis. Patriots become mere sordid seekers after slabs of striped ice-cream, to be purchased out of carts beyond the gates. At first, one

would rebuke those carts; they seem a profanation. Then comes a saner understanding, which crowns them with all the honor due to the Red Cross. And their patrons — well, is not the triumph won, our city's star again in a bright ascendant, the moral order of the universe again vindicated? To die now, with striped ice-cream within reach — why indulge in such *ex post facto* fanaticism? Besides, the nation itself boasts as its chief aim the well-being of its citizens. Without citizens, what would become of the nation, and of its noblest product, the national game?

It now remains to see what the press will say. What, forsooth, can it say? That our team has "lashed another victim to its victorious chariot"? That our boys "look good for the rag"? Precisely. But the journalistic passion for truth will not long content itself with such inadequate phrasing. Presently we shall read how men died on bases; how batsmen took bites out of the pea; how Stivetts blew up in a jiffy, because Schreck had his kidding clothes on; how Sharky poked a bingle; how Murphy and McCabe were wedded to bags; how Schults was buffaloeed by Killian and popped to Coughlin; and how Pfeister tried his hoodoo snake on Crawford and had the hard hitter tied in a knot. This is something like, and we live the battle over again, though the unrighteous affect perplexity. Nonsense! How, save by a gorgeous symbolism, shall language body forth these jumping wonders? How, save by employing a special argot, shall even symbolism do them justice? As men invent vocables wherewith to adorn a ballad or to give splendor to a legend, or to establish communication with a baby, so men shape a new and marvelous verbiage for baseball. Thus only can the heart's deepest emotion find a voice. What if we call the adored ball a "pill," a "pellet," and a "globule;" what if we speak of the home plate as the "pan"? Browning addressed Mrs. Browning as "dear Ba." Besides, remember that base-

ball reports must be penned while the game rages and that they cannot but reflect the noble frenzies of their authors.

Yet think not to-day's game dies with to-day's "extras." In two baseball weeklies it will *réecho*; perhaps also in the *Baseball Magazine*; certainly in that sacred history or fan's bible, *Spalding's Guide*; and fans there are who will talk of it years hence, to the joy of men folks, the despair of women folks. For heavy is the burden laid upon the gentler sex by our national game. To the maid, it means being dragged by some amiable though misguided cavalier through what should have been the "time of your life, Nellie," and was boresome beyond words; to the wife, it means a husband tied to the Sporting Page — silent or cryptically ebullient; and, as old age arrives, and the third generation of fans vibrates between the sand-lots and the bleachers, it means mortal peril: —

"Lives there a man with soul so dead
But he unto himself has said,
'My grandmother shall die to-day
And I'll go see the Giants play?'"

Mr. John T. McCutcheon fixes the average daily baseball mortality among grandmothers at seven thousand.

To the bleacherite, however, it means fullness of life — not sport merely, but learning, hero-worship, moral uplift, and a wellspring of national consciousness. He amasses an erudition worthy the Five Academies. What biologist speaks more confidently of Tigers, Cubs, Bisons, Doves, and Orioles? What ethnologist more knowingly of Colonels, Pirates, Red Sox, Quakers, and Cardinals? Was ever manipulator of logarithms and the calculus more ready than the fans with averages and percentages? And there are pretentious enough climatologists who can't explain why the pennant shuns seaboard cities; there are specialists in folk-lore who remain uninformed touching the baleful phenomena that must ensue if a cat walks across the diamond; there are historians — think of it! — who have never traced the evolution

of the ball from the "Bounding Rock" (well named) to its latest inspired successor; and who to save their necks can't tell who was purchased when, or at what price, or in which of the major, bush or outlaw leagues; or that it was Arthur Cummings, and not the Discobolus, who accidentally invented the curve.

Worse, there are historians who, though learned in the chronology of antiquity, attach no importance to the most significant dates our world has experienced — 1845, when the first baseball club was founded; 1859, when the Excelsiors and the Atlantics undertook a missionary tour of England, vainly hoping to convert the benighted and hard-hearted islanders; and 1876, when patriots organized the National League. But for one's reluctance further to humiliate our chroniclers, one might add still other dates, all of which have been mastered by the fan. Happily, they are modern, very modern, these dates, and therefore comparatively few. They leave the baseball sage somewhat in the position of those mediæval schoolmen to whom, since little had occurred or been found out before their day, encyclopædic sapienty was not impossible. Nor is a Micky O'Hooligan less proud in his wisdom than a Duns Scotus. To know all about something, to know that he knows it, and to know that all other information is sheer froth and vanity — what a solace to the ignoramus!

And in Micky's idolatrous reverence for the players there is solace for his well-wishers. Note the Greek symmetry of those athletes' development, as compared with the "strong man's" muscle-bound exaggerations. Observe the clearness of their minds, their quickness, their level-headedness under affliction. Consider their moral qualities — their grit, their self-control, their abstemiousness (at least during the season), their readiness to sacrifice individual glory for the glory of the team, and especially the asceticism with which, to conserve their eyesight, they forswear the luxury of

night-time study! Then ask yourself if, on the whole, Micky — being Micky — could bestow his admiration on a type likelier to influence him favorably.

For encomiums upon the influences of the game itself, consult its now quite voluminous literature. There you will find it belauded for that virtue which is next to godliness. Gambling pollutes the turf and the prize-ring; save in sporadic and insignificant cases of individual betting, it never pollutes the diamond. It can't. Organized gambling, as at the race-track and around the roped arena, presupposes certainties, not chances; a jockey or a pugilist is "fixed." But how are you going to fix eighteen men at once, to say nothing of managers and umpires? Indeed, it is the very certainty that no such roguery can be practiced that makes a ball game so popular. Mr. O'Hooligan is convinced that every player is doing his best, for ever so little listlessness may exchange the St. Cloud of the diamond for the St. Helena of a cigar store, and your baseball Napoleon "would hate awfully to have to go to work." I quote a famous player. Let me also quote, in order to exhibit the ethical perfections that prevail throughout this sport, the remarks of one of its chief sages concerning the purity of its judiciary. "Woe betide the player who falls from grace!" writes that charming philosopher. "Baseball law has Federal law chased clear under the table when it comes to dealing out justice, and no skinny shrimp of a lawyer can protect a crook by objecting to evidence because it is against the letter of the law and contrary to precedent. When they find a crook in baseball, they chase him out so blamed fast his feet get hot hitting the grit!"

So, when "all-America persons is settled in state of very hoarse condition," blending their voices in "a very congregational lynch-law sound," Mr. Hashimura Togo may be assured that those "yells of shouts" proceed from emotions sanctified by moral enthusiasm, and that they promote a sense of national solidar-

ity. The bawling and braying — mayhap, had we a notation sufficiently spiritual to record their meaning, they might gain acceptance as an American “Wacht am Rhein,” an American “Marseillaise,” and not less potent than the war-songs of older races. Micky O’Hooligan sees more of America at a ball game, and hears more of it, than anywhere else. He knows by its utterances that its heart is right. He is consciously, hilariously, a part of it. And when, with spirit at once softened and elated, he turns toward home and is halted in the street by a

representative of the abhorred “pluto-cratic” class, he overlooks artificial distinctions, as created by a Panama hat, gloves, and a swagger-stick, and ungrudgingly divulges the score. “A mon’s a mon, for a’ that!” Next day, as he discusses the game with Father Hogan and Morris Rosenberg, with Patrolman McNally and a worker from the settlement, with a scab and a walking delegate, he finds always a glow of fellow-feeling, so strong and so genuine as in some sort to bespeak a realization of that noble American ideal, the brotherhood of man.

MIDSUMMER ABEYANCE

BY JAMES E. RICHARDSON

STRAMONIUM, dank-breathed and sickly-sweet,
Clings in the fields, with heavier scents and vague
That stifle when the sun peeps forth to plague
The seeding grasses, ripe and parched like wheat.
The air, cast up on writhing waves of heat,
All-impotent to slake each minute’s dearth,
Exhausted seems; the whole sun-frenzied earth
With struggling life o’erburdened and replete.

This hour is not Man’s hour; in verity
Each weedling of the earth’s abundancy
Claims ever as of yore its wrested right.
For all thy mind’s indomitable might
It now must yield, — to claim what victory
In the clear stillness of some winter’s night?

THE YEAR IN FRANCE:

FRENCH FINANCE

BY STODDARD DEWEY

"IN the world at large, France has come to a consciousness of her real power." Written for "The Year in France" of 1905 and 1906,¹ these words have been more than confirmed ever since. At that time they referred to international episodes in which France's possession of a great portion of the world's gold had told decisively for the world's peace. From the beginning of the year 1907 to the money panic of the year's end in America, and afterwards all through the financial and industrial crisis provoked by the panic in European countries, this possession of ready gold by France has again been forced on the world's attention.

Such financial predominance is of far more general interest than the year's commonplace political or social events, or even than the imbroglio in Morocco from which France is not yet extricated, and which cannot be written of understandingly.

It has not only kept unbroken the prosperity of the French people, — it has helped England, which stood in the direct line of commotion, to withstand the rebound of panic and to bring first aid to the wounded in America; it continues enabling Germany to endure an interior crisis as dangerous to the empire and the world as war itself; and it still presents a guarantee of peace against German partisan ambitions. All this has been only to meet the year's extraordinary demand. The ordinary permeation of the universe by French gold has meantime gone on as before.

A dozen years since, while the particu-

lar policy of Crispi was exasperating the general hostility of the Triple Alliance against France, a journalist of Naples wrote belligerently, "We need several milliards to pay our debts. There are two or three in gold or silver in the Bank of France. Let's go and take them." At the end of 1907 Signor Luzzatti, who merits the praise of having put Italian finances on their feet, can think of nothing better to secure easy money for the world than international measures for what has been styled "a more even distribution among other nations of the gold now in the possession of France."

It is neither to the credit nor to the interest of a great nation like the United States to wait on the flux and reflux in the world of ready money, man's invention, as if these were unintelligible acts of God like earthquakes or hurricanes, and so beyond human laws of insurance against accidents. That France is the creditor of all nations and debtor of none, that she is far along the way of becoming the world's banker, is in the line of understandable cause and effect. It is no hazard of new fortune. Neither luck at home nor foolishness abroad has led up to it. It is the natural resultant of a composition of moral forces which may exist in any nation; and they meet the same opposing forces in France as elsewhere.

The financial events of the year centre in certain deliberate operations of the Bank of France, an institution as independent within the limits of its statutory privilege as the Supreme Court of the United States within the limits of the Constitution. The material possibility of such operations, like the riches of France, is due to certain traditional and spon-

¹ By the present writer; published in *The Atlantic* for August, 1906.

taneous habits of the French people. These again are veering more and more toward international finance under pressure of the great "credit" banks, whose phenomenal growth is one of the most disconcerting factors of French progress for a quarter of a century.

The events of the year have brought into play all these financial peculiarities of France. In the darkness of the American situation they start up many burning questions. Luckily they fall under a few ready formulas.

First, there is a practical separation of Bank and State: the Bank of France controls the movement of gold and the circulation of currency as well. Second, the French people have gold in their possession as a reward of obedience to their century-old precept, "When you have four cents spend only two" — the other two going to make up the famous French savings, *l'épargne nationale*. The same caution is ingrained in French commerce and industry, inconveniently for those who prefer gambling risks on the future, but with final profit made clear in times of panic. Third, the great popular banks, which have the investing of their customers' savings (not of their deposits, which are dealt with otherwise in France) and so handle a major portion of the country's liquid capital, are independent of the Bourse — rather, stock-exchange operations depend largely on the banks.

Thanks to such elementary principles, French finance has so far successfully withstood all meddling of politicians in power, even when they give legislation a violent trend toward Socialist upturnings of property. Individual speculation, as mad and swindling as anywhere else, has its ravages circumscribed like itself. Disasters of thousands of millions of francs come and go with no diminution of the vital strength of France. The ransom of the Franco-Prussian war and the penalty of Panama were not too heavy a strain; and there is no reason to think now that any possible bankruptcy of

Russia, in spite of the dozen milliards she owes to the French people, would shatter the financial energy of France.

At the beginning of the year 1907, banks and stock exchanges the world over were involved in a monetary stringency due to manifold causes near and remote, but directly occasioned by the habitual American demand for more ready capital than exists in the whole world. M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, a competent authority, estimates the average amount of capital available in the world each year at 12,000,000,000 francs. In a single year the United States clamored for 16,000,000,000 francs. "When Mr. Pierpont Morgan talks figures I grow dizzy," was a remark of the late Baron Alphonse de Rothschild.

The Bank of France, warned by the experience of preceding years, had already taken measures to prevent the draining away of its gold. Notably, it ruled out from its discounts all merely financial paper, — the notorious American "finance bills," — no matter what their personal or company endorsement. For some time, in strict conformity with its statutes, it had been limiting its discounts to short-term and quickly realizable commercial values, such as drafts in payment of purchases actually effected, or bona-fide commodity bills. The terms of the national privilege of the Bank of England do not enable it to protect itself so well; and it bore the brunt of the American demand with difficulty.

The Bank of France had every reason for coming to the help of the Bank of England. Gold, like any other exchangeable article, finally goes to the highest bidder; and the successive rise in discount rates paid in London was sure to draw gold from Paris. If the Bank of France were forced to raise its own rates in self-defense, money would grow dear at home, and French commerce and industry would suffer. To prevent this is the main reason of the exclusive privilege conferred by the State on the Bank of France.

After some difficulties of technical

negotiation—for the world's great banks, like individual capitalists, have their self-love—it was agreed that the Bank of France should apply an unused privilege of its statutes, and open, for the Bank of England alone, a "foreign portfolio." This meant that the Bank of France would release gold to the Bank of England by discounting three-months' sterling bills drawn on London, instead of limiting its discounts to the commercial paper drawn on Paris which makes up its ordinary portfolio. The Bank of England used this gold to meet the demands of the American situation; and in this way some \$15,000,000 in gold soon found its way from Paris through London to New York. The stringency relaxed, but not till the Bank of France, in pursuance of a deliberate policy, had notified the world by an unexpected, though slight, increase in its discount rate, that it too was ready to act in self-defense. By the 1st of July, 1907, the Bank of England had completely reimbursed the Bank of France, either as the sterling bills fell due or after renewal.

The American demand for more money than the world contains had not ceased. In spite of all the measures of self-preservation which the banks of Europe had everywhere taken, nothing was able to withstand the universal recoil from the explosion of American financial dynamite set off in October. The Bank of France again opened a foreign portfolio for the Bank of England. The \$16,000,000 in gold which thus promptly passed from its vaults in Paris through London to New York, was indeed first aid to the wounded both of England and America.

It soon became evident that the pouring of foreign gold into New York was little more than "throwing snowballs into a blast furnace." The crisis affected credit; but credit depends on something more than the material possession of money or of goods exchangeable for money. Credit presupposes confidence; and Americans were devoid of all mental security where money was at stake.

The Bank of England with difficulty protected its own interests by raising steadily its discount rates. In Germany the rise was by jumps more sudden and higher still. Americans, taken up with their domestic troubles, do not realize that the German danger was comparable to their own. There, too, over-industrialization has been accomplished by inflation of capital. In a way, the German inflation seems justified by results; it has been based, for the most part, on valid applications of the laws of supply and demand. It is certainly far removed from the sheer watering of stocks known in American speculation. This did not lessen the immediate danger of the crisis which, through the open market, forced the transfer of large sums of gold from Germany, where they were needed, to America, where the bidding was higher. It is claimed that \$40,000,000 of the gold finally sent from London to New York was thus drawn from Germany. Such a situation involved French capitalists and banks far more directly than did the American crisis. The Bank of France had to take account of it in all its decisions, although its own position was independent enough to allow it to choose its measures.

The Bank of England declared itself unwilling, for the sake of America, further to increase the burden of its liabilities to the Bank of France. American bankers and the American government still held that gold, more gold, was the only, the sufficient remedy for present need. The United States government made known officially that it would see with pleasure the Bank of France release its gold to American banks directly, just as it had been releasing gold for America, with added expense, by the roundabout way of London. The answer of the Bank of France has been misunderstood and misstated.

First, the negotiations in which the American government appeared had naturally to pass through the hands of the French government. They were taken by

Finance Minister Caillaux as an occasion to insist that certain concessions should be made in American customs tariffs. A year earlier the same finance minister is understood to have opposed, as a matter of national policy, the opening of a foreign portfolio by the Bank of France for the Bank of England. In neither case was the bank's decision dictated by this attitude of the government in power. In neither case did the executive pretend to dictate the decision of the Bank of France. For the entire duration of its privilege, once it has been voted by Parliament, the Bank of France is autonomous, limited in its decisions by its statutes alone.

Second, in obedience to these statutes of its privilege, the Bank of France asked that any direct loan of its gold to American private banks should have an American official guarantee corresponding to that of the Bank of England for the direct loan made in 1890 during the Baring difficulties, and, twice within the past few months, for the discounting by the Bank of France of sterling bills drawn on London. In an international matter of this kind, and in default of an official central bank for the purpose, only the American Treasury could act for the United States as the Bank of England did for London.

The government at Washington answered that such an official guarantee on its part would be unconstitutional. The Bank of France could only reply that, without such a guarantee, any loan on its part would be unconstitutional — illegal.

Criticism and recrimination, both in America and in France, attended the failure of these negotiations. A heavy issue of short-term treasury notes was made by the American government, to procure facilities for American banks. In Paris it was not understood why similar short-term notes could not have been used as a government guarantee for the Bank of France, taking the place of the sterling bills of the Bank of England.

In America, a special envoy of *La Vie Financière* of Paris reported that Mr. Pierpont Morgan considered the decision of the Bank of France to have been "an unfriendly act." This drew from the financial world a rejoinder in words of M. Arthur Raffalovich: "The great American financier may be very much at home in American business matters . . . but he is ignorant of the organization of central issue banks and of their very strict duties. There was no 'unfriendly act' on the part of the Bank of France, which was quite ready to discount either American treasury notes or commercial paper."

In point of fact, the Bank of France shortly after discounted over five million dollars worth of American commercial paper — all that was presented. In the irritation of the moment, this gold and the sixteen million dollars first aid seem to have been quite forgotten. M. Raffalovich concludes:—

"With such ideas (in the United States), there is no dodging the question whether a 'Central Bank' — even supposing they should ever succeed in founding one, which is not likely — would offer guarantees of stability and observance of statutes."

During all this period of extreme financial tension in the rest of the world, the Bank of France was able to secure easy and safe money for the French people in their domestic commerce and industry. The highest discount rate which it was forced to adopt was three and four per cent lower than the rates imposed in England and Germany.

Most instructive of all was the handling of the country's currency by the Bank of France. It alone issues and controls all circulating media, by virtue of powers directly delegated to it by Parliament when voting its legal privilege. In the exercise of such power, for the entire duration of the privilege, it is independent of passing holders of the executive and legislative power. In one week of the monetary stringency the Bank of

France was able to throw 250,000,000 francs in banknotes into the general circulation; and it still had the right to issue 500,000,000 francs more before reaching the limit prescribed to it in its privilege.

Elasticity of currency was thus secured without publicity or debate. It drew no attention from politicians, who were left free to occupy themselves with topics less dangerous and more within their competence. It passed unnoticed by the people who profited by it. Supposing the financial condition had been critical, there was nothing in such handling of the currency to destroy confidence or provoke panic. Moreover, such measures are taken by the Bank of France in accordance with the best judgment of life-long experts placed at the centre of information from home and abroad, separated from politics by their position, and independent of the stock exchange and all its manœuvres.

These movements of currency involve no danger of inflation. The banknotes are not guaranteed by any amount of private deposits which the Bank of France may have received, nor by any deposit or possession of public funds or securities. Their sole gauge is the bank's metal reserve (of which the gold without the silver is at all times sufficient) together with the quickly realizable assets of its portfolio (discounted commercial paper).

In June, 1871, from the tribune of the Parliament of the brand-new German empire, Prince Bismarck boasted that he had refused the banknotes of France in payment of the war indemnity. He demanded gold or drafts on other nations, good as gold. "We know to-day's rate of these banknotes," he said; "but what they are going to be worth to-morrow is a thing unknown."

At the beginning of 1908, in spite of all the pressure brought to bear through Moroccan difficulties between the two countries, German securities have once more been refused admission to the Paris Bourse; the year's issue of loans by Prussia and the German empire has

been little better than a moderate failure; German Funds in the market are ten francs lower than the French Rentes, depressed as the latter are by Socialist politics; Germany, to ballast her finances, must increase her public debt within the next five years by a milliard of marks, not francs; and meanwhile German banks are bolstered up, and German industries saved from financial disaster, only by help of French money — in gold or in banknotes of France, good as gold.

A Socialist journal formulates the situation: "France sells 1,200,000,000 francs' worth of goods to England each year and lends 1,600,000,000 francs in money to Germany."

With this question of banknote currency there is sometimes mixed up the subordinate use of silver coin in France. It has to be noticed here, if only for the reason that undying bimetallism exaggerates its play in the money movement.

The lowest limit of paper money issued by the Bank of France is the 50-franc banknote. For all sums under that amount, a circulating medium is found in 20-franc and 10-franc gold pieces, while small change is supplied by 5-franc (\$1), 2 and 1-franc, and 50-centime silver coins. By virtue of the Latin Union, this silver coinage is current and interchangeable among France, Belgium, Switzerland, Greece, and, for 5-franc pieces, Italy.

We have here, within a close circle and in low denominations, an international bimetallism. Its working exemplifies the same laws as the international movement of gold. When Paris 'change on Brussels goes down, Belgian silver flows into France; but with 'change low on London it is gold that comes. This flux and reflux of silver is of corresponding use to the Bank of France in its relations with neighbors of the Latin Union.

At home, also, the Bank of France has the right to pay out, at its discretion, silver instead of gold; and this, in a measure, helps it to safeguard the gold reserve on which its international predominance depends.

From October, 1906, to the end of January, 1907, — a period of monetary stringency, through which the Bank of France had to protect its gold reserve, while releasing gold to London and New York, — its silver reserve was diminished by 50,000,000 francs. By the end of January, 1908, — after a further season of American panic and international crisis, — it was reduced by 80,000,000 francs more.

It is not easy to know how much of this round loss of \$25,000,000 in its silver reserve was deliberately incurred by the Bank of France; but its discretionary use of silver, quite apart from its elastic bank-note limit, must have increased its ability to meet the international financial crisis, and, in particular, to keep money easy for people at home. Let it be understood that the Gold Cure is best, unique, for the healing of the nations; but silver, in France at least, is an effective succedaneum.

With the turn of the financial tide gold, obedient to the laws of its motion, flows steadily back to the Bank of France. In the first week of May, 1908, the bank increased its gold reserve by 20,000,000 francs in bars bought in the open market of London, and by 30,000,000 francs in gold exports from America. The following week had a further increase of 33,000,000 francs, mainly from America; and the influx was not yet over. The Bank of England had already discharged its indebtedness, and the foreign portfolio was closed. To draw all this gold to its vaults the Bank of France offered no special facilities. The natural working of the rates of exchange among the nations was sufficient.

With no national envy of its "honest broker's commission," we may take passing note of the prosperity of the Bank of France as a business enterprise, its assured profits in transactions multiplied by the year's disturbances and the steady rise of its shares. The new financial year (May 29, 1908) sees the bank in possession of three milliards — \$600,000,000 —

of gold. This has long been the aim of its deliberate policy; it is the one means of preserving that monetary primacy which the virtues of her people have so laboriously won for France in the world. The other central banks of the nations of Europe have taken this leaf from the policy of the Bank of France — to strengthen and safeguard to the utmost their gold reserves over against the time of need.

The Bank of France controlling the nation's money is one thing. Government's administration of the national receipts and expenditures is another. Upholding both is the French people, thrifty to a degree which Americans with their loose money habits can ill appreciate. A simple comparison of the situation of France in 1908 with the ruin left behind by war thirty-seven years ago will show what a sound financial organization can do for an industrious people that husbands and does not squander its resources.¹

In February, 1871, when war was over, the proper functionary said to the Finance Minister of the Government of National Defence, "My hat will hold all the funds we have to go on with; we have 500,000 francs."

One bank in the world was willing to treat with France for a loan; and Frenchmen are not likely now, merely for a criticism of the Bank of France, to forget what they owe to the house of Morgan — "the only foreign bankers to hold out a hand to us." The *Emprunt Morgan* was negotiated at the London branch of the great American bank, for 250,000,000 francs. At first it was demanded that France should pledge her state forests and domains. The government, which was as yet scarcely more than provisional, had the strength to refuse: "You must trust the signature of France."

¹ For the following figures I am indebted to M. Alfred Neymarck, *La Situation financière de la France* (October, 1907); to *L'Économiste Européen* of M. Edmond Théry; and to the Budget estimates presented to Parliament by Finance Minister Caillaux (19 May, 1908).

Bonds at 6 per cent, with a face value of 500 francs, were put on the market at 400, 415, and 425; they were to be reimbursed in thirty-four years. Within four years they were paid up in full. France in her need had been able to profit only by the sum of 208,000,000 francs. Interest and other charges had amounted to more than 8 per cent yearly.

Within the same short time the whole war indemnity of 5,000,000,000 francs was also paid in full to Germany. Domestic loans had successfully appealed to the savings of Frenchmen in the name of the principle which binds them in their private as well as in their public life,—respect for their signature.

In 1869, just before the Franco-Prussian war, the national debt of France reached 13,000,000,000 francs, with an annual charge on the consolidated debt of 320,000,000 francs. War, the war indemnity with the heavy interest it bore, and the expenses of departments suffering from the invasion, cost France 15,000,000,000 francs. War material, arsenals, forts, navy and colonial defenses, all had to be made anew; and this, to the end of 1906, has amounted to 41,850,000,000 francs according to the calculations, year for year, submitted to Parliament by ex-Finance Minister Poincaré in a Budget report for 1908. Ex-Finance Minister Cochery, in his critical examination of the report, brings up the sum to 53,000,000,000 francs. Moreover, from 1870 to 1906, France paid 4,719,018,253 francs in military pensions, and 2,122,338,549 francs in civil pensions.

For railroads, from 1871 to 1905, the French Parliament appropriated more than 11,000,000,000 francs; for canals 2,000,000,000 francs. In 1869 the public school expenses of France amounted to 51,000,000 francs; the yearly appropriation has increased steadily to 270,000,000 francs for 1908. In 1871 posts and telegraphs, both government services, expended 83,000,000 francs; in 1905, with telephones added, the appropriation was 240,000,000 francs (the receipts more

than pay this item). For state subsidies of agriculture, commerce, industry, public assistance and insurance, it is enough to say that the leaps and bounds of late years have often been 100,000,000 francs annually. The tremendous acquisitions of colonial territory have entailed, since 1895, a yearly expense, beyond receipts, of more than 80,000,000 francs.

The French National Debt (January 1, 1907) in exact francs showed the following figures: consolidated 22,406,362,-811.85; amortizable by annuities 6,727,-426,119.07; total debt, 29,133,788,930.92 francs, reduced January 1, 1908, by 74,-964,226.54 francs. To meet the charges of this debt, the finance minister asks Frenchmen in 1909 to pay 655,841,611 francs of interest on the consolidated debt (3 per cent Rentes), and 316,036,220 francs in annuities and interest on short-term treasury notes; to which he adds 291,662,950 francs in pensions also owed by the nation, three-fifths of them being military (\$34,000,000) and the rest for retired civil functionaries.

In 1906 the actual receipts of the government were 3,837,000,186.87 francs (over \$767,400,000), representing 99.50 francs per head of the whole population. That is, the French people are able and willing to pay yearly something like \$20 per man, woman, and child for their public expenditure as an organized civil society. Their per capita proportion of the national debt — \$148 — is approximated only by Portugal; but the average French taxation per head is exceeded in both Germany (over \$27) and England (about \$22).

By themselves, such figures do not show the financial efficiency of the country. Turkey nominally taxes its inhabitants little over 17 francs per head, and the portion of each in the national debt is less than \$25, while each citizen of the Republic of Liberia shares in its national debt to the tune of 1 franc. Taken with other signs of private and public wealth, such state expenditures and liabilities do show that France pays much

because her individual citizens have much. "The riches of France are inexhaustible," said Thiers, to comfort his colleagues against Bismarck.

International finance considers the earning power of France only in relation to actual gold saved up for use and investment abroad. Certain officially established facts for a single year, with others approximately known, show the general earnings of French production, from which, with the interest on savings already invested, new yearly savings come to increase the gold possession and investments of the French people.

France has long held the third place among the wheat-growing countries of the world. In 1905 the intensive cultivation of her soil, which has been made possible by tariff protection, gave a yield of 338,785,000 bushels as against 692,979,000 bushels grown in the United States with immensely greater fields and population. This is but one instance of the successful effort of French agriculture to make itself sufficient to the needs of the French people.

The gold-earning power of French industry must be estimated from the progress of French commerce. Confusion is apt to arise here from a too obvious comparison with new Germany. In 1869 the general foreign commerce of France amounted to 8,000,000,000 francs; in 1906 it had risen to 14,000,000,000 francs — an increase of 75 per cent. The French population had meantime increased less than 4 per cent, while Germany has augmented her population 50 per cent, with consequent industrial and commercial dealings of 20,000,000 more people than France.

This does not mean that along these lines France is keeping up, even proportionally, with the lead of Germany. The French people, after providing for their own wants, do little, in comparison with Germany and America or even England, to create new business. They do use their money savings to lend out to others, willing to run into debt for such

a purpose. Any valid estimate of French progress has to strike the balance among such national equivalences.

An extra channel by which the outside world's gold, more and more each year, pours into France is the day-by-day expenditure of travelers in the country. This is something quite apart from the general commerce of importation and exportation, and it appears in no government statistics. The sale, on the spot, of art objects and articles of luxury, in particular of female attire, has become an ever-increasing source of wealth to Paris. This coincides with the recent growth of tourist habits among the middle classes of Europe and America, for rich people had been in the habit of spending their money in Paris since the Second Empire.

This sumptuary impost is accepted, invited even, by foreigners. It is reasonable and legitimate. It is not made so by French taste alone, to which, as to a sort of gift of God, the envious of other nations like to attribute it. French superiority in such matters is due to long and intelligent training, to willing application to details and patience in combining, with insistence on a routine standard of excellence. The French artisan is worthy of his hire. His work, as a rule, is neither ready-made nor standardized, nor yet cheap and nasty. He will lose his pre-eminence, as John Stuart Mill observed of Lombardy and Flanders in the Middle Ages, only "as other countries successively attain an equal degree of civilization."

The gayety of French resorts, the attraction of scenery and historic sites, the facilities of automobiling furnished by the mere excellence of roads through every part of the country, — another notch up in civilization, — have more than doubled this revenue from tourists within a few years.

Annual income of this kind is, of course, not all profit; labor, material, and the means of using both, cost heavily and have to be employed freely on the part

of the French. Still, the direct profits are greater than in other industries. And the payments made by foreign travelers are practically always in gold brought by them into the country.

A reasonable estimate, for the single year 1907, of the gold thus imported into France by travelers, to be spent in hotels, transportation, amusements, and purchases, is three milliards of francs (\$600,000,000), a sum equal to the highest gold reserve of the Bank of France. Americans commonly exaggerate both their numbers and their expenditures in France; but one-fifth of this sum (\$120,000,000) may safely be set down as their share.

This state of things in 1908 is a curious commentary on the conclusion drawn in 1830 from reasonings of political economy by John Stuart Mill: "The great trading towns of France would undoubtedly be more flourishing, if France were not frequented by foreigners."

A good part of the gold earned by the thrifty French people goes into their "savings in the house, savings in land, savings in the family, savings in stocks and bonds." The old unproductive hoarding of such money — the peasant's *bas de laine* — has given way in France to the habit of handing it over to banks for investment in foreign securities or for lending out otherwise. This, far more than the regulating influence of the Bank of France and its gold reserve, secures the financial predominance of France in the world. In such a matter figures can approximate to the reality only within limits of hundreds of millions; but even so they form a valid basis of judgment. M. Alfred Neymarck has calculated these yearly savings of French citizens at from 1,500,000,000 to 2,000,000,000 francs — \$400,000,000 added to the liquid money capital of the French people each year that God gives them.

It is evident that only a portion of this money directly enters international finance. Not to speak of the steady development, however slow in comparison

with other nations, of French industry and commerce by new capital, out of 12,000,000 householders 9,000,000 own their homes, which supposes a large employment of savings in real estate. In 1905 there was a total of 4,655,000,000 francs of deposits in the French savings banks; the surplus has been used of late by government to keep up the French Rentes in the open market, whenever the threat of Socialist legislation by Parliament sends them down.

At the end of 1907, the sight deposits of five Paris credit banks amounted to 3,424,000,000 francs, and those of the Bank of France to 489,000,000 francs. Such deposits are made exclusively in specie or banknotes, or in cheques or drafts to be cashed by the banks. In no case can deposited securities be entered to a depositor's account current, although the credit banks would undertake their sale and afterwards add the proceeds to the account as a sight deposit. If the depositor wishes the bank to use a portion of his money deposits in the purchase of securities, these again cannot be credited to him as a sight deposit, although the bank will advance money on them as a loan on security; but in this case they migrate to the other (asset) side of the bank's balance-sheet and enter into a different account of the customer.

This watch kept over the genuineness of bank deposits is extended to the use of them by the banks. Only short-term operations are allowed, in which quick realization is possible. The discounting of commercial paper, short-term loans on securities, and carry-overs at the stock exchange are the chief uses in present practice. During the past year such short-term loans constituted a good part of the underground aid rendered by the credit banks of Paris to German banks. Offers of 9 per cent interest on direct long loans to German industries were refused.

The year also saw a clash between Paris credit banks and the official stock-exchange agents of the Paris Bourse.

In the marasmus of speculation, the latter began using in carry-overs the large sums originally left in their hands by customers for investments. This explains the excessively low rates which prevailed in Paris while other money markets were still suffering from monetary stringency. But it also deprived the banks of the profitable use of their deposits in a field which they had come to consider as their own. As a consequence, the credit banks ceased their Bourse operations almost entirely, leaving the Paris stock exchange in the state of neurasthenia which so puzzled foreign experts. This passing assertion by French banks of their power in the stock exchange is a sign of the financial times, and possibly of a new departure.

During the year 1907 the Bank of France and the five credit banks discounted 75,000,000 different pieces of commercial paper, representing an effective capital of 50,000,000,000 francs. The total amount of loans on securities and money used in carry-overs by the six banks was 20,000,000,000 francs. This short-term use of their depositors' money (\$14,000,000,000 in all) resulted in two inestimable advantages for the French people — ease in specie payments and constant circulation of ready money.

To show the safety as well as the utility of this method of handling bank deposits, the situation of December 31, 1907, is sufficient. At that date the banknote circulation not covered by the metal reserve of the Bank of France — the sole issue bank — was 1,186,000,000 francs. This, added to the figures already given of its sight deposits and those of the five credit banks, makes up a grand total of 5,099,000,000 francs. To face this, the Bank of France had 1,216,000,000 francs of short-term commercial paper which it had discounted; and the five credit banks held 2,414,000,000 francs more. In outstanding short-term loans on securities and in carry-overs at the Bourse the Bank of France had 580,000,000 francs, and the credit banks 883,000,000

francs. This makes another grand total of 5,093,000,000 francs given out by the banks in ready money for the every-day uses of the French people, while remaining quickly realizable assets against the banks' liabilities of 5,099,000,000 francs received as deposits or issued as uncovered banknotes.

From the point of view of international finance the most interesting thing in the flow of the liquid capital of France has been its deliberate "canalization" in the direction of foreign investment by a dozen great banks, of which the *Crédit Lyonnais* was the first and is still the chief. From 1880 to 1906, the officially assessed holding of foreign securities by Frenchmen more than doubled. At the latter date, M. Neymarck considers that stocks and bonds and national funds to the total amount of 100,000,000,000 francs were held in France; and of these 35,000,000,000 francs (\$7,000,000,000) are debts of foreigners to Frenchmen. Even this does not include the securities — certainly several milliards — which the French *bourgeois* have been hiding of late years in foreign banks to escape threatened Socialist taxes at home.

It would be too long to give the list of government, railway, and industrial loans which the various countries of Europe and America (and Africa) have entirely or in large part placed in France. At the end of April, 1908, even the slice of the Russian loan of 1905 which had nominally been taken by Vienna bankers came over to the Paris Bourse; and the London slice seemed likely to follow suit. The Spanish Exterior debt is held and a great part of the Spanish railways owned in France. So are the national debts and industries of Greece, Portugal, Bulgaria, Egypt, and of many South American states, Mexican banks — and the bank of Morocco. To this would still have to be added the Italian national debt if Italy had not copied French methods of self-sufficiency, thanks to the coöperation of great Paris banks.

There have been many reasons —

legal restrictions rather than distrust of financial methods — which have limited the investment of French gold in the railways and industries of the United States. Here too, however, underground French finance plays a greater part than is commonly supposed, escaping government statistics and taxation.

The past year has seen a renewal of violent attacks on the great French banks for their policy in foreign investments: first, they are accused of risking disaster, — for example, in lending to Russia, — and, next, of hindering the development of home industry by drawing needed new capital out of the country. The risks of the banks are certainly not speculative,

as was the case with Law in old France and with some of the trust companies of the present United States. And any sudden catastrophe would seem impossible from the immense variety of investments — eggs in widely diverse baskets — and from the permanent gold resources of the customers whose money the banks invest.

Such attacks for the most part look toward social revolution. The banking practice of France, like her riches and French financial predominance, rests on individual property-holding and the competition of the nations. They cannot be other than *bourgeois*, capitalist, reactionary as regards Socialism.

THOREAU'S "MAINE WOODS"

BY FANNY HARDY ECKSTORM

It is more than half a century since Henry D. Thoreau made his last visit to Maine. And now the forest which he came to see has all but vanished, and in its place stands a new forest with new customs. No one should expect to find here precisely what Thoreau found; therefore, before all recollection of the old days has passed away, it is fitting that some one who knew their traditions should bear witness to Thoreau's interpretation of the Maine woods.

We hardly appreciate how great are the changes of the last fifty years; how the steamboat, the motor-boat, the locomotive, and even the automobile, have invaded regions which twenty years ago could be reached only by the lumberman's batteau and the hunter's canoe; how cities have arisen, and more are being projected, on the same ground where Thoreau says that "the best shod travel for the most part with wet feet," and that "melons, squashes, sweet-corn, tomatoes, beans, and many other vege-

tables, could not be ripened," because the forest was so dense and moist.

Less than twenty years since there was not a sporting camp in any part of the northern Maine wilderness; now who may number them? Yet, even before the nineties, when one could travel for days and meet no one, the pine tree was gone; the red-shirted lumberman was gone; the axe was about to give place to the saw; and soon, almost upon the clearing where Thoreau reported the elder Fowler, the remotest settler, as wholly content in his solitude and thinking that "neighbors, even the best, were only trouble and expense," was to rise one of the largest pulp mills in the world, catching the logs midway their passage down the river and grinding them into paper. And the pine tree, of which Thoreau made so much? Native to the state and long accustomed to its woods, I cannot remember ever having seen a perfect, old-growth white pine tree; it is doubtful if there is one standing in the state to-day.

So the hamadryad has fled before the demand for ship-timber and Sunday editions, and the unblemished forest has passed beyond recall. There are woods enough still; there is game enough, — more of some kinds than in the old days; there are fish enough; there seems to be room enough for all who come; but the man who has lived here long realizes that the woods are being "camped to death;" and the man who is old enough to remember days departed rustles the leaves of Thoreau's book when he would listen again to the pine tree sighing in the wind.

What is it that *The Maine Woods* brings to us besides? The moods and music of the forest; the vision of white tents beside still waters; of canoes drawn out on pebbly beaches; of camp-fires flickering across rippling rapids; the voice of the red squirrel, "spruce and fine;" the melancholy laughter of the loon, and the mysterious "night warbler," always pursued and never apprehended. Most of all it introduces us to Thoreau himself.

It must be admitted in the beginning that *The Maine Woods* is not a masterpiece. Robert Louis Stevenson discards it as not literature. It is, however, a very good substitute, and had Robert Louis worn it next the skin he might perhaps have absorbed enough of the spirit of the American forest to avoid the gaudy melodrama which closes *The Master of Ballantrae*. *The Maine Woods* is of another world. Literature it may not be, nor one of "the three books of his that will be read with much pleasure;" but it is — the Maine woods. Since Thoreau's day, whoever has looked at these woods to advantage has to some extent seen them through Thoreau's eyes. Certain it is that no other man has ever put the coniferous forest between the leaves of a book.

For that he came — for that and the Indian. Open it where you will — and the little old first edition is by all odds to be chosen if one is fastidious about the

printed page, to get the full savor of it; open where you will and these two speak to you. He finds water "too civilizing;" he wishes to become "selvaggia;" he turns woodworm in his metamorphosis, and loves to hear himself crunching nearer and nearer to the heart of the tree. He is tireless in his efforts to wrench their secrets from the woods; and, in every trial, he endeavors, not to talk *about* them, but to flash them with lightning vividness into the mind of the reader. "It was the opportunity to be ignorant that I improved. It suggested to me that there was something to be seen if one had eyes. It made a believer of me more than before. I believed that the woods were not tenantless, but choke-full of honest spirits as good as myself any day."

It is sometimes the advantage of a second-rate book that it endears the writer to us. The Thoreau of *Walden*, with his housekeeping all opened up for inspection, refusing the gift of a rug rather than shake it, throwing away his paperweight to avoid dusting it — where's the woman believes he *would* have dusted it? — parades his economies priggishly, like some pious anchorite with a business eye fixed on Heaven. But when he tells us in the appendix to the *Woods* that for a cruise three men need only one large knife and one iron spoon (for all), a four-quart tin pail for kettle, two tin dippers, three tin plates and a fry pan, his economy, if extreme, is manly and convincing. We meet him here among men whom we have known ourselves; we see how he treated them and how they treated him, and he appears to better advantage than when skied among the lesser gods of Concord.

Here is Joe Polis, whose judgment of a man would be as shrewd as any mere literary fellow's, and Joe talks freely, which in those days an Indian rarely did with whites. Here is the late Hiram L. Leonard, "the gentlemanly hunter of the stage," known to all anglers by his famous fishing rods. Those who remember his retiring ways will not doubt that

it was Thoreau who prolonged the conversation. Here is Deacon George A. Thatcher, the "companion" of the first two trips. That second invitation and the deacon's cordial appreciation of "Henry" bespeak agreeable relations outside those of kinship. The Thoreau whom we meet here smiles at us. We see him, a shortish, squarish, brown-bearded, blue-eyed man, in a check shirt, with a black string tie, thick waistcoat, thick trousers, an old Kossuth hat, — for the costume that he recommends for woods wear must needs have been his own, — and over all a brown linen sack, on which, indelible, is the ugly smutch that he got when he hugged the sooty kettle to his side as he raced Polis across Grindstone Carry.

To every man his own Thoreau! But why is not this laughing runner, scattering boots and tinware, as true to life as any? Brusque, rude, repellant no doubt he often was, and beyond the degree excusable; affecting an unnecessary disdain of the comfortable, harmless goods of life; more proud, like Socrates, of the holes in his pockets than young Alcibiades of his whole, new coat; wrong very often, and most wrong upon his points of pride; yet he still had his southerly side, more open to the sun than to the wind. It is not easy to travel an unstaked course, against the advice and wishes and in the teeth of the prophecies of all one's friends, when it would be sweet and easy to win their approval — and, Himmel! to stop their mouths! — by burning one's faggot. A fighting faith, sleeping on its arms, often has to be stubborn and ungenial. What Henry Thoreau needed was to be believed in through thick and thin, and then let alone; and the very crabbedness, so often complained of, indicates that, like his own wild apples, in order to get a chance to grow, he had to protect himself by thorny underbrush from his too solicitous friends.

There is a popular notion that Thoreau was a great woodsman, able to go

anywhere by dark or daylight, without path or guide; that he knew all the secrets of the pioneer and the hunter; that he was unequaled as an observer, and almost inerrant in judgment, being able to determine at a glance weight, measure, distance, area, or cubic contents. The odd thing about these popular opinions is that they are not true. Thoreau was not a woodsman; he was not infallible; he was not a scientific observer; he was not a scientist at all. He could do many things better than most men; but the sum of many excellencies is not perfection.

For the over-estimate of Thoreau's abilities, Emerson is chiefly responsible. His noble eulogy of Thoreau has been misconstrued in a way which shows the alarming aptitude of the human mind for making stupid blunders. We all have a way of taking hold of a striking detail — which Mr. Emerson was a rare one for perceiving — and making of it the whole story. We might name it *the fallacy of the significant detail*. Do we not always see Hawthorne, the youth, walking by night? Who thinks of it as any less habitual than eating his dinner? And because Stevenson, in an unguarded moment, confessed that "he had played the sedulous ape" to certain authors, no writer, out of respect to our weariness, has ever forborne to remind us of that pleasant monkey trick of Stevenson's youth. Nor are we ever allowed to forget that Thoreau "saw as with microscope, heard as with ear-trumpet," and that "his power of observation seemed to indicate additional senses." It is because the majority of mankind see no difference in values between facts aglow with poetic fervor and facts preserved in the cold storage of census reports, that Emerson's splendid eulogy of his friend, with its vivid, personal characterizations rising like the swift bubbles of a boiling spring all through it, has created the unfortunate impression that Thoreau made no blunders.

Emerson himself did not distinguish between the habitual and the accidental;

between a clever trick, like that of lifting beams guarding their nests, and the power to handle any kind of fish. He even ran short of available facts, and grouped those of unequal value. To be able to grasp an even dozen of pencils requires but little training; to be able to estimate the weight of a pig, or the cordwood in a tree, needs no more than a fairly good judgment; but that "he could pace sixteen rods more accurately than another man could measure them with rod and chain," — that is nonsense, for it puts at naught the whole science of surveying. Emerson's data being unequal in rank and kind, the whole sketch is a little out of focus, and consequently the effect is agreeably artistic.

Nor is the matter mended by misquotation. Emerson says, "He could find his path in the woods at night, he said, better by his feet than his eyes." There is nothing remarkable in this. How does any one keep the path across his own lawn on a black dark night? But even so careful a man as Stevenson paraphrases thus: "He could guide himself about the woods on the darkest night by the touch of his feet." Here we have a different matter altogether. By taking out that "path," a very ordinary accomplishment is turned into one quite impossible. Because Emerson lacked woods learning, the least variation from his exact words is likely to result in something as absurd or as exaggerated as this.

Thoreau's abilities have been overrated. *The Maine Woods* contains errors in the estimates of distance, area, speed, and the like, too numerous to mention in detail. No Penobscot boatman can run a batteau over falls at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, as Thoreau says; no canoe man can make a hundred miles a day, even on the St. John River. The best records I can discover fall far short of Thoreau's estimate for an average good day's run. Even when he says that his surveyor's eye thrice enabled him to detect the slope of the current, he

magnifies his office. Any woman who can tell when a picture hangs straight can see the slant of the river in all those places.

But his worst error in judgment, and the one most easily appreciated on its own merits, is the error he made in climbing Katahdin. He writes that their camp was "broad off Katahdin and about a dozen miles from the summit," whereas we know that his camp was not five miles in an air-line from the top of the South Slide, and not more than seven from the highest peak. The trail from the stream to the slide has always been called four miles, and Thoreau says that his boatmen told him that it was only four miles to the mountain; "but as I judged, and as it afterwards proved, nearer fourteen." The only reason why it proved "nearer fourteen" was because he did not go the short way. Instead of climbing by the Slide, where all West Branch parties ascend to-day, he laid a northeast course "directly for the base of the highest peak," through all the débris and underbrush at the foot of the mountain, climbing where it is so steep that water hardly dares to run down. He ought to have reasoned that the bare top of a mountain is easy walking, and the nearest practicable point, rather than the peak itself, was the best place to climb.

But surely he was a competent naturalist? There is no space to go over the text in detail, but we may turn directly to the list of birds in the appendix. After making allowance for ornithology in the fifties being one of the inexact sciences, the list must be admitted to be notably bad. It is worse than immediately appears to the student who is not familiar with the older nomenclature. Thoreau names thirty-seven species, and queries four of them as doubtful. Oddly, the most characteristic bird of the region, the Canada jay, which the text mentions as seen, is omitted from the list. Of the doubtful species, the herring gull is a good guess; but the yellow-billed cuckoo and the prairie chicken (of all unlikely guesses the

most improbable) are surely errors, while the white-bellied nuthatch, which he did not see, but thought he heard, rests only upon his conjecture. Mr. William Brewster thinks that it might occur in that region in suitably wooded localities, but I can find no record west of Houlton and north of Katahdin. The tree sparrow, though a common migrant, is more than doubtful as summer resident. The pine warbler must be looked upon with equal suspicion. The wood thrush is impossible — a clear mistake for the hermit. His *Fuligula albicollis* (error for *albeola*) is not the buffle-headed duck, which breeds north of our limits (and Thoreau was here in July); it is most likely the horned grebe in summer plumage, identified after his return by a picture. Similarly his red-headed woodpecker, which he vouches for thus, "Heard and saw, and good to eat," must have been identified by the vernacular name alone. Among our woodsmen the "red-headed woodpecker" is not *Picus erythrocephalus*, as Thoreau names it, but *Ceophloeus pileatus abieticola*, the great pileated woodpecker, or logcock, a bird twice as large, heavily crested, and wholly different in structure and color. Seven out of the thirty-seven birds are too wrong to be disputed; the white-bellied nuthatch stands on wholly negative evidence; and, if we had fuller data of the forest regions, perhaps several of the others might be challenged.

The list proves that, even according to the feeble light of the day, Thoreau was not an ornithologist. As a botanist he did much better; but that was largely by grace of Gray's *Manual*, then recently published. Of the scientific ardor which works without books and collates and classifies innumerable facts for the sake of systematic knowledge, he had not a particle. His notes, though voluminous and of the greatest interest, rarely furnish material for science. If he examined a partridge chick, newly hatched, it was not to give details of weight and color, but to speculate upon the rare clearness of its gaze. If he recorded a battle be-

tween black ants and red, he saw its mock heroic side and wrote an *Antiad* upon the occasion; but he did not wait to see the fight finished, and to count the slain.

It was not as an observer that Thoreau surpassed other men, but as an interpreter. He had the art — and how much of an art it is no one can realize until he has seated himself before an oak or a pine tree and has tried by the hour to write out its equation in terms of humanity — he had the art to see the human values of natural objects, to perceive the ideal elements of unreasoning nature and the service of those ideals to the soul of man. "The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister, is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable," wrote Emerson; and it became Thoreau's chief text. It is the philosophy behind Thoreau's words, his attempt to reveal the Me through the Not Me, reversing the ordinary method, which makes his observations of such interest and value.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies; —
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

This power to see is rare; but mere good observation is not supernormal. We must not attribute to Thoreau's eyes what was wrought in his brain; to call him uniquely gifted in matters wherein a thousand men might equal him is not to increase his fame.

The Maine Woods also shows clearly that Thoreau knew nothing of woodcraft. Do we realize that his longest trip gave him only ten days actually spent in the woods? or that few tourists to-day attempt to cover the same ground in less than two or three weeks? What his own words proclaim there can be no disputing over, and Thoreau admits frankly, and sometimes naively, that he was incapable of caring for himself in the woods, which surely is the least that can be

asked of a man to qualify him as a "woodsman."

In the first place, his mind does not work like a woodsman's. "We had not gone far," he writes, "before I was startled by seeing what I thought was an Indian encampment, covered with a red flag, on the bank, and exclaimed 'Camp!' to my comrades. I was slow to discover that it was a red maple changed by the frost." He ought to have been "slow to discover" that it was anything else.

"I could only occasionally perceive his trail in the moss," he writes of Polis, "yet he did not appear to look down nor hesitate an instant, but led us out exactly to the canoe. This surprised me, for without a compass, or the sight or noise of the river to guide us, we could not have kept our course many minutes, and we could have retraced our steps but a short distance, with a great deal of pains and very slowly, using laborious circumspection. But it was evident that he could go back through the forest wherever he had been during the day." A woodsman may have to use "laborious circumspection" in following the trail of another man, but his own he ought to be able to run back without hesitation.

"Often on bare rocky carries," he says again, "the trail was so indistinct that I repeatedly lost it, but when I walked behind him [Polis] I observed that he could keep it almost like a hound, and rarely hesitated, or, if he paused a moment on a bare rock, his eye immediately detected some sign which would have escaped me. Frequently *we* found no path at all in these places, and were to him unaccountably delayed. He would only say it was 'ver strange.'"

"The carry-paths themselves," he says again, "were more than usually indistinct, often the route being revealed only by countless small holes in the fallen timber made by the tacks in the drivers' boots, or where there *was* a slight trail we did not find it." This is almost funny. In those days the carries were little traveled except by the river-drivers; in sum-

mer they were much choked with shrubbery; but what did the man expect — a king's highway? That spring the whole East Branch drive, probably a hundred men, had tramped the carry for days; and every man had worn boots each of which, in those days, was armed with twenty-nine inch-long steel spikes. The whole carry had been pricked out like an embroidery pattern. Those little "tack-holes" *were* the carry. If Thoreau could have realized that a river-driver never goes far from water, and that his track is as sure as a mink's or an otter's to lead back to water, he would have appreciated how much, instead of how little, those calk-marks were telling him. But Thoreau did not know the facts of woods life, and when he saw a sign he was often incapable of drawing an inference from it.

The proof that Thoreau did not know the alphabet of woodcraft — if further proof is wanted — is that, on Mud Pond Carry, which, in his day, was the most open and well-trodden of all the woods roads beyond North-East Carry, he took a tote-road, used only for winter hauling, showing neither hoof-mark, sled-track, nor footprint in summer, and left the regular carry, worn by human feet, merely because a sign-board on the former pointed to his ultimate destination, Chamberlain Lake. Now in the woods a tote-road is a tote-road, and a carry is a carry; when a man is told to follow one, he is not expected to turn off upon the other; there is no more reason to confuse the two than to mistake a trolley line for a steam-railroad track. No wonder Polis "thought little of their woodcraft."

But aside from this deficiency in woods education, Thoreau never got to feel at home in the Maine wilderness. He was a good "pasture man," but here was something too large for him. He appreciated all the more its wildness and strangeness; and was the more unready to be venturesome. The very closeness of his acquaintance with Concord conspired to keep him from feeling at home where

the surrounding trees, flowers, and birds were largely unfamiliar; for the better a man knows one fauna, the more he is likely to be ill at ease under a different environment. No man has expressed so well the timidity which sometimes assails the stranger when surrounded by the Sabbath peace of the wilderness. "You may penetrate half a dozen rods farther into that twilight wilderness, after some dry bark to kindle your fire with, and wonder what mysteries lie hidden still deeper in it, say at the end of a long day's walk; or you may run down to the shore for a dipper of water, and get a clearer view for a short distance up or down the stream. . . . But there is no sauntering off to see the country, and ten or fifteen rods seems a great way from your companions, and you come back with the air of a much-traveled man, as from a long journey, with adventures to relate, although you may have heard the crackling of the fire all the while, — and at a hundred rods you might be lost past recovery, and have to camp out." That is all very true, but most men do not care to own it. "It was a relief to get back to our smooth and still varied landscape," he writes after a week's trip to Chesuncook, which then, as now, was only the selvage of the woods.

I have a friend of the old school who appreciates Thoreau, but who always balks at one point. "Call him a woodsman!" he cries in disgust; "why, he admits himself that he borrowed the axe that he built his Walden shanty with!" (This seems to him as indefensible as borrowing a toothbrush.) — "But," I urge, "he says, too, that he returned it sharper than when he took it." — "It makes no difference, none at all," says he, "for I tell you that a real woodsman *owns his axe*." The contention is valid; moreover, it is fundamental. A master workman in all trades owns his tools. Those who have praised Thoreau as a woodsman have probably done so under the impression that every man who goes into the woods under the care of a guide

is entitled to the name. They have not understood the connotation of the term, and may have even supposed that there is such a thing as an *amateur* woodsman. But there are some few high professions where whatever is not genuine is counterfeit; half-and-half gentlemen, halting patriots, amateur woodsmen, may safely be set down as no gentlemen, patriots, or woodsmen at all. For in truth woodcraft is a profession which cannot be picked up by browsing in Massachusetts pastures, and no one learns it who does not throw himself into it whole-heartedly.

Yet because Thoreau does not measure up to the standard of the woodsman born and bred, it would be wrong to infer that the average city man could have done as well in his place. Well done for an amateur is often not creditable for a professional; but Thoreau's friends demand the honors of a professional. On the other hand, because he made some mistakes in unimportant details, he must not be accused of being unreliable. How trustworthy Thoreau is may be known by this, — that fifty years after he left the state forever, I can trace out and call by name almost every man whom he even passed while in the woods. He did not know the names of some of them; possibly he did not speak to them; but they can be identified after half a century. And that cannot be done with a slipshod record of events. The wonder is, not that Thoreau did so little here, but that in three brief visits, a stranger, temperamentally alien to these great wildernesses, he got at the heart of so many matters.

Almost any one can see superficial differences; but to perceive the essence of even familiar surroundings requires something akin to genius. To be sure, he was helped by all the books he could obtain, especially by Springer's *Forest Life and Forest Trees*, to which he was indebted for both matter and manner; from which he learned to narrow his field of observation to the woods and the Indian, leaving other topics of interest

unexamined. But how did he know, unless he discerned it in Springer's account of them, that these remote woods farms, in his day (not now), were "winter quarters"? How did he understand (and this he surely did not get from Springer) that it is the moose, and not the bear nor the beaver, which is "primeval man"? How came he to perceive the Homeric quality of the men of the woods? Hardly would the chance tourist see so much. And he can explain the Homeric times by these: "I have no doubt that they lived pretty much the same sort of life in the Homeric age, for men have always thought more of eating than of fighting; then, as now, their minds ran chiefly on 'hot bread and sweet cakes;' and the fur and lumber trade is an old story to Asia and Europe." And, with a sudden illumination, "I doubt if men ever made a trade of heroism. In the days of Achilles, even, they delighted in big barns, and perchance in pressed hay, and he who possessed the most valuable team was the best fellow."

So, though he was neither woodsman nor scientist, Thoreau stood at the gateway of the woods and opened them to all future comers with the key of poetic insight. And after the woods shall have passed away, the vision of them as he saw them will remain. In all that was best in him Thoreau was a poet. The finest passages in this book are poetical, and he is continually striking out some glowing phrase, like a spark out of flint. The logs in the camp are "tuned to each other with the axe." "For beauty give me trees with the fur on." The pines are for the poet, "who loves them like his own shadow in the air." Of the fall of a tree in the forest, he says, "It was a dull, dry, rushing sound, with a solid core to it, like the shutting of a door in some distant entry of the damp and shaggy wilderness." Katahdin is "a permanent shadow." And upon it, "rocks, gray, silent rocks, were the silent flocks and herds that pastured, chewing a rocky cud at sunset. They looked at me with hard gray eyes, without a bleat or low."

I have seen the rocks on many granite hills, but that belongs only to the top of Katahdin.

Indeed, this whole description of Katahdin is unequaled. "Chesuncook" is the best paper of the three, taken as a whole, but these few pages on Katahdin are incomparable. Happily he knew the traditions of the place, the awe and veneration with which the Indians regarded it as the dwelling-place of Pamola, their god of thunder, who was angry at any invasion of his home and resented it in fogs and sudden storms. ("He very angry when you gone up there; you heard him gone oo-oo-oo over top of gun-barrel," they used to say.) Thoreau's Katahdin was a realm of his own, in which for a few hours he lived in primeval solitude above the clouds, invading the throne of Pamola the Thunderer, as Prometheus harried Zeus of his lightnings. The gloomy grandeur of Æschylus rises before him to give him countenance, and he speaks himself as if he wore the buskin. But it is not windy declamation. He does not explode into exclamation points. Katahdin is a strange, lone, savage hill, unlike all others, — a very Indian among mountains. It does not need superlatives to set it off. Better by far is Thoreau's grim humor, his calling it a "cloud factory," where they made their bed "in the nest of a young whirlwind," and lined it with "feathers plucked from the live tree." Had he been one of the Stonish men, those giants with flinty eyebrows, fabled to dwell within the granite vitals of Katahdin, he could not have dealt more stout-heartedly by the home of the Thunder-God.

The best of Thoreau's utterances in this volume are like these, tuned to the rapid and high vibration of the poetic string, but not resolved into rhythm. It is poetry, but not verse. Thoreau's prose stands in a class by itself. There is an honest hardness about it. We may accept or deny Buffon's dictum that the style is the man; but the man of soft and slippery make-up would strive in vain

to acquire the granitic integrity of structure which marks Thoreau's writing. It is not poetical prose in the ordinary scope of that flowery term; but, as the granite rock is rifted and threaded with veins of glistening quartz, this prose is fused at white heat with poetical insights and interpretations. Judged by ordinary standards, he was a poet who failed. He had no grace at metres; he had no æsthetic softness; his sense always overruled the sound of his stanzas. The fragments of

verse which litter his workshop remind one of the chips of flint about an Indian encampment. They might have been the heads of arrows, flying high and singing in their flight, but that the stone was obdurate or the maker's hand was unequal to the shaping of it. But the waste is nothing; there is behind them the Kineo that they came from, this prose of his, a whole mountain of the same stuff, every bit capable of being wrought to ideal uses.

THE SEÑOR'S VIGIL

BY MARY GLASCOCK

At a tentative suggestion from the man of the house we had agreed in the summer, the four of us, that we would spend Christmas at our old haunt in the mountains.

Don Danuelo said he had outgrown place. With so many severed ties, no place was home: he was free. The Señor replied that all places were home to him, and he would be glad to come home. The Judge hesitated—he lived in a small inland town—and said, "The old are not much missed at Christmas. Your children form ties, and—" there was bitterness in his tone—"your absence is not regretted as much as your company when your home is theirs." I assented because these were my dear friends and I was absolutely alone in a boarding-house, the harbor of feminine derelicts—and a spray of holly over a picture in a nine by ten upper-floor room did n't mean Christmas.

We met on the train, the Señor, Don Danuelo, and I. It was a raw, blustery night; at the last minute I half wished that I had not consented to go; but having agreed I met my promise squarely. I have never quite grown used to setting out alone at night. At the first plunge

into darkness I feel the untried swimmer's instinctive dread; it takes courage to down that shrinking!

I had taken the drawing-room, a luxurious extravagance I really could n't afford,—I called it a Christmas gift to myself,—that we might spend a pleasant evening together undampened by the lofty smile of the superior porter, or stare of fellow traveler. I wished the spirit of Christmas to start with us, to travel with us, to stay with us when we reached the mountains. I have no right to these youthful fancies at my years. Sometimes I am half ashamed that I feel so young; it is indecorous, in ill accord with graying hair. In the same spirit I had brought a box of chocolates for the evening, and I took it from my bag when we settled into place.

Don Danuelo sank heavily against the plush back of the seat and put on his black silk skull-cap, sighing. The Señor sat at the window watching the receding arc of city lights as the train curved the bay.

"It's good to leave this desolation." He nodded when the last twinkle disappeared. "Our beloved city in its ashes has only the spirit of its people to keep

its holiday. Ah! — ah! it is sad to see it laid low."

Don Danuelo twisted uneasily. "I feel a twinge of my rheumatism. I'm not sure that I'm not a fool to leave the city this time of year."

"We are three wise folk journeying afar," the Señor said blithely. "And, madam,"—he turned to me,— "we have the happiness of having a lady accompany us on our quest. We are fortunate indeed."

"Not a wise woman, I'm afraid." I shook my head, laughing, and looked out.

Thick clouds darkened the sky; we heard the wind screech as it clawed at the double car-windows. Yet I rather liked flying through the darkness, now that I was not alone. It was so warm and light inside, so deliciously comfortable and cosy. The revolving car-wheels ground out a Christmas refrain, and my heart echoed it. Surely the Christmas spirit hovered near.

The Señor leaned toward me — he was not given to compliment — and pointed to the star shining through a clear space in the wrack of cloud. "Madam, your eyes are bright as the Christmas star. It is a happy journey to you?"

"A happy journey," I repeated. "Tomorrow night will be Christmas eve — and it will not be lonely. It has been for many, many years," I added low to myself.

"I'm sure there's no way of heating the rooms, and my asthma will come back," Don Danuelo grumbled. "Why do they overheat the cars so abominably?" Don Danuelo was plainly out of sorts; his mood followed the gathering storm. He was a little "low in his mind," as he graphically expressed the fall in the barometer of his feelings, and refused sweets. "I take better care of my digestion at my age," he replied, scornfully eyeing the Señor, who was munching chocolate creams in evident enjoyment. "A merciful man is merciful to his stomach," he continued in grim disapproval.

The swaying of the car was soothing, and, under the acetylene lamp, Don Danuelo was soon nodding, his head drooping forward on his breast. He had aged since summer, but he looked peaceful; the Christmas spirit was whispering pleasant dreams, from the smile on his lips.

"Do not wake him." The Señor laid finger to his lip. "It is blessed to sleep. I envy Don Danuelo. The nights are long to us who wake and think. But we shall all rest in the mountains, madam."

The mountains raised naked hands to us next morning in the gray, sullen light. Tree and bush, save evergreen, were stripped to the bone of leaf; bare branches stood stark against the sky. A light snowfall had whitened the higher peaks; sombre green of tall pines looked black against the white. The river flowed dark and swollen, gnawing at granite boulders, snarling in foamy rage like a great cat tearing at its bonds. Across Shasta, threatening clouds were drawn. It was a changed world, from the bright glow of summer to this lowering winter. Yet the shorn mountains held a strange dignity. I felt depressed as I shook hands with the man of the house, but the cheeriness of his greeting made sunshine. You knew he was glad to see you. Even Don Danuelo smiled at the old welcoming jokes. And Christmas was in the air, Christmas fragrance rose from every green thing, filling the earth. Swaying limbs were Christmas branches resinous and sweet, and young Christmas trees were set like altar tapers thick on the edge of the field.

"It's been raining a week solid," the man of the house said, urging the patient horses up the sticky hill-road. "The roads have been most washed out. We were afraid you might n't come, and —"

"We came to greet the little baby," the Señor said, "to see the beautiful gift laid at your door."

The pleased father's face rippled with proud good humor.

"We're going to make a fisherman

out of him." He turned to Don Danuelo. "You ought to see him grip his fingers round 'old reliable.'" "Old reliable" was Don Danuelo's favorite stout bamboo bait-rod.

"A fisherman!" Don Danuelo's expression was consternation itself. "Man alive!" he ejaculated — "Caramba! — I brought him a doll — a *doll*. When you wrote, you said a *baby* —" He pounded the stalwart man of the house on the back. "Why did n't you say a *boy*, man. Lordy, lordy — a doll!" He chuckled to himself all the way up the hill. "He shall have 'old reliable,' sir, when he grows up to it. I hope he may land as many fine trout with it as I have lifted from the Sacramento." The old man became reminiscent between chuckles. "Oh, lordy, a doll!" he kept repeating.

We brought smiling faces to greet the Judge, who met us at the gate, gaunter, thinner, more bowed than when we left him in the summer.

The storm burst toward night. Rain fell as it can fall only in the northern mountains, in hard, persistent slant. The wind shrieked from the top of the hills, and rushed in wild elation down the cañons where sullen boom of river joined the roar. The big fir shading the porch rasped the shingles of the roof. Windows shook in their frames, and one pane of glass in the best room smashed into bits. The old house trembled, afraid; the world was full of crash of sound. On a far mountain-side the splintering of a tree came sharp as a rifle-shot. Outside it grew black, dense black, storm-whipped, and full of confused strife. You could feel the darkness; it was thick, palpable. When I went to the door I could not see a finger's length across the porch. The vines flapped like chained things writhing to be loosed. The door was torn from my grasp and swung back and forth on its hinges.

Inside the gathering-room a huge fire leaped. The whole room swam in light, warmth. The door of the adjoining room

was ajar, so that we could see the little child asleep in its rude cradle. The calendars on the wall — there were many — were wreathed in fir. Great branches of toyon berries, our Californian holly, banked the high mantel-piece — rich, glossy branches thick with lustrous red berries making the heart glad with their glow. I filled the top of the pine desk with the overflow, and every space was bright with fir and berry.

We were watching red apples, from last fall's trees, turn and sizzle on strings before the blaze. The Señor broke the silence.

"What a glorious Christmas eve! What a grand Te Deum the forest and river are singing."

After he spoke, somehow, we forgot the strife and cold and fretted nerves.

The master of the house brought out a graphophone and set it on a table in the corner.

"We'll have music to-night," he said. "I bought this for the baby."

"Lordy, lordy — a doll!" I overheard Don Danuelo chuckle to himself.

"If you wish to hark back to youth, play the old tunes," I whispered to the Judge, as the man of the house started the machine with "Down on the Suwannee River." Don Danuelo's eyes brightened, and he turned to the little woman, who sat where she could watch her baby.

"If it will not trouble you, may we have some eggs and cream and sugar? I have some fine whiskey in my room. We'll have a famous egg-nog to-night, just as we used to have on the old plantation when I was a boy."

To the grinding out of the "Suwannee River" Don Danuelo beat eggs; no one else could be intrusted with that delicate task. I was permitted, as a special privilege, to beat the whites to proper stiffness under strict supervision. The Judge was detailed to pour the whiskey carefully, drop by drop. Don Danuelo sat before the fire, a kitchen apron tied about his neck, stirring the mixture in the yellow

bowl, issuing orders. The Señor hovered about interestedly, for the compound was new to him. Don Danuelo's foot kept time to the stir of the spoon.

"I can hear old Uncle Billy outside, rattling the glasses on his tray!" he sighed reminiscently; "and I recollect," he turned to us, his eyes glistening, "when I was a boy, sneaking out to the pantry and putting a big dinner goblet in place of the small glass meant for me. And Uncle Billy was *white*: he never told, but put his big hand round that corner of the tray, when Marse Dan's turn came. Lordy!"

The graphophone wheezed. The man of the house took up the brush to smooth the flow of sound. "Here, Judge, not so fast," Don Danuelo called. "Whiskey's like oil; it must be poured slowly to mix well." I showed my foamy bank. "Hm, madam, a little bit stiffer. It must be stiff enough to stick if you turn the platter upside down." His hearty laugh deadened the roar of the storm. "Turn the crank of your machine again, man. I can hear my mother playing that tune on the old piano — and the governor snoring in the corner — and Uncle Billy listening behind the pantry door — I'm young again to-night. Your beating of the whites does credit to you, madam; they are light enough to have been done in the south."

My wrist ached, but I was foolishly pleased at praise in even so trifling a thing; not many bones of approbation are flung to us when we are growing old. Don Danuelo filled a glass, and with a stately bow, not at all impaired by the broadness of his girth, handed it to me.

"I shall play Uncle Billy to-night. I appeal to your excellent judgment, madam."

"Nectar!" I exclaimed as I drank. Why nectar? But that seems to be the summit of all things drinkable, and I am not of an inventive mind.

"To the blessed Christmas Eve." The Señor's glass touched mine, and all the little circle in the firelight clinked glasses

merrily in chime of good fellowship. The Judge's gaunt face softened, his crustiness crumbled, and he toasted Don Danuelo.

"To the best fisher on the river," he pledged gallantly.

"With bait, sir, with bait!" Don Danuelo disclaimed, but swaggered at the compliment.

"The best mixer of the best drink on earth," the Judge added, draining his glass.

"Hear — hear!" the rest of us clamored in hearty assent.

Don Danuelo refilled our glasses from the yellow bowl with a kitchen spoon. What did it matter? We, too, were in that old drawing-room; we, too, heard the ancient piano and were served by Uncle Billy with the thin silver ladle from the Canton bowl. We, too, were young. The Señor drew up his slender figure and stood.

"I wish," he said, "to drink a very good health to my good, good friends; to the little babe in the other room. May peace be his portion of the drink of life; may that cup be ever at his lips; may peace be with all of us to-night, and forever."

The words were not many, but the soul wished it so earnestly that a transfigured look was in his face. For a moment a hush; then the wail of the storm smote across the silence. The man of the house started the instrument again. "Old Dan Tucker" rollicked among the rafters; Don Danuelo's foot patted the bare board floor.

"Come on, madam." He held out his hands to me. "Come on, all. We're going to have a Virginia reel. We always ended Christmas Eve with it on the old plantation — and many's the reel we had at the Mexican hacienda, *ay de mi!*"

I hesitated. He drew me from my seat. I was not unwilling; my feet twitched; I felt the invitation of the music. The Judge unbent and took his place in line. The Señor, willing pupil, followed the Judge's instructions. No

one was old; age was a myth — youth, youth, eternal youth, bubbled like wine in our veins. There was color in the Señor's pale cheeks, his deep eyes sparkled. The Judge! It was a slender young man who bowed graciously before me; and I dipped and curtsied, full of the joy of it, the joy of motion and high flood of life. When we halted, for pure lack of breath and a break in the music, Don Danuelo cut the finest pigeon-wing. Transfixed, we watched the rhythmical intricacies of his steps. No one was old — we had all gone back! I held my breath in fear that the joy of it would bring tears.

We may tell you adolescents that it is wisdom, ambition, fortune we care for. We may tell you this, but all the time it is youth our hearts are craving, youth with its beliefs, its trust, its glow, its magic — youth, the lost pence we spent so prodigally — and will never have the chance of spending again. Had a miracle happened? My body was as light as my heart; my heart beat rapturously. I saw youth in all those faces in the circle about the fire; the lines born of the travail of life were smoothed away. Don Danuelo hummed the air the graphophone was playing; the Judge's eyes snapped fire, and mischief smothered his usual gravity; the Señor looked serene and blessed — and I — I vow I felt twenty. My hair was loosened, my cheeks glowed; I felt the burn that was not from fire; I did not care. I turned to the Señor — it is always to the Señor we turn — to ask if it were really true — this blessedness — when the door was flung open; the section boss in oilskins was swept in with the wind, and a trail of rain followed him. A wet dog crawled to the hearth and settled limply, his head between his paws. We made way for both and waited. A lantern swung in the man's hand; his face was troubled, anxious. Don Danuelo rose to shut the door, and limped; I noticed it. He put his hand to his knee — the old gesture. My heart grew gray. Was it all over? It could n't last!

The man addressed the man of the house: —

"Jim, the bridge below the station has been washed away, and the down train's stalled. The suspension foot-bridge 'cross to my cabin's gone, too. The river's running bank-full. My wife's alone on t'other side; it's a nasty night."

All these troubles not a mile away, and we had been disporting ourselves like old — Don Danuelo limped painfully when he ladled the last drop from the yellow bowl and gave it to the man, who swallowed it gratefully, not minding that it no longer foamed.

"My wife is scared," he said. "I can't get to her; I can't try; it's my duty to look after the other folks who don't need me. Jim, you're the best friend I've got, and I've come to you to see if you can do anything. She's alone; there's a California lion on the hill back of the house."

So quietly the Señor left, I did not hear him go. He came back wrapped in an oilskin coat much too big for him.

"I will go with you and see what can be done."

The baby woke; the little woman went to hush it. Don Danuelo offered to hold it while the mother searched for a lantern for the man of the house, and I saw a check folded in the tiny hand. He motioned me to silence.

"It's nothing — a little Christmas gift; there's a mortgage on the ranch, you know," he whispered, passing the baby over to me. "Lordy, lordy, a doll!" again he chuckled to himself. "I owe the little rascal this apology." When I would have praised him, he muttered fretfully, "I told you on the train that I should n't have come, madam. It's beastly weather, and my rheumatism cuts like a knife." But I knew that in his heart nothing could have torn from him the memory of that last hour.

When the mother returned, I hastened for wraps and my heavy boots. The Judge came in, storm-equipped. We both declared, in spite of protest, our

determination to go. I knew that I was foolish and of no earthly use except for the comfort that a woman's presence might give to another woman separated from the world by a mad river. Young blood still coursed in my veins, and I was keen for adventure.

When we went out, following in the wake of the lanterns, it was quite still. With a sudden shift of wind the gust had blown itself out. It had turned bitter cold; the cold bit at your face and tweaked at your ears, chilling your blood to ice. The rain had stopped; sleet and snow were falling, a hateful mixture. I put out my hand and felt the sting of the icy drops. The road was ankle-deep in slushy red mud. You had to wrest your shoe from one clammy imprint to make another; the ooze made a sucking sound. Fortunately it would freeze before we came back. The thick darkness was dimly lightened by the veil of fine snow flung against it. The only way to cling to the road was to follow the tiny, blurred points of the two lanterns ahead. I fell behind and lost the light at a bend crowded close by a dense growth of sapling pine. I halted; I was not afraid, for fear was a thing of the past. The Señor spoke; I had not noticed that he had fallen back with me.

"Had you not better return, madam?"

I struggled for breath to answer negatively, and increased my pace.

The station was filled with railroad officials and impatient travelers; telegraph instruments ticked rapidly. Here, the section boss left us.

"Do what you can to get her over, but run no risks," he cautioned sternly, and went to his duty toward the stalled train.

Snow was coming down thicker; cedar and fir showed white-topped branches; the slush was already stiffening; the thermometer, hanging at the station door, was racing past freezing point. You had to swing your arms to keep the blood moving. I shivered in my warm wraps as we walked down the

track to the clump of redbuds where the end of the slight bridge had been anchored to a rock. The roar of the river kept us from speaking; we had to shout to be heard a foot away.

Through the wet redbuds, now shedding snow upon us, we came to the river. In black rage it was boiling close to the top of the bank, the surface massed with wreckage. One huge pine-trunk jarred the bank near where I stood; I felt the earth shiver. The woman, with a shawl pinned over her head, stood on the opposite bank, lantern in hand, peering through the dark. At the flash of our lantern she swung hers in return. A firm hand signaled us; I was proud of my sex, and stepped where she could see that there was a woman ready to help. We tried to shout, making trumpets of our hands. In that swirl of sound, a human voice was powerless — no more than the pipe of a reed.

The men went lower to examine the fastenings of the wire cable thrown across the river by the McCloud Country Club for the purpose of carrying over its heavy freight — the only communication with the other side left intact by the storm.

"It's impossible to get a human being across to-night," the man of the house said when they returned. "The car's on this side, but it would be almost certain death; the cable's not six feet above the water now."

They signaled to the waiting woman on the bank, who interpreted their purpose by signs. She held the lantern near her face, and I never saw despair more plainly written on human features. I saw her press her hand to her heart, then straighten and smile. That smile strengthened me. I confess I was crying and letting tears freeze on my cheeks. It seemed so lone, and she was young. The dark mountain back of her rose straight as a wall, black with mystery, — and creeping furry things seek shelter in storm they say, — and who knew what the black trees held? It is these mountain folk who can teach us city-bred weaklings

to endure. She pointed toward the cable. The Señor stepped to the nearest point and shook his head. He clasped his hands together and closed his eyes. We bent our heads. And to the woman standing in the thickening fall of snow I felt that new courage came.

The man of the house again tried to shout; it was useless, his words were tossed, mocking, back across the widening water. How the cold cut!

"We'd better go home," he said gruffly, swallowing hard; "we can do no good."

"A moment. May I have your lantern?" the Señor begged, and went away. He came back with heaped arms. Stretching between two fir saplings a piece of canvas he had borrowed from the station-master, he laid a few sticks and paper on the ground, and started a blaze that spluttered feebly on the wet earth.

"It will burn presently," he said, "when the pine needles dry out. Now if you can leave me your lantern, the station-master gave me oil, and I will keep my Christmas vigil here."

He threw an old sack on the ground and smiled at us, lighting a cigar.

"But —" we protested.

"It is my wish, my pleasure," he said, with a finality no one could question.

The woman opposite watched him. Then, as we turned to leave, she went into her cabin, swinging the lantern almost gayly. I knew that, as usual, the Señor had brought peace. And surely what else was the blessed Christmas Eve given to us for — peace on earth, goodwill to men! The remembrance of the deed made easy the dark climb up the hill. But suddenly, when I came into light and warmth, I felt the weariness of flesh; I was very tired and numb from cold. Don Danuelo sat nursing his knee before the flame, his face twisted in pain.

"We none of us can escape our inheritance; our make-believes are pitiful," I said half to myself, hugging the fire.

"I've got what any fool might expect — capering at my age," Don Danuelo growled. "Might have known I was a doddering idiot coming to the mountains this time of year. It's cold enough to freeze — the infernal regions to-night."

"Would you give up the last hours?" I asked slyly. For even in my heaviness of body I still was thankful for the thrill of youth that had been.

The man of the house slipped to the graphophone; the record was still on. A broad, peaceful smile shone on Don Danuelo's face, and he nodded gently to sleep in time with the tune.

I could not sleep late; my mind was troubled over the watcher at the river. He was old and not over-strong. The world was white, unbroken white; dawn was late breaking in the mountains. When it came it poured slowly like silver over peak, crag, and meadow. I heard a stir in the gathering-room, and, hastening to dress, went down.

The Señor, helping a dripping woman, had just come in.

"A merry Christmas," he called to me gayly and took off the broad-brimmed hat with the old sweeping bow. "Here is a Christmas heroine for you. Mrs. Sant crossed on the cable at daybreak. The intense cold has kept the snow from melting, and the river is no higher — and, thank God — the cable held."

The woman shivered.

"I could never have crossed alone," she said. "The Señor" — they all knew him along the river, and called him by that name — "came over for me." He held up his hand to silence her. The woman went on. "He crossed at daybreak. None of you," her voice was very grave, "can know what that meant. The river was racing like mad, and the cable was frozen and slippery, the wheels clogged with ice. Look at his hands," she pointed; "they're cut and bleeding." The Señor smiled and clasped them behind his back. "I heard a knock on my door at the break of day. For a minute

I was frightened. But I'd had a safe night. Whenever I felt afraid I went to the window and looked across the river where I could see his fire; that made me feel safe; it steadied my nerves. You don't know what company it was to me to see that light! Women are n't made like men, we don't have to have things right at hand to believe in 'em. It was just *feeling* somebody was near made me easy in my mind. I could have cried when the Señor stood at my door, and I thought nobody but wildcats and me were on that side of the river. Was n't it lucky the car was on the other side? After I'd made coffee he told me that he was going to pull me over. Then my courage nearly petered out."

"Madam, madam," the Señor interrupted, "allow me, your courage was admirable — you never cried out, you helped —"

"Don't let's talk of it — yet. I can still hear the noise of that water; I can

feel the car swinging, the awful fear when that big tree swept by us. And when the car stopped in the middle of the river and you stood up, I thought —" She buried her face in her hands, shuddering.

The little woman led her away for dry clothing.

"Let me see your hands," I demanded of the Señor.

He shook his head.

"It is nothing, madam, nothing but a few insignificant scratches. But the little lady — her courage was splendid. It was a terrible trip for a woman; it meant creeping like a snail, with a chance of never getting over, with a whirlpool roaring underneath, so close it swayed the car. And what do you think she said when I asked her if she were not afraid. She said that she would do it again to spend Christmas day with her husband. You American women are a brave race, madam." And the Señor bowed.

MUSIC, GOING HOME

BY R. VALANTINE HECKSCHER

THE vale is crowding up with stars,
And I am stealing home —
While everywhere the "chirps" and "chirrs"
From secret cellars come!

The dusk is busy with applause —
The crickets most rejoice!
And everything that had to pause
Has found a cheering voice!

Oh! have I really come so near
The risen Shades of Things,
So near the Spirits that I hear
The music of their wings?

THE IBSEN HARVEST

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

UNTIL after the death of Henrik Ibsen, the literature concerned with his life and work dealt almost solely with a traditional figure. This legendary being was a little crabbed old man, taciturn, uncommunicative, even bearish, who occasionally broke the silence only to lash out with envenomed rage at his enemies or else to offend gratuitously the friends and admirers who sought to do him public honor. Now that we are left alone with memories, and reminiscences, both kindly and malicious, the spiritual lineaments of the Norwegian seer tend to define themselves to popular vision. For the first time, it is becoming possible to discover the man in his works, and to trace a few of the many vital threads in the close-meshed fabric of his dramatic art. While such biographies as those of Vasenius, Henrik Jaeger, and Passonge are mediately accurate in recounting the leading events of Ibsen's exterior life, while such studies as those of Brandes, Ebrhard, Shaw, and others are brilliant biographies of Ibsen's mind, so far no effort has been made to relate the man to his work. It would be more accurate to say that there has been no systematic attempt to discover the real human being who lurks behind the cartoons of Vallotton, Laerum, and Scotson-Clark, the real human heart beating beneath the formidable frock-coat of the "little buttoned-up man."

The first biography of Ibsen written by Englishman or American is the work of Haldane MacFall,¹ who confesses with becoming modesty that he attempts "but to give an impressionistic picture of the man, a record of the accidents of his living that we call life, and a rough esti-

mate of his genius and his significance." The narrow range of Mr. MacFall's intercourse with the Ibsen literature is compensated for neither by signal critical perception nor by personal acquaintance with the subject of his biography; and in using the new material furnished by the *Letters*, he has quoted them as so many records of fact, without imagination or interpretation. Supported by the initial declaration that "to understand Ibsen's full significance in art, it is necessary to read Ibsen's plays," he blithely proceeds to propound Ibsen's "full significance" after the mere perusal of the plays; and devotes twenty-eight pages to *An Enemy of the People*, cutting off *The Master Builder* with a paltry twelve. The Ibsen riddle is complacently ignored; another truism is shattered, and at last we have an *Ibsen* which is "spoon-meat for babes."

In critical studies of Ibsen, treating constructively of his dramatic art from a chosen point of view, America has been singularly deficient. To Ibsen, the countries which have concerned themselves with his life and art have given a defining title or character: Norway thought of him first as a Conservative and later as a Radical; Germany was divided between those who classed him, respectively, as naturalist, individualist, and socialist; and France abhorred his anarchy while celebrating his symbolism. In England, Ibsen has been classed as a literary muck-raker, as a thinker of abnormally astute intellect, or simply as a dramatist quite innocent of polemical, ethical, or redemptive intent. In America, Ibsen as champion of individual emancipation came too late, one might almost say with truth; although the literature of exposure is never *mal à propos* in a civilization whose

¹ *Ibsen*. New York and San Francisco: Morgan Shepard Company. 1907.

protection rests upon perpetual publicity.

America surpasses the civilizations of the Ibsen social dramas in the production of self-assertive individualists; the Ibsenic iconoclasm made no noise in America, for with us Ibsen was hammering at an open door. It is quite natural and logical to find the interest in Ibsen in America confined almost exclusively to the minor public of intellectual and literary affiliations, and to American scholars. The recent American studies upon Ibsen are concerned, as might be expected, with specialized phases of his art as a dramatist, rather than with disquisitions on his life, politics, religion, or philosophy.

It is cause for gratification that *The Ibsen Secret*¹ is sub-entitled, not *The*, but *A Key to the Prose Dramas of Henrik Ibsen*. The grim, sardonic smile with which Ibsen greeted interpretations of, or inquiries as to the purport of, his art works might well deter one from complacently claiming to have discovered the Ibsen secret. Bernard Shaw once said that if people knew all that a dramatist thought, they would kill him; and Ibsen, like Sargent, always means far more than he says. Ibsen is doubtless in the confessional mood when he puts into the mouth of Professor Rubek the words concerning his own sculptures: "All the same, they are no mere *portrait* busts. . . . There is something equivocal, cryptic, lurking in and behind these busts — a secret something that the people themselves cannot see." In Ibsen's plays, Professor Lee has found something cryptic, lurking in and behind the mechanical framework — the symbol. Her theory is novel, not for the assertion of Ibsen's utilization of symbol, but for the insistence upon the invariability of its employment. The ingenuity she displays in demonstrating her thesis is equaled only by her success in draining the plays of red blood and humanly vital signification.

I find it as destructive of the life

of Ibsen's plays and of his characters to identify *A Doll's House* with a tarantella, Hedda Gabler with a pistol, or Oswald Alving with a burning orphanage, as to identify (after Erich Holm) Solness with the Bourgeoisie, Ragnar with Socialism, the burning of the old home with the French Revolution, and Hilda with Freedom. Ibsen's art is universal enough to embrace symbol as one of its attributes; and the latest and most reputable light on Ibsen illuminates the intimate bond allying his art with actual experience. Life contains no symbols save those we read into it; and the secret of an art, purporting to be an exact replica of contemporary life, is something far more human and universal than the symbol.

However opinions may differ in regard to Ibsen as symbolist, poet, philosopher, polemist, or man, critics as a rule are agreed that Ibsen was a great master of stagecraft. The world now awaits the elaborate critical study, of which Professor Brander Matthews has given the popular outline.² The author of such a study, when it appears, will treat exhaustively of Ibsen as technician. While Ibsen's early plays were faulty in technique, modeled chiefly upon French plays which Ibsen himself produced or saw produced, certain it is that he developed, comparatively early in his career, that indifference to rules and categories of which he speaks in one of his letters; and even if *Lady Inger of Ostraat*, with its entangling intrigues, and *The League of Youth*, with its artificial arrangement, do follow the model set by Scribe, the first betrays great dramatic power and the second is the harbinger of a series of masterpieces in the new manner. Before *A Doll's House* (1879), Ibsen accommodated himself to the best prevailing standards of dramatic art, gradually freeing himself of such unreal theatric devices as the soliloquy and the aside. And it must be borne in mind that Ibsen was a

¹ *The Ibsen Secret*. By JENNETTE LEE. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1907.

² *Inquiries and Opinions*; article, "Ibsen the Playwright." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

great constructive thinker and creator, not a mere disciple of Scribe; and it should also be remembered that Ibsen vehemently repudiated the suggestion of the slightest indebtedness to Dumas *filis*, who, it must be confessed, heartily returned Ibsen's detestation. In spite of Professor Matthews's ripe scholarship, which he barely succeeds in concealing, his essay betrays so strong a lack of sympathy with Ibsen and so manifest a predilection for French standards and models, that one is forced to conclude that he regards Ibsen as anti-social, "really the most extreme of reactionaries." And this study of Ibsen, in respect to his capacity as playwright, leaves something to be desired, in the lack of elaboration of the technical faults and virtues of the social dramas, and in its betrayal of the author's unfamiliarity with important data and studies bearing upon the evolution of Ibsen's art as playwright.

In England, Ibsen has been interpreted principally by three men. In vigorous controversy, in the Fabian Society, and on the lecture platform, Bernard Shaw pronounced Ibsen the superior of Shakespeare, and through the columns of the *Saturday Review* poured a torrent of devastating satire upon Ibsen's detractors (who had gallantly dubbed Shaw, Archer, and the other Ibsen adherents "muck-ferreting dogs"). Shaw's book on Ibsen, *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, is a brilliant distillation of the Ibsenic philosophy from the standpoint of the anti-idealist, concerning itself with Ibsen neither as poet nor dramatist. Edmund Gosse, whose *Northern Studies* first made Ibsen known to English readers, appeared to be interested in Ibsen chiefly as poet and dramatic path-breaker; this is likewise indicated by his other interpretative essays which appeared in leading reviews. His eagerly awaited biography of Ibsen¹ has recently appeared, serving as a companion volume to the Archer edition of Ibsen's plays. "What

¹ *Henrik Ibsen*. By EDMUND GOSSE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

has been written about Ibsen in England and France," Mr. Gosse observes in the preface, "has often missed something of its historical value by not taking into consideration that movement of intellectual life in Norway which has surrounded him and which he has stimulated. Perhaps I may be allowed to say of my little book that this side of the subject has been particularly borne in mind in the course of its composition." In this respect, his book is admirable and unique among books about Ibsen written in English.

There is, however, a curious aloofness about Gosse's interpretation of Ibsen, which causes one to wonder how two writers so fundamentally dissimilar — one so conservative, the other so startlingly daring — could ever have discovered the bond of mutual admiration and personal acquaintance. An air of curious insecurity is given to Gosse's judgment by the fact that, in any attempt to relate Ibsen to his century by comparison with writers not Scandinavian, he sets him in juxtaposition to writers quite alien to him in spirit. One has the feeling that, to Mr. Gosse, the nineteenth century represents less the epoch of the evolution of contemporary civilization than a rather pleasant literary age in which flourished a group of writers with whose works he is conversant. There is, moreover, an unpleasant, rather repelling, impression produced upon one — especially upon one who long ago recognized the genuine humanity in Ibsen's soul — by Gosse's interpretation of Ibsen as a personality.

The lay reader puts down the book with the distressing conviction that Clement Scott was right after all: that Ibsen was at bottom suburban and provincial, at worst venomous and egotistic, at best shy, secretive, undemonstrative, ignorant of literature, kindly disposed to those who paid him homage, a reflective doubter who allowed his dubiety to extend even to the value of his own work. Many incidents recently narrated, tending to show the charm of Ibsen's personality when he felt himself in the presence

of a truly congenial spirit, — his genuine love for his wife, despite his amusing affectation of independence, his power to make warm personal friends of his admirers, — these and like incidents either do not appear in Gosse's book, or, at least, are not given the stress pertinent to them in view of Ibsen's "popular" character. Mr. Gosse has drawn an admirable portrait of Ibsen — from a definite point of view; and it goes without saying that this point of view is entirely Mr. Gosse's own. But there are many humanizing details which are not in the picture; Ibsen *in toto* is not a perfect fit in the Gossian frame of mind.

Mr. Gosse and Mr. Archer, utilizing the latter's collection of Ibseniana and all the important material up to the date of publication, have produced a set of books revelatory of the life, art, and significance of Henrik Ibsen, which bid fair to remain the definitive works in English for many years to come. In the introduction to his *Henrik Ibsen* Mr. Gosse says of Mr. Archer's edition of the plays: "If we may judge of the whole work by those volumes of it which have already appeared, I have little hesitation in saying that no other foreign author of the second half of the nineteenth century has been so ably and exhaustively edited in English as Ibsen has been in this instance."¹

The Archer edition concerns itself solely with Ibsen's dramatic works; and even in this respect, it lacks the completeness of the German and Scandinavian editions in regard to the omission of Ibsen's earliest tragedy, *Catilina*. It is to be regretted that this play, immature as it is, should have been omitted, in view of Ibsen's own confession that it was full of self-revelation. In every other respect, the Archer edition is notable, alike for the richness of the brief introductions, in which so much information

and valuable criticism is packed into such small compass, and for the accuracy of the translations. It is also to be regretted that the introductions contain less of Mr. Archer's own personal reminiscences of Ibsen than one would wish; but Mr. Archer has been rigorous in his exclusion of all material not precisely conforming to the conditions set for the introductions. The translations of the plays, revised and worked over most thoroughly from former translations by himself and others, are admirable for precision and straightforwardness; and, save for occasional awkwardness or bookishness of expression, are models of their kind. If we have the feeling that, in *Peer Gynt* for example, the pristine sheen of native expression is rubbed off in translation, let us at least recall that we have much the same feeling in comparing *Peer Gynt* as produced by Mr. Mansfield with the same play as produced by Norwegian players.

Some years ago, in an article entitled "The Real Ibsen," Mr. Archer declared that Ibsen is "not pessimist or optimist or primarily a moralist, though he keeps thinking about morals. He is simply a dramatist, looking with piercing eyes at the world of men and women, and translating into poetry this episode and that from the inexhaustible pageant." To such a broad conception as is here displayed is due the excellence of Mr. Archer's treatment of Ibsen; and in his general introduction he takes occasion to express a similar view: "It was not Ibsen the man of ideas or doctrines that meant so much to me; it was Ibsen the pure poet, the creator of men and women, the searcher of hearts, the weaver of strange webs of destiny." There are passages in the *Letters*, there are recent reminiscences, which tend to validate the sanity of Mr. Archer's view, and to prove that Ibsen's prose ideal was, above all things, to produce the illusion of reality. Take, for example, that paragraph in the letter replying to Passongé's inquiry about *Peer Gynt*, in which Ibsen says:

¹ *The New Edition of the Works of Henrik Ibsen*. Edited, with Introductions, biographical and critical, by WILLIAM ARCHER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907. In eleven volumes.

"Everything that I have written has the closest possible connection with what I have lived through, even if it has not been my own personal experience; in every new poem or play I have aimed at my own spiritual emancipation and purification — for a man shares the responsibility and the guilt of the society to which he belongs. Hence I wrote the following dedicatory lines in a copy of one of my books: —

"To live — is to war with fiends
That infest the brain and the heart;
To write — is to summon one's self,
And play the judge's part."

The significance of the expression "lived through" is not to be over-estimated for its importance as an actual statement of the form Ibsen's imaginative contemplation was accustomed to take. Incidents, personal traits, characters in real life were all pondered over, sometimes for several years, with the utmost deliberation; if the *idea* did come first, it was fully incarnated in the chosen characters and incidents; and in the utilization of material Ibsen employed the strictest economy. He once acknowledged one of Herman Bang's stories, *Am Wege*, with the statement: "I see all these people; I once met your station-agent at Vendsyssel."¹

The same trait is printed by Brandes in an incident he relates of a certain dinner once given to Ibsen. One of the banqueters, who had taken in the beautiful actress, Fräulein Constance Brunn, arose at the banquet and said, "My partner requests me to present to you, Dr. Ibsen, the thanks of the actresses of the Christiania Theatre and to tell you that there are no rôles which she would rather play, or from which she can learn more, than yours." To which Ibsen immediately replied, "I must state, at the outset, that I do not write rôles, but represent human beings; and that never in my life during the creation

of a play have I had before my eyes an actor or actress."²

From the early days when Ibsen realized himself as Catiline, and incarnated Henrikke Holst in Eline, to the later days of Emilie Bardach and her resurrection in the figure of Hilda Wangel, Ibsen always managed somehow to "get hold of" people for his dramatic works.

The future biographer of Ibsen must work out the hints given by Brandes and others, and discover the real names, true history, and actual connection with Ibsen of many now nameless people who served as models for Ibsen's leading characters. Perhaps this will be a very difficult task, in view of the suspicion that Ibsen probably learned many traits of human character through the numerous letters, often from women, that he received, and of the fact that he was a relentless destroyer of letters. If those little figures that stood on his desk could suddenly be endowed with the power of speech, what strange stories they might have to tell! On the table beside Ibsen's inkstand, we are told, was a small tray. In this tray were extraordinary little toys — "some little carved wooden Swiss bears, a diminutive black devil, small cats, dogs and rabbits made of copper, one of which was playing a violin."

What did Ibsen do with these little figures — identify each one with a human being, talk with them in the solitude of his room, shift them hither and thither, to take their parts and places in the new drama then preparing? "I never write a single line of any of my dramas unless that tray and its occupants are before me on the table," Ibsen once remarked. "I could not write without them. It may seem strange — perhaps it is — but I cannot write without them." And, with a quiet laugh, he mysteriously added, "Why I use them is my own secret."

¹ *Erinnerungen an Henrik Ibsen*. Von HERMAN BANG. *Die Neue Rundschau*. December, 1906. This "Ibsen Number" contains much valuable information about Ibsen.

² *Henrik Ibsen*. By GEORG BRANDES. *Die Literatur*, vol. xxiii. Berlin: Bord, Marquardt & Co. 1906.

LIFE IN AN INDIAN COMPOUND:

A MORNING PICTURE

BY MARY ANABLE CHAMBERLAIN

IN the memory of one who has lived long in India, there cannot fail to be a vivid picture of the Indian compound in the early morning hours, with its strange noises and stranger activities, with its varied and peculiar characteristics of man, beast, and insect tribe, all rushing and jostling to make the most of the short time in which work may be done in this land of the tropical sun.

The dawn comes early. You hear it getting up about four o'clock in the morning, heralding its approach by a single discordant, scraping, penetrating note, a cross between that of a bagpipe and a worn-out violin, accompanied by strange thumpings and poundings. It is the music of the tom-tom in the distant bazaar, celebrating some one of the innumerable Hindu festivals. Then the nearby oil-mill, its clumsy wooden shaft turned by a pair of lean, half-starved bullocks, begins to revolve, screeching unmercifully in its orbit. Everything in the compound commences to stir, for the sun is no dallier in these regions, and who hopes to keep pace with him must not tarry. For, when that first faint purple light on the hillsides begins to lift, the impetuous bridegroom will come forth from his tabernacle, and the race will begin.

Nowhere else in the world, perhaps, is one so impressed as in India with the fitness and force of that familiar figure used by the Psalmist, in which the sun is portrayed as a "bridegroom coming out of his chamber," and rejoicing "as a strong man to run a race;" for while it might not have occurred to the uninspired imagination to conceive of him, anywhere, in the guise of a bride-

groom, one is bound to be struck, in India, not only with the superb dash of his "going forth," and with the unlimited extent of his "circuit," but with the still more conspicuous fact that, when the race is once on, "there is nothing hid from the heat thereof."

Five o'clock strikes. The tom-tom and the oil-mill have played their tune over and over, and you know it not only by heart, but by every nerve in your body. That gentle squeak in the punkah rope, too, is becoming monotonous. The punkah-wallah, stretched at ease on his back in the outside veranda, fitfully jerks the rope suspended between his useful, but now benumbed, toes, while his partner conjectures in low, but perfectly audible tones as to how much longer you are likely to slumber. The mosquitoes sing a song of rejoicing that the energies of the punkah are waning. The squirrels in the roof overhead discourse in piercing squeaks of the duty of early rising. The monkeys in the banyan without illustrate that lying in bed was not the vice of our ancestors. The eye-flies, swarming above you, proclaim that, in their opinion, your eyes should open to admit them. The sweeper in the adjacent bathroom clatters and bangs with her chatties. The waterman, filling your tub, implies that it is time for your bath.

Realizing the futility of further resistance, you rise, bathe, and dress quickly, and, appearing upon the veranda, greet the punkah-wallahs with courtesies not quite so benevolent as the Anglo-Saxon "Good-morning," which has the effect of relieving you instantly of their presence, and leaves you at leisure, while waiting

for your "chota hazri," to view the landscape o'er.

And if you scan the world over, you will find little better worth looking at in that half-light. On three sides, rising from two to six hundred feet above the broad, flat plain, are hills, shadowy, melting, mobile hills, lying tender and soft in the purple light of the Indian dawn. Dotting their jungle-clad sides are small white temples, suggesting, in the distance, and in the soft light, marble colonnades. Silhouetted against the sky, on the crest of the highest hill, is an ancient fort, a common feature in Indian landscapes, testifying that the scene now before you is a part of the stage upon which Chanda Sahib, Hyder Ali, Tippoo Sultan, the Tiger of Mysore, and that great Englishman, Clive, once were actors.

The hills slope gently down past paddy-fields of the greenest green ever seen, to a big Mofussil town that fills in the fourth side of the picture, and out from which runs a straight white line, passing close by the compound wall. It is the great highway on its route due south to Tuticorin, a smooth, hard, polished road such as Englishmen, the world over, know how to build, a road that makes bicycling a joyous, winged flight, and that will some day, doubtless, attract the touring car of the globe-trotter.

All over the compound, from verandas and "go-downs," forms are seen rising from sleep, each one "wrapping the drapery of his couch about him," with no idea, in doing so, of conforming to any standards urged upon the attention of the race by Mr. Bryant, but for the simpler, if less poetic, reason that these draperies constitute his bedding by night and his nether garment by day. But do not make the mistake of thinking that, because the requirements of the Hindu's costume are scanty, his toilet is, therefore, a perfunctory matter. Follow him to the well. The chances are that you will never drink water again, but you will obtain knowledge. On the brink of

that great, yawning hole in the ground known as the compound well, whose sides are of stone and whose steps lead you down to the water's edge, behold the "males" of the compound. Divested of the draperies already referred to, and in attitudes ranging all the way from the pose of the "Disc Thrower" to that of the most resolute "squatter" upon a Western claim, they are lined up in a row from the top of the steps to the bottom. In the hand of each is a chatty, and one and all are engaged in the offices of the morning bath. And their tub is the well. The brimming chatties are passed up and the empty ones down, legs are curried, feet are scoured, teeth are polished with charcoal and stick, throats are gargled, noses trumpeted, and, in short, the whole man receives such a washing and splashing, such a rubbing and scrubbing, such a *molishing* and polishing, as leaves nothing to be desired, except in connection with the well. This latter consideration, however, is one that does not disturb the Hindu, who, priding himself upon being, externally, the cleanest platter in the universe, devotes but little thought to the inside of the dish.

His ablutions and those of his colleagues concluded, he fills his chatty once more from the pure fountain below, lifts it high in the air, throws his head back, and with unerring aim, pours the crystal libation in one long, steady stream down his open throat, skillfully poised to receive and conduct it to his germ-proof interior. This done, his draperies are resumed, and he departs to his work.

Suddenly, as out of a catapult, the sun leaps up from behind the eastern hills, and day is at hand.

The "females" now begin to wend their way, chatties on hips, to the well, each one fully attired, for whatever their matutinal custom may be as regards bathing, their mission to the compound well is not for that purpose. They fill their chatties from the same purling stream in which their lords have just

bathed, and bear them aloft on their perfectly poised heads to their "go-downs," where this same immaculate fluid is used for cleaning the household vessels, for washing and boiling the rice, and for filling the earthen water-jars with the day's supply of drinking water. It is not, however, deemed sufficiently cleansing for washing the floors, the universal agent employed in native houses for that purpose being a saturated solution of the excrement of the cow, the most indispensable antiseptic and germicidal substance known to the Hindu.

In an Indian compound one's first visit in the morning is, usually, to the stables, or stalls, where the horses are kept. Open and accessible alike to air, rain, and robbers, they are protected by a thatched roof from the ravages of the sun. There is no door and no manger, but each stall has three sides and a top, and a horse within, if the sahib's income allows him to afford one in each. The horses are of different nationalities, species, and values, in an ascending scale from the despised "country-bred," which may be bought for a couple of hundred rupees, and subjected to all kinds of abuse by the syce without greatly impairing its value; the Pegu, which comes higher, and which, if handled too roughly, knows how to show the syce a trick or two, unexpectedly; the Australian pony, which, though a peg or two above the "country-bred" and the Pegu, shows a great aptitude for imitating their ways; the Australian cob, fat, sleepy, and lazy, which seems to think it has done its whole duty in costing a round sum to start with; up to the Waler, whose price may run up into the thousands, and the care of which is ever the first consideration with the sahib and the memsahib, after, perhaps, that of the children.

All these are alike subjected by the syce, whose discretion is far in excess of his valor, to the indignity, not of a halter, but of heel-ropes, by which they are firmly tied to their stalls in such a way as to make kicking out of the question. And

the result is, not unnaturally, that a horse which has never thought of kicking before, develops, under this treatment, a conspicuous talent for it, and the syce may consider himself lucky if a taste for biting, as well, does not add itself to its accomplishments in due course. The syce is, by nature, cruel, and by practice becomes so habituated to the exercise of his inborn gifts, that to witness the morning rub-down of her horse is a part of "inspection" duty which the memsahib cheerfully omits. With the head of the animal firmly tied to the stall and its feet lashed securely, he begins operations with an iron hand which has never felt the touch of a velvet glove. He rubs and he scrubs with curry and comb, pokes the horse's ribs, kicks its sides and tickles its belly to within an inch of its life, threatening it, the while, with such terrors as only a syce's voice can foretell, until the poor beast, its eyes starting from their sockets, every tooth showing, and quivering in every limb, shows only too plainly what it would do if the ropes gave way. You have only to witness this scene between the horse and the syce to be left in no doubt as to which of the two is the brute.

Each horse has its syce, whose first duty it is in the morning to curry and molish his beast until its coat is like satin, in proof whereof he is required by the exacting memsahib not only to present the animal in shining condition, but also to produce the hair which has been curried and brushed away, it being well known to the initiated that for "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," the heathen Hindu is no less "peculiar" than the "heathen Chinese." Accordingly, the syce is required to place the horse's hair in a small heap on the ground where the memsahib, or, if the day be an unpropitious one, the sahib himself, can "inspect" it, compare its color with that of the horse, and, in the event of there being an east wind, or anything else wrong with the sahib, he may obtain relief by looking into the matter of the syce's short-

comings. After this, the little piles are all carefully burned, with, perhaps, the exception of one or two remote and inconspicuous ones which lend themselves to easy removal while the sahib's back is turned, and which may thus be rendered available for the next day's inspection.

It is understood that each horse must be furnished with clean bed-straw and a large bundle of dried grass daily, which needs, also, to be watched and inspected, for the syce's wife, the grass-cutter, whose function it is to provide these accessories, is, although unknown to fame, a person endowed with an amount of creative genius sufficient to place her in the front rank of fiction authors, had the lines fallen to her in their place instead of her own. She can make one bundle of dried grass, by shaking it out, and turning it over, and doing it up again upside down, and inserting a few stones to preserve its weight, and by the judicious introduction of one or two really new elements, go further in the production of dramatic effects between herself and the memsahib than the average fiction writer could achieve with all the materials in the universe at his command.

The most burning question, however, in connection with the horse is its gram. This grain, a species of pulse, is endowed with the thrifty but not altogether peaceable virtue of increasing largely in bulk in the process of cooking: the syce says twofold, the sahib three, and the memsahib four. It has, moreover, the still more questionable endowment of being edible for syces as well as for horses, and when you take into consideration the fact that the syce does the cooking and measuring, the memsahib the inspecting, and the sahib the objecting, with the butler for referee, the complications arising need scarcely be pointed out. They are such as to leave the memsahib, usually, with no resource but the time-saving one of abusing the butler.

A striking feature of the morning routine of the compound is the method of

extracting milk from the domestic cow. This animal, though of the feminine gender, is, as is well known, sacred in India, and the attitude of the Hindu towards her, in spite of her sex, is one of extreme tenderness and consideration. It is in sharp contrast, indeed, to the spirit of cruelty which he evinces towards the horse, the care of which he relegates to the lowest pariah in the community, while the cow, on the other hand, always has a caste man for her keeper. I see him approaching now, leading his sacred charge gingerly by a rope. He, though a high-caste Hindu, affects the "simple life" openly, by wearing a turban, chiefly, for costume. She, though ever so sacred, makes no pretense to holiness in her conduct. As he moves forward she pulls back, straining every fibre of the by no means invincible cord. He is a tallish man, for a Hindu, erect in carriage, and, in spite of the limitations of his costume, not undignified in bearing. She is a handsome beast, tall, stately, raw-boned, impressive, apt to be white, sure to be humped, and imported, as a rule, from Nellore.

A glance shows you that you are about to be treated, for once, to that unwonted spectacle, in India, of a male subdued by a female. The man's — and a caste man's, at that — demeanor is humble. The cow's is defiant. He coaxes her, coaxes her, indicates tactfully which way he would have her go. She shakes her head, tosses it scornfully, indicates unmistakably that she will go where she pleases. He tries persuasion. Adjusting his lips, tongue, and teeth in a manner known only to Hindus, and by them employed only with cows, he evolves a series of seductive sounds designed to reduce her to reason, but which, as is not unheard-of with females in other walks of life, have the unfortunate effect of only enraging her the more. She makes a break for the bungalow, dragging the man after her by the rope, spies the memsahib "inspecting," is offended that she should wear skirts instead of a tying-cloth, and charges, head down, in

her direction, with a resultant of screams and confusion that brings every servant in the compound to the rescue. Then they all (with the exception of the memsahib) surround the cow, and with pushings and pullings and a full chorus of the soothing sounds I have mentioned, and with, perhaps, a few gentle tail-twistings, bring her, at last, to the back veranda, where she is to be milked. Here again the caste man's frame of mind is one of humble submission.

It is interesting, indeed, to observe how, under the spell of religious or other inherited custom, he who, with one-half the provocation, would mete out and apportion a round of chastisements to the females of his own bosom and godown, never thinks of resorting to such measures with his cow. He gives her time to collect herself and to forget the memsahib's skirts, and approaches her in a spirit of the entire friendliness of which he assures her by the dulcet tones of his voice.

He has no milking-stool, but takes his seat easily on the calves of his legs, borne aloft on the tips of his toes, where he remains throughout the milking in an attitude possible to the Westerner only after long practice in the gymnasium. His pail, lightly upheld between his bent knees, is a tin cup holding, at most, a quart. The cow declines to part with a drop of her milk until her calf has been sent for. Now her offspring may be just born, half-grown, or dead, it matters not which, save that, in the event of the last contingency, she insists upon having it stuffed. If quite new, the calf is allowed a few moments' indulgence at the maternal udder; if half-grown, it is permitted a sniff at it; after which, in both cases, it is dragged away and tied to its mother's fore leg, where she caresses it throughout the milking. If dead, the skin is stuffed with straw and anchored within her reach, where it appears to give quite as much satisfaction as when alive. These concessions accorded, she consents to impart her milk, — a thin, colorless

fluid which, in the most liberal estimate, does not exceed a pint or two.

The milking concluded, the caste man, who knows that a pint of milk or even two will not go far in supplying an English menu, takes a look round, and if it appears that his horoscope for the day has arranged favorable conjunctions of the memsahib and the butler in other parts of the compound, he benevolently increases the quantity of milk from a chatty previously filled at the compound well and neatly concealed in the folds of his tying-cloth; for, although he is a caste man, himself, and, therefore, particular to drink water in which only those of his own caste have bathed, he knows that the sahib and the memsahib are not caste people, and, indeed, do not believe in it, wherefore they may, without jeopardy to their souls, drink water in which all the world has bathed.

And this brings us to the subject of the drinking-water supply, a question even more burning than that of the horse's grain; for, given three hundred millions of devout Hindus, all sincerely convinced, not that "cleanliness is next to godliness," but that it *is* godliness, and given, also, the fact that, in India, ninety-nine rivers out of a hundred are dry, one can see what a tax there must be on the wells. You may build round your well, if you will, a wall of chunam; you may cover its top with a lid, locked and bolted; you may plaster it over with threats of what you will do to all trespassers, but you cannot get rid of the stubborn truth that water is scarce and bathing compulsory in India. You may set up in your back veranda, as every one does, tripods of bamboo wound round with straw, bearing chatties filled to the brim with charcoal and sand, through which your water is filtered, drop by drop; but you cannot filter your facts.

The best the memsahib can do is to choose a well distant enough for her never to see who bathes in it, and then to command the butler to see that the water-

bearer gets to it first in the morning. This he will profess always to do; but, since the memsahib's imagination is a wayward thing, and hard to control, and since the water-bearer is a being also addicted to bathing, she usually adds to her peace by first boiling the water and then filtering it; after which, to make sure, she boils it again, and then drinks soda water.

By the time these ceremonies have all been performed, the sun is well on his way towards the "home stretch," and the memsahib is well on hers towards distraction with the morning's "inspecting," while the whole compound is in a whirl of industry to get the work done before the sun reaches the meridian and calls a halt for refreshments.

The "malas" are sweeping the walks with handfuls of brush, the water-bearers are deluging pots with avalanches of water. The cook is hurrying home from the bazaar with the day's supplies, his wife in his rear meekly bearing his bundles. Bullocks are dizzily turning the crank at the well that hauls up the buffalo hide filled with water to flood the channels that lead to the gardens and tanks. The dharzee hastens in to his seat in the front veranda to copy his mistress's latest costume from London. Native barbers, squatting upon the ground, are shaving the heads of those who have leisure. Women are pounding paddy and grinding curry-stuffs between stones in the open doors of their go-downs. Others, sometimes three deep, are frankly employed in the open, each with the head of the other, in those entomological researches known as "The Madras Hunt."

Jugglers in the drive in front of the bungalow strive to catch the eye of the memsahib by performing their tricks. With no better appliances than a few shallow baskets, a dirty cloth or two, a network of cords, and a few fangless cobras, they contrive, under the inspiration of the ear-splitting strains from a gourd pipe, to turn the cobras into doves, the doves into rupees, to

swallow the rupees and recover them from their ears, to eat fire and eject it from nostrils and eyes, to devour swords without visible damage to their internal economy, to create mango trees out of nothing and cause them to blossom and fruit before the memsahib's unconvinced eyes, to burn live coals on a woman's bare head (the memsahib observes that their most murderous tricks are always done on a woman), to make balls jump up and down in the air unassisted, which they appear to do joyfully; and, if the memsahib betrays the slightest symptom of interest, to arrest her horrified attention by doing the "basket trick." In this they tie up a woman in a basket and run the basket through and through with swords, and when the blood gushes out and the woman's screams are about to produce the police, the top is lifted from the empty basket and the woman is laughing at the indignant memsahib from behind the hedge yonder.

Nor should we forget the hawker who appears about breakfast time upon the veranda. If a Madras hawker, he will have in his bundle the crude but not unwelcome items of needles and thread, pins, hooks and eyes, stockings and handkerchiefs, hairpins and shoestrings, muslins and long cloths of which the memsahib often has need. If a Bombay hawker, he will fill every square inch of the veranda with brass from Benares, silver from Cutch and Madras, alabaster from Agra, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, turquoise, and jade, curtains and rugs from Cashmere, jewelry and precious stones from Ceylon, and embroideries from the Middle Ages, all of which he offers to the memsahib at exorbitant prices, growing more moderate as her indifference increases, until, at last, he begs her to take any or all of them at her own price rather than bring him ill luck for a whole season by refusing to buy of him on this, his first call at her bungalow.

The road that runs by the compound wall is, by this time, a scene of motley confusion. Upon it in an unending

stream are to be seen the springless, two-wheeled jutka of the Madrassee, who, seated in the open front of his vehicle, tightly embraces with his bare legs the flanks of his madly galloping "country-bred" steed; the heavy, lumbering ox-cart, laden with bags of rice, drawn by the slow and stately bullocks, whose speed is encouraged but hardly accelerated by their drivers' vehement tail-twisting; the long line of bamboo-covered or thatched-roofed "bandies," or carts, heavily weighted with rice, ragi, cholam, gram, cocoanuts, wheat, and what not, on their journey to the bazaar; the droves of densely packed, slowly moving, deeply meditating, miraculously ugly female buffaloes on the way to their dry and arid pasture; the faster moving, more comely looking, but most vicious-tempered domestic cow pursuing the same route as her less prepossessing but more amiable sister; the smart native official in his English-looking "trap," clothed in a little brief authority, and in European dress, above which his never discarded turban adds the last touch to a curiously incongruous picture; the English official in his shining white helmet, dashing by in his high, well-appointed dog-cart, his syce standing up behind and shouting as only a syce can to everything in heaven and earth to make way for his master's big, Australian Waler; the marriage company laden with fruits, sweetmeats, and flowers, and joyful with tom-toms, accompanying the bridal party home; the funeral procession on its way to the burning ghât, laden, also, with fruits, sweetmeats, and flowers for the soul's long journey, wending its way with weirdest noise of drum-beat and cymbal, conventional wailing and woe, the stiff, stark body covered with garlands and borne aloft on the shoulders of men, the dead face lifted, fixed and unflinching, to meet the blazing eye of the sun; and the never-ceasing tramp and soft, dull thud in the dust of the bare human feet of the coolie seeking work and the pilgrim seeking rest. All are hurrying forward to reach

some shade or shelter before the sun marks high noon and calls the race off for the day.

In the back veranda maties and syces, gardeners and punkah-wallahs, are tumbling over one another in the exercise of their various functions and in obedience to the butler's orders, preparatory to serving breakfast, the concluding feature of the morning's activities. And, although it is by no means so stately a function as dinner, it is reposeful after the morning scramble. The punkah waves tranquilly over the gracefully decorated table. The butler and maties, clad in spotless muslins and bright turbans, their bare feet stepping softly, voices hushed and speaking in whispers, are soothing to tired nerves. The cook, too, is a chef of no mean ability, though it is best not to inquire too closely into his methods. The chicks have been lowered in the veranda to shut out the sun and the hawkers, and an atmosphere of quiet and peace begins to prevail.

The memsahib, worn out with the heat and the morning's "inspecting," takes her seat wearily at the head of the table. Her conversation is domestic, and is unhindered by the presence of the butler and maties. The sahib, fresh from his tub, after a run with his hounds followed by several hours of hard "inspecting" in his own department, listens while she recounts her morning's experiences. She speaks of the episode of the cow, records her doubts as to the integrity of the milk, reveals her suspicions about the gram, and the little heaps of horsehair in the stalls, describes the tantrums she had with the grass-cutter over the bundles of grass for the horses, mentions her quarrel with the cook over his bazaar account, condemns the carelessness of the chokra in breaking the last tumbler but one, states her conviction that the kerosene oil has been extracted from the lamps by other means than combustion, and tells of her horror at finding that, after all the boiling and filtering, the drinking water was alive that morning

with mosquito larvæ, and quite capable of walking alone if so disposed, — all in plain English and regardless of the fact that the butler's command of that language was the chief accomplishment mentioned in the "character" for which she engaged him. She makes fervent allusion; also, to those "vile brutes," the jugglers, and to those "nasty creatures," the hawkers, to all of which the butler, while listening attentively, appears outwardly unobservant.

The sahib, too, has had a morning of it. Being an Englishman, he has been trained to "cross-country" riding in England, which pastime he has imported with himself into India with as few modifications as possible. But unfortunately neither the horses nor the country in India have been properly trained to such sports. Instead of the neat hedges, trim fences, five-barred gates, and open fields of his native isles, this impossible substitute for a country consists chiefly of jungles, paddy-fields, tank bunds, and prickly pear. The horses, far from taking their bunkers easily and in good form, seem to be hopelessly fixed in the habit of coming down on their noses. And, worst of all, in lieu of the willing and well-tamed fox of the home land, he is compelled to make shift with that unaccountable creature, the jackal, which, unaccustomed to playing the game, and being, moreover, well posted on the "lay of the land," has that morning led him and his hounds a chase involving a trail through dense jungles, a trip through paddy-fields knee-deep in water and mud, a run round a tank bund copiously bordered with venomous cacti, and a final dash to cover in a thicket of prickly pear, — a very irregular and objectionable finish from the point of view of hounds and sahib alike.

The sahib recounts all this to the memsahib, commenting freely upon the character of the country, the nature of jackals, and the general disposition of horses and syces in India. He makes frequent use in his discourse of the word "infernal," which in no wise disturbs the serenity of the butler, who is used to it, and who understands that the word represents a condition of things introduced into the country by the English, and for which he is, therefore, not responsible. It appears, also, from the sahib's remarks that the "brute" creation must have multiplied considerably since the days when Noah went into the ark. He applies the word impartially to his horse, to his syce, to the jackal, to the prickly pear, and to the country in general, which has the effect of arousing a high though suppressed degree of interest in the minds of the butler and maties, whose ancestors were all advanced evolutionists.

It happens, therefore, as a fitting though painful finale to the scenes of the morning that the butler, becoming absorbed in the conversation, forgets how low hangs the punkah, and failing to evade it on its return swing, suddenly finds himself bareheaded, a situation far more embarrassing to a Hindu than to be caught coatless would be to a European. He also has the unspeakable pain of beholding his turban acting as a centre piece for the table, and as an all too capacious cover to the butter dish.

Exit the butler, his serenity greatly impaired, to the back veranda; the memsahib, after a time, in despair, to her apartments; and the sahib, gloomily, to his office, where his "tappal" awaits him. It is best not to inquire too particularly into what awaits his clerks.

VOICES

BY LUCY SCARBOROUGH CONANT

Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime.

THERE is a vibration of command in the fine-strung human voice. It demands the answering auditory quality, thereby completing the circuit.

And yet, any articulate demand of value cannot stop at the verge of the sensory powers. Its rhythmical questionings go sounding over the waters of our being, stirring the long sea-grasses of our fancy, that seem so fragile, and are yet deep-rooted and vigorous. They are dependent on the sturdy waves that flutter open the petals of their submental flowers, as the surges by our shore unfold the rock-anemone.

Such is the eternal curiosity of this blinded depth, that it awaits the tide of sound with the avidity and wistfulness of a Helen Keller, spelling out messages from the touch of a hand.

Each new voice, to a sensitive listener, betrays the owner. By its largesse, capricious leaps, sedate levels, overflows of laughter, undertones of days lived and lovable, promises, assurances, and reserves, you are already far on the road to acquaintance, when this new sprite of a voice knocks first at your door. He cannot help it! Better flee than attempt disguise. All that is subtle beneath, the silver tongue has just hinted. Whatever is there of sad or slow-blossoming he can scarcely disguise. We say, "Dear me, how he has suffered!" We cry, "Ah, there's a happy man for you!" and neither knows that he is limned as clearly to us through his resounding syllables as the special character of elm and willow through our window-pane. In spite of this, degrees and possibilities are still to be discovered, and cynicism or a brave heart, a fad or willful reserve, may build the close-fitted armor protecting

his depths even as the barrier in certain eyes is like a veil over the soul.

I think Jeanne d'Arc listened for her voices with no deeper eagerness than we when the newcomer nears our circle. We are interested each in the other. Irretrievably inclosed in our shell of beautiful tissues and moving blood, the lonely soul within the clay, informed of all that passes, enlarged or restricted as that clay may be modeled, is listening constantly from that central solitude for whatever may cheer, awaken, or illuminate.

The woodland beasts that crept around Apollo and found voice for their inarticulacy in that divinity of sound, needed no more to be entreated than does the human when it scents the divine.

Certain voices level away the steepes of darkness; all is light. Like Vittoria singing against the black pines, her voice calm and full as the white moon's calmness there, they shine. Like Elsa above Ortrud's guilty shadow, they are syllables of light. Or, like bells touched in the late night, they are clear, round-throated, calling up the dawn across dim shadowy hollows, where cold mist hovers about dew-frosted thyme and ivy by mills yet silent.

Voices of such resonant vibration have absolutely the quality of the bell in the tower, already silent, still quivering, but filling the air with a melodious humming of bronze — the bees of sound at work at their honey-making about the airy hive.

Such the voice of power. Not incomplete, or unawakened. However restricted once the personality now seeking expression, we are sure that no light experience of years must have perfected chimes like these. Whatever is mellow in their ringing, or far-piercing, or poignant

nant, there the fire brought it, left it, — fire of the gods. Heroes are tempered therein, and the sober sound that flames utter on wintry hearth is theirs and also the soft singing that apple-boughs are wont to break into there, — of dead summers when drought and heat lay on the land, and yet the apple ripened.

But one can imagine only with difficulty the complete voice. It should range throughout life and life's mysteries, crudities, solemnities, noble rages, ignoble terrors, — and as the sound races in our ears, it should be so much larger a fancy than our own, so incalculably dominant, that we, too, are on foot and away, illimitable ourselves, at the moment. Controlled, it must be, yet thereby no stranger to life. He that rides all day from dawn to the gray of evening has heard many a cross-road cry and many a Philomela. He has faltered and fallen. He is knight and rescuer, slow plodder under storm, willing traveler beside ambulant pilgrim or priest. Betrayed, succored, never betraying, never quite losing kerchief or shield, he wanders near at last, bringing the world to our ears through his voicing of its medley.

"I care not whether you listen," says the Voice Beautiful. "Soon or late, you cannot resist me. Varied as the Magician commanded am I. Perhaps I am fathoming for you a beauty deeper than that I simulate. I am not quite perfection. I am the instrument that suggests to you the ideal; through my scope you dream. Are you unsouled like the Ice-Queen, it is for me to unlock those crystal portals through which your heart shall feel the warmth of my aria. Surely, at times I belong to beings of no great or peculiar power. I speak in the sunny phrases of the hill-women when they have basked long on the massive shoulder of Italy, and musical are the slow words they let fall as you pass. I am the voice of Calvé, blotted against the great stage wings, seductive, velvet. I am the shepherd tongue that counts its lambs at twilight, the pastoral tongue of content. Sir Philip

Sidney am I, in thirst and honor dying, or the hundred Lohengrins of life, those young Swans that float away. Pilgrims and penitents have known my voice as theirs. Many a nymph have I inspired; many a dryad, leaf-crowned by old Pan, has, with him, shared my whispering. I range from the reed of a poet to the bolt of a Jove of mankind — leader, exhorter, law-giver. I croon with the cow-boy as he holds the restive cattle by his chant under the stars on the unbarred prairies, where the far mesa casts no shadow at dawn. When your dearest lie down to sleep, I am that faint Good-night! When they are drifting forever from you, my own voice is that last breathing of your name. When the priest calls up the beauty of deed and life of one in rest before him, my peace dwells in his tone. For some one of you I become, at last, most intimate, most dear, in the note that, with you and the Spirit, closes the chord."

Get you dreams — ye work-a-day! Hark to the Voice! But only by intuition, by sympathy, by holy love, may you win.

One accent of the Holy Ghost

The heedless world hath never lost.

The full power of the Vox Humana calls, and at last ye understand, for life has taught you. But at first ye understood not, though from earliest time it called.

Curious the effect of many voices in a crowd. The sibillance and reiteration of similar sounds rattle at last in the ear, hiss and subside, and rear again the hydra-heads. And suddenly, a single voice is born out of this tumult. You are instantly quite secure in a little special peaceful atmosphere of your own and some one's else, produced entirely by the key of tone to which your own sensitiveness is attuned, and which in some mysterious way, under all its dailiness, says Beautiful! to you. And the voice heard from a distance, the owner quite invisible, is the veritable voice reduced to its own merits; no lift of eyebrow, no familiar flicker of the lips, no laughter below the

crumpling eyes. Swiftly adaptive and flexible, the supple throat follows the convolutions of its deft mind, and you stand as if with eyes closed, hearing the soul play close to unseen lips, they translating all sorts of hidden languages and folk-lore and loveliness to you, though bare words themselves are unheard.

There are harp strings in the human throat. Personality plays upon them. When its hands are firm, white, and accustomed, you shall hear marvelous melodies. And if they throb and thrum for one alone, he shall know the vibration of the spheres.

The young voice, a disembodied treble floating over all that is to be, as yet, latent, unborn, — is curiously clear, un-stirring and limpid, as if you looked into a spring so untroubled that it cast back the pure spaciousness above quite undisturbed. It is so untried that it cannot vibrate yet with the strength of endeavor and the pride of victory. There is no shadow-wing of defeat, retreating across the sky. However passionless and irresponsible these child-like vocables, they hold you to an upper scale of charm, to the highlands of youth, where the young lambs play and the sun rises early and has many hours to run! Well may you dream of dew and freshness, for here is the real morning voice.

But the voice that is awakening and trying its chords, running, half-fearfully, on scales that are swiftly responsive, astoundingly vigorous, develops magical assonances, startling and novel rearrangements of jaded harmonies. When such a voice is not yet overlaid with usage, custom, weariness, or bitterness, the daily rites of dissimulation and fact, the accretions of other accents, other minds, when it speaks in its own clarity and purity on a range as yet slight, it is most musical, most haunting in its brief cadences and springing laughter. So, while such a young soul is unconsciously uttering itself, all turn to hear, for conqueror and conquered alike are thirsty for the sound.

However, the great instrument that is utterly alive and awake has a richness comparable to nothing daily. Only wild and rare similes may suffice. Somewhat exotic it has, like the flash of a Bird of Paradise in the forest. Or it curves to dazzling extremes of color, like the necklace of Isabella d'Este, — "black amber beads and gold and enamelled roses," luxuriously sliding one against the other. It is Miriam. It is that Vittoria of Colonna when he of the Chapel was listening to her. It is Beatrice. And, not least of these — Diana Warwick.

There was once a Padre Giovanni in Rome who sang with such charm and potency that Jealousy stilled that voice to the world. Yet the other soul, the evil one, died too. What of the voice of Jealousy still singing from such depths of hatred and murder within? But how many accents have perished through a dying soul! What wrecks of men lie below the shambling tones, the irrational vagaries of diction we hear! Through dry rot and mildew, parasite and slothful sap, they failed and, at last, the great wind in the night broke them at the woodland border, strewing the lane with litter for the pot, that creaked but woefully as it fell.

Saddest of all is to hearken to the voice — young, and yet never to be young again — passing below in the night of a great city. Pleading, sobbing, half-wild, wholly alone forever, it yet clings to what it has best known. The poignancy and terror of such silver weeping sweep across the brief segment of dark, an answering deep note soothing, sustaining, pleading as well, while the ghostly duo fades into that night from which it sprang. It is like an apparition from Dante's brain. And that grave mind that saw so deeply into hearts and passions of men must have pitied, had it ever heard such sobbing in the night.

Golden is the gift of Silence, for the golden tongue is rare. Rare the orator, the speaker, who shall own both pearls of diction, and well of experience. If he

croak or lisp, hesitate or drawl, then his jewels are set in such clumsy wise they must, of need, be reset in type, shining then with fairer lustre, farther thrown. Yet at times he is born to hold and charm his people with a voice fully expressive of his own powers. If he speak of farthest Thibet or Nyanza, describe to you the flickering Aurora or the camp-fire flaming on rough totems; if he divine some accustomed poet or interpret anew the world's old wisdom; or if at last, he chant so clearly the laws of being, of living, doing, and loving, that all tired or hopeless eyes see suddenly the culmination of a Happy Age; if he stir men to deeds, or shock them from selfishness; arouse from sloth, shame the miser's hand from grip on purse-strings, lead some to peace and others to nobility, what shall be more truly golden than an organ such as this?

How, in the night, the sounds of memoried voices go leaping through one's brain!

Blind Jean croons by the espaliered pear in the old Breton garden. In low crypts and under naves where painted glass turns gray walls to prismatic sunlight, the kneeling women whisper softly. In San Marco, the antique saints about the domes hang above chants rising from beside that glowing altar of transparencies, gems and gold. Voices in dark alleys caroling. The gruff cries of coal-heavers below harbored ships at night. Fishermen calling across the little bay, as twilight shuts down upon their furling sails. The mast-head cry. The tone of her that still is "stepping westward." Reuben in the swamp, calling the red cow home from redder sumach. Beagles in dry autumn grass, and the gay halloo behind. The shepherd, brown upon his browner moor,—a faint touch on its immensity,—his voice a plover cry across it. And the roundelays in harvest field or vineyard.

"Will no one tell me what she sings?"

A few bees make populous the brown moor. It is no longer lonely. A single thrush in the greenest hollows of the

woods makes the palisaded glooms companionable. It shall go hard if you share not your rock by the sea with one voice of the untamed wing.

But the Voice Impalpable! It is that which lives not, yet is immortal, which has never quite died, having been once born, bearing a fame like that of the arms of Helen, the peak of *Ætna*, the shoulders of Olympian *Hermes*, *Hylas* below the trailing maiden-hair — things that sang not, yet are sung and voiced forever.

Such potencies are the springs of poets. These are their Alps. The glacier of Time stores all things in its subterranean heart. But he who watches far off where Time's laggard stream drops the freshness of its reservoirs in his own springs, hears the Voice Impalpable from those dim caverns, and the very intoxication of their antique wine hangs about the lips that, in a divinity of passion, speak of ideal loneliness, or strength, or purity of soaring line, or fables of the elder world.

The real singers were primal Pan and his forest friends. Polyphemus, too, lamented by the sea, and his rough voice is beauty now. Bacchantes cried out, ranging the forest. The Strayed Reveler whispered under the white portico. There were voices in Athens, burning tongues in Rome. There was the hushed murmur in the narrow dark crowded streets about that first picture of Cimabue. What gasping words of hatred when Scotch Mary's breath was cloven! What sound was that of the long wolf howl by the Bastile! What acclamations rose from serf and slave when told of freedom!

Of the Voice Impalpable is one living thing,—the Voice of Song. It is eternal. One tiniest rough scrap of clay has given it tongue. For in one of the oldest and poorest streets of that city in France once called Marsalia, running above the crowded port where the beaks of great ships hang above the quai, is the shop of Rafael. He was born in Amalfi, in that sunny town of the great church steps and cliff *viale*, built along the islanded sea below Ravello's Moorish Towers and

the steep *salite* where hill-women bear heavy burdens on their shoulders. And here, in this alien town, in a shop so restricted that one small table by a single window must hold his primitive moulds and tools, he has found space to hang a few colored prints of his home, and his face will light up when you notice them.

He is an artist of the *Santons* or *Santouns* — the clay images made in thousands for the Christmas *crèches* and sold along the boulevards in the December fair. But he goes not to the fair with his work — being an artist!

And when you have finished looking at the curious little pots of color, earthy in foundation, the tiny brushes, moulds, clay models, and saints as yet untuned, that litter the dim little bench, you find all the *Santons* arranged on shelves, of two or even three sizes, from the smallest pink baby Jesus who could lie so sweetly in a tiny manger, to a swarthy stalwart King, all spotted ermine and gold, clasping a vase of treasures. Here is Mary,

adoring. Here, the countrywoman, come to admire, with her gift of poultry. There, the wanderer with bagpipe and swathed legs like the Campagna peasants, or a cluster of angels, ready to suspend from some neat wire. And there, that day, stood the Voice of Song. He was a little shepherd. You could see he was sitting on a rock of the hillside, flocks not far away. The pipes were at his childish lips, and his little face had so young and fair an aspect that you could imagine it looking up into that clear bright heaven where hung the Star above Judæa. To the Deliverer, the Expected, the Good, was he piping, and yet, just the love of the double throat was really at the bottom of this heart; and in that breathing-out of art fulfilled, lay his joy over the Unknown and the Good.

There is a Paradisal murmuring in the voice that demands the aureole of the Star. Bound on the forehead, it sanctifies the lips.

The little Voice of Song, — it sleeps all night below the Star.

GEORGE BANCROFT

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE

THIS magisterial and critical life¹ of a great historian is very welcome. By subtle touches and careful selection of letters, the biographer has created the environment of the man, the background against which he was seen by the men of his own race-stock, the movement of politics in America during the pregnant period of his life, and the triumphant efforts of American diplomacy which he put forth.

The outer Bancroft is also well modeled in the book: the slender elegance of

his form; the intellectual features; the manners and mannerisms of ambitious youth; the harmless but trying pose due to a foreign-trained mind and receptive nature; the countenance that expressed disdain of parochialism; the rather unskillful attitude of an apostle proclaiming the gospel of nationality, democracy, and expansion; the irritating assurance of the experienced politician, a political non-conformist dispensing favors to the members of a political sect foreign to eastern Massachusetts; the triumphant historian of American democracy, the citizen of the world. All this is in the book, and its impartiality is such that, weighing and

¹ *The Life and Letters of George Bancroft.* By M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE. Two vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

balancing, the reader wonders a little whether this was or was not a sincere and lovable man; whether he was a statesman or a politician, a great historian or an historical pleader, not, to say romancer.

It was not the task of the biographer to set forth at length and in bold outline the characteristics of the nineteenth century in thought and aspirations, or the reaction of the new Europe upon the old, and the reverse. Yet we venture to think that no adequate judgment of Bancroft can be formed without great emphasis on the fact that he lived in an epoch so close to ours in time, and yet so remote in sentiment that it is hard to be comprehended. The century just past was the age of utopias: the effort to realize them was earnest, serious, incessant. The very concepts of liberty, democracy, nationality, were utopian; the words connote a state of mind; experiment, rather than concrete reality, in the means and ends, is dominant. Representation, discussion, extension of the suffrage; unity of speech, institutions, laws; natural boundaries, human perfectibility, the average man, patriotism and self-denial for the general good, all these are ideals capable only of partial realization. But to our fathers and forefathers they appeared attainable goals, for those generations were idealistic, full of faith, hope, confidence. They had seen a mighty deliverance from ignorance and ecclesiasticism, they were convinced that regenerate man would make a regenerate world; they did not see the reaction to unbelief, self-indulgence, and flippancy which gives us new standards and new sanctions. From this standpoint it is very easy to misunderstand Bancroft's life and work, for he was a man of his own age, with its style, its aspirations, its methods of work; a leader moreover, always a little in advance of the social movement.

Sincerity of manner consorts but partially and imperfectly with the outward appearance of the idealist and optimist. He is himself convinced, but he is rather

deprecatory, since there is so little co-operation of the will, either personal or collective; his convictions, based on religion and philosophy, are not convincing to the materialistic time-server and muck-raker, not even to the majority of conservative, matter-of-fact persons, who are the overwhelming majority; still less so to the pessimistic elect of students and thinkers. To be at once an idealist and a man of affairs, dealing with selfish interest on every side, is to challenge the stigma of insincerity, and Bancroft was a perfect illustration of such a double activity. In learning he aimed higher than he could hit, in education he saw a vision of the unattainable, in his science the facts he so laboriously accumulated were interpreted in the light of imagination, in politics he was not of New England, but of America, — not of America, but of the civilized world. It is given to very few to be alike patriotic and cosmopolitan; to write history not only for those who have lived it, but also in the perspective of philosophical generalization.

This was the only sense in which Bancroft can be misinterpreted. His ambitions were insatiate but honorable; his social aspirations were chivalrous and aristocratic; but, though given to gallantry, he never forgot the democracy and prudery of his Puritan blood; the means by which he attained to a certain opulence were exactly those which were practiced and approved by the great of his age, — thrift, office-holding, judicious investment, and honorable marriage. Born under conditions severe and simple, he affected and cultivated, first, the manners of the university hierarchy, here and abroad; then, those of the opulent and governing classes among whom he lived in both Europe and America. He was not born to this manner, and his style was the garb, not of his spirit, but of his person. Many felt it and remarked it; envy made it a source of unkind criticism. What he did, and professed, and wrote, was scrutinized with a search for artificiality and pose. Yet he was neither

artificial nor poseur: his life was a continuous evolution of all that is highest in man; his mistakes were rectified, his mannerisms were shed, his learning was fortified and enlarged, his hold on verities was strengthened, and his social capacities were refreshed and broadened throughout. It was not his fault that others disliked the process, and disapproved of an inconsistency which is really loyalty to new truths as they emerge; adaptability, however, is not necessarily insincerity.

Furthermore, in order that justice may be done to such a man, attention must be given to the evolution of method in writing history. Call history literature, or science, or discipline, evolution as a mode of thought was discovered and cultivated by historians long before natural science proclaimed it from the house-top as a novelty. The ancients had definite conceptions of the change from simplicity to complexity in every department of human life. They did not, for manifest reasons, carry that doctrine into the field of comparative politics. Indeed, the inception of natural science was due to the observation and classification of human phenomena. There was not only man, but there was his home; how did this habitat come into existence, and what was the evolution of its form? So a science of nature emerged through use of the comparative method; out of many haphazard questionings sprang Vico's attempt at another advance, that to historical evolution. He failed likewise in securing any fruitful system, because, like his predecessors, he did not lay hold of the comparative method. Aristotle had marked the organic nature of human society; Voltaire, by satire, criticism, and doubt, discovered the unity of history. But it was not until the opening of the last century that to the conception of organic unity in separate societies was added the revolutionary thought of organic unity in the totality of human association.

This was the phase of historical philosophy which the young Bancroft en-

countered at Goettingen. The doctrine had both limit and proportion, as tentatively set forth by Heeren, but in the writings of Herder and Hegel the tiny craft was launched on a boundless ocean of speculation. Both were optimistic fatalists, or, rather, teleologists. They falsely conceived of progress as both a material and a moral product: it was Kant who proved it to be only the latter. Whoever may be the adventurer of the twentieth century bold enough to explore the ponderous tomes of philosophy in history, and of history in philosophy containing the speculation of those days, he will give vast credit to the young Bancroft for emerging from all that disorderly tropical luxuriance with a clear head and definite notions. The mystery in the soul of human society he frankly accepted, but his thesis was sane and sound: that in spite of this, there is an evolution to be accomplished by human effort; that the race persists, however men may disappear; that advance is possible, however strong the shackles of habit, prejudice, and nature; that in conflict with the past, mankind renews its vital energies. This was for him the focal concept in the study of the past by the comparative method.

The equipment for work along such lines demands a vast erudition; not the unorganized mass of uncouth, unrelated knowledge under which the universal scholar of the eighteenth and preceding centuries staggered along, scattering its wisps and bundles as he marched, but the classified orderly knowledge produced by all the ancillary sciences which had come and still were coming into being: archaeology, geography, sociology, philology, mythology, and ethnology, all working by the comparison of group with group, age with age. To the acquisition of these results Bancroft girded himself, and throughout his long life he was untiring in his acquisitions. But he did more: he sought not merely knowledge, he sought wisdom; in French phrase, he desired to be not alone an "érudit" but

a "savant." Accordingly he was a successful student, both theoretically and historically. He labored to learn and he labored to think. In both respects he commanded the admiration and respect of his greatest contemporaries in England, Germany, and the larger America. "Er kennt Kant durchaus," said Trendelenburg to an American scholar. There is abundant evidence of his high standing within the covers of these handsome volumes, patent to every reader.

These brief hints are given with profound respect for the most fundamental maxim of historical ethics: Represent every man from his own standpoint; judge him, if you like, from your own. It must be clear that in no respect was Bancroft's standpoint that of his critics. Most of them never even had a glimpse of the heights which he stormed. He certainly did represent the actors of history from their own standpoint, but with equal certainty he also judged them from his own, which was not theirs nor that of their descendants. And in the wordy letters which ensued, his pamphlets, rejoinders, rebuttals, and sur-rebuttals were weapons at least as keen as were those of his opponents. Such warfare leaves many wounds, many irritating bruises and scratches on the self-esteem of the antagonists. But it does not argue anything dubious or artificial in the defender of a citadel.

"Greift nur hinein ins volle Menschenleben." These words were often on Bancroft's lips, and they were the explanation of his conduct. He had an insatiable curiosity about the great facts of life. The chart on which he spread the base lines and correlated what he learned was capacious, and he had no series of set formulas by which he examined his material. The painstaking and almost painful composition, the equally meticulous revision of his book, the varying positions in which at every period of life he placed himself, from which to view both the details of his book and its unity; the changes, suppressions, rearrangements,

additions, down to the very last edition, all exhibit the habit and grasp of his mind; they constituted the labors of advancing years, and are creditable to his candor and to his versatility. He had no timidity at any time in the face of then accepted axioms, so many of which have since proved to be subtle assumptions. "I defy a man to penetrate the secrets and laws of events without something of faith. He may look on and see, as it were, the twinkling of stars and planets, and measure their distances and motions; but the life of history will escape him. He may pile a heap of stones, he will not get at the soul."

When Ranke told him that his history was the best book ever written from the democratic point of view, and that he must continue consistent in adherence to his methods, he received the dictum as the speaker intended, and with polite attention, but without comment. A few days later, however, he wrote, "I deny the charge; if there is democracy in the book it is not subjective, but objective as they say here, and so has necessarily its place in history and gives its color as it should." These are complementary passages, and make clear the antinomy which besets every faithful, candid worker in the field of history: to secure the accurate record of facts and not to shirk the manifest judgments which emerge from the connected tale. Meaning there is in the pages of history, but there should be the very least possible of intention to make a special plea or to exhibit prejudice in weaving the fabric.

The conclusion and summary of the biographer, though short, are comprehensive and dispassionate. They probably represent the judgments of the hour with all accuracy. But these judgments are, in the nature of the case, cold and unsympathetic to those who knew the man; to readers who did not know him they give, as some have told me, a sense of hesitancy. Some years of daily intercourse with Bancroft and the circle of his

famous friends in Berlin, considerable acquaintance with survivors of the circle in which he moved during his residence in New York, and visits of some frequency during his life in Washington and Newport, such are the claims of the writer to speak from the personal standpoint; no other is possible for him. It is with this reserve, and with some hesitancy, that he yet feels impelled to express a certain sense of disappointment that the total impression of the book should, for him, be what it is.

The greatest men are human, and the publication of petty details such as our forbears were wont to consign to oblivion has become the engrossing occupation of hundreds who aspire to be historians. The horizon of men is distinctly proportionate to their elevation of soul. The best society knows its own and debars the rest. It would be well for the readers of this biography to lay some emphasis on the fact that the doorstep reputation of most men is quite different from such an one as that which was lavishly, appreciatively bestowed upon Bancroft by his contemporaries everywhere, except in Eastern Massachusetts, where the elect chose for some time to regard him as a "sport," with "fantastic" ideas and manners. This bias prolonged itself. I heard the few cold words with which, some years ago, Richter's portrait of Bancroft was announced as a gift to Harvard, and marked the frosty indifference of the graduate assemblage to the circumstance.

When New Jersey was erecting the battle monument at Trenton and proposed, on the authority of Bancroft's pages, to inscribe on the base Lord George Germain's terse words about "that unhappy affair" which had "blasted all our hopes," it was a Boston historian who dryly remarked in a letter that this was one of the things Bancroft thought ought to have been said, but there was no proof that it ever was said. The phrase so eruditely dismissed as invention was promptly found by a friendly fellow

student of the historian in the pages of the parliamentary debates.

All literature, even history, is the style not merely of the man but of his age. Who now reads the once widely-read Gibbon? Specialists and critics only. The storms which raged about Bancroft's research, and his use of the sources, only served to show that the age of Greco-Roman classicism, in which he was born and trained, was yielding in his maturer life before an age of stricter science. What was fair and true as the currency of one generation seemed dubious and spurious to another. He was only too eager to change his whole method of representation, and did it.

It was also possible that the evolution of his Protestant faith — from a type of conservative Unitarianism based on little more than a set of metaphysical distinctions, to a Congregationalism which, in his own phrase, attested that the "Elder Brother, as the link between man and God, between the finite and the infinite, was divine" — that this progressive confirmation of orthodoxy and abandonment of liberalism may have subjected him to misapprehension among those who held, in an ultra-Puritan form, the doctrine of immediacy. This is a pure surmise, but it seems likely; and there is no odium so acrid as the theological, unless it be the scientific. However this may be, it is unquestionably true that those of like origin with himself were disposed to think him a deserter, especially when he declined membership in a Unitarian union and reasserted that he was a Congregationalist. Bancroft was never in sympathy with the pride of birth and intellect which saw in the history of his country a history of Puritan expansion; that the sea-board colonies were Calvinistic in politics he set forth in a vigorous essay, but he appreciated the qualities of cavalier as well as of roundhead, of Scot and Irish as well as of East Anglian, of the established churches as well as of the dissenting sects. Their respective contributions to the resultant of American con-

ditions are all woven in due proportion on the woof of his narrative: and justice is done to Quaker, Baptist, and Methodist, whatever the ecclesiastical establishment of New England may feel, or may have felt rather, to the contrary.

What a commentary it is on the force of opinion, what an admission of sensitiveness, that apology should come unbidden to the writer where the note of triumph should be dominant! Bancroft's associates in the days of his maturity knew him as a bold man, strong in battle with himself and with others; the expression of his face when at rest mirrored his sanguine, happy disposition; possibly he had little humor (most thought so), but he was both quizzical and witty; he was alike nervous and passionate, but he was neither sullen nor vindictive; controversy he thoroughly enjoyed, yet he was sensitive to even worthless criticism; what appears labored and florid in his style was largely due to his writing English in foreign countries; he would spend many minutes in his efforts to avoid a teutonism or a gallicism, and the result was too often a loss of spontaneity. Many chapters of his tenth volume were, after apparent completion, rewritten seven times, and each time his joy in the changes showed his conviction that he had conquered infelicities of expression.

The habitual use of foreign tongues is destructive of simplicity and directness in the use of our own. Widely as Matthew Arnold traveled on the Continent, nothing but dire necessity, not even politeness, could force from him a written or spoken word in any tongue save his own. His English style was his very life. The degree of mastery in the great continental tongues which Bancroft possessed and his delight in intellectual gymnastics, as well as an innate consideration for others, led him in conversation to use German, French, and even Italian, to an extent which greatly disturbed the clarity both of his thought and of his expression. Yet he fairly reveled in the expansion of horizon which accompanied his acqui-

sition and use of modern languages. It was a choice which he had to make, and he made it deliberately. Whatever the result, there is a definite meaning in all his sentences, though it is sometimes necessary to search for it; when found, it is generally poignant and sometimes even disconcerting in its trenchancy.

Our biographer accepts and emphasizes his author's declaration of a desire to write an "epic of liberty," and twice in the book attention is called to the criticisms of Carlyle and Ranke on the performance of the task, excusing Bancroft's procedure with his material by the plea that epic writing required epic methods. It is a kindly purpose that the biographer has in view, but the excuse is unnecessary. There was not a contemporary, including both critics, who was able to dispense with the mosaic collocation of material, to avoid the adoption and appropriation of compilations from manuscript and oratorical matter, or whose aim it was to furnish at once a living text and a series of verified references. Carlyle's misrepresentations of the events in the French Revolution have been mercilessly exposed, and Ranke's voluminous output can be judged only by the examination of all the manuscripts he consulted, not by the references he gives. In all his later works footnotes are conspicuously absent. The assembling of detail is antiquarian, the truth of general effect alone is historical. To produce the latter is masterly; the former is mechanical investigation, and its reproduction for the laity misleads far more frequently than it guides.

The question of footnotes has been undergoing searching examination, and the greatest writers of so-called scientific history in our own times have minimized the use of them to such a degree that, in the last analysis, they challenge the test of a historical product as lying in the personal character of the author. They indicate their sources, but they do not excerpt and print them, because scraps are not samples of the whole; expert judg-

ments must stand or fall by the general effect of the work. It is only where authors present new facts which radically affect or change the view of focal events and heroic men that an excursus on the evidence or a series of references is essential, or even desirable. We cannot share the biographer's regret that Bancroft at a certain point abandoned the ostentation of elaborate footnotes. The subject is too broad for treatment here, but let us remember that a passing remark which assumes as settled what is very unsettled, is not conclusive.

But this brief appreciation of the book must end where it began, with hearty commendation. The points which have been examined concern largely personal feeling and the matter of emphasis. Our author forgets no single one of them, and says everything that should be said about his subject as a statesman and a man; creating, by selection from original papers and running commentary, both

atmosphere and perspective for the capable man of affairs. The art of practical politics is the art of compromise. Bancroft's procedure in public life was essentially that, though he would have been shocked by any charge of variableness or turning.

To live serenely is to be adaptable, and this was Bancroft's effort, though it was not without envious remark that he passed from stage to stage of the social hierarchy. But his successes did not diminish his value as a working citizen, they heightened it. Similarly, as a historian, his reputation, great in his own day and throughout the world, may be slightly obscured in the present generation, because of vacillating standards in criticism. I have only ventured to suggest that it is likely to shine forth after local and partial eclipse, with undiminished brightness, and to emphasize the reasons for the local obscurity in certain minds.

GOING BLIND

BY JOHN B. TABB

BACK to the primal gloom

Where life began,

As to my mother's womb,

Must I a man

Return:

Not to be born again,

But to remain;

And in the School of Darkness learn

What mean

"The things unseen."



THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

OUR TOWN

IN the minds of many of us, Our Town is still the homely ideal of two long centuries, overgrown from year to year with the woodbine and honeysuckle of pleasant traditions. For example, we refuse to realize that Main Street, once broad and striped down the middle with an oblong island of grass and flowers, has been shod with the brutal æs triplex of trolley-tracks, and that a section of new-laid cobblestones joggles passing buggies with modern vivacity. I remember that when they abolished the former man-slaughtering grade-crossing, where the tall white fingers of the gates swung down to the warning of a gong and the nearing locomotive whistle, Christopher Camp, the most paternal of city fathers, opposed the innovation fiercely, writing many letters to the *Springfield Republican* without avail. He always drove around a quarter of a mile by Market Street, and rattled joyfully over the tracks there. But, just before Mr. Christopher died, the railroad bridged that place too — the old man did not live to avoid it — and the funeral passed under. "It's good he ain't alive," Mrs. Sally Clark said as we drove to the cemetery.

Our Town owns a past glorious only locally with the memories of Indian wars, and a big man or two in state affairs, who, we proudly feel, "knew everybody" at the capital. We had one great preacher — the Congregational Church set up a tablet in his honor last year. Of course we did some things too ourselves, — built a town-hall and a library, started up mills, sold postage-stamps — as every town must. But we have always imagined ourselves somehow golden where the world perhaps sees only dross. We are a gigantic Narcissus hanging over the stealthy river below the hills. And the flower of

our metamorphosis is already reflected — to some of us at least.

The river has a good deal to do with it. In the centre of a level rim of mountains Our Town clusters on a round hill, running down here and there to the broad stream winding in shiny swinging loops through the flat lands. If you go up on the hill, you see, over the fringe of elms, a patchwork of cornfields, sharp green in the sun, row after row of heavy green tobacco leaves, tanning grass, nearly hay now, and the lithe yellow wheat. Once in a while a tree spreading wide for shade. Beyond and sometimes, to your surprise, in the midst of all, the river again, curving patiently towards the South, where it seems to lie in the gap of the mountains like a polished cimex that has done its work. Although few use the river, except the Lumber Company, which browns its surface in the dog-days with logs, it is there. Our Town considers the river in a brotherly way, as a fishing-place, a swimming-hole, or a boundary between us and the eastern towns. But in the Spring the river comes to us, bubbling rudely over the meadows and scraping white lines on our orchard trees with its flotilla of débris. Then we behold our reflections in the mottled waters, and laugh at the curious distortions.

Where the river ranges little change comes except the gradual shift of beach and sand-bar, but in Our Town itself the alterations increase. One man still cuts hay on Elm Street, where the cars shake the ground constantly, and big automobiles throw up their temporary earthworks of dust in a moment and go. He cuts hay there behind his picket-fence on the big lot back of which the little peaked yellow house stands as if it had shrunk thence in terror. Moreover, he declares it's good hay, though Town Proverb saith that the rain always rains

when he cuts it. We all have some hay to shelter here, so to speak — something we like to do because it makes us feel, not different, not traditional, not exactly as if we affected old-fashioned ways, but I suspect it arouses the same sentiment which certain musty flowers and creased ribbons arouse in an old lover as he opens his box to gloat once more. One lady cuts her hay — to use that figure — by going for her mail every day in the year. A gentleman, not very old either, plays bridge with the newest and richest folks in Our Town, and then goes to bed by candle, disdaining the electric lights his son has had put in. Royalists under a new régime they are — who have kept a little of their own realm to bow and scrape in.

I do not think we are wrinkled or dried up in our antiquity; the river keeps us from that, for Narcissus would not have pined for himself if he had not been interesting. But we honestly like what we used to be, and temper the inevitable change as fast as it comes with the staid ripeness we feel sure Our Town possesses. We fought trolleys, but found that when the old horse died, these noisy breakers-in on our country haunts "did" pretty well. When the girls' school landed in the night, as it were, and grew under our eyes into a college, we stretched our arms conclusively after proving that "female" education was pernicious, — and invited the President to tea. So it goes. Naturally, simply, though some thought it was wanton at first. The minister — he was born in Our Town — preached on that one Sunday and showed why.

I did n't agree with him — logically. But the next night I rode in the newest and fastest motor-car in Our Town, a thing which seemed a sacrilege escaped from a paint-shop when it came. It still seemed a sacrilege as we slewed past the Curtis place under the trees, flared into the silent Main Street, and so out over the river on the covered white bridge; then across the meadows on the other side. But there I became reconciled.

The long hummocky ridge of dark mountains lay to the South, under the moon, floating easily in the clouds. The musty fields smelled sweet of the new-cut grass and the up-turned furrow. Sections of white state-road fence dove by, curving into the culverts they guarded. Once in a while, from somewhere in the throat of the beast, came the singularly clear, insistent, at first tremulous call, speaking of road and mist and of the soul of the country whereof Our Town lay glistening on the hill — its heart. It may be foolish, it *is* illogical — I may have been carried away — but I returned again, jaded and jostled and sleepy, more in love with My Town than before, though I'd been,

"Yea, from Delos up to Limerick and back."

Delos was Our Town, and we were back. The automobile slid off somewhere into the darkness, and as its red tail-lamp melted out, I walked up the board-walk (that is *our* hay crop), and watched the moon, — foolishly enough. Presently Our Town slept. The College clock struck ten.

THE POND-PASTURE

THROUGH the open farm-house window, with its old-fashioned framework, cracked by sun and time and freshened by clean thick white paint, I looked into the summer rain, falling fast and straight, and vivifying all the green of field and woodland, of tall elms and oaks, till the very moisture of the air seemed green. Across the road, with its wide irregular border of grass, the low stone walls hemmed in the different fields; the hill-pasture, the pasture where the low-bush blackberries ripened in a tangle of vines, the pond-pasture, with its row of great oaks standing beside a little circle of water, gray in the falling rain, and its mossy cart-track leading under the oaks, toward the high blueberry bushes and the background of young birch and alder.

All that was outside the window. Inside was the book, a small brown volume,

one of a dun-clad set which had claimed me by their titles on my first rapid, initiatory glance over the bookshelves a week or two before. The *Conduct of Life*; *Nature*; how they beckoned to the thin half-grown soul which at fifteen found the conduct of life already a matter of unspeakable difficulty, and nature a beautiful radiance somewhere outside of it, hinting, in its sun rays, at a golden clue! Between the covers of those brown volumes I had struggled and soared ever since, fiercely combatting passages which, measured by the tiny rule of previous readings and teachings, were surely untrue, clutching at others to try to wrest from them a meaning before they vanished from me forever, amazed and enchanted at the greatness, here and there, of brief, glorious, convincing truths. And more and more there came upon me the sense, such as the climber may have of his summit, of a region behind it all in which these opposites stood reconciled, from which they all came in one sense and spirit, the great open upland which was the mind of Emerson.

What was the meaning of those light, but lofty, allusions to idealism, to its possibility, its truth? It was not for the first time that I met the word. There was another older brown book on the shelf at home, Reid's *Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense*, in which I had browsed with much relish of its anecdotes and arguments against the idealists. I had heard of materialism too: it had loomed up mightily convincing in the account of the early unconverted state of Charnay in *Picciola*; his subsequent conversion was a dénouement flattened to the ordinary plane of church and Sunday school, of teachings received without opposition, but with no result save in vague yearnings toward an improved conduct of life. Could a great man, — for he was great and the adjective meant everything to me in those days, — in our nineteenth-century New England, deliberately ignore the worm origin of the silk, so repugnantly convincing to

Saintine's fastidious count, and indifferently expose himself, like the ancient philosopher of Reid's mocking anecdotes, to the ridicule of asserting the unreality of matter, yet getting out of the way of the chariot? What did it all mean?

The rain had ceased and the afternoon sun burst suddenly out of the clouds. I put the book away and ran out of doors, across the road and through the bars into the pond-pasture. The birds had taken up their interrupted song. The little sheet of water caught at once the blue of the sky and the glint of the sun, and danced in tiny wavelets under the fresh breeze. The bushes shook off in gusts their weight of rain, and rose again sparkling all over in iridescent drops. The sky was swept blue, and the remaining clouds hastened away, thinning at the edges, as they went, into silvery mist. Everything shone and triumphed. Its glory was a vision, the glory of a moment: in a little while it would be as if it had not been. Did it call the mind to rejoice, or did the mind, rejoicing, make it? Might not the reality of which we believed it to be composed, be itself a more persistent vision, in my retina, in other retinas, in the gaze of some vast universal mind? A light shone from the little brown book, akin to, but beyond the glory of the pond-pasture. Up to that time I had lived in a town, with streets laid out and houses built upon the brown common surface of the earth: from that moment and henceforth I was a humble denizen of a universe.

A BIT OF COMPARATIVE CRITICISM

THE pleasantest thing about writing for "The Contributors' Club" of the *Atlantic Monthly* lies in the fact that one enjoys such unblushing liberty to use the personal pronoun, "I," and feels no call to dilute it into the milk-and-water of "We."

Now, at this present juncture, I — and not somebody else — feel impelled to

indulge in a purely egoistic bit of comparative criticism, based on no other shred of warrant than abnormal individual experience. My theme of comment is suggested by the startling description given by the famous African explorer, Livingstone, of his peculiar sensations when suddenly sprung upon, felled to the ground, pawed over, and breathed upon by the blasting pants of torrid breath from the lungs of an enormous lion.

He was not — so he insists — in the least terrified. On the contrary, he at once insensibly lapsed into a pleasing, half-dreamy state of consciousness of all that was going on; viewing, however, the whole transaction from an objective, rather than a subjective, point of view, as though the tragic scene were entirely concerned with a certain Dr. Livingstone in whose personal fate he felt at best a merely intellectual curiosity, and a not at all selfishly biased interest.

"Sheer absurdity!" exclaimed thousands of readers of the narrative. Livingstone's yarn is essentially incredible, and a simple slap in the face to every recognized law of human nature. His terrible African lion must have been some chance tabby cat, astray from a missionary station. The bare idea of his amusedly contemplating himself, when the helpless victim of a ferocious carnivorous beast, as though he were somebody else! Tell that to the marines! — of whom there are on shore quite as many as on shipboard.

Not content, moreover, with such monstrous tax on human credulity, this self-same Livingstone proceeds to expatiate on the immense moral relief he later derived from his peculiar experience, through its philanthropic bearing on a class of seemingly cruel transactions in the realm of nature. The ways of a cat, for example, in lingering out the torture of a palpitating little mouse, had always been a sore oppression to his heart. Thenceforth, however, he had taken unspeakable comfort in the conviction that the mouse in

the claws of the cat was not really suffering, any more than he had been in the claws of the lion.

The mouse was simply hypnotized. The initial shock of fear had acted as a soothing anodyne, practically benumbing certain large tracts of feeling, but, like opium, imparting intensified vividness to dream-consciousness; in fine, so we suppose Livingstone would have his readers believe, translating the mouse into a miniature Thomas De Quincey, lacking only the dower of literary gift to write a no less fascinating book than Thomas on the peculiar felicities of opium-eating.

Now for one, on the score of kindred personal experience, I stand ready to back up Livingstone in the substantial accuracy of every statement he makes, and even to embrace his consolatory doctrine of the private sentiments of the mouse.

Some ten years ago, when in India, I drove out at early dawn with a friend, from the city of Jeypore, to visit one of those enormous subterranean reservoirs for the storage of water, so common in that drought-infested land. On our drive back, we had gone about five miles, when the road made a semicircular turn around a high rock-precipice, and in an instant our eyes were greeted with an appalling sight, and our ears stunned with a terrific roar.

Before detailing, however, what this formidable sight and roar came from, it is absolutely necessary to call a brief halt at this seemingly climacteric point of my story, for a description of the equipage we were driving in. I do so solely on the admitted logical principle that "the longest way round is the shortest way home."

The equipage was an open barouche drawn by two horses. On the box in front sat a Hindu driver as nearly naked as Adam was before the happy suggestion of the fig-leaf, while on the platform behind stood erect another Hindu, in the same condition of "angel inno-

cency." The rich blood-shot brown of the skin of each presented a color study that would have ravished the soul of Titian. Meanwhile, inside the carriage, sat my friend and myself, as blanched and anæmic in contrast as a couple of white potato-blossoms against a brace of resplendent cardinal flowers.

Well, the appalling sight and terrific roaring came from an enormous leopard, not more than fifty feet from us. He had lashed himself into a frantic rage, and the yarr and snarl of his bestial throat were reverberated from the rocks of the cliffs in a way fit to rip off an avalanche of splintered shards. All the wild beasts I had ever seen in menageries seemed in comparison purring kittens, and besides, there had been iron bars between them and us. Four or five of his terrific leaps and he would be upon us. And he plainly meant breakfast.

Was I frightened? Not for a moment. I was simply hypnotized, and at once thrown into a pleasing, dreamy state, in which visual imagination became preternaturally quickened, while no sense of terror survived. The ferocious brute had acted on my mind as a soothing anodyne taken before a night of threatened insomnia; and at once a series of agreeable pictures began to float through my consciousness.

Curiously enough, I saw and felt myself seated at the head of a long, festive dining-table over which I presided as host, while at the opposite end of the table sat upright the leopard. On either side were ranged the two rows of guests. As hospitable master of the feast, I was intently engaged in carving a large turkey, and as I would cut off a sufficient portion, I would turn in due order to each successive guest and courteously ask, "Which do you prefer, white meat or dark?" All proceeded regularly till at last the turn came of the leopard, who, meanwhile, had displayed none but the most urbane and irreproachable table manners. "And which do you prefer, white or dark?" I politely asked. "Dark

if you please," was his immediate answer, with a gracious inclination of his head, an answer which diffused a vague but ineffable sense of peace through my whole being, I hardly knew why.

Afterwards, the data in actual sense-impression of this curious hypnotic dream became abundantly clear to me. They rooted of course in the sudden apparition of the ferocious leopard, and in the rich dark skins of our Hindu driver and footman and their contrast with the blanched and anæmic complexions of my friend and myself. But no trace of distinct recollection of any of these startling items — all the while, none the less, appalling actualities of the immediate outside world — obtruded itself on the present purely visionary scene. All had "suffered a sea change, into something rich and strange." The dining-table was real, the turkey real, the courteous question to each guest real; and the prompt reply, "Dark meat if you please!" from the gentlemanly leopard, was no less real.

LA CIGALE IN ECONOMICS

FOR a considerable time past, the writer has viewed, with increased misgiving, the tendency in modern ethics toward the Glorification of the Industrial. Not alone from the headlines of penny-dreadfuls, but from those of our most conservative and altruistic periodicals, does it stare at me in large-typed, not to say violent, reproach, this spectre, How to Become Economically Precious.

It was not always brought home to me thus unkindly. "In my day —" (how thankful am I to be no longer a very young person, and accordingly privileged to speak in such reminiscent vein!) there was none of this inexorable accounting of one's self as a commercial proposition. A love of beauty, an instinct for artistic and æsthetic creation, was not only encouraged, but enthusiastically applauded by our friends and doting elders, as being the finishing touch to the

"compleat" curriculum of that delightful period.

Is it to be wondered, therefore, that while contrasting the former with our latter-day educative ideals, I am sometimes filled with a poignant and shuddering sense of Thanksgiving — such as the survivor doubtless feels when he sees the engulfing of the friendly plank o'er which he has just passed to safety? I have "had my day," but I do not repine thereupon.

For — alas! rather from instinct than from any process of ratiocination, I realize that I am not industrially valuable: that from the economic standpoint I am not precious. I cannot doubt my status in the great world of commercial efficiency to be practically nil; my *raisons d'être* meagre and unconvincing.

Moreover, it is with deep humiliation and even with some degree of alarm that I have discovered the difficulty to be congenital. I find my very noblest efforts at self-improvement invariably balked by a certain curious defect of temperament; an element so fatally irrelevant and mercurial as to be at odds with all recognized methods of systematic accomplishment.

Routine is disquieting to me. Disquieting, did I say? it is distressing; it is positively painful! According to my own diagnosis, I am afflicted with what may be termed an inherent aversion to the Methodical.

Think not, oh, kindly reader! that I have not sorrowed most heavily over the phenomenon. Times innumerable have I expostulated with this erratic and irresponsible Self, wrestling with it (as it were with what good old Socrates would style my "dæmon"), and imploring it to get behind me, the while I humbly strive to become a better industrial unit.

But in vain. "*Es hat nicht sollen sein.*" Poor, happy-go-lucky, improvident Cigale! Forever the creature of glowing fancies — inveterate dreamer of dreams! Of a certainty, there is something ineradicable in this passion for the mystic; this absurd and unreasonable joy of living; and for her sense of humor — really, it

seems hardly respectable that it should have outlived so much of sorrow and disillusion, which by all decent rules should have killed it off long ago!

Occasionally, it is true, she has had glimpses of a better order of things. Take, for example, those rare moments of household drudgery, when, thrilled by the proud consciousness of fulfilling necessity, if unpleasant, workaday tasks, she experiences a delightful glow of self-righteousness, coupled with a proportionate severity toward all of her fellow mortals who may be of a more æsthetic habit of mind.

"Idle dreamers! slothful cumberers of the earth! clogs in the noble scheme of commercial progress!" she apostrophizes them, in a fine frenzy of righteous denunciation.

Alas for the pharisaical cigale, and her brief spasm of economic respectability!

Of a sudden, the thrush pours its rapturous note from the blue above, or perhaps the smell of lilacs, pure, cool, and intoxicatingly sweet, sweeps in upon the wet spring air; or the sunset bursts into a glorious riot of gold and crimson flame in the West. And lo! Instantly the old thrall is upon her once more; the old heart, awake and eager, and wild again in its passionate joyance of life, and color and imagination!

The duty that lies nearest is forgotten. The prosaic dust-mop slips unnoticed to the floor; the array of golden biscuit (tender, nascent young things of lovely promise) are unhesitatingly abandoned to their fate. For the cicada has flown outside, into the open, and pauses there, breathless, ecstatic, prisoned by what Ruskin would term an "iron glow" of delight. Wondrous the fantasies she is weaving; magic the dream-vistas she beholds! Like Baudelaire and the child-like Verlaine, she feels an "unassuageable nostalgia for the places she has never visited!"

And only the insistent voice of duty recalls her at last to mundane conditions. To the discarded dust-mop, that must

now be wielded with increased energy to meet increased demands; to the biscuit of gold augury — oh, sorry spectacle! — become demoralized and shriveled to a decadent brown, long past the psychological moment of triumph.

An undesirable citizeness she, forsooth!

And so the thing goes on, despite her fervent contrition, not only seven times, but seventy times seven.

It may be that a new umbrella is needed, against the fateful rainy day. But such a luxury has to be indefinitely postponed. For, displayed with all possible ostentatiousness in the window of the big bookstore she passes daily — is there not that rare first edition of her best-beloved? (Ah, if only it were not tree calf, besides!)

Moreover, there is that matter of the little Corot she has already bespoken in a moment of dire temptation. While next week must be managed that ticket to the great symphony, whose divine strains are as nectar to her music-hungered soul. No, *La Cigale* has no choice! These things are necessities, and umbrellas and like frivolities must be deferred.

Especially so, since her earnings from her Art constitute a mere pittance — “next to nothing” as she herself con-

fesses, albeit without a thought of disloyalty toward her loved work (“*Du Meine Wonn’* — oh, *Du Mein Schmerz*”).

But what if the bare pittance suffice? What if it mean the nourishment of the soul as well as the body? the living of the life beautiful and everlasting?

On this matter, she finds herself pondering deeply of late. In all humility, and only when stirred to meek protest by the invective of some uncommonly fiery spirit among the sublimated *fourmis*, she (in deprecatory mood and solely for the sake of information) would venture to inquire, —

Whether, after all, there is no word to be said on behalf of the idealist, the lover of art, and truth, and grace, for their own sakes? The æsthetically unemployed! Would society be so rich without them — their aspirations, their vividness, their emotions and sympathies? May they not also serve, who only feel, and love, and create beautiful things out of their glowing dreams? Yea, even though they constitute so negligible assets in the great cosmos of commercial efficiency?

The world of visions! oh, but the long, long time that it shall last, after the industrious and glorified *fourmis* shall have forever disappeared “beyond the veil!”

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SOCIAL RECONSTRUCTION TO-DAY

BY JOHN MARTIN

A RECONSTRUCTION of American society is proceeding apace. We are following the same policy with our social structure as with our city homes. Few city houses live to the bad old age usual in Europe. The initial construction is flimsier; changes of taste and of sanitary method are anticipated; long before the walls crumble the old front gives way to the newest fashion in façades, the plumbing is remodelled, and the decorations are modernized. So with our society: though it is new, the design of the founders is already undergoing alteration. Gradually the house is being rebuilt while the family remains in occupation.

Until recently the fundamental assumption of American life has been that every man had an equal opportunity with his fellows to achieve economic independence; that our society was built upon lines immutably just and wise, and that, by the expedient of leaving every man to look after himself, the best possible social result was obtained. It has been tacitly agreed that failure to make a living indicated some personal lack; or that, if social conditions were at all to blame, a fuller provision of schools and colleges would make all right. Therefore education and relief have almost monopolized legacies and gifts. Colleges, libraries, lectures; hospitals, dispensaries, relief funds, — on these have been lavished generous millions. When the would-be "pious founder" looked for the worthy cause on which to spend his benevolent impulses, public opinion and the political philosophy on which he was reared practically confined him to these fields.

The Sage foundation, by the terms of its establishment, marks conspicuously a change of sentiment; it indicates a growing conviction that, without destroying our social structure, it must be repaired and brought up to date. In her statement about the object of the fund, the "improvement of social and living conditions in the United States," Mrs. Sage, advised by eminent men, points out that it is within the scope of the foundation "to investigate and study the causes of adverse social conditions, including ignorance, poverty, and vice, to suggest how these conditions can be remedied or ameliorated, and to put in operation any appropriate means to that end." "Mrs. Sage wished some broad plan that would embrace public welfare rather than individual betterment," says Mr. Robert de Forest, the able chairman of the trustees. The causes of ignorance, poverty, and vice are therefore assumed to be not entirely individual, but partly social; curable, therefore, not only by personal regeneration, but also by change of environment.

This is the most conspicuous among a number of indications that thoughtful and influential sections of our society see that alterations are needed in our national life; and of the unavowed, but none the less unequivocal, abandonment of the social philosophy of *laissez faire, laissez aller*.

The National Civic Federation, with a list of officers and committeemen that includes some of the most powerful and respected names in business and political life, is committed to attempt various re-

adjustments which a few years ago these officers would have derided. Primarily, the Federation works for the settlement of disputes between employers and employees by pacific bargaining, a purpose which assumes the recognition of Trade Unions and their right to the help of expert counsel and representatives, and marks a far departure from the attitude once universal amongst employers. By calling representatives of the general public to its committees this Federation, the creation of Mr. Mark Hanna, a man who incarnated the American business spirit, declares that the business world is beginning also to admit that there is a third party to most trade disputes, a party whose interests can no longer be ignored, the hitherto disregarded public.

The welfare department of the Federation assumes further that an employer may owe to his workmen something more than the wages for which the man has agreed to work; that lunch-rooms, baths, clean and well-ventilated shops may legitimately come into the reckoning. The Federation's Immigration department and Municipal Ownership commission show a recognition even wider, on the part of these typical publicists and business rulers, that perhaps there are gaping joints in our social armor. Had the federation leaders been dominated by the business creed of fifty years ago, they would have dismissed proposals to restrict or regulate immigration, or to investigate Municipal Ownership, with the saw, "That government is best that governs least." Nowadays such theoretic dogmatizing has gone out of fashion. Investigation and discussion are undertaken on the hypothesis that only by deliberate organization can the best social result be secured.

Likewise repudiating the old maxims of state philosophy, shippers of freight demand that railroad charges shall be controlled by the community represented in legislatures and courts. Even financiers like Mr. Jacob Schiff, by requesting federal control of railroads as an alter-

native to State legislation, admit that the old ideal of free, untrammelled action by individuals and corporations has been abandoned, — an admission which Mr. Ingalls, ex-president of the Big Four railroad, in set terms urges his colleagues to make. Hardly anybody with authority ventures nowadays to argue, with the optimism of the Spencerian period, that the transportation business will best serve the community's interests if it be left to go its own way.

In conformity with the changing idea of social responsibility, the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, composed of persons belonging to the classes which, twenty-five years ago, were convinced of the perfection of our social arrangements, is demanding further limitation of the liberty of the consumptive to do what he likes and to go where he pleases. A Public Health Defense League recently chartered, with two thousand charter members, — not cranks, but doctors, lawyers, and the like, — represents a determination to push much further the limitations of individual freedom whenever the public health seems to be involved. The drastic quarantine measures that were submitted to when yellow fever smote New Orleans, and the rigorous crusade which the stricken city waged against the pestilent mosquito, illustrate how completely the individual may be subordinated to the collective will in a period of danger.

With similar bias each year the freedom of the merchant to settle with the purchaser individually about the purity of his goods is being curtailed. Hardly were the Federal Pure Food Act and the Meat Inspection Act of 1906 signed by the President, before drafts of state laws in conformity with them were in preparation, — and not by faddists, but by groups of responsible people such as form the National Wholesale Grocers' Association. For years Congress held stoutly to the old philosophy of non-interference, but now Congress finds few so mean as to do that philosophy reverence.

To-day the United States government is constructing twenty-five irrigation projects and spending a million dollars a month to reclaim three million acres of land, and not a voice of protest against this government activity in business enterprises disturbs the silence. Year by year the hours of labor, especially of women and children, are slowly being curtailed by legislation; last session the most drastic child-labor bill in the world, a measure which, besides keeping children under fourteen at school, establishes an eight-hour day for children under sixteen, and forbids even their presence in a factory except between the hours of 8 A. M. and 5 P. M., passed the New York Legislature. Reluctantly, but surely, the courts have admitted the right of the state to provide regulations for the greater safety and comfort of factory and railroad employees, to limit the hours of labor of men in mines and on street railways, and to prescribe how employees shall in certain cases be paid.¹ The theory of non-interference, which served our fathers and harmonized with the political philosophy that had grown up with the country, has been bit by bit abandoned.

The most penetrating appeal for social reconstruction comes from the White House. In April, 1907, when a strike was imminent on the western railroads, which would have tied up forty-four lines with half a million employees and would have put half the country in a state of siege, President Roosevelt sent negotiators who demanded and secured a settlement, in the name of the community, by arbitration. When public coal-lands were dropping under unified control the President withdrew millions of acres from entry. He has insisted that the coal and oil under these lands shall remain a federal possession. He encourages a federal child-labor law, and the enforcement of the Eight-Hour Law by the government departments. He advocates inheri-

ance and income taxes, not for raising money to run the government, but for the novel purpose of equalizing fortunes. He fulminates against the outcome of free enterprise in railroad management. In consultation with all sorts and conditions of men, he is framing a federal programme of reform which will occupy Congress several years. Each of its items will probably contradict the idea that free play is fair play, each will mock the patriarchs who hold to the teachings of the fathers.

These tendencies toward social change are the more remarkable in that they were equally pronounced in a period of prosperity, while business was in a fever of activity and every steady man could find a job. No temporary dissatisfaction with a passing condition do they indicate, but a deep-seated feeling, extending even to the powerful classes, that the ship of state needs overhauling.

Essentially the tendencies are not class movements. Therein lies their significance and their hope. They contradict the faith professed by the organized, hard-shell Socialists. According to the doctrines of these teachers, society tends to a clear-cut division into two hostile camps, the propertyless and the capitalist. Inevitable economic development makes the chasm between these classes day by day wider and deeper. Finally they will confront each other, savage and relentless, virtue and honesty with the overwhelming majority, wealth and wickedness monopolized by a handful of tyrants. The awakened army of the dispossessed, invincible when roused, will then fight its Armageddon, overthrow the economic oppressors, confiscate the wealth which these exploiters have amassed, and establish with meteoric swiftness a coöperative millennium. Administrative difficulties do not appal these fervid souls. They are confident that good intentions will solidify spontaneously into concrete achievements.

Plainly, the social reconstruction actually in process is based on no such con-

¹ See "The Law and Industrial Inequality," by George W. Alger. *Proceedings of N. Y. State Bar Association*, January, 1907.

ception. It is being planned and executed by men who repudiate the Socialism thus expounded.

If then Individualism is in practice rejected and doctrinaire Socialism is not adopted, upon what social philosophy are we proceeding? We have left the old moorings, — whither are we steering? Or are we merely drifting? Is there no leading idea in the minds of the lawyers, business men, legislators, and philanthropists who are so busy altering the social structure? If a house be remodeled without architect's plans, each workman acting on his own notion of what is convenient and lovely, the resulting botchwork is a horror. Are we running the risk of a similar result with our social rebuilding?

Logical halting-places upon the road we are traveling are not visible. Each step leads inevitably to another. Voluntary arbitration of some labor disputes upon pressure from the White House, leads easily to compulsory arbitration of all labor disputes under the law; a small inheritance and income tax, gently graduated, suggests the desirability of a bigger tax more steeply graduated; government regulation of railroad rates, involving the control of private property, proceeds smoothly to government ownership of railroads with full responsibility for the property. When coal-lands are withheld from settlement, and the ownership of the fuel under them is retained by the government, the first step is taken toward public operation of the mines and oil-wells so retained. If the nation constructs, owns, and leases irrigation works, why should it not a little later proceed to the ownership and leasing of the lands which the irrigation has redeemed from the desert?

If the State of New York can spend \$101,000,000 for the enlargement of the Erie Canal, upon the demand chiefly of the merchants of Buffalo and New York City, upon what principle can it decline to start schemes of harbor improvement, afforestation, and the like, in times of depression, for the aid of the unemployed?

Since freight is carried on this canal free of toll-rates, why may not passengers be carried in city street-cars on the same easy terms? Eight hours having been made the legal working day for some men and some occupations, what irrefutable argument remains to prevent the legal eight-hour day for all men in all occupations? If good employers can be persuaded by benevolent federations and public opinion to spend freely on the comfort of their workmen, cannot the bad employers be brought into line by the irresistible force of a statute? Since the reduction by state law of \$50,000 salaries paid by insurance companies is held by the Supreme Court of the United States to be constitutional, and is declared by state legislatures to be proper protection of the interests of the policy-holders, would not legal reduction of the \$100,000 salary paid by the Steel Trust be proper protection of the interests of the stockholders? Since Federal and State governments conduct experiment stations and distribute seeds, literature, and personal services for the special benefit of farmers, why may they not conduct experiments with coöperative workshops for the special benefit of wage-earners? Should the administrators of the Sage Fund prove that some of the causes of poverty and vice are social, why should not the tax-fund, the most social of all funds, be requisitioned for their removal? If freight rates are reviewed by courts for the protection of merchants, why may not tenement rents be reviewed by courts for the protection of workmen? An Employers' Liability Act, by establishing the right of the community to compel some employers to pay compensation for some accidents, smooths the path for a copy of the English Workmen's Compensation Act, that assures to all workmen compensation for all accidents. Already free schools have led, in New York and other cities, to free medical attendance and free nursing for the children, while free eye-glasses and free dental care are now recommended by some authorities. Finally (not to make

the list tediously long), since excellent consular reports are issued to aid manufacturers to secure trade, why should not special agents prepare and issue labor gazettes to aid immigrants and workmen to secure jobs?

Most of the social experiments to which I have referred are conducted without reference to general principles. Particular evils are attacked by particular remedies, and broad tendencies are ignored. Perhaps there would be more alarm were some of the acts correctly named. The vast outlay of state money on the Erie Canal and the free use of the canal by everybody is rank communism; but the merchants of the cities at its termini are not dismayed. Communistic also is the vast work of the numerous agricultural departments, which includes keeping a federal stud of horses to improve the breed, making world-wide explorations for new varieties of fruit, plants, and seeds, and the free distribution of advice, of specimens, and of expert help. The taxpayer foots the bill. Communism of this kind is fast spreading and no apprehension is shown. So long as the acts are not labeled, they do not affright us. From one point of view, this neglect of generalities may be pardoned. It may be claimed that the scientific method is to consider each case on its merits, and to judge whether the public benefit outweighs the cost. But in natural science the results of a number of experiments are finally formulated under one law which aids in forecasting the results of further experiments, and so in social and political science the guiding rule may profitably be sought.

Some suggestions of a unifying principle are made. "The square deal" is the phrase most often sent through the presidential megaphone. But what is the square deal? A crude conception of social justice. And who shall define social justice? Does it require that the government shall forbid stock-watering by railroad magnates in order to protect stockholders, while investors in industrial

stocks are left ungarded? Does it demand that one-half of a man's property shall pass to the state at his death, as Mr. Andrew Carnegie advocates, or only the trifling percentage now exacted? Does it require complete freedom for the sale of crops, but strict limitations on the sale of bonds? Will it condemn the misbranding of canned goods, and condone the misbranding of woollen and leather goods? Will it, by reducing rates, appropriate all the unearned increment of railroads, and allow the annual increment of \$400,000,000 in New York City land-values to go untaxed? Will it compel coal-owners to pay wage-scales demanded by the miners' unions, allow operators to raise prices, and leave the unorganized workman and the helpless consumer to foot the bloated bill? Does it enforce the use of public money in combatting tuberculosis, and forbid its use in feeding under-nourished children? As a catchword to bolster a particular legislative proposal, "the square deal" is effective; as a basis for wide social readjustments, it is too indefinite and variable.

There is one principle characteristic of modern life, and especially of American life, discernible in most of the readjustment that is going forward, — the principle of organization. Settlement of labor disputes by arbitration, regulation of immigration, national health campaigns, semi-judicial control of railroad rates — all conform with the aim of civilization to substitute order for discord, to get the maximum result with the minimum of effort, by arranging to best advantage the application of the effort. Industry and commerce are elaborately organized to prevent waste; society is feeling towards a better organization of the social relations for the same end. When employers and workmen, shippers and railroads and competing corporations fight it out between themselves, there is loss to the community and much friction. It is being dimly discerned that, in proportion as intelligence can be substituted for the brute power of muscles and dollars in the set-

tlement of competing claims, the social structure will be stronger. If a labor dispute is determined by argument before a few men in a court-room, the cost is trifling compared with the cost of a trial of strength between the combined employers and the labor unions, especially when accompanied with street fights, wounds, and murder. When a federal department puts the results of a world-wide investigation at the free disposal of all the citizens, the disorder and waste of the multiplication of such investigations by individuals and corporations is avoided. If each consumptive patient be left to struggle with the deadly bacillus alone, the total cost to society is far greater than when the forces against the terrible little enemy are organized over the country. If millionaires or municipalities invest in large housing schemes, superseding the petty speculative builders who have neither brains nor capital to make the best of the possibilities, rents can be reduced and adequate profits earned, while the community gains from the substitution of harmonious blocks of buildings for conglomerate masses of discordant structures.

This principle of order and organization is likely to produce further wide changes. It may sanction the organization of all workmen into unions or guilds, and the corresponding association of employers, as it has done in New Zealand, in order that it may substitute for the strike and the lock-out and the irregular intervention of outsiders in the settlement of trade conflicts a legalized system of conciliation and arbitration. It may insist that the teaching of trades shall be systematized, in order that every citizen may acquire skill at some occupation, estimates being made of the number of recruits annually required by each trade, and that number being trained. Thus justice could be done to the wage-earners, whose wages would not be threatened by an over-supply of workmen, and industry would not be checked by a dearth of skill.

A deliberate organization of society will require that the net inflow of hundreds of thousands of immigrants who come annually to this western El Dorado shall be directed to the parts of the country needing them, and not be dumped down in cities already crowded. It will decline to leave to the importunities and necessities of steamship agents the determination of the number of foreigners who will claim our welcome. It will urge us to calculate how many fresh people we can absorb, and that number alone will it permit to enter.

Possibly the greatest task of organization awaiting solution is the adjustment of the quantity of manufactured articles to the requirements. For lack of organization, busy periods with active demand, good prices, and plentiful employment, are succeeded by over-production, glutted warehouses, dropping prices, shut-downs, and unemployment. When prices are good, new mines are sunk, new mills and factories erected, and fresh machinery installed. No attempt is made to calculate the natural requirements of each trade; all is run hap-hazard. A little order is being introduced by the Steel Trust and other enormous combinations, and by the labor organizations. The former, by refusing to put up prices to the top notch, discourage the building of new mills; the latter, by insisting on higher wages in brisk times, increase the cost, and temporarily reduce the demand, thus distributing the demand over a longer period.

Bound up with this problem is another challenge to organization — the cure for unemployment. Figures are regularly published after a great strike or lock-out to show the amazing sums lost to both sides through the stoppage. What colossal sums are similarly lost during hard times, when hundreds of factory boilers are cold and tens of thousands of workmen fruitlessly seek employment! To the able organizers of industrial combinations, the waste of duplicate plants, of antiquated factories running on part

time, and of superfluous commercial staffs, are all abhorrent. But these organizers seem not to realize the stupendous wastes of unemployment. The statesman is yet to come who will make the nation conscious of the unparalleled loss involved when Coxie armies are recruited, and who will then enlist the ablest citizens in organizing to ensure steadiness in industry and employment. Collectively, we are convicted of stupidity until that organization is perfected. It is an indictment of our ability to control our affairs when double shifts one year are followed by shut-downs the next year, when feverish haste to fill orders is succeeded by anxious eagerness to secure orders, and when the crowds who come to our shores attracted by the smiles of prosperity are cast adrift as hoboes in adversity. Organization is part of the American accepted creed, and the nation will need to go great lengths in the practice of that creed before the social machinery is running smoothly.

A further principle besides organization, a principle equally important for the future, is discernible in the reconstruction that is going forward. When Mr. Rockefeller gives \$32,000,000 at one time for the improvement of education, when Mr. Andrew Carnegie light-heartedly tosses ten millions to college faculties, and when lesser gifts, involving as great sacrifice and good-will on the donors' part, are reported almost daily, it is clear that, either with full consciousness or without clear formulation, a potent ideal is working in our society. Cræsus is privileged to express by golden gifts the hope which many vaguely feel. What is that hope? What are its characteristics?

First, it has no definite religious basis. In olden days the rich man's gifts and legacies, meant as an entrance fee to Paradise, were put in charge of the church. The priest was the trustee, and seats of learning were adjuncts to religion. But most American gifts have no religious flavor; their aims and administration are secular. Though Mr. Rockefeller is a

devout Baptist, and a Baptist is president of Chicago University, the work of the university is hardly touched by the creed of its founder and its head. Mr. Carnegie excludes denominational colleges from the benefits of his pension fund for professors, and the libraries he establishes contain of course few works on theology. Even hospitals and the like, which are given a denominational name, are terribly secular in the operating-rooms and the sick-wards; while the charity-organization societies throughout the country, which are more and more attacking causes of want, invite to membership saints and sinners indiscriminately. Hope of heaven, fear of hell, desire to save the individual soul, are not the motives that direct the modern reconstruction.

Second, the actuating impulse is national in scope; local and state boundaries are neglected by the new builders. The work of the General Education Board, the Southern Education Board, the Carnegie Foundations, the Sage Foundation, the National Child-Labor Committee, the Anti-Tuberculosis Committee, and the rest, show a strengthening consciousness of national life and destiny. Philanthropists and statesmen think in continents. Workmen also become yearly more aware of the unity of the land. Through the American Federation of Labor, and in their international trade unions, the organized laborers are proving an ability to act together over areas thousands of miles apart, and to comprehend how local interests may be transcended by national interests.

Third, the spirit moving in the land believes that individuals can be improved. It is not bound by a despairing conviction that human nature is immutable. Education is almost a fetich in America, and especially with the reconstructors. To education they devote their chief enthusiasm and their most lavish gifts; in the power of a university training to improve the quality of young men and maidens they place unquestioning trust. All their social activities assume that

men and conditions are improvable, that the last step of progress has not been taken, nor the last word of hope spoken. So fervent is the faith that American life can elevate those who share it, that semi-savage immigrants by the thousand are received into the national home with hardly a doubt of our capacity to civilize them. A fatalistic trust that no human material can resist the chastening and refining influence of American institutions is universal in America.

All the tendencies I have indicated may be summed up: "American leaders are bent upon evolving a higher civilization." A very eminent American statesman, in discussing with Mr. H. G. Wells the gloomy forecast in his early book, *The Time Machine*, expressed a fear that perhaps all our struggle for improvement would but end in the development of the two hostile classes pictured in the book: one stunted, brutal, subterranean, the other cruel, luxurious, and inhuman, living on the slave labors of the former. "Perhaps it may come to that," he exclaimed, "but anyhow the fight is worth while." Few, however, would find the intoxication of battle sufficient reward, were defeat the likely outcome. A nobler prospect is heartening the fighters.

Slowly and semi-consciously American teachers and practical guides are putting themselves in harmony with the trend that runs through all creation. The evolutionary theory is ingrained in our minds and is taking effect. Man, we know, has been developed from most humble beginnings. His descent can be traced through anthropoid apes, earlier mammals, saurian reptiles, fishes, and plants, back, back to the protoplasmic cell. Through incalculable stretches of time Nature has operated, patiently evolving one type after another. Sometimes a branch of the living tree stopped growing, but always some other branch remained vigorous, and the upward tendency continued. At last, primitive man emerged, a rude creature hardly higher than a brute; but step by step his powers

and tastes, his customs and social institutions improved, until civilization and men of genius graced the earth. From the naked savage to Shakespeare and Washington mankind traveled a painful, precipitous road. Acting generally without deliberate purpose to advance, driven like the beasts of the field by Nature's whips, body and sex-hunger, men were unaware of the destination toward which they moved. But the nineteenth century revealed the scheme of the universe to be the persistent development of higher types of life. To that end, mankind can now coöperate with the forces behind the universe. No longer need progress be haphazard. Favoring conditions purposely established will stimulate the appearance of nobler types. Future civilization may become as much superior to ours as ours is superior to the Kaffir's; the average citizen as much superior to us as we are superior to the Esquimaux.

America has special advantages over European nations for the establishment of such a civilization. Most easily of all lands, she can secure to her citizens assured subsistence for reasonable exertion and leave surplus energies free for higher activities. She can take the essential step of the elimination of poverty, the freeing of a great population for the first time in history from the possibility of want. Toward that goal we are moving by the organization of our resources. Already the problem of production is well nigh solved. Enough is grown on America's broad prairies and manufactured in her mills and factories fully to feed and clothe her eighty millions. But the problem of distribution remains a puzzle. A huge task of organization challenges statesmen and patriots, the task of arranging our system of industrial rewards so that to every person willing to work a sufficient livelihood from birth to death shall be guaranteed. The Sage Foundation for the investigation of the causes of poverty is a sign that the challenge to the task will be accepted.

A second advantage which America enjoys in setting out towards a higher civilization is the absence, as yet, of a class idle, luxurious, parasitic by tradition. Fewer families than in European countries consist of rich drones, born to affluent ease, disdainful of effort. Our strongest men are active by preference, our social life is still organized on the assumption that work is the noblest lot for man or woman. Therefore we may enlist for the crusade the strongest minds and stoutest hearts. Already the army is forming. Every member of his cabinet, says President Roosevelt, holds his position at financial sacrifice, for each member patriotism and love of honor are stronger than the magnetism of the dollar. Two of our richest men have exchanged telegrams of congratulation upon their success in disposing of their surplus wealth and have agreed that their pleasure in rearing Aladdin palaces for public use is marred by no pang at part-

ing with "the scraps of paper" they cost. From that attitude there are but few steps to the voluntary renunciation of opportunities for gathering the millions, when it is shown that the community will profit more by restraint in the getting than it will profit by liberality in the disbursing.

The men and the women who aim at a social betterment in both the getting and the spending of fortunes are the advance-guard of the soldiers of the coming change. Behind them, uncommitted to any wide-reaching theory, but patriotic and zealous for an improved society, there are marching philanthropists, doctors, lawyers, business men, and legislators, people of distinction, followed by the swelling army of privates who are ready sturdily to walk along the road to the land of promise, the millions on whose backs the burden of our civilization rests, and for whose children the better order will be the greatest boon.

BRET HARTE'S HEROINES

BY HENRY C. MERWIN

IN Bret Harte's stories woman is subordinated to man just as love is subordinated to friendship. The principal figure in almost all the tragic tales is a man. There is no female character, moreover, that appears and reappears in one story after another, as do Yuba Bill, Jack Hamlin, and Colonel Starbottle; and, so far as we can judge from a writer of such reserve, the *gusto* which Bret Harte evidently felt in writing about these worthies was not evoked to the same degree by any of his heroines.

And yet what modern author has exhibited a more charming gallery of heroines, or has depicted the passion of love in so pure and wholesome a form! The critic must clear up his ideas about what

constitutes nobility in woman, before he can fairly estimate the women described by Bret Harte. A sophisticated reader would be almost sure to underestimate them. Even that English critic who was perhaps his greatest admirer, makes the remark, literally true, but nevertheless misleading, that Bret Harte "did not create a perfectly noble, superior, commanding woman." No; but he created, or at least sketched, more than one woman of a very noble type. What type of woman is most valuable to the world? Surely that which is fitted to become the mother of heroes; and to that type Bret Harte's best women belong. They have courage, tenderness, sympathy, the power of self-sacrifice; they have even that strain

of fierceness which seems to be inseparable, in man or beast, from the capacity for deep affection. They do indeed lack education, and inherited refinement. Bret Harte himself occasionally points out the deficiency in this respect of his pioneer women. "She brushed the green moss from his sleeve with some towelling, and although this operation brought her so near to him that her breath — as soft and warm as the Southwest trades — stirred his hair, it was evident that this contiguity was only frontier familiarity, as far removed from conscious coquetry, as it was, perhaps, from educated delicacy."

And yet it is very easy to exaggerate this defect. In most respects the wholesomeness, the democratic sincerity and dignity of Bret Harte's women (and of his men as well) give them the substantial benefits of gentle blood. Thus he says of one of his characters, "He had that innate respect for the secrets of others which is as inseparable from simplicity as it is from high breeding;" and this remark might have been put in a much more general form. In fact, the essential similarity between simplicity and high breeding runs through the whole nature of Bret Harte's characters, and perhaps, moreover, explains why the man who loved the mining camps of California fled from philistine San Francisco and provincial Boston to cosmopolitan London.

Be this as it may, the defects of Bret Harte's heroines relate rather to the ornamental than to the indispensable part of life, whereas the qualities in which they excel are those fundamental feminine qualities upon which, in the last analysis, is founded the greatness of nations. Bret Harte's women have the independence, the innocent audacity, the clear common-sense, the resourcefulness, typical of the American woman, and they have, besides, a depth of feeling which is rather primeval than American, which certainly is not a part of the typical American woman as we know her in the Eastern States.

Perhaps the final test of nobility in

man or woman is the capacity to value *something*, be it honor, affection, or what you will, be it almost *anything*, but to value something more than life itself, and this is the characteristic of Bret Harte's heroines. They are as ready to die for love as Juliet was, and along with this *abandon* they have the coolness, the independence, the practical faculty, which belong to their time and race, but which were not a part of woman's nature in the age that produced Shakespeare's "unlessoned" girl.

Bret Harte's heroines have a strong family resemblance to those of both Turgénieff and Thomas Hardy. In each case the women obey the instinct of love as unreservedly as men of an archaic type obey the instinct of fighting. There is no question with them of material advantage, of wealth, position, or even reputation. Such considerations, so familiar to women of the world, never enter their minds. They love as nature prompts, and having once given their love, they give themselves and everything that they have along with it. There is a magnificent forgetfulness of self about them. This is the way of nature. Nature never counts the cost, never hoards her treasures, but pours them out, to live or die as the case may be, with a profusion which makes the human by-stander — economical, poverty-stricken man — stand aghast. In Russia this type of woman is frequently found, as Turgénieff, and to a lesser degree Tolstoi, found her among the upper classes, which have retained a primeval quality long since bred out of the corresponding classes in England and in the United States. For women of the same type in England, Thomas Hardy is forced to look lower down in the social scale; and this probably accounts for the fact that his heroines are seldom drawn from the upper classes.

Women of this type sometimes fail in point of chastity, but it is a failure due to impulse and affection, not to mere frivolity or sensuality. After all, chastity is only one of the virtues that women owe to

themselves and to the race. 'The chaste woman who coldly marries for money is, as a rule, morally inferior to the unchaste woman who gives up everything for love.

It is to be observed, however, that Bret Harte's women do not need this defense, for his heroines, with the single exception of Miggles, are virtuous. The only loose women in Bret Harte's stories are the obviously bad women, the female "villains" of the play, and they are by no means numerous. Joan, in "The Argonauts of North Liberty," the wives of "Brown of Calaveras," and of "The Bell-Ringer of Angels," respectively, the cold-blooded Mrs. Decker, and Mrs. Burroughs, the pretty, murderous, feline little woman in "A Mercury of the Foot-hills" — these very nearly exhaust the list. On the other hand, in Thomas Hardy and Turgénieff, to say nothing of lesser novelists, it is often the heroine herself who falls from virtue. Too much can hardly be made of the moral superiority of Bret Harte's stories in this respect. It is due not simply to his own taste and preference, but to the actual state of society in California, which, in this respect as in all others, he faithfully portrayed. The city of San Francisco might have told a different story; but in the mining and agricultural parts of the state the standard of feminine virtue was high. Perhaps this was due, in part at least, to the chivalry of the men, reacting upon the women, — to that feeling which Bret Harte himself called "the western-American fetich of the sanctity of sex," and, again, "the innate Far-Western reverence for women."

In all European societies, and now, to a lesser degree, in the cities of the United States, every man is, generally speaking, the enemy of every young and good-looking woman, as much as the hunter is the enemy of his game. How vast is the difference between this attitude of men to women and that which Bret Harte describes! The California men, as he says elsewhere, "thought it dishonorable and a proof of incompetency to rise by their wives' superior fortune." They married

for love and nothing else, and their love took the form of reverence.

The complement of this feeling, on the woman's side, is a maternal, protecting affection, perhaps the noblest passion of which women are capable; and this is the kind of love that Bret Harte's heroines invariably show. No mother could have watched over her child more tenderly than Cressy over her sweetheart. The cry that came from the lips of the Rose of Tuolumne when she flew to the rescue of her bleeding lover was "the cry of a mother over her stricken babe, of a tigress over her mangled cub."

Let us recall the picture of the Rose as she first appears in the story, — summoned out of bed by her father, in the middle of the night, to help entertain his troublesome guest, the youthful poet. While the two men await her coming on the piazza, the elder confides some family secrets to his young friend.

"'But hush,' said Mr. McCloskey — 'that's her foot on the stairs. She's cummin'.' She came. I don't think the French window ever held a finer view than when she put aside the curtains and stepped out. She had dressed herself simply and hurriedly, but with a woman's knowledge of her best points, so that you got the long curves of her shapely limbs, the shorter curves of her round waist and shoulders, the long sweep of her yellow braids, and even the delicate rose of her complexion, without knowing how it was delivered to you. . . . it was two o'clock in the morning, the cheek of this Tuolumne goddess was as dewy and fresh as an infant's, and she looked like Marguerite, without ever having heard of Goethe's heroine."

Bret Harte's heroines are almost all of the robust type. A companion picture to the Rose is that of Jinny in the story "When the Waters were up at Jules."

"Certainly she was graceful! Her tall, lithe, but beautifully moulded figure, even in its characteristic Southwestern indolence, fell into poses as picturesque as they were unconscious. She lifted the big

molasses can from its shelf on the rafters with the attitude of a Greek water-bearer. She upheaved the heavy flour sack to the same secure shelf with the up-raised palms of an Egyptian caryatid."

Trinidad Joe's daughter, also, was large-limbed, with blue eyes, black brows, and white teeth. It was of her that the doctor said, "If she spoke rustic Greek instead of bad English, and wore a cestus instead of an ill-fitting corset, you'd swear she was a goddess."

It is to be remembered that Bret Harte's nobler type of women, and in most cases of his men also, was drawn from the western and southwestern emigrants. The "great West" furnished his heroic characters, — California was only their accidental and temporary abiding place. The eastern emigrants came by sea, and very few women accompanied them. The western and southwestern emigrants crossed the plains, and brought their wives and children along. These people were of the muscular, farm type, with such health and such nerves as spring from an out-door life, from simple, even coarse food, from early hours and abundant sleep. The women shared the courage of their fathers and brothers. Bret Harte's heroines are womanly to their finger-tips, but they have nerves of steel. Such was Lanty Foster, in whose veins flowed "the blood that had never nourished cravens or degenerates, but had given itself to sprinkle and fertilize desert solitudes where man might follow; . . . whose first infant cry had been answered by the yelp and scream of panther; whose father's rifle had been leveled across her cradle, to cover the stealthy Indian who prowled outside."

Bret Harte's women show their primitive character in their love-affairs, in respect to which they are much like Shakespeare's heroines. "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight!"

John Ashe's betrothed and Ridgway Dent had known each other a matter of two hours or so, before they exchanged that immortal kiss which nearly cost the

lives of both. Two brief meetings, and one of those in the dark, sufficed to win for the brave and clever young deputy sheriff the affections of Lanty Foster. In "A Jack and Gill of the Sierras," a handsome girl from the East tumbles over a precipice, and falls upon the recumbent hero, part way down, with such violence as to stun him. This is hardly romantic, but the dangerous and difficult ascent which they make together furnishes the required opportunity. Ten minutes of contiguity suffice, and so well is the girl's character indicated by a few masterly strokes, that the reader feels no surprise at the result.

And yet there is nothing that savors of coarseness, much less of levity, in these abrupt love-affairs. When Bret Harte's heroes and heroines meet, it is the coming together of two souls that recognize and attract each other. It is like a stroke of lightning, and is accepted with a primeval simplicity and un-selfconsciousness. The impression is as deep as it is sudden.

What said Juliet of the anonymous young man whom she had known something less than an hour?

"Go, ask his name: if he be married

My grave is like to be my wedding bed."

So felt Liberty Jones when she exclaimed to Dr. Rysdael, "I'll go with you or I'll die!"

It is this sincerity that sanctifies the rapidity and frankness of Bret Harte's love-affairs. Genuine passion takes no account of time, and supplies by one instinctive rush of feeling the experience of years. Given the right persons, time becomes as long and as short as eternity. Thus it was with the two lovers who met and parted at midnight on the hill-top. "There they stood alone. There was no sound of motion in earth or woods or heaven. They might have been the one man and woman for whom this goodly earth that lay at their feet, rimmed with the deepest azure, was created. And seeing this they turned toward each other with a sudden instinct, and their hands met, and then their lips in one long kiss."

But this same perfect understanding may be arrived at in a crowd as well as in solitude. Cressy and the Schoolmaster were mutually aware of each other's presence at the dance before they had exchanged a look, and when their eyes met it was in "an isolation as supreme as if they had been alone."

Cressy is so real, so lifelike, that her first appearance in the story, namely, her return to school, after the episode of a broken engagement, leaves the reader firmly convinced of her previous existence. This is what the youthful schoolmaster saw on that memorable morning:—

"In the rounded, untouched, and untroubled freshness of her cheek and chin, and the forward droop of her slender neck, she appeared a girl of fifteen; in her developed figure and the maturer drapery of her full skirts she seemed a woman; in her combination of naïve recklessness and perfect understanding of her person she was both. In spite of a few school-books that jauntily swung from a strap in her gloved hand, she bore no resemblance to a pupil; in her pretty gown of dotted muslin, with bows of blue ribbon on the skirt and corsage, and a cluster of roses in her belt, she was as inconsistent and incongruous to the others as a fashion-plate would have been in the dry and dog-eared pages before them. Yet she carried it off with a demure mingling of the naïveté of youth and the *aplomb* of a woman, and as she swept down the narrow aisle, burying a few small wondering heads in the overflow of her flounces, there was no doubt of her reception in the arch smile that dimpled her cheek. Dropping a half curtsy to the master, the only suggestion of equality with the others, she took her place at one of the larger desks, and resting her elbow on the lid began quietly to remove her gloves. It was Cressy McKinstry."

Poor Cressy, like Daisy Miller, was the pathetic victim of circumstances, chief among which was the lack of a lover worthy of being her husband. Could any

country in the world, except our own, produce a Cressy! She has all the beauty, much of the refinement, and all the subtle perceptions of a girl belonging to the most sophisticated race and class; and underneath she has the strong, primeval, spontaneous qualities, the wholesome instincts, the courage, the steadfastness of that pioneer people, that religious, fighting, much-enduring people to whom she belonged.

Cressy is the true child of her father; and there is nothing finer in all Bret Harte than his description of this rough backwoodsman, ferocious in his boundary warfare, and yet full of vague aspirations for his daughter, conscious of his own deficiencies, and oppressed with that melancholy which haunts the man who has outgrown the ideals and conventions of his youth. Hiram McKinstry, compared with the masterful Yuba Bill, the picturesque Hamlin, or the majestic Starbottle, is not an imposing figure; but to have divined him was a greater feat of sympathetic imagination than to have created the others.

It is characteristic, too, of Bret Harte that it is Cressy's father who is represented as acutely conscious of his own defects in education; whereas her mother remains true to the ancestral type, deeply distrusting her husband's and her daughter's innovations. Mrs. McKinstry, as the reader will remember, "looked upon her daughter's studies and her husband's interest in them as weaknesses that might in course of time produce infirmity of homicidal purpose and become enervating of eye and trigger finger. . . . 'The old man's worrits hev sorter shook out a little of his sand,' she had explained."

Alas that no genius has arisen to write the epic of the West, as Hawthorne and Mary Wilkins and Miss Jewett have written the epic of New England! Bret Harte's stories of the western people are true and striking, but his limitations prevented him from giving much more than sketches of them. They are not presented with that fullness which is necessary to

make a figure in fiction impress itself upon the popular imagination, and become familiar even to people who have never read the book in which it is contained. Cressy, like Bret Harte's other heroines, flits across the scene once or twice, and we see her no more. Mrs. McKinstry is sketched only in outline, and yet she is a strong, tragic figure of a type now extinct or nearly so, as powerful and more sane than Meg Merrilies, and much more worthy of a permanent place in literature.

Bret Harte's heroines include to a remarkable degree almost everything that was interesting in feminine California. Even the aborigines have a place. The Princess Bob is an Indian. So is the Mermaid of Lighthouse Point; and in "Peter Atherley's Ancestors" we have a group of squaws, the youngest of whom is thus touchingly described: "A girl of sixteen in years, a child of six in intellect, she flashed her little white teeth upon him when he lifted his tent-flap, content to receive his grave melancholy bow, or patiently trotted at his side, carrying things he did not want, which she had taken from the lodge. When he sat down to write, she remained seated at a distance, looking at him with glistening beady eyes like blackberries set in milk, and softly scratching the little bare brown ankle of one foot with the turned-in toes of the other, after an infantile fashion."

Next in point of time come the Spanish occupants of the soil. Bret Harte has not given us such an elaborate portrait of a Spanish girl as he has of that fascinating and gallant young gentleman Enrico Saltello; but there is a charming sketch of his sister Consuelo. It will be remembered that Consuelo, fancying or pretending to fancy a prearranged meeting between her American suitor and a certain Miss Smith, dashes off on the erratic Chu Chu, and is found by her agonized lover two hours later reclining by the roadside, "with her lovely blue-black hair undisheveled," and apparently unhurt, but still, as she declares, the victim

of a serious accident. Thus she replies to her lover's tender inquiries as to the nature of her injuries:—

"You comprehend not, my poor Pancho! It is not of the foot, the ankle, the arm, or the head that I can say 'She is broke!' I would it were even so. But," she lifted her sweet lashes slowly,—"I have derranged my inside. It is an affair of my family. My grandfather have once tumble over the bull at a rodeo. He speak no more; he is dead. For why? He has derrange his inside. Believe me, it is of the family. You comprehend? The Saltellos are not as the other peoples for this. . . . When you are happy and talk in the road to the Essmith, you will not think of me, you will not see my eyes, Pancho; these little grass'—she ran her plump little fingers through a tussock—'will hide them; and the small animals in black that live here will have much sorrow—but you will not. It ees better so! My father will not that I, a Catholique, should marry into a camp-meeting, and live in a tent, and make howl like the coyote.'"

Thackeray himself was not a greater master of dialect than Bret Harte, and as Thackeray seems to bring out the character of Costigan by his brogue, so Bret Harte, by means of her delightfully broken English, discloses the gentle, piquant, womanly, grave, non-humorous, but tenderly playful character of the Spanish señorita. Consuelo is not the only one. There are Donna Supelvida in "Gabriel Conroy;" Rosita Pico, the friend of Mrs. Demorest, in "The Argonauts of North Liberty;" Pepita Ramirez, by whose charms Stephen Masterton, the Methodist preacher, became "A Convert of the Mission," and Carmen de Haro, in "The Story of a Mine," whose voice was "so musical, so tender, so sympathizing, so melodious, so replete with the graciousness of womanhood, that she seemed to have invented the language."

The Mexican women are represented by the passionate Teresa, who met her fate, in a double sense, "In the Carquinez

Woods," finding there both a lover and her death; and even the charming daughter of a Spanish mother and an American or English father is not missing. Such marriages were frequent among the adventurous Anglo-Saxons who had settled in California long before the discovery of gold. It was said, indeed, that the señoritas preferred Americans as husbands, and this preference accounted in part for the bitter feeling against them entertained by the Spaniards. It was bad enough that they should acquire the land, without capturing the women also. José Castro, the military commander of the province, declared, in 1846, that such indignities could not be borne by Castilian blood. "A California Cavaliero cannot woo a Señorita, if opposed in his suit by an American sailor; and these heretics must be cleared from the land."

In "Maruja" we have the daughter of a New England whaling captain and a Spanish woman of good family, who unites the best qualities of both races. "Her eyes were beautiful, and charged with something more than their own beauty. With a deep brunette setting even to the darkened curves, the pupils were as blue as the sky above them. But they were lit with another intelligence. The soul of the Salem whaler looked out of the passion-darkened orbits of the mother, and was resistless."

As to the American women who emigrated to California, Bret Harte's gallery contains a picture, or at least a sketch of every type. Of the western and southwestern women mention has already been made. The South is represented by Sally Dows, who appears not only in the story of that name, but also in "Colonel Starbottle's Client." Sally Dows is a "reconstructed" rebel, a rebel indeed who never believed in the war, but who stood by her kindred. She is a charming young woman, graceful, physically and mentally, coquettish but businesslike, cool and alluring, and always mistress of herself and the situation. The key to her character dawns at last upon her northern

lover: "Looking at her closely now he understood the meaning of those pliant graces, so unaffected and yet always controlled by the reasoning of an unbiased intellect; her frank speech and plausible intonations! Before him stood the true-born daughter of a long race of politicians! All that he had heard of their dexterity, tact, and expediency rose here incarnate with the added grace of womanhood."

In his portrayal of eastern women Bret Harte is less successful. There was no Yankee blood in his veins, and he was inclined to dislike New England people and New England ideas. Moreover, the conventional well-bred woman of any race or clime did not interest him. Writers of fiction, as a rule, find their material in one particular class, and in the dependents or inferiors with whom that class comes especially in contact. Dickens is the historian of the London cockney, Thackeray of aristocratic and literary London, Trollope of the English county families, and to some extent, of Englishmen in public life, Rhoda Broughton of the county families and of academic society, George Eliot of the middle and farmer class, Thomas Hardy of the farmer and peasant class, Mr. Howells of the typical well-to-do American family. Bret Harte, on the other hand, drew his material from every class and condition — from the widow Hiler to Louise Macey, from Mrs. McKinstry to Cherry Brooks; but women did not usually attract him as subjects for literature, unless they were close to nature, or else emancipated from custom and tradition by some originality of mind or character.

He could indeed draw fairly well the accomplished woman of the world, such for example as Amy Forester in "A Night on the Divide," Jessie Mayfield in "Jeff Briggs' Love Story," Grace Nevil in "A Mæcenas of the Pacific Slope," Mrs. Ashwood in "A First Family of Tasajara," and Mrs. Horncastle in "Three Partners." But these women do not bear the stamp of Bret Harte's genius.

His army and navy girls are better, because they are redeemed from commonplaceness by their patriotism. Miss Portfire in "The Princess Bob and Her Friends," and Julia Cantire in "Dick Boyle's Business Card," represent those American families, more numerous than might be supposed, in which it is almost an hereditary custom for the men to serve in the army or navy, and for the women to become the wives and mothers of soldiers and sailors. In such families patriotism is a constant inspiration, to a degree seldom felt except by those who represent their country at home or abroad.

Bret Harte was patriotic, as many of his poems and stories attest, and his long residence in England did not abate his Americanism. "Apostates" was his name for those American girls who marry titled foreigners, and he often speaks of the susceptibility of American women to considerations of rank and position.

In "A Rose of Glenbogie," after describing the male guests at a Scotch country house, he continues: "There were the usual half-dozen smartly-frocked women who, far from being the females of the foregoing species, were quite indistinctive, with the single exception of an American wife, who was infinitely more Scotch than her Scotch husband." And in the "The Heir of the McHulisches" the American consul is represented as being less chagrined by the bumptiousness of his male compatriots than by "the snobbishness and almost servile adaptability of the women. Or was it possible that it was only a weakness of the sex which no Republican nativity or education could eliminate?" What American has not asked himself this same question!

The only New England woman of whom Bret Harte has made an elaborate study, with the possible exception of Thankful Blossom, is that very bad person, Joan, in "The Argonauts of North Liberty." The subject had almost a morbid fascination for him. As Hawthorne pointed out in *The Scarlet Letter*, the man

or woman whom we hate becomes an object of interest to us, almost as much as the person whom we love. An acute critic declares that Thackeray's wonderful insight into the characters and feelings of servants was due to the fact that he had a kind of horror of them, and was morbidly sensitive to their criticisms — the more keenly felt for being unspoken. So Joan represents what Bret Harte hated more than anything else in the world, namely, a narrow, censorious, hypocritical, cold-blooded Puritanism. Her character is not that of a typical New England woman; its counterpart would much more easily be found among the men; but it is a perfectly consistent character, most accurately worked out. Joan combines a prim, provincial, horsehair-sofa respectability with a lawless and sensual nature, — an odd combination, and yet not an impossible one. She might perhaps be called the female of that species which Hawthorne immortalized under the name of Judge Pyncheon.

Joan is a puzzle to the reader, but so she was to those who knew her. Was she a conscious hypocrite, deliberately playing a false part in the world, or was she a monstrous egotist, one in whom the soul of truth had so died out that she thought herself justified in everything that she did, and committed the worst acts from what she supposed to be the most excusable motives? Her intimates did not know. One of the finest strokes in the story is the dawning of suspicion upon the mind of her second husband. "For with all his deep affection for his wife, Richard Demorest unconsciously feared her. The strong man whose dominance over men and women alike had been his salient characteristic, had begun to feel an indefinable sense of some unrecognized quality in the woman he loved. He had once or twice detected it in a tone of her voice, in a remembered and perhaps even once idolized gesture, or in the accidental lapse of some bewildering word."

And yet it would be unjust to say that Bret Harte had no conception of the bet-

ter type of New England women. The schoolmistress in "The Idyl of Red Gulch," one of the earliest and one of the best stories, is as pure and heroic a maiden, and as characteristic of the soil, as Hilda. The reader will remember the description of Miss Mary as she appeared playing with her pupils in the woods: "The color came faintly into her pale cheek . . . felinely fastidious, and intrenched as she was in the purity of spotless skirts, collars and cuffs, she forgot all else, and ran like a crested quail at the head of her brood, until romping, laughing, and panting, with a loosened braid of brown hair, a hat hanging by a knotted ribbon from her throat, she came" — upon Sandy, the unheroic hero of the tale.

In the culminating scene of this story, the interview between Miss Mary and the mother of Sandy's illegitimate boy, when the teacher consents to take the child with her to her home in the East and bring him up, although she is still under the shock of the discovery of Sandy's relation to him, — in this scene the schoolmistress exhibits true New England restraint, and a beautiful absence of heroics. It was just at sunset. "The last red beam crept higher, suffused Miss Mary's eyes with something of its glory, flickered and faded and went out. The sun had set on Red Gulch. In the twilight and silence Miss Mary's voice sounded pleasantly. 'I will take the boy. Send him to me to-night.'"

One can hardly help speculating about Bret Harte's personal taste and preferences in regard to women. Cressy and the Rose of Tuolumne were both blondes; and yet on the whole he certainly preferred brunettes. Even his blue-eyed girls usually have black hair. The Treasure of the Redwoods disclosed from the recesses of her sunbonnet "a pale blue eye and a thin black arch of eyebrow." One associates a contralto voice with a brunette, and Bret Harte's heroines, so far as the subject is mentioned, have contralto voices. Not one is spoken of as having a soprano voice. Even the slight

and blue-eyed Tinka Gallinger "sang in a youthful, rather nasal contralto."

As to eyes, he seems to have preferred them gray or brown, a "tender gray" and a "reddish brown." Ailsa Callender's hair was "dark with a burnished copper tint at its roots, and her eyes had the same burnished metallic lustre in their brown pupils." Mrs. MacGlowrie was "a fair-faced woman with eyes the color of pale sherry."

A small foot with an arched instep was a *sine qua non* with Bret Harte, and he speaks particularly of the small, well-shod foot of the southwestern girl. He believed in breeding, and all of his heroines were well-bred, — not well-bred in the conventional sense, but in the sense of coming from sound, courageous, self-respecting, self-improving stock. Within these limits his range of heroines is exceedingly wide, including some that are often excluded from that category. He is rather partial to widows, for example, and always looks upon their innocent gayeties with an indulgent eye. It was thus that he saw the widow of the "Santa Ana" valley as she appeared at the first dancing party ever held in that region: "The widow arrived, looking a little slimmer than usual in her closely buttoned black dress, white collar and cuffs, very glistening in eye and in hair, and with a faint coming and going of color."

"The Blue Grass Penelope," Dick Spindler's hostess, and Mrs. Ashwood, in "A First Family of Tasajara," are all charming widows. Can a woman be a widow and untidy in her dress, and still retain her preëminence as heroine? Yes, Bret Harte's genius is equal even to that. "Mrs. MacGlowrie was looking wearily over some accounts on the desk before her, and absently putting back some tumbled sheaves from the shock of her heavy hair. For the widow had a certain indolent southern negligence, which in a less pretty woman would have been untidiness, and a characteristic hook-and-eye-less freedom of attire, which on less graceful limbs would have been slovenly.

One sleeve-cuff was unbuttoned, but it showed the vein of her delicate wrist; the neck of her dress had lost a hook, but the glimpse of a bit of edging round the white throat made amends. Of all which, however, it should be said that the widow, in her limp abstraction, was really unconscious."

Red-haired women have been so popular in fiction during recent years that it was perhaps no great feat for Bret Harte in the "Buckeye Hollow Inheritance" to make a heroine out of a red-haired girl and a bad-tempered one too; but what other romancer has ever dared to represent a young and lovely woman as "hard of hearing"! There can be no question that the youngest Miss Piper was not quite normal in this respect, although, doubtless, for purposes of coquetry and sarcasm, she magnified the defect. In her memorable interview with the clever young grocery clerk (whom she afterward married) she begins by failing to hear distinctly the title of the book which he was reading when she entered the store; and we have this picture: "Miss Delaware, leaning sideways and curling her little fingers around her pink ear, 'Did you say the first principles of geology or politeness? You know I am so deaf; but of course it could n't be that.'"

The same heroine was much freckled, — in fact her freckles were a part of that charm which suddenly overcame the bashful suitor of Virginia Piper, whom Delaware was endeavoring to assist in his courtship. "Speak louder, or come closer," she said. He came closer, so close in fact that "her soft satin cheek, peppered and salted as it was by sun freckles and mountain air," proved irresistible; and thereupon, abruptly abandoning his suit to the oldest, he kissed the youngest Miss Piper — and received a sound box on the ear for his temerity and fickleness. Freckles become positive enhancements of beauty under Bret Harte's sympathetic touch. Julia Porter's face "appeared whiter at the angles of the

mouth and nose through the relief of tiny freckles like grains of pepper."

Bret Harte bestowed great care upon the details of the human face and figure. There are subtleties of coloring, for example, that have escaped almost everybody else. Who but Bret Harte has really described the light which love kindles upon the face of a woman? "Yerba Buena's strangely delicate complexion had taken on itself that faint Alpine glow that was more of an illumination than a color." And so of Cressy, as the Schoolmaster saw her at the dance. "She was pale, he had never seen her so beautiful. . . . The absence of color in her usually fresh face had been replaced by a faint magnetic aurora that seemed to him half spiritual. He could not take his eyes from her; he could not believe what he saw."

The forehead, the temples, and more especially the eyebrows of his heroines — these and the part which they play in the expression of emotion — are described by Bret Harte with a particularity which cannot be found elsewhere. To cite a few out of many examples: Susy showed "a pretty distress in her violet eyes and curving eyebrows;" and the eyebrows of the princess "contracted prettily in an effort to understand." Kate Howard "was silent for a minute, with her arched black brows knitted;" and of the unfortunate Concepcion de Aguella it is written: —

The small mouth quivered, as for some denied caress,

And the fair young brow was knitted in an infantile distress.

Even the eyelashes of Bret Harte's heroines are carefully painted in the picture. Flora Dimwood "cast a sidelong glance" at the hero, "under her widely-spaced heavy lashes." The eyes and eyelashes of that irrepressible child, Sarah Walker, are thus minutely and pathetically described: "Her eyes were of a dark shade of burnished copper, — the orbits appearing deeper and larger from the rubbing in of habitual tears from long wet lashes."

Bret Harte has the rare faculty of mak-

ing even a tearful woman attractive. The Ward of the Golden Gate "drew back a step, lifted her head with a quick toss that seemed to condense the moisture in her shining eyes, and sent what might have been a glittering dewdrop flying into the loosened tendrils of her hair." The quick-tempered heroine is seen "hurriedly disentangling two stinging tears from her long lashes;" and even the mannish girl, Julia Porter, becomes femininely deliquescent as she leans back in the dark stage coach, with the romantic Cass Beard gazing at her from his invisible corner. "How much softer her face

looked in the moonlight! — How moist her eyes were — actually shining in the light! How that light seemed to concentrate in the corner of the lashes, and then slipped — flash — away! Was she? Yes, she was crying."

One might go on indefinitely, quoting from Bret Harte's vivid and always brief descriptions of feminine feature and aspect; but doubtless the reader has not forgotten them, and I can only hope that he will not regret to have looked once more upon these familiar portraits painted in brilliant, and, as we believe, unfading colors.

THE REGULATION OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE

BY CHARLES A. CONANT

SHALL American stock exchanges be put under government regulation and control?

This is a question which began to be discussed after the panic of last autumn; and the discussion has been stimulated by several recent failures, in which the "bucketing" of orders and cool appropriation of customers' securities seem to have been everyday occurrences. Financial disaster, as on previous similar occasions, has involved a train of losses, impoverishment, and suicides, for which the blame has been cast by many upon the organization of the stock exchange, and often upon the entire system of selling securities on margin and selling products for future delivery. And, as measures for issuing "more money" usually appear in Congress in times of stress, there has appeared the usual crop of measures for taxing or hampering transactions on the exchanges.

The question dealt with in this article is, how far government regulation of the exchanges is justifiable or practicable. It is not the purpose to set forth fully here

the arguments in favor of organized markets like the stock and produce exchanges. This I have done in several other places.¹ Briefly stated, the stock and produce exchanges form a part of the mechanism of modern industry which is absolutely essential to its efficient operation. The purchase and sale of products for future delivery is a form of insurance against fluctuations, without which the miller or cotton manufacturer would be exposed to all the uncertainties of the market, and being unable to know in advance the cost of his raw material, would be obliged to protect himself by charging a wider margin of profit upon his finished goods.

The stock market represents the public register of values, where the owner of a share in a joint-stock enterprise can determine its value in the average opinion of all men interested in the same security. It affords a wide and convenient market, in which he may transform his security at need into cash at the price

¹ *Vide* the author's *Principles of Banking*, pp. 322-356.

which is indicated by the public quotations. The existence of a stock market, where large amounts of securities are dealt in, is also a safeguard to the money market, by permitting securities to be sent abroad in many cases in lieu of gold. This is accomplished by a slight lowering of the price of securities, often without disturbance to the market for merchandise, which would otherwise have to bear the entire shock of changes in interest rates and the demand for money. Against such disturbing influences the stock market acts as a buffer, lessening the shock of movements which would otherwise seriously affect ordinary commercial operations.

The bare fact that the stock market exists is in itself *prima facie* evidence of its importance to the organization of modern finance. When it is considered that the total wealth of the United States, amounting to \$107,000,000,000, is represented to the amount of nearly one-third, or \$35,000,000,000, by negotiable securities, it indicates that these securities and the markets on which they are bought and sold have become a factor of first importance in economic life. It is not proposed here, therefore, to discuss at greater length the reason for being of organized markets. It is proposed rather to discuss the question whether the complete freedom which has prevailed heretofore in such markets in this country shall be subjected in the future to some degree of restriction or regulation.

Recent events have brought this problem home, — not merely to the general public who stand aloof from stock speculation or question its wisdom, but to the intelligent speculator and investor, who desire that their operations shall be conducted at least under the same rules of honesty and fair play which govern operations in other markets. The New York stock market, as well as similar markets throughout the country, has heretofore set a high standard of honor, which has justified its members in the boast that many millions of dollars of profits or

losses were accepted daily by mere word of mouth. Several recent instances have shown, however, that even where such standards prevail, there are individual lapses which it has not been in the power of the brokers as a body, under their present rules of practice, to prevent.

Among the notable specific breaches of good faith of this kind have been the failures of two brokers who deliberately appropriated the securities of their customers, using them to obtain money to bolster up their own speculations. In one case, where securities were left with the broker simply for the purpose of transfer to a different owner, without being bought or sold under the broker's direction, these securities were hypothecated for a loan by the broker, which he proceeded to employ for his own purposes. For all practical purposes, such a use of securities constitutes larceny. It is not surprising that the secretary of the New York Stock Exchange and individual brokers promptly proceeded to disavow a suggestion that such appropriation of customers' securities was a common practice. The weakness of the situation lies in the fact that, even if such disavowals are true, there is no way of determining whether a crime of this sort is being committed until after the fact. The speculator and investor — even the investor in bonds, paying for them in full, who has no wish or intention to engage in marginal speculations — is at the mercy of the good faith of his broker, and that good faith depends upon the broker's general reputation, and not upon any ascertained public facts, as in the case of bank reports and insurance examinations.

This larceny of securities is, of course, only one of many incidents which have drawn attention to the present legal status of the stock market. Among other points may be mentioned the absence of any law or well-established principle by which brokers are prohibited from being also speculators. The more conservative houses usually assure their clients that their articles of partnership agreement

prohibit speculation; but here again the question depends upon the personal character of individuals, subject to no check except their general reputation. And where speculation does take place on the part of brokers, the temptation becomes strong, when money is suddenly needed to pay a loan which has been called to cover a loss, to borrow from the convenient reservoir of customers' securities.

The day seems to have come for consideration of the question whether the present organization of the stock exchanges is such as to insure public confidence, fair play, and absolute security to honest clients, or whether some degree of intervention by the government to secure these results is required. Speculation is legitimate, and will go on increasing in volume with the growth in the wealth of the country and in the quantity of negotiable securities. To interfere with it without warrant is to tie a ball and chain to the limbs of national economic progress. But more and more, with the growing complication of the mechanism of finance, is growing up a sentiment for such supervision of this mechanism as shall insure its safe and honest working. From the smoke and dust of battle between vested interests seeking economic freedom, and the state seeking to protect the individual against errors of judgment and false statements, emerges the principle so well stated by the eminent capitalist, Thomas F. Ryan, in an article in the *Independent*, that "It is right that competition between men should be brought within constantly narrower and narrower rules of justice."

Four points may be named in which improvement might be possible in the present organization of the exchanges:—

(1) Definite assurance of absolute honesty and solvency on the part of brokers.

(2) The enforcement of rules on the exchanges which will shut out securities having any taint of fraud.

(3) The exclusion from speculation of persons of small means, who are not qualified either by their resources or by their

knowledge of the subject to take speculative risks.

(4) The checking of improper manipulation by matched orders and similar devices for misleading the public.

Probably the wisdom of nearly all of these prohibitions would be admitted in the abstract by the candid broker or speculator, with perhaps some trifling qualifications.

Absolute honesty and solvency on the part of brokers are requirements which no one can oppose. If there is division of opinion, it must be over the means of attaining this object. In this country, as has been stated, there is substantially no test and no safeguard, except the ability of the broker to buy his seat on the exchange, and his general reputation. That he shall have a good reputation is, to be sure, one of the requirements of the committee which passes upon the admission of members of the exchange. Persons guilty of fraudulent practices, financial blackmail, and grossly false representations, have been refused admission to the exchange, and when found guilty of such practices after admission, have been expelled and suspended. But these penalties usually come after the fact. Whether there should be some further tightening of the lines, some further elevation of the standard, is a question of degree, which is involved with some other questions affecting the capacity of the stock exchange to establish sound rules and impartially enforce them.

In Europe solvency is insured in many cases by the liability of the entire body of brokers for one another. This involves the weight of personal self-interest against the admission of any candidate who is not financially sound, or is of wobbly financial morality. In France, where there are only seventy official brokers, the entire body is bound by law to make good the obligations of individual members.

Absolute honesty on the part of members of American stock exchanges is of paramount importance to the public, because membership in an exchange is the

one safeguard which the American investor has. It is easy to warn him against the alluring offers and showy offices of bucket-shop swindlers, by advising him to find out if the parties he deals with are members of a stock exchange. But if stock-exchange members themselves "bucket" their orders, then their clients are subject to the same risks as in dealing with bucket-shops. The broker has the same motive for wishing his clients ill luck, he takes the same risks with his own money, and he is under the same temptation to sequester his clients' money. A system which permits this to be done, even sporadically, by men who have been given the official stamp of a stock-exchange committee, calls for amendment. There is no visible difference to the outsider between the responsible and honest broker, and the irresponsible and dishonest, if both can ply their trade without interference on the regular exchanges. Only the man familiar with the inner gossip of Wall Street will know whom to trust, and he will hesitate to back his opinion by positive advice to his friends.

Discrimination by the exchanges as to the character of the securities admitted to quotation involves many nice questions, but probably calls for a little more rigidity than has heretofore been exercised. It has long been the honorable practice of the exchange to exclude from its lists securities which were obviously fraudulent, or which were put afloat by people of little financial responsibility. It has been a subject of criticism, however, that some of the devious projects of high finance, when supported by stronger names and larger capital, have not always been scrutinized with the care which would indicate determination to protect the public against all forms of deception.

The problem of discriminating between securities is a difficult one, because all judgment is finite. What might appear to be a good security to-day may prove to be a very poor one in the evolution of events. The narrowing of the list

of undesirable securities offered to the public can be secured only by requiring more complete information from corporations desiring their securities listed. Of course, no system or regulation would be justified which limited securities dealt in on the exchanges to those which were of a purely investment character. Speculation is the anticipation of the future. The far-sighted capitalist who presents an enterprise promising great benefits to the community, if successful, has the right to find a market for his securities among that portion of the public which is willing to take a certain risk for the sake of a large profit. If such securities were excluded entirely from the regular stock exchange, they would be dealt in under fewer restrictions and fewer pledges of honest dealing on the curb, or elsewhere outside of the exchanges. This is one of the difficulties which have been encountered in France, Germany, and England, in seeking to introduce greater conservatism into operations on the regular exchanges. The poorer types of securities, highly speculative or largely fraudulent, have found a market where not even the rules of honesty, fair play, and rigid fulfillment of contracts have prevailed, which prevail among brokers on the regular exchanges.

The one requirement which it is in the power of the regular exchanges to enforce upon new or speculative enterprises is reasonable publicity. That such enterprises have great future possibilities is no reason for concealing their balance-sheets. Enterprises which are so much in embryo that they should appeal only to rich men with money to lose have no place on the exchanges, even in the more speculative classes of securities. It is fair to say that they seldom find a place there, even under present practice. An enterprise which has assumed the stock-company form is offered to the public either because its promoters need capital for legitimate development, or because they desire to unload something of doubtful value on the public. Their willingness

to tell the public the truth should be in some degree a gauge of this, and a stock-exchange committee should have the moral courage and the discrimination to enforce such a test.

The restriction of speculation to those who are competent to carry it on is one of the most important objects to be sought, if any regulation is admitted, but is also one of the most difficult objects to attain. Under the recent modifications of the German Boerse law, only those of sufficient financial standing to justify their entering the speculative markets are allowed to do so. They are taken from the commercial register of business houses. This includes practically the whole mercantile class; but to engage in marginal speculation is prohibited to hand-workers and those conducting small shops, even where the latter are in the commercial register. It is doubtful if this frank distinction between classes would be admissible in this country; but other means may be found of reaching the object sought. It would certainly be proper to provide that a clerk occupying a fiduciary position should be allowed to buy and sell on margin only with the written consent of his employers, and that any broker disregarding this requirement should be liable to expulsion from the exchange.

The checking of undue manipulation is a highly desirable object, but is not perhaps so important as many persons imagine. Within certain limits, it might even be contended that manipulation is justifiable. If a financier or promoter has a new security which he believes represents high value, he does not like to sit with folded hands waiting for the public to discover its value. To a certain extent the measures which he may take to attract attention to the security are in the nature of advertising. Large selling orders, matched by large buying orders, at a graded scale of ascending prices, bring the stock to public attention and make it talked about. If this was the sole object of manipulation, and it was applied only to stocks whose real value needed only to

be made known to attract purchasers, then even the rule of the stock exchange against matched orders would hardly need to be invoked for the protection of the public. But in fact, as every one knows, manipulation is often for the purpose of "unloading" securities of doubtful value and permitting the seller to pocket the proceeds of sales "at the top," and to buy back again at the price to which the stock descends after he has completed the process. Such manipulation is already contrary to the rules of the exchange, but is difficult to prove. The broker who has a selling order is not usually the same as the one who has a buying order, and only rigid inquiry by a stock-exchange committee, where manipulation was apparent or suspected, would ascertain the facts. There is no doubt, however, that if the stock exchange should empower its committee to take strong action in a few such cases, and the committee should assert its powers, a moral sentiment would be exercised against manipulation, which would be almost as complete as the influence which now obliges a broker or a client to acknowledge and execute contracts over the telephone, even though they result in heavy losses.

All these evils are capable of some degree of alleviation through the independent action of the stock exchanges themselves. If they do not take such action to a degree which meets the requirements of public opinion, the question will then arise whether and how far the government shall intervene. In all other countries where important exchanges exist, except in England, the government does intervene with a heavy hand. In France the regular brokers have almost the character of government officials acting as registers of transactions, rather than independent men of finance. In Germany an effort was made by the law of 1896 to stifle speculation almost entirely. This end was sought by prohibiting short sales; by requiring the registry of persons engaged in speculation, upon which

it was expected that clerks, those with fiduciary relations, and persons of small means, would not dare appear; and by permitting those registered to escape liability for losses by pleading the privilege of the gambler. It is needless to say that these regulations imposed severe restrictions upon the German money market, had a share in crippling the Imperial Bank, and drove speculation into more hazardous channels. They have finally been materially modified by a law of April 9, 1908. It is one of the gravest dangers of seeking legislation on the subject that it will be unenlightened and will go to the injurious extremes of the German law.

If government regulation were to be established in the United States, it would be advisable that it should be under federal law rather than state law, in order not to handicap the operations of one exchange in competition with those of another. It might seem at first blush that no power lay in the federal government to interfere with operations conducted on a single exchange, within the limits of a state. A mighty weapon was forged, however, when it was desired to stamp out the circulation of the state banks during the Civil War. This was the weapon of discriminating taxation. If the federal government seriously desired to regulate operations on the stock exchanges, it would probably be compelled to find a way by imposing a merely nominal tax on the transfer of those securities which conformed to certain requirements, and imposing a heavy tax upon those which failed to conform to these requirements. In this little kernel of regulation by taxation might be found perhaps the meat of complete federal control of corporations. Those which conformed to certain specified requirements in the publication of balance-sheets, the examination of their assets by federal officials, and the keeping of adequate reserves and depreciation accounts, might be subjected to only a nominal tax, while those which failed to comply with such requirements would

find the transfer of securities to the public handicapped by heavy charges.

The broker as well as the securities he dealt in could be reached directly by the power of taxation. A heavy license could be exacted from those brokers who reserved the privilege of speculating on their own account, while taking orders from others, while a much lighter fee could be collected from those who acknowledged the propriety of separating the two functions of broker and speculator by limiting themselves to taking outside orders, or refusing outside orders that they might speculate. The broker, in accepting money from clients under the usual implications of honesty and solvency, would be very properly a subject of official regulation, because he occupies toward his client a similar fiduciary relation to that of the banker. Foreign banking corporations are forbidden to accept deposits in New York; but brokers, foreign or domestic, may accept them without limit, with no other responsibility to their clients than the bankruptcy courts or the suicide's pistol.

In order to ascertain whether the law taxing certain securities was being rigidly complied with, the power could be exercised, which has been often asserted before, of rigid inspection of the books of brokers. Such inspection would reveal whether the broker was conforming to the requirements that he should not hypothecate or appropriate the securities of customers, that he should not indulge in speculation on his own account with customers' money, and that he should keep adequate margins against his risks. Under cover of the power of federal taxation, there is apparently no limit to the degree of supervision which could be exercised. Most of the securities dealt in are those which are subjects of interstate commerce, and which represent industries themselves engaged in interstate commerce; but it would not be necessary to invoke "the commerce clause" of the constitution to find ample authority for government intervention for the regula-

tion of the stock market. In transactions in wheat or cotton futures, government intervention would be less necessary in some respects, but might be availed of to insure honesty in the execution of contracts, the maintenance of adequate margins, and the exclusion from trading of those not qualified by resources or character to engage in it.

The requirement that brokers shall exact larger margins on speculative accounts is a safeguard which has been suggested by Professor Henry C. Emery and others, and would fall well within the scope of legislation. The broker is in a sense a trustee for his clients in the same manner as a bank for its depositors. He has no more right than the bank, in lending on securities, to lend more than the securities are worth, or so large a proportion of their worth that shrinkage may involve losses on some accounts which would have to be borne, in case of failure, by other accounts. In so far, therefore, as the broker is a trustee for the money of others, he might justly be required to enforce upon his clients the same rule which is enforced against him at the bank, — that there shall be a margin of twenty-five per cent between the present value of the securities deposited and the amount loaned upon them.

That some steps towards the regulation of the exchanges by the government will be undertaken in the future is to be expected, unless the brokers themselves show their willingness and their capacity to protect the public as well as could be done by drastic government regulation. Such control from within is practically exercised on the London Stock Exchange, where complaints are rare of undue manipulation, and where the irresponsible small speculator seldom finds a welcome. The organization of the London Exchange, by requiring only fortnightly settlements for cash, instead of daily settlements, imposes more discrimination upon the broker for his own protection. He cannot afford to take an order from a person who is irresponsible, which may show

a heavy loss before the rule of the fortnightly settlement justifies him in calling for cash. If every brokerage office in New York was governed by a similar principle, — if no account should be accepted except from a person of known responsibility and adequate financial resources, — then the suicides of small customers, the defalcations of bank clerks, and the ruin of farmers and shopkeepers far removed from New York would be reduced to a minimum.

If the brokers, therefore, wish to avoid regulation by the state, it lies with them to reform their organization from within. The banks could aid greatly in the work if they would coöperate in limiting speculative loans. There is hardly a greater menace to the security of the New York money market than the vaunted fact that it is the only strictly "call money market" in the world. No bank paying deposits on demand has a right to invest nearly its entire assets in loans on securities representing fixed capital. The individual institution may protect itself by the drastic sacrifice of securities when it needs cash, but it does so only at the expense of its clients and with a disturbance to the money market and the market for securities which is abnormal and excessive. The Monetary Commission recently appointed by Congress will not fulfill its whole duty unless it considers the relation of the money market to the great mass of unliquid assets which is piled up by trust companies and state banks upon reserves containing practically no gold, and often consisting of bank notes, representing only a form of credit instead of a means of payment.

The problem of the regulation of the exchanges is a difficult one, and there is danger that if its solution is sought by law, the law-makers will take the bit in their teeth and go too far. Just this was done with the proposals submitted by the German Commission, which became the basis of the drastic legislation of 1896. If the financial interests of New York desire to present the magnificent spectacle to

the public and to the world, therefore, of adopting by their own voluntary act such a system for the sound regulation of stock exchange operations as has been extended by the Clearing House committee to bank operations, then they may escape the intervention of law to control the free

play of those principles of economics which lie at the basis of the wealth and prosperity of the country. The action taken by the governors of the New York Stock Exchange in some recent cases indicates that they are waking, in some degree, to this responsibility.

A BECKONING AT SUNSET

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

A BEAUTY of supernal things
Went with the dying sun, to-night, —
The Beauty that rich longing brings
To be away, in regions bright.
A something in my heart took wings,
And followed down the ardent light.

It was the Beauty brought me near
To one who loved it, long ago —
A soul, that, bending from the sphere,
Through Beauty, now, itself would show.
Oh, then, though to no mortal ear,
I spake the words, "I love you so!"

THE ODOR OF AFFLUENCE

BY MARGARET FAY COUGHLIN

THE Hardens, with some guests who had driven over for luncheon, sat in their great loggia which overlooked an Italian garden of wide dimensions and meagre growth. It was Sunday afternoon, and the bells of the village church, tolling vespers to the Catholic poor, whose homes clustered near it, repeated with incongruous significance the historical note of an older world. The sound, in Long Island, seemed despairingly to repeat old lessons, to hymn, in thinner tones, old weary warnings. Miss Ainger had a confused sense of being still in Italy. But the company were profoundly untroubled by any ideas of historical sequence in their surroundings. They were intent on a mimicry of English country life, and they sipped their coffee as unconscious of the contrasts they evoked as they were of comical effect in the goodwill of the garden to achieve antique charm at the mandate of the check-book. Yet the haze across the valley lent a veil of enchantment to the tame levels of the scene, and the hard glint of the sea beyond gave it an accent of completeness.

Miss Ainger felt that she could, perhaps, adjust herself quickly enough to the outward greatness and crudeness of her country; it was the inner correspondence that was unexpected. She got up to put her cup on the table, and Allie Harden, who sat nearest, quietly watched her as he leaned, an elbow on each arm of his chair, listening to a man who was telling him of a recent purchase in the neighborhood. A flush stayed like a rose in each cheek; and she turned away and strolled indoors, — a figure with an indescribable air of leisure and grace, trailing its transparent mourning over the bright bricks.

As she disappeared, Holworthy, in the group at the farther end, answered a murmured question about her. She had always lived in Italy. Her father had a post over there, secretary to the legation or something; but Colonel Ainger died some years ago, and the mother, after a long illness, had died last month. Miss Ainger had come home a fortnight ago, to find herself alone in the world, with five hundred a year from some tiny real estate, "and not a blamed cent besides" — the trustees had managed to get rid of the rest.

At the inevitable comment why a beautiful woman of thirty had not married, Holworthy referred them, laughing, to a youth with huge shoulders and a mop of auburn hair, who came up at that moment from the garage. He followed Edith Ainger, since her recent appearance on his horizon, like a battleship in the wake of a yacht, and he answered now promptly: —

"She's got the tip all right if she wants to marry. Allie got me out to chauffeur for him this morning; his car has a weird carburetor — and he was grumpy at the maker and at Miss Ainger by turns, because he has to fish her a job somewhere. She's a school pal of Mrs. Allie. He handed it out to me all the way. He'd rather his Uncle William took her off his hands."

At which there was anticipatory laughter, for Mr. William Harden was a disconcerting combination of twenty million dollars and a gravity as unbending as a physical law.

"Well, uncle came down in the motor with them," went on the youth soberly, "and towards the end of the trip he had to give up his coat to her, and he caught love and a cold in one breath."

Holworthy, who was authority for all the intricacies of interest in his set, murmured, —

"He better be quick about it. Herbert Hamilton knew her on the other side; and at the Errols' last night I don't think he was trying to persuade her to be anybody's governess."

"Hamilton has no money —"

But the athlete had gone to find his divinity.

In the long, dim drawing-room, the slender figure drooped at the piano like a muse of mourning. She was softly and abstractedly playing a nocturne, and the boy went wistfully out; the desolation of her face was as poignant as it was unconscious.

Yet she was rather savoring her impressions than brooding over her bereavement: the sense of aloofness in the easy good-fellowship of her friend, as they had rolled up through half a mile of fleckless driveway to the house, on the evening of her arrival, through young trees, small shrubbery, thin turf — emphatically a new world. Half an hour later, their party of four had drifted in the twilight across the vast hall, with soft rugs bridging the spaces on the marble floor, to the great wainscoted dining-room. A fire crackled on the hearth, and left the room, with the shaded candles on the table set at the farther end, in chiar-scuro. The effect was too pictorially dim to be modern, too luxurious to be ancient. Everywhere through the house was the evidence of an immense cash expenditure, a sort of bewildering mixture of loot: Flemish tapestries depended from the carved oak balustrade; an Italian mantelpiece, a sixteenth-century marble of priceless value, finished the drawing-room; mutilated Greek statues, quattrocento originals, and French cabinets, — a heterogeneous abundance unconnected by any hint of personality or preference.

Her wardrobe had been inadequate to this scale of things, and for the tennis meet, next day, Helen had insisted on

loaning her guest a filmy embroidered shirt. "And I've got a little French hat of white chip with black iris — I've never worn it. You have fresh gloves? And white shoes? Then you'll do." She appeared greatly relieved. "You're a dear not to mind. But we'll meet every one there, you see."

Miss Ainger had been presented at most of the courts of Europe. She knew very well the splendor and grace of elaborate clothes; but for the afternoon at the Country Club she had had no misgivings. And she wore her borrowed plumage with an ironical sense of conferring more distinction on it than Mrs. Harden did on her own chiffon splendor.

A boy, who was captain of something athletic, singled her out with approval. "Who's the elegant one with the plain wash togs? Ginger! The way she flops those long lashes and then drags 'em up again." She had turned, with much amusement, and answered that all enchantment was a matter of distance. If he would come nearer he would find it quite safe. He had ducked and blushed, abashed for the first time, apparently, in his robust life, and followed then like a lamb after flowers. It was later, through the open windows at bottle-pool, that she had heard a murmured "Allie says she's poorer than his cook." And the boy's loyal, "Allie's a skunk of a host if he did." There had been the portentous uncle of Allie, — and Herbert Hamilton —

The slow notes ceased abruptly; she rose to escape the conflict of emotions that crowded on her with that name; and her face settled into new lines of strength as she walked across the hall to the nearest window-seat, picking up a book from the table on her way.

It chanced to be a collection of short stories by a master hand. She read one rapidly through, then turned the pages more casually, glancing at a phrase here, a paragraph there. ". . . A life the very interest of which is exactly that it is

complicated . . . complicated," the sentence continued, "with the idea of acquired knowledge, and with that of imbibed modesty, of imposed deference upon differences of condition and character, of occasion and value." Imposed deference on differences of condition — of occasion — She put down the book and closed her eyes. A great wave of nostalgia swept over her, for the people, the surroundings, the point of view which were forever as lost to her as the tragedy and beauty of that divine impoverished Italy which had so long been her home.

"But I don't see why you should," a high insistent voice exclaimed above the murmur of conversation outside the window.

"She expects me to; she wrote the precise state of the case in her letter of acceptance."

The women were chatting apart, while the men discussed the prices of the markets of the earth; and the last voice, lower and more earnest, had been Helen's.

"Well, but you said she turned down Mr. William Harden last night?"

"I don't know. He was tremendously taken with her; she had the evening alone with him, and he left suddenly for the West this morning."

"What is she thinking of!" ejaculated a third. "An offer like that, in her predicament!"

The lady of the predicament felt her forehead burn.

"I simply should n't do anything, Helen. She's not a relative. What does she want?"

"Oh! she wants me to arrange for her to be somebody's secretary; or Allie to put himself under obligations to some man he hardly knows, to get her a place in an office. We're always being asked to do things like that."

Edith got up and went to her room, the roses in her cheeks blazing like whip-lashes. She looked blindly about at bay — how could she get out of this? And her eyes fell on a time-table in a pigeon-hole

of the elaborately equipped desk. There proved to be no train possible until 7.53 in the morning. And in the revulsion of her helplessness the whole scene of the evening before presented itself before her bruised vision. The careful arrangement of the motor yesterday, with the billionaire bachelor and herself on the back seat, and Helen's premature congratulations after dinner as she had left her guest to an evening alone with him.

People loved money desperately in Europe, it was never omitted from any calculation; but here was the same grossness unredeemed by the suave elegance that makes magnificent barbarism splendid.

God help the Anglo-Saxon when he doffs religion; it is the only refinement he truly understands! She wondered from what source she plagiarized the irrelevant reflection, and caught sight of her wide eyes and contemptuous lips in the mirror. She flung a smile at the tragic mask; and being of the stuff that stiffens in the face of disaster, went down at once to join the company again.

At the foot of the stairs she discovered the small son of the household being brought in from his walk by his nurse. She took him in her arms as a great touring car swung around the front; and turning at the sound, she found herself confronted with the magnate, who, like the sun, was the source of all this reduplicated prosperity.

I wonder if King Midas has ass's ears, she thought, for it was impossible to mistake who he was. He had, at any rate, not stupid eyes, since he perceived that she was not the new governess of his grandson, and he greeted her with a deference that took in at a glance her personal distinction. On the loggia he made her sit by him.

"I wish you'd undertake his education, Miss Ainger. I never saw him so well behaved."

She felt the exchange of intelligence in the eyes of the women as she answered, smiling, —

"I'll apply for the position, if you like."

At which Helen gasped, "Miss Ainger has much better use for her time, father!"

Edith continued to smile without speaking, and the old man turned to her, "taken," as his brother had been, by her repose. Even after a party of callers joined the group, there remained the impression of his approbation. He seldom spoke; he preferred to watch and listen; and when he did break silence, it was always with some concrete statement of fact or preference. Nevertheless, he was betrayed into a generalization in the course of the talk.

"I honor success wherever I find it, and I don't want people around me who have n't something to show; if they have made good, if they've succeeded, I'll help them."

There was a respectful silence, and Edith, looking dreamily across the shimmering valley, murmured, —

"But there's such an imposing row of the unsuccessful!"

He turned his hawk eyes on her, and she glanced tranquilly back under her tender lashes. "Of poor immortals who died unsuccessful, and disgraced." There was an uneasy pause. Was she going to instruct the great mind at her elbow? "Socrates and Phidias, Abelard and Dante — all the way down the line, don't you know, all the poor sages and poets and the priests of art," she deprecated. Her smile of sympathetic amusement implied that her host was, of course, extravagantly drawing her on.

Mr. Harden's face became a sort of pale plum-color. He had not heard names like that since he had had to listen to high-school essays. The boy, her adorer, struggled unsuccessfully with a chuckle, and Helen flung herself with terror on the silence.

"Father means small people, of course, Edith, not geniuses."

"But geniuses are indistinguishable from small people until posterity judges,"

protested Edith with horrible unconsciousness. She lifted her brows incredulously. "Tribute to success is — tribute to the merely obvious, is n't it?"

She was quite malicious of course, but she did not honestly know that with these people conversation of any genuine kind was the deadliest form of boredom. They avoided serious thinking as they did disease germs. The boy at her feet took up the word that was falling, without sound, in an abyss of icy distrust.

"That's it, Mr. Harden, only I would n't have known how to put it."

Alexander Harden looked at the ingenuous, freckled face contemptuously. He seemed to give back the great man his poise.

"Life, I think you'll find, young man, has got to be made to yield returns, and pretty practical ones."

"And blatantly visible," added the boy sullenly.

"Oh! come, Ted," said Allie Harden, "you're not strong on the know. Better leave that to Miss Ainger."

She smiled across at him, amusement and irony between her lashes. "*Mille fois merci!*"

One of the older women rattled open a fan. "What in the world are you people all talking about?"

In the morning, her host had the felicitous idea of motoring in with his father, and the carriage drew up before the door to take the guest to the station. The husband stood by with the smile that seemed to him to serve all the courtesies of the occasion, and the wife kissed her friend with unabashed insincerity.

"It's been delightful to have you. You have such an air of the old world, Edith. You've got it in the very tones of your voice." She began to shower compliments on her, and Edith, wondering why, reflected that they cost nothing.

"I'm ready," she said impatiently to the groom, bowing her graceful good-bys.

"We shall miss you so," called Helen after her.

The two day-coaches were crowded with commuters, and she walked half through the car before she perceived a man lifting his hat and signaling to her. It was Herbert Hamilton.

"I thought you would have stayed longer," he said, after he had settled her near the window. "Well, did they fix you?" he asked in a lower tone.

"Fix me?" She was still in the grip of shuddering repulsion.

"Yes. You let them know, did n't you? You said you would take office-work or anything. I hope I'm not impertinent," he added as she continued not to answer.

"We did n't mention it," she murmured absently. She seemed to come to what he was saying from an immense distance.

"But you said — I thought that was the point of your visit, that you were to talk things over. They could set you on the track; they've all no end of money — and — and governesses —" he stammered helplessly before her continued abstraction.

"That was in my letter of acceptance. We did n't mention it," she repeated.

He gasped, and as she continued to smile, "By the Lord!" he breathed.

She turned and looked out of the window, and he repeated, "By the Lord!"

"Please don't," she protested, "because I am almost physically nauseated myself."

He looked down at her, all his heart in his eyes. It was his chance; he had waited five years for it, yet it had come brutally enough at last. He hesitated, and took the plunge.

"Edith — I'd be devoted to you. I wish you would — could think of it —" the words stuck in his throat.

She swallowed hard and blinked, but the reaction was too great. He looked away, blinking himself. She had n't a relative in the world, the distinguished, graceful thing; and whatever paying work she did would be sure to make her conspicuous anyway.

But the gust of desolation swept down her fine self-possession only for a moment. She lifted her head, and looked at him with whimsical irony through her blurred eyes.

"There's a phrase in *The Lives of the Saints* that the old sacristan at Ranieri used to recite for us, do you remember? 'and he died in the odor of sanctity.' I've been living in the odor of affluence, and I am still upset from it, a sort of moral mal-de-mer."

She was proudly ignoring her unfallen tears. But Hamilton waited, heartsick, for his answer.

"The Marquis di Ranieri had the right of way, yet you did n't marry him. And your dot would have been big enough then, — I mean, the sheer necessities of the case would have been covered. He cared desperately, and he was a decent chap."

His voice rose and fell with his unspoken hope.

"The poor Marchese would marry me still, without wisdom or prudence, Bertie."

She let her gray eyes rest in his, with deliberate sweetness, and he drank in their lambent beauty thirstily, for a long moment.

"Then we — might have — five years ago —"

"Three," she corrected, and the lowered lids shook down crystal drops.

"After I saved the boat that time?" he questioned in bewildered delight.

"After you went away and the light went out," she answered, the wet lashes veiling her confession.

"Oh," he groaned, and groped for her hand.

She pushed his softly away and looked steadily ahead. If he thought that she was going to let him spoil their perfect moment by any awkward anticipations! Her eyes swept down the car. No one was observing them, and she glanced back at him with quick, wild sympathy, as she took up the other subject, tremulously, with a rueful summarizing, as if

the voice of Love had been but an irrelevant parenthesis.

"All the same, I never thought to find myself ranged against the aristocracy, any aristocracy. I simply believe in the best, you know, all along the line."

He was much amused.

"My dear lady, aristocracy over here — between democracy and plutocracy it has the deuce of a time. But joy, Edith, and peace, they've always been able to get along without — affluence."

"Don't speak that word," she said. "It's outside the kingdom of Heaven."

EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN ¹

BY JAMES FORD RHODES

OUR two great journalists of the nineteenth century were Greeley and Godkin. Though differing in very many respects, they were alike in possessing a definite moral purpose. The most glorious and influential portion of Greeley's career lay between the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska act in 1854 and the election of Lincoln in 1860, when the press played an important part in the upbuilding of a political party which formulated in a practical manner the anti-slavery sentiment of the country. Foremost among newspapers was the *New York Tribune*; foremost among editors was Horace Greeley. Of Greeley in his best days Godkin wrote: "He has an enthusiasm which never flags, and a faith in principles which nothing can shake, and an English style which, for vigor, terseness, clearness and simplicity has never been surpassed, except perhaps by Cobbett."²

Greeley and Godkin were alike in furnishing their readers with telling arguments. In northern New York and the Western Reserve of Ohio the weekly *Tribune* was a political Bible. "Why do you look so gloomy?" said a traveler, riding along the highway in the Western Reserve during the old anti-slavery days, to a farmer who was sitting moodily on

a fence. "Because," replied the farmer, "my Democratic friend next door got the best of me in an argument last night. But when I get my weekly *Tribune* to-morrow I'll knock the foundations all out from under him."³

Premising that Godkin is as closely identified with the *Nation* and the *Evening Post* as Greeley with the *Tribune*, I shall refer to a personal experience. Passing a part of the winter of 1886 in a hotel at Thomasville, Georgia, it chanced that among the hundred or more guests there were eight or ten of us who regularly received the *Nation* by post. Ordinarily it arrived on the Friday noon train from Savannah, and when we came from our mid-day dinner into the hotel office, there, in our respective boxes, easily seen, and from their peculiar form recognized by every one, were our copies of the *Nation*. Occasionally the papers missed connection at Savannah, and our *Nations* did not arrive until after supper. It used to be said by certain scoffers that if a discussion of political questions came up in the afternoon of one of those days of disappointment, we readers were mum; but in the late evening, after having digested our political pabulum, we were ready to join issue with any antagonist. Indeed, each of us might have used the words of James Russell Lowell, written

¹ Lecture read before Harvard University, April 13, 1908.

² R. Ogden's *Life and Letters of E. L. Godkin*, i, 255.

³ Rhodes's *History of the United States*, ii, 72 (C. M. Depew).

while he was traveling on the continent and visiting many places where the *Nation* could not be bought: "All the time I was without it, my mind was chaos and I did n't feel that I had a safe opinion to swear by." ¹

While the farmer of the Western Reserve and Lowell are extreme types of clientèle, each represents fairly well the peculiar following of Greeley and of Godkin, which differed as much as did the personal traits of the two journalists. Godkin speaks of Greeley's "odd attire, shambling gait, simple, good-natured and hopelessly peaceable face, and long yellow locks." ² His "old white hat and white coat," which in New York were regarded as an affectation, counted with his following west of the Hudson River as a winning eccentricity. When he came out upon the lecture platform with crumpled shirt, cravat awry, and wrinkled coat looking as if he had traveled for a number of nights and days, such disorder appeared to many of his western audiences as nothing worse than the mark of a very busy man, who had paid them the compliment of leaving his editorial rooms to speak to them in person, and who had their full sympathy as he thus opened his discourse: "You must n't, my friends, expect fine words from a rough busy man like me."

The people who read the *Tribune* did not expect fine words; they were used to the coarse, abusive language in which Greeley repelled attacks, and to his giving the lie with heartiness and vehemence. ³ They enjoyed reading that "another lie was nailed to the counter," and that an antagonist "was a liar, knowing himself to be a liar and lying with naked intent to deceive." ⁴

On the contrary, the dress, the face, and the personal bearing of Godkin proclaimed at once the gentleman and culti-

vated man of the world. You felt that he was a man whom you would like to meet at dinner, accompany on a long walk, or cross the Atlantic with, were you an acquaintance or friend.

An incident related by Godkin himself shows that at least one distinguished gentleman did not enjoy sitting at meat with Greeley. During the spring of 1864 Godkin met Greeley at breakfast at the house of Mr. John A. C. Gray. William Cullen Bryant, at that time editor of the *New York Evening Post*, was one of the guests, and, when Greeley entered the room, was standing near the fireplace conversing with his host. On observing that Bryant did not speak to Greeley, Gray asked him in a whisper, "Don't you know Mr. Greeley?" In a loud whisper Bryant replied, "No, I don't; he's a blackguard — he's a blackguard." ⁵

In the numbers of people whom he influenced, Greeley had the advantage over Godkin. In February, 1855, the circulation of the *Tribune* was 172,000, and its own estimate of its readers half a million, which was certainly not excessive. It is not a consideration beyond bounds to infer that the readers of the *Tribune* in 1860 furnished a goodly part of the 1,886,000 votes which were received by Lincoln.

At different times, while Godkin was editor, the *Nation* stated its exact circulation, which, as I remember it, was about 10,000, and it probably had 50,000 readers. As many of its readers were in the class of Lowell, its indirect influence was immense. Emerson said that the *Nation* had "breadth, variety, self-sustainment, and an admirable style of thought and expression."—"I owe much to the *Nation*," wrote Francis Parkman. "I regard it as the most valuable of American journals, and feel that the best interests of the country are doubly involved in its success."—"What an influence you have!" said George William Curtis to Godkin. "What a sanitary element in our affairs the *Nation* is!"—"To my generation,"

¹ Ogden, ii, 88. ² *Ibid.*, i, 257.

³ Parton's *Greeley*, pp. 331, 576; my own recollections; Ogden, i, 255.

⁴ Godkin, "Random Recollections," *Evening Post*, Dec. 30, 1899.

⁵ Ogden, i, 168.

wrote William James, "Godkin's was certainly the towering influence in all thought concerning public affairs, and indirectly his influence has certainly been more pervasive than that of any other writer of the generation, for he influenced other writers who never quoted him, and determined the whole current of discussion."—"When the work of this century is summed up," wrote Charles Eliot Norton to Godkin, "what you have done for the good old cause of civilization, the cause which is always defeated but always after defeat taking more advanced position than before — what you have done for this cause will count for much."—"I am conscious," wrote President Eliot to Godkin, "that the *Nation* has had a decided effect on my opinions and my action for nearly forty years; and I believe it has had like effect on thousands of educated Americans."¹

A string of quotations, as is well known, becomes wearisome; but the importance of the point that I am trying to make will perhaps justify one more. "I find myself so thoroughly agreeing with the *Nation* always," wrote Lowell, "that I am half persuaded that I edit it myself!"² Truly Lowell had a good company: Emerson, Parkman, Curtis, Norton, James, Eliot, — all teachers in various ways. Through their lectures, books, and speeches, they influenced college students at an impressive age; they appealed to young and to middle-aged men; and they furnished comfort and entertainment for the old. It would have been difficult to find anywhere in the country an educated man whose thought was not affected by some one of these seven; and their influence on editorial writers for newspapers was remarkable. These seven were all taught by Godkin.

"Every Friday morning when the *Nation* comes," wrote Lowell to Godkin, "I fill my pipe and read it from beginning to end. Do you do it all yourself? Or are there really so many clever men

in the country?"³ Lowell's experience, with or without tobacco, was undoubtedly that of hundreds, perhaps of thousands, of educated men, and the query he raised was not an uncommon one. At one time, Godkin, I believe, wrote most of "The Week," which was made up of brief and pungent comments on events, as well as the principal editorial articles. The power of iteration, which the journalist possesses, is great, and, when that power is wielded by a man of keen intelligence and wide information, possessing a knowledge of the world, a sense of humor, and an effective literary style, it becomes tremendous. The only escape from Godkin's iteration was one frequently tried, and that was, to stop the *Nation*.

Although Godkin published three volumes of *Essays*, the honors he received during his lifetime were due to his work as editor of the *Nation* and the *Evening Post*; and this is his chief title to fame. The education, early experience, and aspiration of such a journalist are naturally matter of interest. Born in 1831, in the County of Wicklow in the southeastern part of Ireland, the son of a Presbyterian minister, he was able to say when referring to Goldwin Smith, "I am an Irishman but I am as English in blood as he is."⁴ Receiving his higher education at Queen's College, Belfast, he took a lively interest in present politics, his college friends being Liberals. John Stuart Mill was their prophet, Grote and Bentham their daily companions, and America was their promised land. "To the scoffs of the Tories that our schemes were impracticable," he has written of these days, "our answer was that in America, barring slavery, they were actually at work. There, the chief of the State and the legislators were freely elected by the people. There, the offices were open to everybody who had the capacity to fill them. There was no army or navy, two great curses of humanity in all ages. There was to be no war except war in

¹ Ogden, i, 221, 249, 251, 252; ii, 222, 231

² *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, ii, 76.

³ *Letters of J. R. Lowell*, i, 368.

⁴ Ogden, i, 1.

self-defence. . . . In fact, we did not doubt that in America at last the triumph of humanity over its own weaknesses and superstitions was being achieved, and the dream of Christendom was at last being realized."¹

As a correspondent of the London *Daily News* he went to the Crimea. The scenes at Malakoff gave him a disgust for war which thenceforth he never failed to express upon every opportunity. When a man of sixty-eight, reckoning its cost in blood and treasure, he deemed the Crimean War entirely unnecessary and very deplorable.² Godkin arrived in America in November, 1856, and soon afterwards, with Olmsted's *Journey in the Seaboard Slave States, the Back Country and Texas*, as guide-books, took a horseback journey through the South. Following closely Olmsted's trail, and speaking therefore with knowledge, he has paid him one of the highest compliments one traveler ever paid another. "Olmsted's work," he wrote, "in vividness of description and in photographic minuteness far surpasses Arthur Young's."³ During this journey he wrote letters to the London *Daily News*, and these were continued after his return to New York City. For the last three years of our Civil War, he was its regular correspondent, and, as no one denies that he was a powerful advocate when his heart was enlisted, he rendered efficient service to the cause of the North. The *News* was strongly pro-Northern, and Godkin furnished the facts which rendered its leaders sound and instructive as well as sympathetic. All this while he was seeing socially the best people in New York City, and making useful and desirable acquaintances in Boston and Cambridge.

The interesting story of the foundation of the *Nation* has been told a number of times, and it will suffice for our purpose to say that there were forty

stockholders who contributed a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, one-half of which was raised in Boston, and one-quarter each in Philadelphia and New York. Godkin was the editor, and next to him the chief promoters were James M. McKim of Philadelphia and Charles Eliot Norton. The first number of this "weekly journal of politics, literature, science and art" appeared on July 6, 1865. Financial embarrassment and disagreements among the stockholders marked the first year of its existence, at the end of which Godkin, McKim, and Frederick Law Olmsted took over the property, and continued the publication under the proprietorship of E. L. Godkin & Co. "The *Nation* owed its continued existence to Charles Eliot Norton," wrote Godkin in 1899. "It was his calm and confidence amid the shrieks of combatants . . . which enabled me to do my work even with decency."⁴

Sixteen years after the *Nation* was started, in 1881, Godkin sold it out to the *Evening Post*, becoming associate editor of that journal, with Carl Schurz as his chief. The *Nation* was thereafter published as the weekly edition of the *Evening Post*. In 1883 Schurz retired and Godkin was made editor-in-chief, having the aid and support of one of the owners, Horace White. On January 1, 1900, on account of ill health, he withdrew from the editorship of the *Evening Post*,⁵ thus retiring from active journalism.

For thirty-five years he had devoted himself to his work with extraordinary ability and singleness of purpose. Marked appreciation came to him: invitations to deliver courses of lectures from both Harvard and Yale, the degree of A. M. from Harvard, and the degree of D. C. L. from Oxford. What might have been a turning-point in his career was the offer in 1870 of the professorship of history at Harvard. He was strongly tempted to ac-

¹ *Evening Post*, Dec. 30, 1899; Ogden, i, 11.

² *Evening Post*, Dec. 30, 1899.

³ *Ibid.*; Ogden, i, 113.

⁴ *Evening Post*, December 30, 1899; Ogden, i, *passim*; *The Nation*, June 25, 1885, May 23, 1902.

⁵ Ogden, ii, chap. xiii.

cept it, but, before coming to a decision, he took counsel of a number of friends; and few men, I think, have ever received such wise and disinterested advice as did Godkin when he was thus hesitating in what way he should apply his teaching. The burden of the advice was not to take the professorship if he had to give up the *Nation*.

Frederick Law Olmsted wrote to him: "If you can't write fully half of 'The Week' and half the leaders, and control the drift and tone of the whole while living at Cambridge, give up the professorship, for the *Nation* is worth many professorships. It is a question of loyalty over a question of comfort." Lowell wrote to him in the same strain: "*Stay* if the two things are incompatible. We may find another professor by and by. . . . but we can't find another editor for the *Nation*." From Germany, John Bigelow sent a characteristic message: "Tell the University to require each student to take a copy of the *Nation*. Do not profess history for them in any other way. I dare say your lectures would be good, but why limit your pupils to hundreds which are now counted by thousands?"¹

As is well known, Godkin relinquished the idea of the college connection and stuck to his job, although the quiet and serenity of a professor's life in Cambridge contrasted with his own turbulent days appealed to him powerfully. "Ten years hence," he wrote to Norton, "if things go on as they are now I shall be the most odious man in America. Not that I shall not have plenty of friends, but my enemies will be far more numerous and active." Six years after he had founded the *Nation*, and one year after he had declined the Harvard professorship, when he was yet but forty years old, he gave this humorously exaggerated account of his physical failings due to his nervous strain: "I began the *Nation* young, handsome, and fascinating, and am now withered and somewhat broken, rheumatism gaining on me rapidly, my com-

plexion ruined, as also my figure, for I am growing stout."²

But his choice between the Harvard professorship and the *Nation* was a wise one. He was a born writer of paragraphs and editorials. The files of the *Nation* are his monument. A crown of his laborious days is the tribute of James Bryce: "The *Nation* was the best weekly not only in America but in the world."³

Thirty-five years of journalism, in which Godkin was accustomed to give hard blows, did not, as he himself foreshadowed, call forth a unanimous chorus of praise; and the objections of intelligent and high-minded men are well worth taking into account. The most common one is that his criticism was always destructive; that he had an eye for the weak side of causes and men that he did not favor, and these he set forth with unremitting vigor without regard for palliating circumstances; that he erected a high and impossible ideal and judged all men by it; hence, if a public man was right eight times out of ten, he would seize upon the two failures and so parade them with his withering sarcasm that the reader could get no other idea than that the man was either weak or wicked. An editor of very positive opinions, he was apt to convey the idea that if any one differed from him on a vital question like the tariff or finance or civil service reform, he was necessarily a bad man. He made no allowances for the weaknesses of human nature, and had no idea that he himself ever could be mistaken. Though a powerful critic, he did not realize the highest criticism, which discerns and brings out the good as well as the evil. He won his reputation by dealing out censure, which has a rare attraction for a certain class of minds, as Tacitus observed in his *History*. "People," he wrote, "lend a ready ear to detraction and spite," for "malignity wears the imposing appearance of independence."⁴

² *Ibid*, ii, 51.

³ *Studies in Contemporary Biography*, p. 372.

⁴ Tacitus, *History*, i, 1.

¹ Ogden, ii, chap. xi.

The influence of the *Nation*, therefore, — so these objectors to Godkin aver, — was especially unfortunate on the intelligent youth of the country. It was in 1870 that John Bigelow, whom I have just quoted, advised Harvard University to include the *Nation* among its requirements; and it is true that at that time, and for a good while afterwards, the *Nation* was favorite reading for serious Harvard students. The same practice undoubtedly prevailed at most other colleges. Now I have been told that the effect of reading the *Nation* was to prevent these young men from understanding their own country; that, as Godkin himself did not comprehend America, he was an unsound teacher and made his youthful readers see her through a false medium. And I am further informed that in mature life it cost an effort, a mental wrench, so to speak, to get rid of this influence and see things as they really were, which was necessary for usefulness in lives cast in America. The United States was our country; she was entitled to our love and service; and yet such a frame of mind was impossible, so this objection runs, if we read and believed the writing of the *Nation*. A man of character and ability, who had filled a number of public offices with credit, told me that the influence of the *Nation* had been potent in keeping college graduates out of public life, that things in the United States were painted so black both relatively and absolutely that the young men naturally reasoned, "Why shall we concern ourselves about a country which is surely going to destruction?" Far better, they may have said, to pattern after Plato's philosopher who kept out of politics, being "like one who retires under the shelter of a wall in the storm of dust and sleet which the driving wind hurries along."¹

Such considerations undoubtedly lost the *Nation* valuable subscribers. I have been struck with three circumstances in juxtaposition. At the time of Judge

Hoar's forced resignation from Grant's cabinet in 1870, the *Nation* said, "In peace as in war 'that is best blood which hath most iron in't';" and much is to be excused to the man [that is, Judge Hoar] who has for the first time in many years of Washington history given a back-handed blow to many an impudent and arrogant dispenser of patronage. He may well be proud of most of the enmity that he won while in office, and may go back contented to Massachusetts to be her most honored citizen."² Two months later Lowell wrote to Godkin, "The bound volumes of the *Nation* standing on Judge Hoar's library table, as I saw them the other day, were a sign of the estimation in which it is held by solid people and it is they who in the long run decide the fortunes of such a journal."³ But the *Nation* lost Judge Hoar's support. When I called upon him in 1893 he was no longer taking or reading it.

It is the sum of individual experiences that makes up the influence of a journal like the *Nation*, and one may therefore be pardoned the egotism necessarily arising from a relation of one's own contact with it. In 1866, while a student at the University of Chicago, I remember well that, in a desultory talk in the English Literature class, Professor William Matthews spoke of the *Nation* and advised the students to read it each week as a political education of high value. This was the first knowledge I had of it, but I was at that time, along with many other young men, devoted to the *Round Table*, an "Independent weekly review of Politics, Finance, Literature, Society and Art," which flourished between the years 1864 and 1868. We asked the professor, "Do you consider the *Nation* superior to the *Round Table*?" — "Decidedly," was his reply. "The editors of the *Round Table* seem to write for the sake of writing, while the men who are expressing themselves in the *Nation* do so because their

¹ *Republic*.

² June 23; Rhodes, vi, 382.

³ Oden, ii, 66.

hearts and minds are full of their matter." This was a just estimate of the difference between the two journals. The *Round Table*, modeled after the *Saturday Review*, was a feeble imitation of the London weekly, then in its palmy days, while the *Nation*, which was patterned after the *Spectator*, did not suffer by the side of its model. On this hint from Professor Matthews, I began taking and reading the *Nation*, and with the exception of one year in Europe during my student days, I have read it ever since.

Before I touch on certain specifications I must premise that the influence of this journal on a Westerner, who read it in a receptive spirit, was probably more potent than on one living in the East. The arrogance of a higher civilization in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia than elsewhere in the United States, the term "wild and woolly West" applied to the region west of the Alleghany Mountains, is somewhat irritating to a Westerner. Yet it remains none the less true that, other things being equal, a man living in the environment of Boston or New York would have arrived more easily and more quickly at certain sound political views I shall proceed to specify than he would while living in Cleveland or Chicago. The gospel which Godkin preached was needed much more in the West than in the East; and his disciples in the western country had for him a high degree of reverence. In the biography of Godkin, allusion is made to the small pecuniary return for his work, but in thinking of him we never considered the money question. We supposed that he made a living; we knew from his articles that he was a gentleman and saw much of good society, and there was not one of us who would not rather have been in his shoes than in those of the richest man in New York. We placed such trust in him — which his life shows to have been abundantly justified — that we should have lost all confidence in human nature had he ever been tempted by place or profit. And his influence was abid-

ing. Presidents, statesmen, senators, congressmen rose and fell; political administrations changed; good, bad, and weak public men passed away; but Godkin preached to us every week a timely and cogent sermon.

To return now to my personal experience. I owe wholly to the *Nation* my conviction in favor of civil service reform; in fact, it was from these columns that I first came to understand the question. The arguments advanced were sane and strong, and especially intelligible to men in business, who, in the main, chose their employees on the ground of fitness, and who made it a rule to retain and advance competent and honest men in their employ. I think that on this subject the indirect influence of the *Nation* was very great, in furnishing arguments to men like myself, who never lost an opportunity to restate them, and to editorial writers for the western newspapers, who generally read the *Nation* and who were apt to reproduce its line of reasoning. When I look back to 1869, the year in which I became a voter, and recall the strenuous opposition to civil service reform on the part of the politicians of both parties, and the indifference of the public, I confess that I am amazed at the progress which has been made. Such a reform is of course effected only by a number of contributing causes and some favoring circumstances, but I feel certain that it was accelerated by the constant and vigorous support of the *Nation*.

I owe to the *Nation* more than to any other agency my correct ideas on finance in two crises. The first was the "greenback craze" from 1869 to 1875. It was easy to be a hard-money man in Boston or New York, where one might imbibe the correct doctrine as one everywhere takes in the fundamental principles of civilization and morality. But it was not so in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, where the severe money stringency before and during the panic of 1873, and the depression after it, caused many good and representative men to join in the cry for a

larger issue of greenbacks by the government. It required no moral courage for the average citizen to resist what in 1875 seemed to be the popular move, but it did require the correct knowledge and the forcible arguments put forward weekly by the *Nation*. I do not forget my indebtedness to John Sherman, Carl Schurz, and Senator Thurman, but Sherman and Thurman were not always consistent on this question, and Schurz's voice was only occasionally heard; but every seven days came the *Nation* with its unremitting iteration, and it was an iteration varied enough to be always interesting and worthy of study. As one looks back over nearly forty years of politics one likes to recall the occasions when one has done the thing one's mature judgment fully approves; and I like to think that in 1875 I refused to vote for my party's candidate for governor, the Democratic William Allen whose platform was "that the volume of currency be made and kept equal to the wants of trade."

A severer ordeal was the silver question of 1878, because the argument for silver was more weighty than that for irredeemable paper, and was believed to be sound by business men of both parties. I remember that many representative business men of Cleveland used to assemble around the large luncheon table of the Union Club and discuss the pending silver-coinage bill, which received the votes of both of the senators from Ohio and of all her representatives except Garfield. The gold men were in a minority also at the luncheon table, but, fortified by the *Nation*, we thought that we held our own in this daily discussion.

In my conversion from a belief in a protective tariff to the advocacy of one for revenue only, I recognize an obligation to Godkin, but his was only one of many influences. I owe the *Nation* much for its accurate knowledge of foreign affairs, especially of English politics, in which its readers were enlightened by one of the most capable of living men,

Albert V. Dicey. I am indebted to it for sound ideas on municipal government and for its advocacy of many minor measures, such for instance as the International Copyright Bill. I owe it something for its later attitude on Reconstruction, and its condemnation of the negro carpet-bag governments in the South. In a word, the *Nation* was on the side of civilization and good political morals.

Confessing thus my great political indebtedness to Godkin, it is with some reluctance that I present a certain phase of his thought which was regretted by many of his best friends, and which undoubtedly limited his influence in the later years of his life. A knowledge of this eccentricity is, however, essential to a thorough comprehension of the man. It is frequently said that Godkin rarely, if ever, made a retraction or a rectification of personal charges shown to be incorrect. A thorough search of the *Nation's* columns would be necessary fully to substantiate this statement, but my own impression, covering as it does thirty-three years' reading of the paper under Godkin's control, inclines me to believe in its truth, as I do not remember an instance of the kind.

A grave fault of omission occurs to me as showing a regrettable bias in a leader of intelligent opinion. January 5, 1897, General Francis A. Walker died. He had served with credit as an officer during our Civil War, and in two thoughtful books had made a valuable contribution to its military history. He was superintendent of the United States Census of 1870, and did work that statisticians and historians refer to with gratitude and praise. For sixteen years he served with honor the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as its president. He was a celebrated political economist, his books being (I think) as well known in England as in this country. Yale, Amherst, Harvard, Columbia, St. Andrews, and Dublin conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. Withal he served his city with

public spirit. Trinity Church, "crowded and silent" in celebrating its last service over the dead body of Walker, witnessed one of the three most impressive funerals which Boston has seen for at least sixteen years — a funeral conspicuous for the attendance of a large number of delegates from colleges and learned societies.

Walker was distinctly of the intellectual élite of the country. But the *Nation* made not the slightest reference to his death. In the issue of January 7, appearing two days later, I looked for an allusion in "The Week," and subsequently for one of those remarkable and discriminating eulogies, which in smaller type follow the editorials, and for which the *Nation* is justly celebrated; but there was not one word. You might search the 1897 volume of the *Nation* and, but for a brief reference in the April "Notes" to Walker's annual report posthumously published, you would not learn that a great intellectual leader had passed away. I wrote to a valued contributor of the *Nation*, a friend of Walker, of Godkin, and of Wendell P. Garrison (the literary editor), inquiring if he knew the reason for the omission, and in answer he could only tell me that his amazement had been as great as mine. He at first looked eagerly, and, when the last number came in which a eulogy could possibly appear, he turned over the pages of the *Nation* with sorrowful regret, hardly believing his eyes that the article he sought was not there.

Now I suspect that the reason of this extraordinary omission was due to the irreconcilable opinions of Walker and Godkin on a question of finance. It was a period when the contest between the advocates of a single gold standard and the bimetallists raged fiercely, and the contest had not been fully settled by the election of McKinley in 1896. Godkin was emphatically for gold, Walker equally emphatic for a double standard. And they clashed. It is a notable example of the peculiarity of Godkin, to allow at the portal of death the one point of political policy on which he and Walker disagreed

to overweigh the nine points in which they were at one.

Most readers of the *Nation* noticed distinctly that, from 1895 on, its tone became more pessimistic and its criticism was marked by greater acerbity. Mr. Rollo Ogden in his biography shows that Godkin's feeling of disappointment over the progress of the democratic experiment in America, and his hopelessness of our future, began at an earlier date.

During his first years in the United States, he had no desire to return to his mother country. When the financial fortune of the *Nation* was doubtful, he wrote to Norton that he should not go back to England except as a "last extremity. It would be going back into an atmosphere that I detest, and a social system that I have hated since I was fourteen years old."¹ In 1889, after an absence of twenty-seven years, he went to England. The best intellectual society of London and Oxford opened its doors to him and he fell under its charm as would any American who was the recipient of marked attentions from people of such distinction. He began to draw contrasts which were not favorable to his adopted country. "I took a walk along the wonderful Thames embankment," he wrote, "a splendid work, and I sighed to think how impossible it would be to get such a thing done in New York. The differences in government and political manners are in fact awful, and for me very depressing. Henry James [with whom he stopped in London] and I talk over them sometimes 'des larmes dans la voix.'" In 1894, however, Godkin wrote in the *Forum*: "There is probably no government in the world today as stable as that of the United States. The chief advantage of democratic government is, in a country like this, the enormous force it can command in an emergency."² But next year his pessimism is clearly apparent. On January 12, 1895, he wrote to Norton: "You see I am not sanguine about the future

¹ Ogden, ii, 140.

² *Problems of Modern Democracy*, 209.

of democracy. I think we shall have a long period of decline like that which followed (?) the fall of the Roman Empire, and then a recrudescence under some other form of society."¹

A number of things had combined to affect him profoundly. An admirer of Grover Cleveland and three times a warm supporter of his candidacy for the presidency, he saw with regret the loss of his hold on his party, which was drifting into the hands of the advocates of free silver. Then in December, 1895, Godkin lost faith in his idol. "I was thunderstruck by Cleveland's message" on the Venezuela question, he wrote to Norton. His submission to the Jingo "is a terrible shock."² Later, in a calm review of passing events, he called the message a "sudden declaration of war without notice against Great Britain."³ The danger of such a proceeding he had pointed out to Norton: Our "immense democracy, mostly ignorant . . . is constantly on the brink of some frightful catastrophe like that which overtook France in 1870."⁴ In 1896 he was deeply distressed at the country having to choose for president between the arch-protectionist McKinley and the free-silver advocate Bryan, for he had spent a good part of his life combatting a protective tariff and advocating sound money. Though the *Evening Post* contributed powerfully to the election of McKinley, from the fact that its catechism, teaching financial truths in a popular form, was distributed throughout the West in immense quantities by the chairman of the Republican National Committee, Godkin himself refused to vote for McKinley and put in his ballot for Palmer, the gold Democrat.⁵

The Spanish-American war seems to have destroyed any lingering hope that he had left for the future of American democracy. He spoke of it as "a perfectly avoidable war forced on by a band of un-

scrupulous politicians" who had behind them "a roaring mob."⁶ The taking of the Philippines and the subsequent war in these islands confirmed him in his despair. In a private letter written from Paris, he said, "American ideals were the intellectual food of my youth, and to see America converted into a senseless, Old-World conqueror, embitters my age."⁷ To another he wrote that his former "high and fond ideals about America were now all shattered."⁸ "Sometimes he seemed to feel," said his intimate friend James Bryce, "as though he had labored in vain for forty years."⁹

Such regrets expressed by an honest and sincere man with a high ideal must command our respectful attention. Though due in part to old age and enfeebled health, they are still more attributable to his disappointment that the country had not developed in the way that he had marked out for her. For with men of Godkin's positive convictions, there is only one way to salvation. Sometimes such men are true prophets; at other times, while they see clearly certain aspects of a case, their narrowness of vision prevents them from taking in the whole range of possibilities, especially when the enthusiasm of manhood is gone.

Godkin took a broader view in 1868, which he forcibly expressed in a letter to the London *Daily News*. "There is no careful and intelligent observer," he wrote, "whether he be a friend to democracy or not, who can help admiring the unbroken power with which the popular common sense — that shrewdness or intelligence, or instinct of self-preservation, I care not what you call it, which so often makes the American farmer a far better politician than nine tenths of the best read European political philosophers — works under all this tumult and confusion of tongues. The newspapers and politicians fret and fume and shout and denounce; but the great mass, the nine-

¹ Ogden, ii, 199.

² *Ibid.*, ii, 202.

³ "Random Recollections," *Evening Post*, Dec. 30, 1899.

⁴ Ogden, ii, 202.

⁵ *Ibid.*, ii, 214.

⁶ Ogden, ii, 238.

⁷ *Ibid.*, ii, 219.

⁸ *Ibid.*, ii, 237.

⁹ *Biographical Studies*, 378.

teen or twenty millions, work away in the fields and workshops, saying little, thinking much, hardy, earnest, self-reliant, very tolerant, very indulgent, very shrewd, but ready whenever the government needs it, with musket, or purse, or vote, as the case may be, laughing and cheering occasionally at public meetings, but when you meet them individually on the high road or in their own houses, very cool, then, sensible men, filled with no delusions, carried away by no frenzies, believing firmly in the future greatness and glory of the republic, but holding to no other article of faith as essential to political salvation."

Before continuing the quotation I wish to call attention to the fact that Godkin's illustration was more effective in 1868 than now: then there was a solemn and vital meaning to the prayers offered up for persons going to sea that they might be preserved from the dangers of the deep. "Every now and then," he went on to say, "as one watches the political storms in the United States, one is reminded of one's feelings as one lies in bed on a stormy night in an ocean steamer in a head wind. Each blow of the sea shakes the ship from stem to stern, and every now and then a tremendous one seems to paralyze her. The machinery seems to stop work; there is a dead pause, and you think for a moment the end has come; but the throbbing begins once more, and if you go up on deck and look down in the hold, you see the firemen and engineers at their posts, apparently unconscious of anything but their work, and as sure of getting into port as if there was not a ripple on the water."

This letter of Godkin's was written on January 8, 1868, when Congress was engaged in the reconstruction of the South on the basis of negro suffrage, when the quarrel between Congress and President Johnson was acute and his impeachment not two months off. At about this time Godkin set down Evarts's opinion that "we are witnessing the decline of public morality which usually presages

revolution," and reported that Howells was talking "despondently like everybody else about the condition of morals and manners."¹ Of like tenor was the opinion of an arch-conservative, George Ticknor, written in 1869, which bears a resemblance to the lamentation of Godkin's later years. "The civil war of '61," wrote Ticknor, "has made a great gulf between what happened before it in our century and what has happened since, or what is likely to happen hereafter. It does not seem to me as if I were living in the country in which I was born, or in which I received whatever I ever got of political education or principles. Webster seems to have been the last of the Romans."²

In 1868 Godkin was an optimist, having a cogent answer to all gloomy predictions; from 1895 to 1902 he was a pessimist; yet reasons just as strong may be adduced for considering the future of the country secure in the later as were urged in the earlier period. But as Godkin grew older, he became a moral censor, and it is characteristic of censors to exaggerate both the evil of the present and the good of the past. Thus in 1899 he wrote of the years 1857-1860: "The air was full of the real Americanism. The American gospel was on people's lips and was growing with fervor. Force was worshiped, but it was moral force: it was the force of reason, of humanity, of human equality, of a good example. The abolitionist gospel seemed to be permeating the views of the American people, and overturning and destroying the last remaining traditions of the old-world public morality. It was really what might be called the golden age of America."³ These were the days of slavery. James Buchanan was president. The internal policy of the party in power was expressed in the Dred Scott decision and the attempt to force slavery on Kansas; the foreign policy, in the Ostend

¹ Ogden, i, 301, 307.

² *Life and Letters*, ii, 485.

³ "Random Recollections," *Evening Post*, Dec. 30, 1899.

Manifesto, which declared that if Spain would not sell Cuba the United States would take it by force. The rule in the civil service was, "to the victors belong the spoils." And New York City, where Godkin resided, had for its mayor Fernando Wood.

In this somewhat rambling paper I have subjected Godkin to a severe test by a contrast of his public and private utterances covering many years, not however with the intention of accusing him of inconsistency. Ferrero writes that historians of our day find it easy to expose the contradictions of Cicero, but they forget that probably as much could be said of his contemporaries, if we possessed also their private correspondence. Similarly, it is a pertinent question how many journalists and how many public men would stand as well as Godkin in this matter of consistency if we possessed the same abundant records of their activity?

The more careful the study of Godkin's utterances, the less will be the irritation felt by men who love and believe in their country. It is evident that he was a born critic, and his private correspondence is full of expressions showing that if he had been conducting a journal in England, his criticism of certain phases of English policy would have been as severe as those which he indulged in weekly at the expense of this country. "How Ireland sits heavy on your soul!" he wrote to James Bryce. "Salisbury was an utterly discredited Foreign Secretary when you brought up Home Rule. Now he is one of the wisest of men. Balfour and Chamberlain have all been lifted into eminence by opposition to Home Rule simply." To Professor Norton: "Chamberlain is a capital specimen of the rise of an unscrupulous politician." Again: "The fall of England into the hands of a creature like Chamberlain recalls the capture of Rome by Alaric." To another friend: "I do not like to talk about the Boer War, it is too painful. . . . When I do speak of the war my language

becomes unfit for publication." On seeing the Queen and the Prince of Wales driving through the gardens at Windsor, his comment was, "Fat, useless royalty;" and in 1897 he wrote from England to Arthur Sedgwick, "There are many things here which reconcile me to America."¹

In truth, much of his criticism of America is only an elaboration of his criticism of democracy. In common with many Europeans born at about the same time, who began their political life as radicals, he shows his keen disappointment that democracy has not regenerated mankind. "There is not a country in the world, living under parliamentary government," he wrote, "which has not begun to complain of the decline in the quality of its legislators. More and more, it is said, the work of government is falling into the hands of men to whom even small pay is important, and who are suspected of adding to their income by corruption. The withdrawal of the more intelligent class from legislative duties is more and more lamented, and the complaint is somewhat justified by the mass of crude, hasty, incoherent and unnecessary laws which are poured on the world at every session."²

I have thus far spoken only of the political influence of the *Nation*, but its literary department was equally important. Associated with Godkin from the beginning was Wendell P. Garrison, who became literary editor of the journal, and who, Godkin wrote in 1871, "has really toiled for six years with the fidelity of a Christian martyr and upon the pay of an oysterman."³ I have often heard the literary criticism of the *Nation* called destructive like the political, but, it appears to me, with less reason. Books for review were sent to experts in different parts of the country, and the list of contributors included many professors from various colleges. While the editor, I be-

¹ Ogden, ii, 30, 136, 213, 214, 247, 253.

² *Unforeseen Tendencies of Democracy*, 117.

³ Ogden, ii, 51.

lieve, retained, and sometimes exercised, the right to omit parts of the review and make some additions, yet writers drawn from so many sources must have preserved their own individuality. I have heard it said that the *Nation* gave you the impression of having been entirely written by one man; but whatever there is more than fanciful in that impression must have arisen from the general agreement between the editor and the contributors. Paul Leicester Ford once told me that, when he wrote a criticism for the *Nation*, he unconsciously took on the *Nation's* style, but he could write in that way for no other journal, nor did he ever fall into it in his books. Garrison was much more tolerant than is sometimes supposed. I know of his sending many books to two men, one of whom differed from him radically on the negro question and the other on socialism.

It is only after hearing much detraction of the literary department of the *Nation*, and after considerable reflection, that I have arrived at the conviction that it came somewhat near to realizing criticism as defined by Matthew Arnold, thus: "A disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world."¹ I am well aware that it was not always equal, and I remember two harsh reviews which ought not to have been printed: but this simply proves that the editor was human and the *Nation* was not perfect. I feel safe however in saying that if the best critical reviews of the *Nation* were collected and printed in book form, they would show an aspiration after the standard erected by Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold.

Again I must appeal to my individual experience. The man who lived in the middle West for the twenty-five years between 1865 and 1890 needed the literary department of the *Nation* more than one who lived in Boston or New York. Most of the books written in America were by New England, New York, and Philadelphia authors, and in those communities

literary criticism was evolved by social contact in clubs and other gatherings. We had nothing of the sort in Cleveland, where a writer of books walking down Euclid Avenue would have been stared at as a somewhat remarkable personage. The literary columns of the *Nation* were therefore our most important link between our practical life and the literary world. I used to copy into my *Index Rerum* long extracts from important reviews, in which the writers appeared to have a thorough grasp of their subjects; and these I read and re-read as I would a significant passage in a favorite book. In the days when many of us were profoundly influenced by Herbert Spencer's *Sociology*, I was somewhat astonished to read one week in the *Nation*, in a review of Pollock's *Introduction to the Science of Politics*, these words: "Herbert Spencer's contributions to political and historical science seem to us mere commonplaces, sometimes false, sometimes true, but in both cases trying to disguise their essential flatness and commonness in a garb of dogmatic formalism."² Such an opinion, evidencing a conflict between two intellectual guides, staggered me, and it was with some curiosity that I looked subsequently, when the *Index to Periodicals* came out, to see who had the temerity thus to belittle Spencer — the greatest political philosopher, so some of his disciples thought, since Aristotle. I ascertained that the writer of the review was James Bryce, and whatever else might be thought, it could not be denied that the controversy was one between giants. I can, I think, date the beginning of my emancipation from Spencer from that review in 1891.

In the same year I read a discriminating eulogy of George Bancroft, ending with an intelligent criticism of his history which produced on me a marked impression. The reviewer wrote: Bancroft falls into "that error so common with the graphic school of historians — the exaggerated estimate of manuscripts or

¹ *Essays*, 38.

² Vol. 52, p. 267.

fragmentary material at the expense of what is printed and permanent. . . . But a fault far more serious than this is one which Mr. Bancroft shared with his historical contemporaries, but in which he far exceeded any of them — an utter ignoring of the very meaning and significance of a quotation mark.”¹ Sound and scientific doctrine is this; and the whole article exhibited a thorough knowledge of our colonial and revolutionary history which inspired confidence in the conclusions of the writer, who, I later ascertained, was Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

These two examples could be multiplied at length. There were many reviewers from Harvard and Yale; and undoubtedly other eastern colleges were well represented. The University of Wisconsin furnished at least one contributor, as probably did the University of Michigan and other western colleges. Men in Washington, New York, and Boston, not in academic life, were drawn upon; a soldier of the Civil War, living in Cincinnati, a man of affairs, sent many reviews. James Bryce was an occasional contributor, and at least three notable reviews came from the pen of Albert V. Dicey. In 1885, Godkin, in speaking of the *Nation's* department of Literature and Art, wrote that “the list of those who have contributed to the columns of the paper from the first issue to the present day contains a large number of the most eminent names in American literature, science, art, philosophy, and law.”² With men so gifted, and chosen from all parts of the country, uniformly destructive criticism could not have prevailed. Among them were optimists as well as pessimists, and men as independent in thought as was Godkin himself.

Believing that Godkin's thirty-five years of critical work was of great benefit to this country, I have sometimes asked myself whether the fact of his being a foreigner has made it more irritating to many good people, who term his crit-

icism “fault-finding” or “scolding.” Although he married in America and his home life was centred here, he confessed that in many essential things it was a foreign country.³ Some readers who admired the *Nation* told Mr. Bryce that they did not want “to be taught by a European how to run this republic.” But Bryce, who in this matter is the most competent of judges, intimates that Godkin's foreign education, giving him detachment and perspective, was a distinct advantage. If it will help any one to a better appreciation of the man, let Godkin be regarded as “a chiel amang us takin notes;” as an observer not so philosophic as Tocqueville, not so genial and sympathetic as Bryce. Yet, whether we look upon him as an Irishman, an Englishman, or an American, let us rejoice that he cast his lot with us, and that we have had the benefit of his illuminating pen. He was not always right; he was sometimes unjust; he often told the truth with “needless asperity,”⁴ as Parkman put it; but his merits so outweighed his defects that he had a marked influence on opinion, and probably on history, during his thirty-five years of journalistic work, when, according to James Bryce, he showed a courage such as is rare everywhere.⁵ General J. D. Cox, who had not missed a number of the *Nation* from 1865 to 1899, wrote to Godkin, on hearing of his prospective retirement from the *Evening Post*, “I really believe that earnest men, all over the land, whether they agree with you or differ, will unite in the exclamation which Lincoln made as to Grant, ‘we can't spare this man — he fights.’”⁶

Our country, wrapped up in no smug complacency, listened to this man, respected him and supported him, and on his death a number of people were glad to unite to endow a lectureship in his honor in Harvard University.

In closing, I cannot do better than

³ Ogden, ii, 116.

⁴ *Ibid.*, i, 252.

⁵ *Biographical Studies*, 370.

⁶ Ogden, ii, 229.

¹ Vol. 52, p. 66.

² June 25, 1885.

quote what may be called Godkin's farewell words, printed forty days before the attack of cerebral hemorrhage which ended his active career. "The election of the chief officer of the State by universal suffrage," he wrote, "by a nation approaching one hundred millions, is not simply a novelty in the history of man's efforts to govern himself, but an experiment of which no one can foresee the result. The mass is yearly becoming more and more difficult to move. The old arts of persuasion are already ceasing to be employed on it. Presidential elections are less and less carried by speeches and articles. The American people is a less instructed people than it used to be. The necessity for drilling, organizing, and guiding it, in order to extract the vote from it is becoming plain; and out of this necessity has arisen the boss system, which is now found in existence everywhere, is growing more powerful, and has thus far resisted all attempts to overthrow it."

I shall not stop to urge a qualification of some of these statements, but will pro-

ceed to the brighter side of our case, which Godkin, even in his pessimistic mood, could not fail to see distinctly. "On the other hand," he continued, "I think the progress made by the colleges throughout the country, big and little, both in the quality of the instruction and in the amount of money devoted to books, laboratories, and educational facilities of all kinds is something unparalleled in the history of the civilized world. And the progress of the nation in all the arts, except that of government, in science, in literature, in commerce, in invention, is something unprecedented and becomes daily more astonishing. How it is that this splendid progress does not drag on politics with it I do not profess to know."¹

Let us be as hopeful as was Godkin in his earlier days, and rest assured that intellectual training will eventually exert its power in politics, as it has done in business and in other domains of active life.

¹ *Evening Post*, Dec. 30, 1890.

THE HEART OF THE UNITED STATES

BY JAMES P. MUNROE

"THE centre of population, now in Indiana, is traveling straight towards the middle point of Illinois. The centre of manufacturing has reached as yet only eastern Ohio, but is marching in a beeline for Chicago." This, the Illinois boast, is perhaps with somewhat rare coincidence the truth; and that state, in more than one meaning, is soon to be the controlling Heart of the United States. Therefore it is of vital, as well as of curious interest for New Englanders — fast becoming mere onlookers in the national administration — to examine and, so to speak, to auscultate this organ which will increasingly regulate the body politic.

Illinois drips fatness. Its black, oozy soil which eagerly devours one's shoes; its corn that, refined by selective processes, almost exudes oil; its hogs that can scarcely see through the deep folds of their unctuous envelope; its beefsteaks, pork-chops, and corn-cakes, glistening from the ceaseless sizzling of the frying-pan; its very speech, with mouthed syllables and exaggerated r's, — all are fat with a fatness almost indecent to the spare New Englander. Moreover the oleaginous carnival seems only just begun. Fertilizers and nitrogen-collectors are making the sand-dunes blossom; swamp-draining and well-driving are equalizing

conditions of moisture; rotation of crops is averting possible soil-exhaustion; while scientific breeding is enriching the corn at will and is blanketing the corn-fed hog with ever thicker layers of obesity.

To classify the huge industries of the stockyards — ventilated in the press if in no other way — as agriculture, is to place Illinois first among the farming states. To call them manufactures — and the people of Chicago generally do both — is to give her the rank of third among industrial commonwealths. She needs no forced construction of words, however, and she is not dependent upon Chicago alone, to put her in the forefront of manufacturing communities. For, having learned how to extract a high caloric from her low-grade coals; having begun, in dearth of other large mineral deposits, to coin her clays into those bricks, tiles, and cements which, with steel, are the essence of modern building; possessing lake, river, steam, and electric transportation uninterrupted by any mountain or desert barriers, she is creating enormous enterprises which will soon place her at the very head.

Illinois takes toll, too, upon most of the main highways of America. In the wide area between the Atlantic Ocean and the Rocky Mountains she stands at the middle point. The raw and manufactured products of the earth — north, south, east, and west — must, in our seething traffic, surge largely through her territory; she is, and from geographical necessity must always be, the chief sluiceway for this ceaseless flood of things. More than this, the multitudinous sea of restless Americans — old ones and new ones — pours into and through her avenues of travel. Unlike New York and Boston, mere filters through which the immigrant stream rushes or trickles, leaving behind the scum and dregs of alien peoples, Illinois is a smelting-pot in which the stronger and more active foreigners are fused with one another and with the older stock into real American citizenship.

The established population of Illinois, moreover, is already a remarkable alloy of North and South; for, from Chicago down to a line passing irregularly through its centre, the state is of Yankee origin, having been settled mainly by New England pioneers; but from the Ohio River north to that irregular line, the Illinois stock is distinctively southern. The "Egyptians," as they call the natives of Cairo, Thebes, and other grotesque namesakes of Old Nile, are in looks, in dialect, in habits of thought, and in instincts and traditions, markedly of the South.

An immigrant who gets as far from the coast as Illinois is almost certain to become Americanized, since the journey to the Atlantic is too great to be taken often, and there can be, therefore, little of that sailing back and forth which makes the immigrant of the seacoast cities frequently a denationalized being, severed from the old world, but not yet joined to the new. But in the smaller cities and in the towns of Illinois, as well as in those of other Middle-West States, amalgamation has so far progressed that one may say, Here is social and political America as it will be when immigration shall have become normal, when the unsettled spaces shall have been filled up, when the face of substantially the whole country shall have become thick-sown with towns joined to one another and to the great cities by every form of present and yet undiscovered means of intercourse.

Such is the Illinois of to-day. In primeval times, however (that is, about forty years ago), she was as lean as she now is fat. The state has not simply gained materially, — she has been regenerated; she is a Cinderella translated from the ash-heap to the palace among states. Less than thirty years ago Illinois was a place disheartened. New Englanders, tired of attempting to raise crops on stone-heaps, had gone hopefully out to this frontier where a pebble is a curiosity. Southerners, set adrift by war or averse to

working with emancipated blacks, had come North to make fortunes out of corn. The Easterners, however, still clung to the primitive agricultural methods of New England, while the Mississippians tried to cultivate cereals in the same way as cotton. The breaking up of so much virgin land, moreover, opened a very Pandora's box of miasmatic fevers. A people who knew nothing of the habits of the mosquito fought the "chills," as they indiscriminately called the fevers, with whiskey and quinine. Two-thirds of the population of the Southern Illinois bottom-lands died, in those pioneer days, of malaria and of diseases which found ready entrance into constitutions weakened by its assaults. The chills, the bad whiskey, and the adulterated quinine, produced a type little more ambitious than the Georgia "Cracker." The once active Yankee, weakened by malaria, depressed by the flat monotony, contaminated by the shiftlessness of his poor-white neighbors, became even more inert than they; and thus was produced the typical, hideous Illinois landscape of about 1880.

Treeless distances were broken only by rare bits of "timber," or by hedges of the melancholy osage orange, planted as breaks against the frightful winds. Roads that were impassable for a third of the year, mountainous with ruts for another third, and whirling dust-breeders during the remainder, sprawled untidily in miscellaneous directions. There were no bridges to speak of; but there were fearful mud-fords called "slews," into which one plunged at a terrifying angle from the hither brink, through which the natives urged the horses or oxen by merciless beatings and incredible oaths, and out of which it seemed, as in *Pilgrim's Progress*, impossible for such sinners ever to emerge.

The so-called towns, clinging here and there to the single-track railroads, were mere huddles of one-storied shacks, pretending to be two-storied by the palpable device of a clapboarded false front. At

long distances from these towns, and from one another, would be found a house, single-roomed, with a cock-loft, and set upon stilts to form a shelter for the pigs. Its front steps were a slanting board, like the approach to a hen-roost, and it was swept inside and out, above and below, by every blast from heaven. Outside the door, just where the sink-spout emptied, would be dug a shallow well, its water so rich in lime as actually to taste of it, and as a consequence so hard that a person who should spend his whole life in Illinois would be a sedimentary deposit of the dust and mud of all his days. Scattered around were a few sheds to give pretense of shelter to the ill-kept cattle; scattered still farther around, and shelterless, were agricultural machines, once costly, but now rusted and practically useless; and spreading away as far as one could see was an ocean of the Illinois staple, corn.

Were the harvest promising, however, along came the chinch-bug, the army-worm, or the locust, to eat it clean, or the prairie fire to burn it. Were it brought actually to the point of a fine harvest, there would be no demand, or the rickety railroads would be so choked with freight that the grain could not reach a market, and must be used for household fuel. Working listlessly in those fields were gaunt men, shaking with "chills," in that shanty were a gaunt woman and many cadaverous children, also shaking with chills, the lives of all of them a seemingly hopeless struggle against the elements, sickness, poor food, and the uncertainty of "craps."

So far as they could navigate the prairie and the "slews," the people were hospitable, and at harvest-time the neighbors over a wide circle would, in turn, help each the other with his crops. At funerals, too, — almost the sole diversion, — friends and relatives would come from far and near, and would encamp for a fortnight upon the bereft, eating in melancholy festivity the funeral fried meats. Religion, like everything else,

was rugged and strong, for the pains of eternal damnation were far more conceivable than the blessings of paradise. Schools were scarce and doctors scarcer. In short, there was found in Illinois at that time frontier life with none of the excitement which comes from the dangers of exploration, but with all the discomfort arising out of remoteness from even the rudiments of civilized existence.

What has transformed the fever-stricken, mortgage-ridden, and poverty-blasted Illinois of the eighties into the thriving, hustling heart of the United States? Two things: modern science, and real, effective education. Draining the fields and discovering the proximate cause of malaria practically destroyed the chills and fever; extending and modernizing railroad and steamship lines gave ready access to the markets of the world; the telephone put an end to the horrible isolation and loneliness of the farmhouse; the interurban trolley-line made pathways over the muddy prairies and bottomless "slews;" cement manufacturing enabled the smallest hamlet to build sidewalks and even to pave streets; while, as for education, the farmers have been systematically and wisely instructed how to make farming pay.

This education of the farmer has been carried on in at least two ways. At the time when the face of Illinois was that of grim desolation, certain shrewd investors — notably some from Great Britain — bought up, for the proverbial song, great areas of these poorly tilled farms from their ague-stricken owners, and began to cultivate them in wholesale, scientific ways. So large grew these foreign holdings — in some cases embracing the greater part of a county — that the state government became alarmed and passed legislation forbidding the inheritance of land excepting by *bona fide* citizens of Illinois. These and other extensive farms, however, all skillfully and very profitably developed, served, and still serve, as well-appreciated object lessons to the lesser owners, and have done much to revolu-

tionize the farming methods of the entire Middle West.

The main work of education, however, has been performed by the state, entering the field as a practical teacher of scientific farming. The State University and Agricultural Experiment Station together began the work, fifteen or twenty years ago, of finding out what might be the best crops for Illinois, how those crops could most profitably be raised, in what ways they might be increased; and then, of teaching all this to the adult farmer through farmers' institutes, local experiment stations, and demonstration trains, and to the farmer's son through courses in agriculture in the University.

The State University cannot be acquitted of all ulterior motive in this; on the contrary, it deliberately developed this sort of education in order to catch the farmers' votes. For years that State University had been going to the capitol, humbly begging for ten thousand or twenty thousand dollars, and finding it almost impossible to secure even that pitance from rural members who could see nothing for them, directly or indirectly, in the University. But when Dr. Andrew S. Draper was made president, he and some of his colleagues among the trustees and faculty determined to win the farmer vote by proving that the University could put millions of dollars into the pockets of the farmers by increasing the yield of corn, by teaching how to utilize swampy and sandy lands, by improving the breeds of cattle, by developing dairying, etc. Nobly the University fulfilled its self-imposed task, and generously did the farmer-legislature respond with appropriations, so that today it gives millions where formerly it begrudged ten-thousands.

Other elements, of course, have entered in. The rapid growth of the University of Chicago has spurred the country districts into a rivalry most profitable to the State University at Urbana; and a skillful type of advertising, appealing to the average Westerner's love of bigness, has been used with consummate skill. Whatever the

means, however,—and they have all been honorable, if more breezily Western than those to which the East is accustomed,—and whatever some of the ill effects upon the University, the results in the state as a whole have been little short of magical. For the University, in its campaign for votes and funds, has not stopped at the farmers. It has sedulously catered, too, in the good meaning of that word, to the manufacturers. The engineering side has grown even faster than the agricultural; and its schools, housed in a number of well-designed buildings, are fast taking high rank. These schools are making themselves directly useful to the state, among many other ways, by conducting experiments upon the low-grade coals of Illinois, burning them with every sort of grate-bar, under every conceivable condition, and in all kinds of mixtures, in order to determine in what ways they may be made to produce the most power at the least expense. They are carrying on an elaborate series of tests upon concrete, plain and reinforced, to ascertain the value of the various mixtures and the behavior of this new building material under all manner of demands. And in coöperation with the Illinois Central Railroad and the interurban railways, the University maintains two elaborately fitted dynamometer cars, running them for long distances, and placing the results at the disposition of the state.

What have been some of the effects, from the standpoint of a casual Easterner, of the enormous and comparatively sudden development of this great, pivotal state? The characteristic most obvious, as has been said, is that of omnipresent fatness, and of the materialistic attitude of mind which such plenteousness breeds. Fertility, be it of fields or of beasts, is a topic which never wearies, and which makes one feel at last that the very sows and cornstalks are in a conscious race for fecundity. The stockyards are proudly shown, not as a triumph of modern ingenuity, but as a spectacle of animals by the acre. The increased oil of the select-

ively bred corn is exhibited, not as an intellectual conquest of the chemist, but as a feeder of hogs still fatter than before. Even the frenzy of the wheat-pit, and the fortune-hunting schemes which rob the poor of their savings, are attempts to make money breed faster than it has any right, or real power, to do.

The dominant note in conversation, therefore, is that of gain,—gain in acreage, gain in yield, gain in income; and to one who looked no further it would appear that the mass of the people are sordid and materialistic, are mere worshippers of the fast-waxing dollar. It is this superficial materialism, with its fungus-growth of hideousness, that makes the New England traveler condemn, in large part, Chicago. A lake-front unsurpassed in possibilities of beauty is usurped by the tracks and purlieus of an ill-kept railroad. Business streets that, ten years after the great fire, promised to be almost grand in their width and perspective, are now mere smoky tunnels under the filth-dripping gridirons of the elevated railways. State Street, which then had the elements of a noble main avenue, affronts one with the unspeakable lines of cast-iron department stores. Palaces on certain avenues are cheek-by-jowl with dilapidated hovels; the semi-detached villas farther out of town are, many of them, wretchedly bedraggled; and the whole impression left by large areas is a mingling of interminable clothes-lines and flaming, peeling bill-boards. The city's buildings are black with the smoke blanketing the sky; factories, each more hideous than the other, intrude almost everywhere; and the vile river, only partly cleansed by the drainage canal, makes even suicide abhorrent. One does not hesitate thus to scourge Chicago, for she has no excuse. She cannot plead newness, for she is no younger than Cleveland, which is beautiful; she cannot plead swiftness of growth, for the magnificent city of Berlin has developed quite as rapidly as she.

Leaving Chicago, however,—and the

city has annexed so much territory that it takes an hour or two to do so, — and getting out upon the uncontaminated prairie, one realizes that this vast area of farms and towns and small cities is a very different thing from the Babel metropolis; and it is this rural Illinois which is the true flesh and blood of the great heart of the United States. The Atlantic seaboard states, with the ocean in front of them and the mountains behind them, with Europe and South America and the islands of the sea feeding them with ideas more or less new to the United States, will never wholly lose their individuality. The Pacific states, for like reasons, will have distinctiveness for all time to come. But the enormous basin between the Appalachians and the Rockies will, as it consolidates, grow, like its monotonous plains, more and more indistinguishable, the one section from the other, until it will think and act and live substantially as a unit, dominating by its bulk and the vastness of its homogeneity the political life of the United States. As the advance type of what this interior empire is to be, — indeed as the dominant pioneer which will largely impose its own characteristics upon that extensive area, — Illinois should have the careful study of all thoughtful Americans.

The first characteristic which strikes one in the Illinois people is their friendliness. It is said of the Australians that the question of ancestry is tabooed in polite society, lest investigation hark back to Botany Bay. While the Middle Westerners have no such fear, while most of them, did they choose, could go back to the purest Southern and New England strains, so many of them have come "out of the everywhere" that they do not stop to inquire who was a man's grandfather, but, on the contrary, bid him welcome without even waiting to be introduced. The old hospitality of pioneer days has survived, and opens the house without apology for its shortcomings, or lamentations that it is not more fit. This kind of hospitality, unfortunately, is becoming

obsolete in Massachusetts, where to-day, in order to see his neighbors, a man must put on evening dress, play bridge, and eat caterers' ice-cream.

A second thing which impresses a New Englander is the restlessness and abruptness born of lifelong "hustle." The people of Illinois are in too much of a hurry to mind the little niceties of etiquette; they say the blunt thing because it takes less time than courtesy; their behavior in the hours of supposed relaxation is that which the Massachusetts man keeps for his office, where he has to be brusque in order to get through. This gives everything in Illinois an air of ceaseless business, and leads to the unwarranted conclusion that all Westerners (as some of them do) sleep in their working clothes.

A third characteristic of the people of the Middle West is their large view of things, or, to speak more accurately, their way of looking at things in the large. Because of the habit of ploughing fields by the square mile and of killing pigs by the carload, the man of Illinois deals in commercial ideas by the yard, not, as Easterners do, by the quarter-inch. He plays for high stakes in business, and if, as is likely, he loses, he plays again. Whether he is up or whether he is down seems to matter little, provided he keeps in the game. This sweeping habit of mind, however, is fatal to fine analysis; and while, for example, the Illinois teacher is ready to try splendid, comprehensive experiments in the schools and colleges, while he handles the problems of education as Napoleon handled strategy, he is lacking in intellectual discrimination and *finesse*. As a result of this habit of mind, most of these Middle Westerners seem to the Easterner superficial and inclined to accept what Gelett Burgess so cleverly calls "Bromidioms" for revelations of new truth.

What strikes one most startlingly, however, in the people of Illinois is their lack of imagination. This, moreover, is a fundamental deficiency. They are a

plains people, with no mountains to vary their view-point, no changes of altitude to foster modifications of temperament, no salt breezes to make their brains tingle, no expanse of ocean, no beetling cliffs, no roar of breakers, no play of color upon the sea, no awfulness of tempest on ocean and on mountain, none of those natural phenomena — except perhaps cyclones — which are absolutely essential, not only to the making of poets, but also to the developing of the humbler imaginations of Tom, Dick, and Harry. Of course many of them travel, — journeying they treat in the same large way as business, thinking nothing of traveling four hours by train to buy a spool of thread, — but the rank and file of them do not go far enough from home ever to see the ocean or to climb a respectable hill.

There is, therefore, and always must be, over this vast central United States this limitation of experience which places the natives, figuratively as well as literally, upon a lower plane than mountain and coast-dwellers. They have some, and will have more, idealism; but it is the idealism of doing things on a large scale, not that of seeking to attain such perfection as only the highly developed imagination is able to portray. Their ideals for America are, and probably always will be, sturdy but commonplace, — not like those, therefore, of the men who conceived the Declaration of Independence and framed the Constitution.

Because of these fundamental qualities, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Cannon (from Danville, Illinois) are to these Middle Westerners the greatest and wisest among statesmen. Both these leaders are honest, like the average of men in Illinois; both are "hustlers" like them; the one is nervously busy, the other is shrewdly canny, like them; both are blunt, like them; both are fighters, as those men of Illinois have had to be; both lack imagination, and therefore utter long-accepted platitudes with the sonority of new-found wisdom; and, like those folk of the Middle West, both are

genuine democrats, accepting men for what they are, and liking them, not because they had good grandfathers, but because they seem in a fair way to be good grandfathers. Political leaders of the Roosevelt and Cannon type are doubtless to be, therefore, the very highest which we can ever again reach in statesmanship, and democracy of the Illinois type is to be the standard of the twentieth century.

New England must recognize this, accept it, and govern herself accordingly. She must appreciate, not only that she never again can take that leading part in the councils of the nation which she held for a hundred years, but also that she must never expect to see the kind of democracy which was the ideal (however inadequately reached) of the Atlantic states when they were the leaders of America. The democracy of the government is henceforth to be that of the great Central Plain, a democracy much more widespread but far less fertile of great men and of high aspirations than was that of the first century of our national life. Mediocrity is in the political saddle; and the business, therefore, of the educational, as distinguished from the political leader is to provide that type of common schooling which shall tend to uplift mediocrity rather than, as is the usual result of our present methods, to perpetuate mediocrity, and to discourage even the gifted youth.

Hence the rôle of Massachusetts, with her history, her climate and topography, her lead as the best educated and the most "otherwise-minded" (that is to say, the most uplifted above mediocrity) state of the Union, with her inheritance of sea-power and her nearness to Europe, — her special rôle under the new order is to develop, through the intelligent education of the many and through the special training of the few, the exceptional man, whether in literature, art, science, statecraft, commerce, or manufacturing.

Massachusetts cannot compete with the thousand-acre farms of Illinois, in that

species of agriculture; but she can hold her own and can excel, even with her tiny holdings, by stimulating that intensive farming which makes an acre of swamp-land yield more in point of value than a square mile of prairie. She cannot manufacture in a large way, as the West and South can, close as both are to the raw material, and accustomed as the former is to dealing with large propositions; but she can make the finer and the finest things, most of which now come from abroad, but all of which might readily be fashioned within the four boundaries of the commonwealth.

Massachusetts can solve the hard problems of nurturing and training the most highly skilled workmen, if she will utilize the energy of the men and women who are eager and fit to make a sound study of that vital question. The state can produce, not only great artisans, but great artists, if she will but give that encouragement which has always been essential to their flowering. And those great colleges and schools for which the commonwealth is justly famous can keep themselves at the front as leaders and inspirers if they will be true to that idealism which, from its very founding, has been the life and soul of Massachusetts.

The deservedly large and phenomenally growing state universities of the Middle West will, fortunately, press these Massachusetts institutions hard; but they can never catch up if the education of the commonwealth keeps going too. These western universities will lose breath in the running, for two reasons: first, because they must always keep an eye upon politics and must often do, not what they know to be educationally right, but what they are certain the people will demand, — and that people, as has been seen, are governed by mediocrity. Secondly, because these state universities must dovetail in with the common-school system and must admit practically every public-school boy or girl who can show a very moderate proficiency. Therefore no state-supported university in a democracy can

ever compete on equal terms with one privately endowed, which has none to placate excepting the alumni, and which may weed out its student body just as far as it thinks necessary to maintain the highest standards of efficiency.

Massachusetts, however, has many things to learn of the opulent, optimistic Middle West, and it is greatly to be wished that every citizen of the Bay State might spend at least one year of his early manhood in such a state as Illinois. Indeed, our educational system will not be complete until it is made possible for a youth seeking a higher education to take his college and professional courses partly in the East and partly in the West, the leading institutions having put themselves, for that purpose, on some common basis of scholarship requirement and each having consented to give, like the state law, "due faith and credit" to the educational work of all the others.

Could the great bulk of "leading" Massachusetts men be induced to make even a temporary acquaintance with the spirit of the people of the Middle West, they would discover that the Hub of the Solar System has been moved, and that an attempt to make a close corporation, capitalized upon ancient prestige, of Bostonianism is to invite commercial, industrial, and intellectual dry-rot. Too many native Bostonians are of the mind of the aristocratic lady from Cambridge who, late in life, was induced to spend a few weeks at Gloucester, and who announced to her amazed friends, on her return, that she had met there quite a number of excellent persons whose names even she never before had heard. Massachusetts men, too, were they to go West occasionally, would learn the merits — as well as the demerits — of "hustling," and would perhaps acquire some of that simple, hearty friendliness which so lubricates the machinery of social intercourse.

There are, however, more specific and important things for Massachusetts to learn from Illinois. She ought, above all, to adopt the well-considered plan —

almost magical in its effects — of scientifically exploiting her resources, and teaching her farmers, merchants, manufacturers, importers, and exporters, what the state is capable of doing. It is a trite saying that only a few of the possibilities of a human being are developed in the ordinary course of a man's or woman's life. It is still more true, however, that but the merest beginning has been made in the development of the resources of Massachusetts or of any other state of the Union.

The forests, in a political division so small and so densely peopled as is Massachusetts, would seem hardly worth consideration; yet, were even the rudiments of the science of forestry comprehended by the farmers, immense areas of land, now waste, might be made to yield, every thirty or forty years, a crop of great value. The applications of chemistry to farming have so revolutionized this industry that — including these forest areas — there is scarcely a foot of the bleak soil of Massachusetts which might not be made profitable. Her conformation provides hundreds and thousands of little water-courses, which, properly utilized, might be made, by electrical transmission, large sources of manufacturing power.

The Bay State has no coal-beds; but she has enormous areas of peat, to utilize which is now a theoretical, and soon will be a practical, possibility. With her many cities and large towns, and

with the growth of rapid transit, dairying, market-gardening, and the raising of fowls may be indefinitely extended, with increasing profit to both producer and consumer. Above all, with a long seaboard protected by encircling capes and presenting many safe harbors, with ample water-powers, with a comparatively dense population providing, together with immigration, an abundant supply of potential workmen, and with her long history of manufacturing prowess, Massachusetts should always remain great among industrial states.

For such a development of her resources, the commonwealth needs to study and heed the example of the Middle West: that of educating her citizens in the fundamental principles of production and distribution, and in the application of those principles to the requirements of modern life. The world to-day is a world of applied science; and the line of development to be followed — especially in such states as Massachusetts — is that of the application of science to agriculture, to manufacturing, to commerce, to transportation, and, not least, to education. The states of the Middle West — many of them daughters of Massachusetts — have clearly pointed out the way; it is for Massachusetts to profit by their example and to recover, in leadership along these modern lines, the educational prestige which, in the ancient and now outworn paths of learning, she for so many years maintained.

THE ENGLISH WORKING-WOMAN AND THE FRANCHISE

BY EDITH ABBOTT

A NEGLECTED feature of England's spectacular suffrage movement, of interest from the point of view of industrial as well as social progress, is the campaign conducted by the working-women of the northern textile districts. Differentiated alike from the militant band of "Suffragettes" and the conservative "National Union of Suffrage Societies," they have formed an independent organization representing the Manchester and Salford Trades and Labor Council, the Lancashire and Cheshire Women's Textile and Other Workers' Representation Committee, and the Lancashire and Cheshire Society for Women's Suffrage, — together representing thousands of organized and unorganized working-women.

The importance of their movement does not lie alone in the new strength that has been brought to the cause, but in the larger significance of its bearing upon the industrial position of women. We have here the "woman in industry" emerging into extra-industrial activities as a surer means to her own uplifting. It is the working-woman's conscious attempt to improve her own condition through her own efforts, and shows a clear understanding of the exact difficulties of her situation, a grasp of the means of solving them, and a power of initiative in her own behalf which holds a new promise for the future.

These women of the north of England long ago worked out the difficult problem of industrial organization. The history of the great trade unions of the cotton district has been a standing answer to the charge that working-women cannot organize or maintain an organization on business principles. It is not strange,

therefore, that they should have the foresight to perceive the growing closeness of the relation between the industrial and political worlds; nor that they should be broad-minded enough to see that there are factors that will go further than trade-unionism to give them a more equal footing in the industrial struggle. These skilled women-workers of England are not only industrially competent but politically sagacious. This is shown, for example, in an extract from their appeal to the industrially incompetent and more helpless working-women of the southern districts:—

"In the old days men suffered as women do now, but since they got political power they have altered all that; they have been able to enforce a much fairer rate of wages. It is the women who are sweated . . . we who have no labor representation to protect us . . . without political power in England, it is impossible to get industrial justice or a fair return for your labor. . . . The cheap labor of women is not a local difficulty that can be remedied by local means; it is a national difficulty, and nothing less than a national reform, giving women the protection of political power, can make any really effective change in their position. So we are agitating for votes for women, and we appeal to you to join our ranks."

The history of their earnest and dignified campaign gives further evidence of their business ability and their organizing power. In December, 1905, they began what was then the highly original policy of trying to elect women's suffrage candidates to Parliament. Labor representation had been successful for labor interests, and it was logical to argue that the

women's claims would be properly considered only when they too had representatives of their own. Accordingly, at the General Election, they announced their intention of contesting the Borough of Wigan, an important industrial centre near Manchester, and of appealing directly to the working-men in behalf of the enfranchisement of working-women. They met many difficulties, — even their friends in Wigan told them that they could not hope to poll a hundred votes, — but they were accustomed to difficulties.

They succeeded in raising the money (and it was no small sum) for the necessary expenses of a parliamentary campaign; they succeeded in finding a man of courage and ability who was willing to stand as a "women's candidate." They were obliged, being of no party, to prepare their own leaflets and posters, and because of their poverty, they were compelled to hold all of their meetings out of doors. But nothing discouraged them, and they worked with the enthusiasm that goes hand in hand with faith in a great cause. They went straight to the working-man. They went to the mills, the iron-works, the collieries. They held meetings at the dinner-hour, and in the evenings at street-corners all over town. They made but one appeal, "the political freedom of the poorest of the workers," and to that appeal the working-man could not refuse to listen. It was a new campaign — not in behalf of a party, but of an idea — of a great hope born of a great need. The result of the campaign was a poll of 2205 votes for the women's candidate out of a total of 7605. They lost the election only by the appearance at the last moment of a third candidate who stood in the interests of denominational education. But the result was a moral victory, and in their report they said they "were touched and delighted at the hearty sympathy and understanding and good fellowship that they met with. They appealed to the poor to stand together and to fight for the political power and industrial freedom of their

fellow workers, and they received that generous help that the poor never refuse to real enthusiasm and sincerity."

But the activity of the working-women's committee did not end with the defeat at Wigan. They knew that they had seen only the beginning of a long struggle, in which they must appeal to the working-women of the south to join them, and to the working-men of the south to support them. A long series of meetings has been held in London. In May, in October, and again in February of the past year, great demonstrations were organized in Trafalgar Square, where thousands of men and women from Whitechapel, Poplar, Bethnal Green, and other poor districts of London, listened to the message that had been sent to them from nearly three hundred thousand working-women in Lancashire and Cheshire. It has been very interesting, this preaching of the gospel of women's freedom to the unskilled workers of East London by the skilled workers of the industrial north — distinguished so easily by their accent, their manner, their dress, but more perhaps by their earnestness, — alike, however, in that they have the same need and the same hope.

Their printed address was a very simple one. "Fellow workers," it began, "we think it is time that the women joined together to help one another and themselves. We are all workers. We come from weaving-mills, spinning-mills, iron foundries, linotype works. There are amongst us winders, gassers, doublers, reelers, shirtmakers, tailoresses, cigarmakers, clay-pipe finishers, chain-makers, pit-brow workers. We are all Lancashire and Cheshire women; our trades are different, but we have learned this fact, that our interests are the same. Now we ask you to join with us, that we may all work together to better our position."

Meetings were held, too, in other parts of London, — in Hyde Park and in Battersea Park, in Whitechapel and in Bermondsey, at Pimlico Pier and at Wool-

wich Arsenal, at Hammersmith, Clapham, and Canningtown, as well as at many other places in England and Scotland. In addition to holding meetings, they have organized petitions and deputations, and done effective work in the bye-elections. "If the Government will not listen to the appeal of the working-women," they say, "the women must make their appeal to the sense of justice in the nation itself."

An interesting point with regard to these working-women and their campaign is their relation to the other two organizations that have been active in the suffrage movement. For, to the surprise of some observers, it is the old and conservative National Union of Suffrage Societies, rather than the radical band of "Suffragettes," with whom they have worked in closest sympathy. Although individual factory girls have from time to time gone to prison with the members of the Women's Social and Political Union, the great body of working-women follow their leaders in preferring the more decorous methods of the older society. Perhaps it is because they have learned through inherited experience that it is patient striving rather than open defiance in the face of an injustice that profits them more. But it is also because the woman from the Lancashire mills cannot understand that going to prison is one way of serving the cause, — for prison to her does not mean martyrdom, but disgrace. There is, too, the further reason that she is likely to care very much for appearances. She judges, as she is so often judged, by the "outward sign;" and it is she much more than her upper or middle-class sister who insists that "ladies should always be real ladies!"

So far as the progress of the suffrage movement is concerned, this campaign of the Lancashire and Cheshire Committees has brought a remarkable accession of strength. It is not to the point to say to these women who have been obliged to work since the day they were fourteen, that women's proper place is at home, or

to talk to them about losing their womanliness, or forfeiting the protection and chivalry of men. If the influence of the mills where they are sent to work, where their mothers, their grandmothers, and their great-grandmothers were sent to work before them, has not made them unwomanly, they will not be risking much when they become subject also to the influences of the polls.

Again, their position is peculiarly strong because their need for the franchise is so pressing. It is not alone a matter of abstract justice in their case, nor a longing for the larger privileges of citizenship which shall make them alike self-respecting and respected. With them the question becomes a part of their own hard problem of existence. While they have no votes, their demands are given scant consideration at the hands of their employers. They look therefore to the franchise as one immediate and practicable measure which will tend to establish greater equality between their earnings and those of the men with whom they work. For the voteless working-woman's position, as one of their *Textile Tracts* points out, is a forlorn and difficult one. "She has no social or political influence to back her. Her Trade Union stands or falls by its power of negotiating; it cannot hope to have the weight with employers that the men's unions have, for instead of being a strong association of voters . . . it is merely a band of workers carrying on an almost hopeless struggle to improve conditions of work and wages. . . . A vote in itself is a small thing, but the aggregate vote of a great union is a very different matter."

The position of these women is unique too, in that they are obliged to pay out of their own hard earnings for labor representation in the House; for trade-union women as well as trade-union men are assessed for the salaries of labor members, — indeed the larger proportion of the members of the great textile union paying the parliamentary levy are women. But they still remain unrepresented,

for they have no voice either in choosing the candidates or in dictating their policy. There is a special injustice in this, because the Labor M. P. devotes himself particularly to industrial legislation, which is often of supreme importance to these women, dealing frequently with the conditions of their own and their children's work.

It is unquestionably true that one of the greatest obstacles in the woman's path of industrial progress has been her own apathy. She is reproached by the men in her trade for her lack of interest in trade-unionism; she is reproached by the philanthropist for her lack of ambition — her seeming willingness to remain unskilled and underpaid. But in this new movement for the franchise, we have the women who are already in the ranks of the skilled workers, and who have long since proved their capacity for organization taking another great step forward. They have at last learned that their industrial regeneration can come only through their own efforts and the importance of this new spirit of independence, this enlarging of the working-woman's sphere of activity to demand a "voice in the laws that regulate her toil," would be difficult to overestimate.

One feels more strongly perhaps the magnificent promise of this movement

when one has seen in the great textile districts of England the long processions of women with their shawls pinned tightly about their heads, passing to or from the mills in the early morning and the late twilight. These shawled women have for generations been passing everywhere in the Lancashire district; for generations they have inherited the burdens of life with few of its opportunities. As they have worked patiently there for more than a hundred years, so they are still working patiently, but they are awake as they have never been before to the injustice of their position; and this movement for the franchise is symptomatic of a new solidarity among them which has grown out of a new consciousness of their own needs, and which brings with it a new sense of their own power. When one knows something of the history of these "women in industry," of their share in the development of the textile industries, their generations of work under the discipline of Lancashire cold and fog, the slow but steady growth of their great trade unions, one can understand the earnestness, the moderation, and intelligence that they have shown in this campaign. And almost inevitably one believes that, when this political justice has been meted out to them, industrial justice must be swift to follow.

CHANSON^{*} LOUIS XIII

BY CHARLOTTE PRENTISS

NAY, I cannot love you so —
 Now you choose a dragging measure
 Full of pauses, stepping slow
 At the flying heels of pleasure.
 Come from out your high-walled gloom,
 Let us make a holiday
 In the meadow's pleasant room
 Where the sliding shadows play.

Here in golden splendor high
Butterfly loves butterfly:
Shall they live and love forever?
Never! never!

Still and still you sigh and plead,
Still and still I love you,
While the little breezes speed
Butterflies above you.
Still you love me, while the sun
Stands so high above us.
Butterflies, when day is done
Who will think to love us?

While there's azure in the sky
Butterfly loves butterfly.
Fluttered pinions in the air
Catch the sunlight, hold it there.
Over the soft-lifting breeze
Now the drooping branches sigh —
Love me now! Beneath the trees
Spread the lightest couch of love,
But above
Let there be no canopy
To obscure the shining skies
Or the shadows, flitting by,
Of the dancing butterflies.

Still and still you sigh and plead,
Still and still I love you,
While the little breezes speed
Butterflies above you.
Still you love me, while the sun
Stands so high above us.
Butterflies, when day is done
Who will think to love us?

THE DOCTOR

BY WILLIAM JOHN HOPKINS

DOCTOR OLCOTT was on his rounds with the Polar Bear. It was somewhat hard to see how he would have got along without that valuable fur-bearing animal, for he was giving no attention whatever to his driving, and it is to be doubted if he knew even what road they were taking together. He had one leg out of the low buggy, his foot on the step, and his mind seemed to be wandering — taking a vacation, perhaps; although, judging from the way he was frowning, he was worried about something. For the good doctor did worry, on occasion, over his patients. They were not mere cases to him; and, although he was well aware that it was considered bad form — and fatal to the doctor concerned — to worry about them, they were human beings and his friends, most of them, and he did worry over them. He could n't help it. But he did n't seem to be getting thin with his worrying. There were other things to be feared than getting thin.

The Polar Bear had it all his own way, and he knew it; and he jogged along with his customary care, turning out for any carriage that they met, while the occupant of that carriage hailed the doctor heartily and the doctor responded as heartily, coming back, momentarily, to his surroundings for that purpose. The Polar Bear knew well enough where the doctor was going, and he was to be trusted to take him there safely and to stop before the right gate; and then, if the doctor had not come to himself by that time, to look around inquiringly.

"Well, doctor," the look said, as plainly as if he had spoken, "here we are! Why don't you get out? It's your move."

Indeed, he always said it plainly enough. If what he said was not always understood, it was no fault of his.

So the old white horse jogged on, dragging the buggy, that sagged hopelessly on one side under the not inconsiderable weight of the doctor. The doctor was aware that it sagged — permanently — and that the top was stained and weather-beaten. The fact did not trouble him. He was not a city doctor, with fees which would enable him to keep an automobile and a chauffeur — or a sanitarium — *and* a sanitarium, I should have said — and which would have made it necessary for him to dress the part. He did not regret the automobile and the chauffeur, nor the dress. He would have found all of those but a burden; but he had longings for the sanitarium. He would put Miss Wetherbee in it, and would make her work like — like — ahem — other women, — Mrs. Loughery, for instance. And he would put Joe Loughery in it, and would not let him work. And there were others. As the doctor thought of it, he sighed.

The Polar Bear veered to the side of the road, turned his head inquiringly, and hesitated slightly. The doctor came to himself.

"No, no, Sammy," he said, "not to-day. She has n't sent for me to-day. Go on, Sammy."

And the old doctor chuckled as the old horse took the middle of the road again. "You did n't know, did you, Sammy? And you thought that Miss Wetherbee might have sent for me at any time, did n't you? Well, so she might. She may even have sent since we started. You are brighter than I am, Sammy. I'll look."

And the doctor turned and looked through the little window in the back of the buggy. He saw a great house — almost too great a house for one poor old

woman; for Miss Wetherbee was a poor old woman, in spite of her being one of the richest in Old Harbor and inclined to be miserly — a great house that stood nearer the street than was the fashion, and a board fence about shoulder-high. And the board fence was surmounted with two feet more of pickets. The pickets were at just the height to make it most trying for any one walking by the fence when the sun was low, so that such persons involuntarily and invariably closed their eyes; and, in consequence, involuntarily and invariably ran into Miss Wetherbee emerging from her own gate. It *was* inconvenient; possibly as inconvenient for the aforesaid persons as it was for Miss Wetherbee. And it *was* annoying to have Miss Wetherbee berate you for running into her, when it was rather more than half her own fault. She had no business to have such a fence, especially about sunset. At any other time it was well enough, for you could see, through it, the very formal little garden with its high and full borders of box. The box alone was sufficiently remarkable, every plant almost a tree.

The doctor saw all this. At least, if he did not see the garden behind the board fence, he was conscious of it. And he saw more than this; for, leaning far out of a window just over the door, was an old woman. And the old woman was frantically waving a handkerchief and calling "Doctor! Doctor Olcott!"

The doctor chuckled again. "You're right, Sammy. She has. But go on. We'll stop on our way home. That'll give her time to get well. If she gets mad about it, so much the better. It'll do her good."

All that Miss Wetherbee needed was something to do. Doctor Olcott had told her so, bluntly; and Miss Wetherbee had scoffed at him and as much as called him an old fool. And Doctor Olcott had smiled and had gone away — which was not what might have been expected. Yes, if she got mad with him now, why, so much the better. He sighed — but he

did wish that he might have that sanitarium. He could make a good beginning at filling it, right away. For, besides Miss Wetherbee and Joe Loughery, there was Mrs. Houlton.

Mrs. Houlton did not have Miss Wetherbee's complaint. She had no time for complaining, even if she had been inclined to it. Indeed, a widow with eight children and next to nothing a year has barely time to eat and not enough to sleep, and Mrs. Houlton was working herself to death. There was no manner of doubt about that, and the doctor had told her so as nearly as he dared, and that was pretty near. And he had urged her to rest; completely, if possible, but if she could not do that, then as much as she could.

And Mrs. Houlton had smiled at him cheerfully. "Don't you think I ought to have a piece of the moon for breakfast, doctor?" she had asked, somewhat irrelevantly.

And the doctor had growled out some reply about feeble-minded persons doing as they were told, at which Mrs. Houlton had laughed outright.

Then the doctor had gone home, leaving Mrs. Houlton in her kitchen, darning stockings while she got dinner for nine. The stockings were mostly darns; and he knew very well that she would sit up far into the night, after the children were all in bed, mending the clothes that the eight were to wear the next day. So the doctor swore softly to himself and sent her some work. She had been asking for some work that she could do, and she embroidered beautifully; or so the doctor thought. And, although the doctor was, probably, no judge of embroidery, there was reason to think that, in this instance, he was right. He had asked her, in Miss Joyce's name, to embroider the table-linen which he enclosed. What should the doctor do with embroidered table-linen? He had trouble enough in selecting the linen; but he did it.

"I'll see Hattie to-morrow," he said to himself, "and make it right with her."

And now he remembered, with a shock, that he had not mentioned the table-linen to Hattie. It would be convenient, in some respects, if he were married. He would not be buying table-linen for widows to embroider if he were married; and he was more likely to be wrong, in his choice of the linen, than right. He would stop in at Hattie's on his way home, and consult her; not about his marriage — and the doctor chuckled once more — but about the table-linen. Doctor Olcott was in danger of forgetting Miss Wetherbee. And when he had settled that little matter of the linen he might be able to get in a word about Miss Harriet herself without seeming to make a point of it. She was looking poorly — run down and tired out, no doubt. A vacation would do her a world of good. She might manage it, if she would.

Suddenly the Polar Bear drew in to the curb as if he would stop. The doctor was annoyed.

"Damn it, Sammy," he said, without looking up, "go on. What you stopping for?" And he slapped him with the reins.

Sammy paid no attention to the doctor's evident wishes in the matter of going on, but continued on his way to the curb, his spirits no more ruffled than his thick fur by so small a thing as a slap of the reins. He did not lay it up against the doctor. It seemed to amuse the doctor, and it did not hurt Sammy; but Sammy's intentions were quite as evident as the doctor's, and Sammy was in a position to carry them out.

"Well, you old skate," remarked the doctor affectionately, "if you will, you will; and there's an end on't." And he sighed and roused himself and looked around. "Hitty Tilton must want me," he said. "She would n't send till the last gun fired. But Sammy knew."

And he got out of the buggy with some difficulty, and went wheezing into the house; from which he presently emerged with a look of great satisfaction:

"You knew, Sammy, did n't you?" he said, as he slowly climbed in. "It's a

mystery to me how you did, but you certainly did. And we settled Hitty's hash. She'd have been a sick old woman if I had n't, with the cold weather due any day; and pneumonia, Sammy. Hitty's not in the first flush of youth, as you and I are, Sammy. But we settled her. And we'll get no thanks from her, either. But we could n't neglect the Tilton girls, could we? Bless 'em! They're the real old sort." He gathered up the reins. "Now go on."

And the Polar Bear began to jog along again. They were a pair, the doctor and his old horse. The doctor had some such thought.

"Hurry, Sammy, if it is in you. We shan't get around before dinner, at this rate. But what if we don't? There's nobody waiting for us." He sighed. "I'm beginning to wish there was, Sammy. But we don't need anybody, do we, Sammy, — you and I, two old skates."

And Sammy turned his head and looked at the doctor. They understood each other. And they went on together. And Sammy stopped at one house after another, and from some of the houses Doctor Olcott puffed out cheerfully, wheezing to Sammy that that was that. As if Sammy did not know it! And from other houses the doctor emerged slowly, and he did not tell Sammy that that was that, but he took up the reins in frowning silence.

So it happened that the doctor was weary in body and soul by the time the Polar Bear stopped before Miss Joyce's gate. He got slowly out of the buggy, which gave under his weight until the body touched the axles on one side; and he went puffing and wheezing up the long walk. Harriet saw him coming and opened the door herself.

"Come in, doctor," she said, as he mounted the last step.

The doctor was very short of breath. "I'm — coming." He plumped down on the hall settle and wheezed there for a few minutes. Miss Harriet waited. He got his breath, in time.

"I came in to see you," said the doctor. "And I want to tell you, while I think of it, Hattie, that if I expire suddenly after getting into this house, you will be responsible. My death will be upon that smooth head of yours."

Miss Harriet smiled affectionately. Not many who knew him could help regarding this rough old man affectionately, in spite of the fact that he was apt to swear absent-mindedly.

"I am glad to see you — always, doctor," she said. "But I am quite well, I think; that is" — she had remembered suddenly that she had meant to ask him —

"Yes, 'that is,'" interrupted the doctor. "You are well enough, but tired out. And you must be careful, Hattie. You see, I'm selfish, as usual. I only want to save myself some work."

The tears came to Miss Harriet's eyes. It showed that the doctor was right, that the tears should come so readily. "If all selfish men were like you, doctor!" she said. "But what do you want me to do?"

There was great satisfaction in the doctor's voice. "That's a proper spirit, Hattie. I wish all my patients were as reasonable. Take a vacation for a few days. Go on a spree."

Miss Harriet's laugh bubbled out at that. "A spree!" she cried. "I — almost feel as though I could — as though I wanted to. But what do people do when they are on a spree? Is n't it customary to — drink?"

Doctor Olcott laughed, too, a great rumbling laugh. "It is n't necessary," he said, "and it might be dangerous for some. I don't advise it — although it would do you no harm. Go up to Boston, and — and go to some show that will make you laugh — and put no strain on your brain-cells. Do anything that comes into your head, except worry."

"Well," she said, speaking slowly, "I'll think of it. I think I will. And you must tell me more about it — prime me — before I go."

"I wish," said the doctor, grumbling,

"that you could induce all my patients to take my advice as well — to follow my prescriptions."

"Why," said Miss Harriet, "who is difficult, now?" There was a twinkle in her eyes.

"Mrs. Houlton."

And Miss Harriet laughed.

"Oh, you may laugh," said the doctor. "But she's killing herself. If she does n't take a rest she'll die."

"Forgive me for laughing, doctor," replied Miss Harriet. "It was not because I did n't appreciate the gravity of the situation. And won't she obey your orders?"

"No," growled the doctor. "Obey my orders! Why, she flouts me and my orders. It makes me mad, so that I say things that I should n't."

"Oh, doctor, you don't swear!"

"I'm afraid I do. And I'm convinced that she'll give me a fit of apoplexy. And she laughs at me when I am properly mad. She just laughs."

Miss Harriet laughed again. "I knew it!" she cried. "I knew it. Have you been there this morning?"

"No," growled the doctor again. "I did n't dare to." And he told her about the table-linen that was to be embroidered.

"And you aid and abet her in evil," said Miss Harriet, when he had finished. "What else can you expect?"

The doctor rumbled in his throat. Miss Harriet could not understand what he said, except that it was something about feeble-minded and foolish women.

"I'll help you about the embroidering," she said. "And I'll do what I can to induce her to take a rest, but I have n't the least expectation of success. She has no husband living —"

"Ought to have one," rumbled the doctor. "Ought to have one, to make her stand around."

"Well?" said Miss Harriet, smiling.

"What do you mean, Hattie?" growled the doctor. "What do you mean by your insinuations? If you mean me, by — ahem — Well, I'd marry her in a

minute if I thought she'd take orders from me any better. That is, if she'd have me — which she would n't. Of course she would n't. She's no fool."

Miss Harriet was still smiling. "Try it," she said.

"Try it!" cried the doctor. "You speak as if it was a cough medicine or a tonic. Well, by — er — well, if there's no other way, I will. By gad, Hattie, I will. And a pretty mess you've got me into." The doctor rose. "Good-by, Hattie. Don't forget, you're to go on a spree."

And he rolled off down the walk, while Miss Harriet stood at the door, smiling after him.

Doctor Olcott came into his house; stopped to wheeze a while on a chair in the hall, then took off his overcoat, sighed, and started up the stairs. It was very late in the afternoon and he was tired. And, because it was so late, there had been no man to take his horse, for the doctor had but an hour each day of the man's time, having, in general, no use for more of it. And, also because it was late, it was as dark as pitch, so that the doctor had been obliged to feel about for a lantern; and having found it and got it lighted, to put up his horse himself.

Putting up the Polar Bear, in such a case, was a simple matter enough, consisting only in unhitching him from the sleigh — snow had come, at last — and turning him into his stall, with his harness on. The Polar Bear did not miss his rub down; that was a trivial matter, to which he submitted with apparent content when he must, as it seemed to be an amusement for the man. The Polar Bear was a tolerant animal; but it was, on the whole, a cause of gratification that there was no man to rub him down to-night, for it delayed matters. There was no doubt in his mind about that. And the man had thrown down some hay and put a measure of oats where he knew enough to look for it.

It was superfluous to tie him, and

the doctor did not once contemplate it. The Polar Bear was never tied. It saved halters. And the doctor knew that, when he got tired of staying in his stall and doing nothing, he would wander about the barn, investigating anything that seemed likely to prove of interest to a bored old white horse. He did not go up to the loft, principally because the door at the foot of the stairs was kept locked; and he had not learned to open the sliding doors. The other door was easy. For that reason it was never used, and the padlock that held it against the experiments of the Polar Bear had rusted fast.

Doctor Olcott thought, with some envy, of Sammy, whom he had left munching his oats in great content. The doctor was hungry, too, and he would have been glad to sit down to his supper with as little preparation and as free a mind as Sammy had, who took things as they came. The doctor took things as they came, too. He had to. But he could not hope for a free mind. He sighed again; and, having made what preparation seemed necessary for supping with himself, went down.

He found the dining-room, with its unshaded lamp, unusually dreary. The doctor did not like unshaded lamps; that was not the reason that he had it. But he had talked to his housekeeper and cook about it until he had grown weary of the futility of talk. His housekeeper and cook was a well-meaning person, who would have done anything for the doctor — anything in reason; but this was not in reason. She had lived in an atmosphere of unshaded lamps all her life and had not been aware of any discomfort. Why should the doctor ask for a shade?

Of course, if he had insisted upon it, as he had for his study-lamp, with language that a self-respecting woman could not listen to — he had even bought a lamp, especially for it, with a porcelain shade; and green, at that, with not a single bird or flower on it. And he had said that if she kept that lamp filled and

trimmed she might have what she pleased in the dining-room, and be something to her. She had left the room, at that, so that she was not rightly sure just what it was he said.

The doctor had but just come from Mrs. Houlton's. And he had had a glimpse into her dining-room; a pleasant room, warm and snug and homelike, with its shaded lamp shedding a soft glow over the neatly spread table — and making a glow at the doctor's heart, too. No doubt his own dining-room seemed all the drearier for that glimpse, and his own supper a dismal function to be got through with as soon as possible. It was all Mrs. Houlton's fault. There was no doubt in the doctor's mind about that, and he felt a dull resentment. And there had been the noisy crew of Houlton children, too, "helping mother," coming and going in the kitchen and the dining-room, setting the table — or finishing that task — and carrying things, all at once; running into one another in the doorway and crying out; Betty telling Sally, in tones of vexation, to "look out! You'll make me spill it." Willie Houlton, meanwhile, his task of putting the napkins and bibs in their places already done, was practicing standing on his hands against the wall, while little Jimmy looked on in admiration that would have emulated if he had but dared. The doctor himself had much the same feeling. He would have liked to try it, alone with Willie, perhaps out in his barn; but what would be thought of a man of his age — and of his build — who essayed standing on his hands?

Oh, yes, it was a noisy crew, a very noisy crew. But the doctor was fond of children, and there are things more to be desired than quiet — of a kind. And these Houltons were a particularly lovable lot of youngsters. He had caught himself smiling in a foolish, sentimental sort of way — and Mrs. Houlton had caught him at it, too. And she had come and stood beside him, smiling, too, in exactly the same sort of way; and, finally, she had spoken.

"They're worth it," she had said, "don't you think, doctor?"

And then the doctor had growled and rumbled something that nobody could have understood unless it was Mrs. Houlton. She had looked up at him and laughed.

That — or something — made him mad. She was always laughing at him. She paid about as much attention to his orders as she might to the blowing of the wind. He said so.

She said nothing for a full minute. She only stood and looked over the teeming room, a pleasant light in her eyes. "For the wind bloweth where it listeth," she murmured. "I can't, doctor. I can't. What would they do? And what should I do? I shall get along. But I thank you, from my heart, doctor. I am deeply grateful." And she looked up at him; but she did not laugh, this time.

The doctor understood, which may be thought strange. Mrs. Houlton's speech was not very clear, perhaps.

He cleared his throat, with unnecessary loudness. "Mrs. Houlton," he said, "you're a good woman." And he went out to Sammy, who had waited as patiently as could be expected of a horse who knew very well that it was supper-time.

The doctor finished his plate of apple sauce and his hunk of gingerbread. They did not seem to merit such haste, for it was good apple sauce and excellent gingerbread; but the doctor seemed to be in a hurry — perhaps it was merely that he wanted to escape from that cheerless room. And he pushed back his plate, and rose, sighing, and went at once to his study. The lamp was lighted, and it cast a circle of light over his table and the pipes and books and papers that littered it; and there was a smaller circle of light on the ceiling that seemed to be flaring and smoking. The corners of the room and the ceiling beyond that small circle were enveloped in a soft, green gloom.

The doctor glanced about, at the piles of books that cumbered the chairs, and

at other piles that showed dimly, in the corners, in front of the half-emptied book-cases, upon everything that would hold books. It was plainly a man's room. That must have been evident, upon sight, to any woman — and to any man ordinarily observant and of average intelligence. But it suited the doctor, and in its apparent disorder there was the essence of order. He knew where everything was, where to lay his finger on any book that he wanted. He had said just that to his housekeeper, and given orders that they were, on no account, to be disturbed.

"Yes," she had replied, with a sniff of disgust, "I guess that ain't so hard, to know where everything is. I know that, myself. It's on the floor."

Whereat the doctor had given one of his great laughs. But his books were not disturbed.

He settled himself in a great leather-covered easy chair by the table, got his feet up on another chair, — he was never comfortable until he had got his knees straightened out, — took up a big, long-stemmed meerschaum pipe, and filled it from a yellow earthenware jar. Then he lighted it, sighed, and began looking over his medical papers and enveloping himself in a cloud of smoke.

At exactly half-past eight there was a knock at the door. The doctor grunted, and his housekeeper came in, bearing a bottle of beer and a glass. To her, the doctor's head appeared above the back of the chair, surrounded by a green aureole of smoke. But that was quite usual; and so was her remark. She always said the same thing.

"Here's your beer, doctor. Mercy! How smoky it is!" It was. The corners of the room could not be seen at all. "I should think you'd die!"

"Shall, in time," growled the doctor. "Not immortal. But I'll manage to stand it for a while."

She set the beer and the glass by the doctor's hand. "Well, if *you* can stand it, *I* can't."

"Don't have to," growled the doctor

again. "Don't have to. Thank you. Good-night."

"Good-night," said the housekeeper; and the door closed softly behind her. She was not resentful of such shortness, any more than the Polar Bear was resentful of the slapping of the reins, or of the doctor's absent-minded profanity. Indeed, she understood such shortness of speech very well. She was apt to be short of speech, herself. She thought better of the doctor for it.

When the housekeeper had gone, the doctor laid down his medical journals with evident relief.

"There, damn it, that's that," he said.

And he reached over to a pile of books that were bound in full calf, and that showed signs of frequent use.

"What to-night?" he said, musingly. His hand hovered over the pile of books, while he read over the legends on their backs. Then he swooped for one of them. "'Merry Wives' hits me to-night. Merry Wives!" And he chuckled to himself as he got the heavy book into his lap and opened it.

Not until then did he open his beer; and, having got it open, he filled his pipe afresh and lighted it. Then, with a comfortable snuggle into his chair, he settled himself to read.

The doctor read until late — very late, for Old Harbor; but it was the only time in the twenty-four hours that he had for recreation. The sense of duty not done would creep in at any other time, and he was not to be grudged these few hours of pleasure. Indeed, the troublesome sense of duty left undone would creep in even at this time, apparently, for he would stop reading, now and then, rest his head against the back of his chair, and puff forth great clouds of smoke, while his eyes showed that he was troubled, and he frowned tremendously. Suddenly he would realize what he was doing, resolutely put away the thought which was bothering him, and turn to his reading again, with a sound in his throat that was between a grunt and a growl.

The doctor must have thought to some purpose, either in those unconscious pauses which he seemed to relish so little or in his sleep, for the next morning he walked to the barn with a boyish eagerness that sat well upon him. He found Sammy already hitched in the sleigh and evidently waiting for him. Sammy turned his head, as soon as he heard the familiar step, and looked at him solemnly; then, without waiting for the doctor, he backed carefully out of the barn and made the half turn so short that he nearly tipped the sleigh over.

"Good-morning, Sammy!" cried the doctor, when the sleigh had finally righted itself. "Don't you know that sleighs are n't buggies? You'll break my shafts if you are n't more careful."

Sammy looked rather sheepish. The doctor climbed in, wheezed a moment, then took up the reins. Sammy had not waited for him to do that, and he was already out of the yard.

The doctor chuckled. "Damn it all, Sammy, what's got into you?" he said. "Well, get along, you old skate — old ramshackle skate. We'll settle her hash, won't we, Sammy?" And he laughed.

Sammy seemed to know where the doctor was going. He did not offer to stop at any of the usual places, but made straight for the Houltons', and drew up, with a jerk, at the gate. The doctor got out, chuckling again, and made his way around to the kitchen door. Mrs. Houlton was singing softly while she wiped the breakfast dishes. The doctor paused to listen for a minute, then he opened the door, without bothering to knock, and went in.

The singing stopped, and Mrs. Houlton looked up at him, smiling.

"Good-morning, madam, good-morning," said the doctor solemnly.

Mrs. Houlton laughed. "Good-morning, sir, good-morning," she said; but she did not stop wiping the dishes. "Won't you sit down, sir? If I leave these dishes now, they will get cold, and that would be a waste of time. And then they might

need your good offices, sir, which is unnecessary."

"You are pleased to be facetious, madam," replied the doctor, seating himself in a generous rocker; but he did not rock. "I would offer to help with those dishes if I thought I should be a help."

"Why, thank you, doctor," said Mrs. Houlton, "but they are almost done. And why should n't I be facetious, sir, as you express it, if I feel like it? Would you have me mournful, sir?"

"Any way, any way," muttered the doctor hastily, "so long as I had you." But it is to be supposed that Mrs. Houlton did not hear him, for she made no reply, but turned away.

There fell a silence, which promised to be long. "The children are at school," said Mrs. Houlton, at last, turning again. The silence, in her opinion, had lasted long enough. "And Sophy, of course, has gone to the store. She has to get there before eight, you know."

"I don't like Sophy's being in that store," growled the doctor. "A store is no fit place — no fit place."

"I don't like it, either," said Mrs. Houlton, smiling; "probably I dislike it even more than you do. But it seemed to be the only thing to do. It even struck me as providential."

So the doctor had thought, at the time; but that was in the dark ages. The dishes were all wiped by this time, and Mrs. Houlton began putting them away. Doctor Olcott looked disturbed, but he said nothing for some minutes. He broke out suddenly, at last, as was his way.

"Mrs. Houlton!" he said. She was plainly startled.

"Goodness gracious, doctor!" she said. "You'll make me drop something if you speak so suddenly. Can't you cough, or something, so that a person can know when it's coming?"

There was a rumbling sound in the doctor's throat.

"Laughing at me again, madam?" he cried.

"Laughing at you?" she asked, smiling.

ing. "No, I was n't; but I shall, I'm afraid."

"Laugh, madam, laugh, if you want to," growled the doctor. "I would laugh, too, if I only knew what was funny."

But Mrs. Houlton was not laughing. "Now, doctor," she began, "I —" She did not finish.

The doctor waited for her; waited for what seemed to him a suitable time. "Well?" he said then. "You were saying? —"

"Oh, nothing," said Mrs. Houlton. "Nothing of consequence. I have really forgotten what it was I started to say."

Again there was the rumbling sound in the doctor's throat. "Mrs. Houlton," he said, "I am likely to have apoplexy at any minute if —"

Mrs. Houlton stopped short, her arms full of dishes. "Mercy, doctor!" she cried. "Not really!" She was alarmed.

"I was about to say," Doctor Olcott continued, "that I might have a stroke at any minute if you did n't treat what I have to say with respect." And the doctor smiled.

"Oh," said Mrs. Houlton, smiling, too. She went on to the dining-room with her load of dishes.

"Mrs. Houlton," said the doctor, with some vehemence, as she returned, "*will* you take a rest?" He was rocking violently; which was not what one would have expected of him. It was a sign of great perturbation of spirit.

Mrs. Houlton turned and faced him. "Now, doctor, how can I? I put it to you, Doctor Olcott, how can I — with these children?"

The doctor exploded. "Damn it, Mrs. Houlton, I don't know. Don't ask *me*. That's for you to manage. You'll die if you don't."

"And I'll die if I do, Doctor Olcott." She had a fine color. She was rather a handsome woman as she stood there, defying him.

"But I order you to take a rest, Mrs. Houlton. I positively order it."

And Mrs. Houlton only laughed.

The doctor was purple in the face. "Then I am to understand that you refuse to obey my orders — the positive orders of your doctor?"

She took up a platter to put it away. "I certainly do, Doctor Olcott."

"Well, then, damn it, there's no other way. *Will* you marry me, Mrs. Houlton?"

Mrs. Houlton must have been surprised. She certainly seemed to be; for she stopped very suddenly in her journey, went very white, and dropped the platter on the floor. Whereupon the platter did as any self-respecting and well-behaved platter should have done, and broke into pieces.

Mrs. Houlton stood leaning against the door-jamb, looking down at the pieces of the broken platter. There were a great many of them; far too many to think of putting them together.

"There, doctor!" she said, in a voice that was none too steady, although she strove to speak lightly. But a new platter of that size — even of the cheapest — would cost — it terrified her to think what it would cost. "There, doctor! See what you have made me do!"

"*Damn* that platter!" cried the doctor. "*Will* you marry me, Mrs. Houlton?"

She smiled faintly. "The platter is already damned," she said; "and I — I —"

And, to the doctor's astonishment, — for Mrs. Houlton had always seemed a particularly well-balanced woman, and he would not have expected it of her, — she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. But the doctor was not displeased; not displeased nor disappointed, he found. He jumped to his feet, with an agility that was surprising, and went to her.

"Now, what?" he asked anxiously.

"It is very kind of you, doctor," sobbed Mrs. Houlton, "very kind, indeed. But there are the children —"

"Why, I *love* children," cried the doctor, interrupting. "I love every one of 'em. And I'll take Sophy out of that store

at once, if you say so — if you give me leave. Sammy and I'll go right down there and take her out now."

"But," said Mrs. Houlton — her sobs had ceased, and she stood, looking down, with wet eyes — "but — I know you're asking me only to make it easy for me, and" — the sobs broke out afresh — "and I — I can't let you. I won't be married in charity." She flashed up at him, at that.

The doctor laughed happily. "Well, then, I'm not," he said. "I may have fortified myself with that idea, but I'm not. If you could see my house! I'm probably the most selfish man in town — and the most tyrannized over. You know my housekeeper? Well, then!"

Mrs. Houlton did know the doctor's housekeeper. She smiled. "You, selfish!" she said.

"And the fact is," continued the doctor, following up his advantage — although it is to his credit that he did not know it, "the fact is, housekeeper or no housekeeper, I want you. I want you."

Mrs. Houlton looked up at the doctor with a shy smile. "Well, then," she said softly. "Well, then —"

And they forgot the broken platter, and they forgot Sammy, who was waiting, as patiently as could be expected of a bored old white horse, for the doctor to come out. But the doctor was a long time in coming.

THE SPANISH DRAMA OF TO-DAY

BY ELIZABETH WALLACE

THE Spanish drama of to-day is no longer that of a proud and prosperous people secure in its imperial power and in full possession of its splendid faculties, as was the Spain of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But the drama of the days of the great Lope de Vega, Tirso de Molina, and Calderon partook so intimately of, and was founded so deeply upon, national temperament and national conditions that it has been able to withstand, to a great extent, the assaults of foreign influence and to preserve the peculiar stamp of sacred tradition.

The great literary movements have affected the Spanish drama in a lesser degree than that in other countries. Romanticism left behind an enormous amount of literary junk, but it drew the public and the stage closer together. Realism and naturalism were slow in finding a welcome, and it was not until after 1890 that discussion grew warm as to the propriety of depicting immorality in ugly truthfulness

on the stage. This tardy influence of Dumas, Augier, and their school was owing to a variety of reasons.

The first, I take it, was the manifest incompatibility existing between the very spirit of the French realists and the Spanish national dramatic ideals. The Spanish national drama deals in elemental passions, is poetic in language, melodramatic in situations, and magnificently conventional in tone; while its literary form is more important than its dramatic structure. On the other hand, the art of conversation, a French art *par excellence*, has given to the French drama its form. The modern prose dialogue seeks to hide any literary effort. Sociability, the soul of French literature, gives it its fine and subtle psychology, witty and ingenious, but sometimes a little attenuated. As for themes, it has found them, not in universal, and as it were virgin passions, but in complex and involved feelings, in the fevers, vices, and moral depravations

induced by the upheaval of an old order of things. Now the Spaniard, though characterized by a warm, unembarrassed, exuberant southern sensuality, is nevertheless essentially modest. He cannot look upon irregularities as serious problems, nor does he like to exhibit himself on the operating table, nor does he wish to theorize about himself in intellectual subtleties. Therefore he was slow to appreciate the modern French realistic play; in fact he never did adopt it in its original and unadulterated forms.

Another reason for the tardy effects of French realistic influence lies in the simple fact that the Spanish public does not read much. The intellectual classes who were familiar with Flaubert and Dumas and Zola and the rest, understood and appreciated what was of value in realism and in naturalism; but the mass of the people knew nothing of dramatic impossibilities, or of truth, or of the new *isms*. All they asked was to be thrilled and moved and stirred by the action and the melody of their Calderonian compositions.

The northern realistic drama has also been doomed to unsuccess in Spain. Aside from the enigmatical character of some episodes and the puerility of some of the allegories, the dramas of Ibsen have interested the reading classes because of the vitality, not so much passionate as intellectual, of their subjects. But the harsh individualism, the intimate and subtle sentiments of self-centred men cannot be understood by the Spanish public. Such types as are found in Ibsen, Björnson, and Sudermann are unknown in Spain.

Attempts have been made to imitate Ibsen. The most notable is by Echegaray in *El hijo de Don Juan*, which is a Spanish version of *Ghosts*. The author states that he has been inspired by Ibsen, but if inspiration means to feel the spirit of the original, then Echegaray has significantly failed. In reading the two plays, one is struck by the differences rather than by the resemblances. There is nothing in

the Spanish play which reveals any struggle between duty and moral freedom, nothing which touches on the problems of divorce, of education, or of social regeneration. There is neither dispute of ideas, nor opposition of characters, nothing in fact that makes up the essential elements of Ibsen's work. Echegaray does appropriate the last incident; but it now lacks significance. The morning sunrise loses its tragic brilliancy because it is not preceded by the terrible night of ghosts.

Neither has foreign symbolism been grafted on to the Spanish growth with any degree of success. The individuality of Maeterlinck consists in the fact that he has been able to give to his plays a total effect, vague, impossible to define, but very impressive. In order to produce this effect he accumulates indeterminate insinuations, half-uttered hints, sentences constantly repeated, incomprehensible trivialities, flickering dying lights, incoherent episodes, and unexpected horrors. From this combination there results at the end a sort of obsession which does not come from this or that detail, but from them all, as though seen at one time. Now the Spanish public rarely applauds at the end of the act the sum total of emotions aroused during the act. It demands every now and then in the course of the play a *coup de théâtre*, and at the end a final emotion, in order to resume and condense all the preceding ones in a round of applause. The "Princesse Maleine," "Pelleas and Mélissande," "Les Aveugles," leave the audience curious but cold. Another reason for the failure of foreign symbolism is that the Spanish public demands definiteness and action. Maeterlinck is the playwright of dreamland, of a dreamland that is spiritual, impalpable and colorless. The stage, however ideal and poetical it may be, is after all a plastic, material, tangible and highly colored realization. To the Spaniard the two terms are antithetical.

In the drama of the last ten years of the nineteenth century we see the persistence of ancient tradition, the imitation of

the great plays of the Age of Gold. Side by side with these are the second-rate dramas, reminiscent of the Romantic school. We notice also the strong repugnance to accept integrally a drama imitated from the French without any veiling of the subject, without rude passions in the persons, without poetical and oratorical effusions in its language. But we also notice certain effects of the foreign influence. Naturalism is definitely taking possession of the stage and becoming sociological; there is also an idealistic reaction, with all its ancient variations, poetical drama, symbolism, and mysticism. From all this intermixture of elements there is being evolved a new drama, more real, more lofty, more spiritual, more adapted to human needs.

The exponents of this new drama are legion, but certain names and plays stand out prominently. Galdós with earnest, serious face stands decidedly in the foreground; Echegaray's intellectual figure and distinguished manner impose on one a little, and the glitter of the Nobel prize dazzles the eyes to his true value, but he is well to the front. Jacinto Benavente, whose social manner and half cynical smile promise hours of spicy conversation and deliciously satirical comment, stands respectfully behind; while the handsome, attractive faces of the two brothers, Serafin and Joaquin Quintero, tell of unforgettable evenings with joyous innkeepers, pretty pure-hearted young girls of the people, and a whole gallery of Dickens types. At one side, and seen through a mist, is the tragic face of Ganiwet, whose one mystic drama was almost the last act of his short life.

The great fame of José Echegaray rests upon his play of "El Gran Galeoto," which was produced for the first time in 1881 and is therefore almost a classic. In this play he reached the climax of his talent, for he accomplished an almost impossible feat. He constructed a drama of thrilling interest in which the principal personage never appears upon the scene, and yet he is the one who animates it with

life, who creates the situations, and who precipitates the catastrophe. This moving spirit of the play, malevolent, insidious, omnipresent, — he who filters slowly but relentlessly into the soul the sure poison of suspicion and evil-thinking, — is not a person but a thing, a monstrous thing with a thousand tongues, whose deadliest weapons are a meaning smile, an uplifted eyebrow, a curious look, a dubious nod, a forked sentence. This all-pervading, ever-vanishing hero of the drama is the cruel, careless world hastening eagerly to cast the first stone, and soon, tired of the sport, hurrying on to find some new excitement, leaving death and destruction in its wake.

Echegaray has written over sixty tragedies, comedies, and dramatic legends. His earlier works are more or less in the romantic manner, later he came under the influence of the northern writers, with what success has already been indicated in his imitation of Ibsen's *Ghosts*. The result of this inspiration — *El hijo de Don Juan* — is expressive of the quality of Echegaray's talent. The very fact that he made use of that famous final scene and sentence, without in any way seeming to seize the significance of the whole drama, shows his intellectual enthusiasm for what is striking, brilliant, and dramatic, without that deeper comprehension of what is fundamental. This is particularly well shown in one of his last plays, "The Mad God," which is a sort of pathological study of a man of magnificent physical development who is possessed by the idea of human perfectibility. His obsession becomes a madness and he believes himself to be God. There is a love episode, which complicates but does not elevate the play from being a mere *tour de force*.

Echegaray is a wonderful stage mechanician. He reminds one in his work of the complicated and clever creations of Scribe, but *il a les défauts de ses qualités*, and he has never again attained to the perfection and strength of "El Gran Galeoto."

Jacinto Benavente in his thirty and more plays deals almost entirely with contemporaneous life and social foibles. The repartee and brilliant play of words are much more than the situations; the actors talk much more than they act or think. Sometimes he chooses for his stage-setting the waiting room in a fashionable dressmaker's shop, sometimes the elegant house of a society-worn family, sometimes a mechanic's simple home. He is sometimes gay, sometimes satirical, and occasionally he falls into a more serious vein, as in "Sacrifices," "The Witches' Sabbath," and "The Fiery Dragon;" but his touch is always light. An idea of his style may be best obtained by lines taken at random from his most successful plays. In "All Natural," a society-worn young girl who has fads expresses herself thus:—

Anita. I've always wanted to be a nun. Is there any convent near here?

Olalla. Of course. The Sisters of Saint Eduvigis.

Anita. What do they wear?

Olalla. A gray uniform.

Anita. I don't like that. In France I saw some lovely nuns in blue and white. Do you remember where it was, papa?

The Marquis. Yes, my dear; in a comic opera, "The Gray Musketeers."

Luisa, a precocious young lady in "Sin Querer," says, "There's nothing a woman likes better than to have her husband present her with a little gift once in a while;" then, concealing her pleasure, she chides him affectionately and says, "What made you buy that? You know we cannot afford it!"

The French dressmaker in "Modas" says, with an expressive gesture, "Art and matrimony are incompatible, and Spanish actresses are so addicted to matrimony!"

Augustin, the intelligent young husband in "Lo Cursi," reads a homily to his newly-made wife, Rosario. "Your grandmother was a great lady. Her palace was

most severe, her servants all old, the candlebracs of solid silver, — ah yes, that was style. There were neither electric lights, nor bells, nor telephones, nothing of all this progressive rubbish that is so antipathetic and so *cursi*. . . . That's the modern spirit; eager for everything, it wants to live in one instant all the past and all the present. Look at our houses: they contain everything from Flemish tapestries to Liberty silks, from the choir in a Gothic cathedral to a flimsy French chair, — every form, every style. And they say that modern life has no character; just as though not having it were not in itself characteristic."

The conventional but humorous Marquis of this same play admonishes Augustin thus: "Rosario is your wife, and you should treat her always with respect. Respect is the foundation of marriage, respect and consideration. I read it in an English novel."

Felix, a young novelist *à la mode*, says, "What we must do to-day is to deprecate everything that does n't exist at the present moment, immortalize the ephemeral, fix the fleeting, exaggerate the diminutive, — this is art."

"Pepita Reyes" is the most popular play that has come from the fertile pen of the two brothers Quintero. It is a charming comedy in two acts, which tells the story of the pretty daughter of a lazy and bibulous house-porter. She has ambitions to go on the stage and succeeds in carrying them out, being represented in the second act as a Zarzuela star. But with the intoxication of success comes a bitter taste of tragedy. The curtain rises on Morritos, a fifteen-year-old child, so abjectly poor that she is reduced to being the servant of a house-porter and his daughter Pepita. She wears an expression of chronic alarm, for her life is an exciting one, between the blows of a drunk-mother and her insatiable hunger for penny-dreadfuls. Her eyes are always very wide open, as though she were continually expecting something disagree-

able to happen to her. She is devoted to her yellow literature and to her mistress Pepita. There is a delightful scene between the two, when the little seamstress and her maid discuss the possibilities of the former's theatrical career. They are sitting in the dingy porter's lodge. Morritos is peeling potatoes and Pepita is at her sewing-machine. Pepita is discouraged. Her last customer refused to pay for her sewing.

Pepita. Oh, the stage, the stage! If it weren't for that illusion! But alas! Morritos, each day it's getting further away!

Morritos. You're a-sayin' that to-day 'cause you're all broke up. But you'll see, the time's comin' sure. Did n't it come fer me when I skinned out from home? And you bet that was a regular jail, Pepita, lots worse'n yours. My daddy,—I mean mammy's second husband, not the one she has now, but last year's,—well, he was always drunk, and always had a grouch on him, and he used to take after mammy with a stick, and that made her so mad she used to take after me, and that made me so mad that I used to get after the cat . . . and that's the way it was all the time. But when I come here, 't ain't a year ago, I did n't weigh eighty pounds, and now just look at them cheeks!

Pepita. (cheering up). Well, then, Morritos, would you like to go with me to the theatre and be my maid?

Morritos. Oh, sure I would.

Pepita. I'll be in my dressing-room, like a queen. A room with lots of electric lights and looking-glasses. And then the authors will come, and the manager, and the reporters, all very polite, and they'll pay me compliments. And I'll call you and send you out to the stage, and I'll say, "Morritos, go and see what scene is on." And then you will go and come back and tell me, and I'll hurry, and then I'll go out and sing, and the audience will applaud and throw me flowers, and my salary will be raised every month

. . . and I'll have my picture taken every day.

Morritos. Won't it be grand? And I'll help to dress you!

Pepita. I wish it were going to happen right away. I was n't born to be a porter's daughter, Morritos, nor to sew anybody's clothes. I dream of the stage every night, every day. But what's the use! Who could ever go from this place to the theatre? I guess I'm crazy to think of it. There, there is joy and light and flowers and money and applause, things that help one to live . . . while here . . . you see what there is here, Morritos.

Morritos. Yes. Codfish and potatoes every day.

Well, Pepita has her wish. She is called upon unexpectedly to replace some one who falls ill and to sing a little part. She makes a hit. The flowers and the applause and the adorers all come true; but there are other things not quite so pleasant. Her lover leaves her; a score of worthless, lazy relatives swarm and buzz about her, and she is too kind-hearted and happy-natured to refuse to support them. They determine that their gold mine must have no outsiders tampering with it, and so they intercept letters from the now repenting lover. Morritos alone remains faithful, for her dream, too, is realized and she is living a drama more exciting than any she ever read in her beloved dime novels. By her intervention, Pepita and her lover are brought together for a while on the evening of Pepita's greatest triumph. He begs her again to give up her stage life. She refuses. Just here she is called away, and Victor deceives her by promising to await her return. Unusually moved, she does better than she has ever done, and takes the house by storm. She returns to her dressing-room, followed by her parasitic relatives and voluble admirers, to find that Victor has gone. She dismisses her friends with smiles, but the curtain goes down on a lonely little woman sobbing in the arms of the faithful Morritos.

The character of the good-for-nothing father, whose maudlin sentimentality increases in the same ratio as his daughter's prosperity, that of the pretentious uncle who prates of the purity of Art and the necessity of keeping it free from human entanglements, the drowsy fat old aunt who is wide awake only when the conversation takes a gastronomic turn — all these are inimitably drawn, and the comedy trips along quite merrily, until our laughter is suddenly checked by the shocked feeling that everything is, after all, wrong, and that poor Pepita's world is out of joint.

I have left Galdós until the last because he is by far the greatest in the lofty conception of his thoughts, and his success has been such that his popularity proves the high ideals of the Spanish people. Benito Perez Galdós, or Don Benito, as he is affectionately called, is still in the prime of life. An indefatigable worker, he has produced over fifty novels and plays. By far the larger and all the earlier part of his work was in the novel. His first dramatic effort was to dramatize one of his novels, "Realidad." It was not a success and the elements that caused its failure were its spirit of tolerance, of considerate love, and of charity. The central idea of the play is to demonstrate that the real is more extraordinary than the imaginary, that reality is the great inventor, the ever fruitful and ever original master.

The author has chosen an episode which is as old as human passion, and has given it a modern setting. We are introduced into the luxurious home of a benevolent and wealthy financier in Madrid. His great aim in life is to reach perfectibility, to dominate himself, and to rise into the clear cold regions of a passionless spirituality. His wife is beautiful, with a mind filled with ideas as charming, tenuous, and fleeting as clouds in a summer sky, an excitable imagination, and a certain recklessness of spirit that makes her love what is unknown, irregu-

lar, and extraordinary. She has a lover, an extravagant, moody, erratic sort of a poet, who at moments exults over his conquest and at others execrates himself for having betrayed the wife of a man who has been his benefactor. This *ménage à trois* is surrounded by a circle of friends and enemies who carry on their minor intrigues and help on the catastrophe. The lover, unable to bear the burden of financial ruin which threatens him, and equally unable, because of some tattered shreds of honor left him, to accept the generous help of the man whose friendship he has betrayed, shoots himself in the presence of the wife.

The scandal is hushed up, and in the last of the five acts we see husband and wife face to face. She is in agonizing doubt as to whether he knows the truth as to her relations with the dead Frederico, and he, knowing all, endeavors to dominate certain very human feelings and waits only to have her voluntarily confess her sin to him. They fail to meet on a common ground. His cold and lofty soul chills hers and she cannot bring herself to confess. Those who do not know, see a husband and wife saying good-night to each other in a slightly absent-minded way. But the reality is that two souls have forever taken leave of each other, and that the divine moment for the salvation of both is past, irretrievably and eternally. One will now be frozen into a lifeless perfectibility, and the other will nevermore feel the saving impulse of weeping repentance at the feet of divine compassion.

The persistence of the traditional national sentiment was nowhere shown so emphatically as in the utter failure of the character of the husband, Orozco. So far as I know, Orozco is the first husband in Spanish drama to pardon a guilty wife, the first one to break the Calderonian tradition, — to kill for honor's sake. There is nothing in the pardon of Orozco which lowers or degrades his character. There is no cowardice, or weakness, or egotism, nothing incompatible with his

manliness. On the contrary, there is in this last act of his the nobility, the grandeur of soul of a superior man. But with all this it was enough that he was the deceived husband who does not kill, for the whole world to rise against him and to see in him an anti-national type. The reluctance in accepting the intellectual Orozco is the most emphatic proof of the criterion of the Spanish public.

This play was produced in 1892. A dozen or more years later we are to see another play by the same author in which another national prejudice is assailed, family honor, and which has been the greatest success of the last decade. Thus proving that the public may change in sentiment and may be educated to higher ideals, even by the stage.

Between this first dramatic effort and his last great success, his work has shown increasing power. "Los Condenados," produced first in 1894, illustrates the author's ability to handle a spiritual and religious theme. It is a long play in three acts, and of faulty construction. The author is too slow in leading up to the catastrophe, and the audience is wearied by the long dialogues. But it is intensely spiritual and lofty in tone, essaying to teach a lesson which is too seldom given in a positive age.

The plot itself is not complicated. The action takes place in a town where the typical Spanish religious fervor predominates. A vagrant, José Leon, who for thirty years has been committing all the sins in the calendar, at last falls in love with a pure and good woman, Salomé. Her unselfish love for him awakens in his heart a desire to have her always with him. Under the promise of marriage he persuades her to leave her home and go with him. She knows nothing of his past; she knows only that he is unhappy and needs her for his regeneration. He is tracked and followed by justice, in the person of a revengeful victim of his crimes, and Salomé is at last forced to believe in his past wickedness. Stunned by the blow, she enters a convent, whence

her lover tries to carry her off by force, so great does he feel the need of her. His design is discovered by a holy woman in whom devotion and humanity are happily joined, and she permits him to see Salomé in the convent garden. Here comes the most dramatic moment of the play. José Leon, confident in his power over her, and yearning for her with the purest passion his guilty soul has ever known, awaits her coming. She steps slowly out from the cool shadow of the convent walls, clothed in the conventual dress, her face calm, her eyes seeming to see nothing near. Her lover approaches with endearing expressions and outstretched arms, but she shrinks from him and speaks to the old nun in a childish, trembling voice, —

Salomé. His eyes frighten me. He is still living, as much in life as he used to be — (Her voice grows awed and mystical as she goes on, unheeding her lover's anguished entreaty.) No — you cannot see me. I am now invisible. Go away; you weary me. I am dead. I am resting. Until you die as I have done you cannot be with me in peace. You are living and weighted down with many sins.

José Leon. My sins are the chains that I drag. You will free me from this dreadful weight!

Salomé. I? I cannot, alas! Don't you know that God condemned us both for our dreadful sins. We were condemned — you, because you betrayed me, and I, because I betrayed you. . . . I have cried so much that God has at last told me he will pardon me. But while waiting I am here a prisoner. This is a sweet prison, in which we, the dead, are so glad not to be alive!

José Leon is at last convinced that Salomé is lost to him, and in his despair he is more than willing to confess all his sins and to give himself over to justice. His avengers come upon him at this moment; but a powerful friend, touched by his deep repentance, intervenes and

pleads with him to live, for he can save him. José asks that his fate be left to the will of Salomé. She says, —

"I? Am I to be his judge?" (Her face lights up with a mystic glow.) "Then — I wish him to come to me. I condemn him to death."

The lesson which Galdós has striven to give us seems to be this: we are all condemned to deceit, dominated by a false conventionality which drags us down from sin to sin and ever into deeper depths. In order to free ourselves from this atmosphere of untruth that surrounds us on all sides, we must be sincere, and fling far from us our sins. It is thus only that man may be regenerated; only when, by the exercise of his will and in the enjoyment of his perfect freedom, he accepts the expiation, does he fulfill the law which governs his spiritual nature. But this may not be attained on earth; in order to possess it we must go beyond. The truth is beyond the border of this life and we can reach it only by crossing the threshold of death.

Nearly five years ago "*Electra*" aroused enthusiastic approval and disapproval throughout all Spain. The play was first produced, as nearly all of Galdós's plays have been, at the Teatro Español at Madrid, and has held the boards ever since.

It was an instantaneous success, and on the first night the author was called before the curtain twelve times. It also caused an immense sensation because of its apparent attack upon Jesuitical methods of coercion. This, however, does not seem to me to be the aim of the author. The methods used by *Electra's* aunt and Pantoja to attain their ends are merely details. The real interest of the play lies in the character of Pantoja, rather than in that of *Electra*. He is a man whose intense egoism had in early life led him to sacrifice anything and any one for his own gratification, and whose selfishness in later life led him to sacrifice everything to his soul's welfare. To appease his own conscience, he wished to

sacrifice *Electra*, confident that in immolating her he is expiating his own sin. Not for an instant does he doubt the efficacy of this method, and his anxiety for his soul's safety leads him into mendacity, cruelty, and a ferocious determination that he will be saved, cost what it may to others.

Another interesting play is "*Alma y Vida*," produced in 1902, a symbolical play with an eighteenth-century setting, in which, clothed in melodramatic action, decked out with the Spanish accompaniments of soothsayers, dark caverns, abductions, rhetorical speeches, maledictions, and prayers, there runs a dominant note that rings clearly and powerfully, a note that repeats unceasingly the power of love, of spiritual love, and that life without that love is death. The frail Duchess in the play is the symbol of the soul, Juan Pablo of life; and when the two are intermingled, when exuberant, joyous physical life recognizes the beauty and power of the spiritual life, there results a completeness of joy that nothing can shake, for it fears not death.

"*Mariucha*," the great success of two years ago, also merits attention, — a social study in which there is a call to the youth, and a lesson to the old; in which it is vividly shown that the hope of Spain lies in this: that the shackles of false convention be thrown off, that the generation of to-day be given the courage to walk uprightly and in freedom, thus creating a new world of energy and of soul.

And so we come to his last, greatest success, which is not only one of the greatest plays ever produced on the Spanish stage, but one of the greatest in contemporary drama.

Here we again see the striving to place before the public lofty themes and high ideals. We sit before the stage, and when the curtain rises we are transported to a world of struggle and passion, but not the base struggle of fleshly lusts and passions. There is ever present a spiritual element which strives for the victory, and which finally calms and dominates the petty

prejudices, the rigid traditions, and the false ideas which have been contending in bitter and hopeless strife.

The author seems to say, "Oh, foolish generation, blind to the radiance of truth, and deaf to the harmony of the simple and eternal verities, — why do you grovel in the mire, seeking to sully and to injure and to kill? Instead, look up and see an eternal, yet simple, truth which will make all things straight."

In "El Abuelo" the action is simple. A financially ruined nobleman returns to one of his ancestral homes, no longer his, but now in the possession of a former servitor. He is old, poor, and, worst of all, unhappy, for his only son has lately died, leaving behind him his English wife from whom he had been estranged on account of her gallant adventures, and two young daughters, Dolly and Nell. From papers left, the grandfather has discovered that one of the granddaughters, he does not know which, is not the child of his son. Despite his poverty, he has never lost a jot of his immense Spanish pride and dignity, and the blot on his family name is more than he can bear. His one care, which now becomes an *idée fixe*, is to find out which one is his own granddaughter and then repudiate the other. The mother defies him and refuses to tell. The situation is painfully complicated by the fact that he loves them both. At one moment he is almost persuaded that Nell has the traits of his noble house, and the next instant he is plunged into an abyss of doubt by some fugitive characteristic in Dolly. It is finally decided that the old grandfather must be cared for in a retreat, as his mind seems to be unbalanced. Proofs are now found that Nell is his own and Dolly the spurious one. He makes a last appeal to Nell; she advises him to submit and go to the asylum. Broken-hearted and despairing, the old man turns to his faithful old friend, a simple village priest who has no mind for subtleties: —

El Conde. My heart is full of trouble and bitterness. I have no longer any

children — I have no longer any love.

D. Pio. Love Humanity: be like God who loves equally all his people.

El Conde. But that is so lofty. He creates, he loves. He makes no distinction of rank — Tell me, great philosopher, what do you think of honor?

D. Pio (confused). Honor — well, honor — I've always thought honor was something like — decorations — We speak of funeral honors, national honor, the field of honor — In fact, I don't know what it is —

El Conde. I mean family honor, the purity of the race, the lustre of one's name. I have come to the conclusion to-night — and I tell you this quite frankly — that if we could convert honor into a material substance it would be an excellent thing with which to fertilize the land.

D. Pio (trying to sharpen his wits). If honor is n't pure living, neighborly love, wishing no evil, not even to our enemies, then by the beard of Jupiter, I don't know what it is.

El Conde. It seems to me, my good Coronado, that you are discovering a new world — still far away — but you have caught a glimpse of it through the mist.

The Count fears pursuit and is about to escape and become a wanderer when he hears the voice of Dolly. She has learned of the plan to confine him, and her loving heart yearns to protect him. She has escaped from her mother and has been looking for her grandfather all the evening, for of course she is ignorant of the shameful secret of her parentage. When she finds him she clings to him. The old man feels his soul invaded and refreshed by her unselfish love; his prejudices, his sense of family honor, his anger, his outraged worldly dignity, all melt away under the warmth of this loving heart, and he exclaims with uplifted hands, —

"O God! out of the heart of the storm come to me thy blessings. Now I see that human thoughts, plans, and decisions are as naught. They are but rust which

crumbles and falls; that which is within is that which lasts. My child — God has brought you to me — love is eternal truth."

In this play of five acts there is no love intrigue, and the dénouement is diametrically opposed to the Calderonian conception of honor as well as to the Cervantesque prejudice of the ties of kinship. Neither is it a work of tendencies or of literary theories, nor is it an analysis of vulgar passion, or a pathological study; it is much more than all this. The au-

thor has been able to look into the soul of the public, and he has realized that the true mission of the dramatic writer is to touch the chords to which all hearts can respond. The heart of the Spanish public has responded with quick enthusiasm and with warm sympathy to the clear strong note of love which rings persistently throughout nearly all the plays of Spain's greatest writer. His lofty spirituality responds to a yearning in the people, a yearning which long since was classified as a beatitude.

ENFORCED RAILROAD COMPETITION

BY RAY MORRIS

THE main fabric of American railroad legislation rests on two principles, which are all but irreconcilable with each other: first, that carriers serving the same or adjacent territory must compete with one another; second, that rates for like and contemporaneous service under substantially similar circumstances and conditions must be the same to all comers, — that is to say, not competitive, — and that one city or territory must not be built up at the expense of another (long-and-short-haul clause); a process which is directly and naturally the result of competition. The Act to Regulate Commerce prohibits pooling, and the Sherman Anti-Trust Law apparently makes every kind of trade agreement between persons engaged in the same kind of business an act of conspiracy, so that Congress has strongly affirmed the competitive principle; yet the 1906 revision of the commerce act makes it specifically impossible for a carrier to change its rates without giving thirty days' prior notice to the Interstate Commerce Commission, unless the Commission exempts it by special action, an exemption which the commissioners have been very loath to give. This provision is,

of course, along lines the reverse of competitive, since a thirty-day-notice cut-rate to move competitive traffic is about as effective a device as setting a tortoise to catch a squirrel. So the railroads are told with blunt plainness that they must compete, and are then immediately reminded that they must not.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Law of 1890 says definitely that every person who makes a contract or engages in any combination, in the form of a trust or otherwise, in restraint of trade or commerce, is guilty of a misdemeanor and subject to severe penalties, which have been made cumulative by subsequent court decisions; and eminent corporation counsel have expressed the opinion that it is technically impossible for two New York grocers in the same block to walk down the street together and agree on the price at which they will sell New Jersey eggs, without rendering themselves liable to fine and imprisonment, and to threefold damages payable to any other grocer whose business is injured by the reduction in price agreed upon. Thus the doctrine of individual competition is upheld with tremendous vigor, while

trade agreement, or collective competition, is strongly repressed.

Are we, as a nation, correct in assuming that individual competition should be enforced by law, — and, whether it should be or not, can it be? These questions open up a very interesting field of economic discussion, which is of particular appropriateness in 1908, because we are apparently on the threshold of an era of sharp competition between railroads.

Broadly speaking, there has not been any severe railroad competition in the United States in a dozen years, while within that period, with overflowing prosperity, and transportation facilities severely taxed by excess of traffic, has come the application of the Sherman Law to railroads, and the creation of the Elkins Law of 1903, and the Rate Law of 1906. The clear legislative tendency has been to incite the carriers to compete, but the carriers have been too busy, and have remained indifferent; now that traffic is slack and some of the conditions are present which foster competition, are we really sure that we desire it? And is it wise to leave on the statute books laws of such severity to enforce competition that no attempt is made to enforce the laws, except where some particular offense is singled out for chastisement? Ever since the Northern Securities decision, and the ridiculous statement by the Attorney General that the government was not going to run amuck, the railroad systems and the great corporations have been living on sufferance; for all the limitation which can be found in the language of the law, there is scarcely one of them that does not possess the elements of trade restraint through combination.

It might be asked, with perfect justice, why we do not at once set about destroying our entire industrial fabric and reducing the manufacturing and transportation interests to primitive conditions, since our national attitude toward the principle of combination is so rigid; or, if we prefer efficiency in manufacturing and transportation to inefficiency, then

why we do not so alter the laws as to admit the conditions that exist, and deal with them in a constructive, instead of in a destructive, manner. The question is a pertinent one; as Chancellor Day expresses it, "This new doctrine, that you can legislate unsuccessful men into success by legislating successful men out of success, is a piece of imbecility that does injustice to our twentieth century!" Yet the whole fallacy of the Sherman Law originates in the national reverence for competition, and in the lack of clear thinking on the way competition works out, in its varying forms. As applied to the railroad situation in the United States, the discouraging fact about competition legislation is that it was given an exhaustive trial in England, fifty years ago, at which time certain truths were developed at great cost which, so far as we are concerned, need never have been developed at all, since we have not noted the relation of these truths to our own problems, but are proceeding independently, at still greater cost, to develop the same principles in this country.

Charles Francis Adams showed that it had always been the theory in England that the railroads ought to compete, until the commission of 1872 demonstrated that in the forty years since railroads began, English railroad legislation had never accomplished anything which it sought to bring about, nor prevented anything it sought to hinder. Thirty-three hundred useless enactments had cost the companies eighty million pounds, but the commission reported that competition between railroads existed only to a limited extent, and that it could not be maintained by legislation. The commission cited the case of the North Eastern Railway, formerly composed of thirty-seven independent, competing, and more-or-less bankrupt companies, but in 1872 (as to-day) prosperous and giving general satisfaction, and found that in view of such facts as this it was clear that amalgamation had "not brought with it the evils that were anticipated, but

that in any event, long and varied experience had fully demonstrated the fact that, while Parliament might hinder and thwart, it could not prevent it, and it was equally powerless to lay down any general rules determining its limits or character."

The attitude of British law toward the broad question of competition between the railroads of that country does not find particularly clear expression to-day, but the conservative work of the Railway and Canal Commission, which owes its existence to the parliamentary report just referred to, and the precedent of a long line of court decisions, make it quite apparent that the early lessons have had their effect. The working agreement recently proposed by the Great Northern and Great Central companies, which had competed extravagantly in almost identical territory in the eastern part of England, was not opposed on any broad lines of governmental policy. The arrangement amounted to a consolidation, to be brought about by the simple device of appointing the boards of directors of the two companies as a joint committee to manage both properties. This proposal was contested chiefly by certain other railroads because of its relation to their own special interests, and was refused by the Railway and Canal Commission (in which refusal the Commission was upheld by the Court of Appeal) for the purely technical reason that the original charter powers of the two companies did not provide for any such agreement. A working arrangement has been in force for three years between the London & North Western and the Lancashire & Yorkshire, and has been conspicuously successful, resulting in greater efficiency and economy of operation to the railroads and better service to the public. Curiously enough, though, when it comes to allowing a British railroad to control the tram-lines which compete sharply with it for suburban traffic, the law views the matter entirely differently. The thing is not even to be thought of.

In this country, control of street-railway lines by steam railroads has not yet appeared in politics outside the State of Massachusetts, and only to a limited extent there. The device by which the New England Investment and Security Company held the Massachusetts trolley-lines which the New York, New Haven & Hartford bought, was sufficiently effective as a preventive of harmful competition, regardless of the somewhat technical question where actual control of these lines is vested.¹ But our national attitude toward consolidation of steam railroads which from their geographical location are presumed to be competitors, is perfectly uncompromising; so uncompromising that, practically speaking, it is unenforcible in its entire purview — like the Sunday liquor law in New York.

The disheartening thing about a law like this, whichever one of the examples we take, is the opportunity which it gives government to be unscrupulous. When the Duke of Alva was "pacifying" the Netherlands, in 1568, his Blood Council defined treason so broadly and in such loose terms that the expressly stipulated privileges of the Knights of the Golden Fleece, and the constitutional rights under the terms of the Joyous Entry, were not sufficient to save Count Egmont after Alva got his hands on him. Then, as if the intolerable edicts of the duke's council were insufficient, a writ was actually issued from Rome, sentencing all the people of the Netherlands to death, on the heresy charge. The Duke of Alva did not really intend to execute all the people in the Netherlands, but it was very convenient for him to have authority to make such selections as he chose without undue formality.

This situation affords a pretty good historical parallel of the possibilities of governmental procedure against railroads and great industrial combinations under the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. There are

¹ The Supreme Court of Massachusetts decided last May, after this paper was written, that this device was unlawful within that state.

few indeed of the railroad systems of the country that really know whether their skirts are clear of the entanglements of the law, as it has at present been construed; and it is hard to see how any large industrial company can avoid being a combination intrinsically in restraint of some other man's trade, and hence illegal. To all intent, the government can exercise the widest choice in its selection of victims; a condition which gives opportunity for unlimited favoritism, and tends to inject a personal element into prosecutions.

The futility of the enforced-competition legislation, when actually carried out, needs but a single instance — the Northern Securities case. James J. Hill controlled the Great Northern Railway and was influential in the Northern Pacific, but these lines had no proprietary access to Chicago, coming no nearer to it than St. Paul, and Ashland, Wisconsin. The joint purchase of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy by the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific, in 1901, was really designed primarily to afford a perpetually friendly route into Chicago, the absence of which had handicapped the Hill lines in securing what they considered a full share of transcontinental traffic. To thwart this plan, Mr. Harriman and his associates, as everybody remembers, began buying Northern Pacific in the open market in March, 1901, and actually got control of that property by a narrow margin, — the price of stock going from fifty-eight dollars a share to one thousand dollars during the process. Both parties saw the futility of cut-throat competition, however, and compromised the matter by forming the Northern Securities Company, which ultimately held a very large proportion of the capital stocks of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific. The Northern Securities Company was bitterly opposed in the Minnesota courts, and was dissolved by the United States Supreme Court in 1904, on the ground that it was a combination in restraint of trade.

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Well, let us see what happened then. The Northern Pacific was the original bone of contention. The device of the Securities Company kept the Northern Pacific (and one half of a half-control of the Burlington) equitably poised between Hill and Harriman; the distribution required by the dissolution of the Securities Company by the Supreme Court decision was pro rata, and resulted in leaving an absolute monopoly of three companies in Mr. Hill's hands, — the Great Northern (which he started with), the Northern Pacific (with which Mr. Harriman went into the Securities Company), and the Burlington, which had been divided between the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific.

The Northern Securities decision was widely heralded as a positive governmental affirmation of the principle of enforced competition, — but does it appear that any important reduction in monopoly was effected thereby? Apart from the technical result of the decision, Mr. Hill got absolute control of eight thousand miles of parallel and competing lines of which he previously shared control with Mr. Harriman. His monopoly in the American Northwest was strengthened, not weakened.

The original purpose of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law was undoubtedly to restrain manufacturing, rather than transportation, combination. Let us see what it accomplishes here.

It is a very ancient saying that competition is the life of trade, and there are few of us who cannot recall some special instance where we have reason to believe that, as consumers, we have been benefited by competition or inefficiently served because of the lack of it. It is generally possible to get better horses and carriages in a town where there are two livery stables than in a town where there is only one. The telegraph service, to-day, is unquestionably better than it was before the younger of the two great companies entered the field; the efforts of a tremendous group of daily newspapers to make

individual reputations by getting the first news from all parts of the world have enabled us to know more about current happenings in Sweden and Japan and South Africa, than Florence knew of the affairs of Milan four hundred years ago. In every branch of manufacturing, efficiency and economy have been carried to lengths undreamed of in early days, simply because they had to be, if the products were to be marketed in competition with similar products made somewhere else.

But this competitive efficiency was not law-made; the law had nothing whatever to do with it. The law did not require Eli Whitney to invent the cotton gin, nor was it instrumental in producing the sewing machine, or the power-loom, or the steamboat, or the telephone. In the great preliminary steps of economic development it was scarcely a spectator, but now that this development has been carried on and on, under conditions of constant betterment from within and of constant pressure from without, the law fears that the great natural force of competition which brought all this about is going to vanish from the earth, and that the collectivism which tries to put production on a basis of assured profit is going so far that the great industrial combination will have the power to make its own terms with its customers, concerned not with efficient service, but only with the exaction of the last farthing. It has a certain justification for this fear in the obvious fact that in modern industrial development the chance of the small individual producer is constantly tending to become less, and it reasons from this that the opportunity of the consumer to buy cheaply is also disappearing. Hence the great combination should be thwarted at every turn; it should be fined to death, or taxed to death, or broken in pieces, and its place taken by a host of lesser producers, competing among themselves, and therefore necessarily content with small profits, and keenly awake to the chance to improve their efficiency and skill.

This is perhaps an acceptable outline of the point of view which underlies enforced-competition legislation; it is based on the entirely correct belief that competition, in one form or another, is responsible for most of our economic development, and that we should be badly off without it. But from this impregnable position it proceeds to two lamentable fallacies: first, that competition can be killed by combination; and second, that it can be maintained by legislation!

Just as soon as combination gets two or three or more competing streams of industry diverted into the same channel and attempts to raise prices it invites fresh competitors into the same field, and also stimulates invention and resourcefulness to provide substitutes. Sometimes one of these effects is produced; sometimes the other; sometimes both together. It follows, therefore, that the successful combinations are those which use their organization to effect economies which keep the distribution price of their products just a little too low to tempt outsiders. The four corners of the world are tied so tightly together nowadays by steam and cable that competition has a long arm: American meat and meat-products compete in Europe, not only with European producers but with Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa; Denmark and Devonshire place their dairy products side by side in the London market, with a slight advantage in favor of Denmark; and oil from Kansas and Texas must be sold at an extremely low figure in Calcutta if it is to compete with oil from Baku.

We have heard much about the "Beef Trust" in the last few years, and a considerable element of the daily press has actually maintained with bitterness that a group of Chicago packing-houses could make prices for meat as high as they chose, in utter disregard of the fact that cattle, sheep, hogs, and chickens can be raised in every state in the Union, and that thousands of local butchers would be delighted to undersell the "trust" if current prices were high enough to

make it profitable. As a matter of fact, this omnipresent local competition is felt especially strongly in the provision business, and there is perhaps no other large industry where the margin of profit is smaller in proportion to the capital tied up. The net profit which a great packing-house derives from buying a steer, slaughtering it, and selling the meat and the by-products is around two dollars, or approximately four-fifths of the commission which a banker gets for the combined purchase and sale of a bond,¹ with the important difference that the banker gets spot cash or marketable collateral to cover his capital expenditure, while the packing-house pays spot cash for what it buys, but has to carry an open account unsecured for what it sells. Yet the government has been so afraid of combination in this industry, and has taken such vigorous steps to prevent it, that the Chicago packers no longer dare meet together to settle details of mutual helpfulness.

The very fact of the ease with which competition takes place in the provision business accounts for the concentration of capital in the gigantic packing plants at Chicago, Kansas City, and Omaha. As in nearly every other manufacturing industry, concentration brings efficiency with it; every one of the by-products can be developed to the highest commercial degree, and profits are made, not by raising prices but by eliminating waste. There is no doubt that the small, independent butcher finds it harder to make a living than he would if the great plants were not able, by their efficient organization, to sell meat a thousand miles from where it is dressed, at the smallest fraction above cost; but there is nothing in this situation to cause the consumer uneasiness. It is possible to demonstrate the truth of this in a striking manner by means of the industrial statistics collected by the Bureau of Labor, not only in the provision industry, but in others

which may be selected as highly organized.

Thus, if we take the average price of cattle for the years 1890 to 1899 as a base, represented by the figure 100, and the average price of dressed beef for the same ten years at the same base figure, the Bureau shows us that the packers, as the largest purchasers, paid 114.2 for their cattle in 1906, but sold the beef for 101.2 per cent of the base price. This is a very striking demonstration of the effect which a highly concentrated and much-attacked industry has had in keeping down the price of the finished product as compared with the cost of the material from which this product was worked up. And the figures can be carried further; for example, the price of sheep went from 100, in the years 1890 to 1899, to 132.6 in 1906, while the price of mutton went from 100 to 120.7, in the same period; the price of hogs, from 100 to 142.2, while the price of hams went only to 125.5, of bacon to 139.9 and of lard to 135.6. The price of all farm products (non-concentration of capital) was 28.6 per cent higher in 1906 than in 1898; the price of beefsteak (concentration of capital) rose only 14.2 per cent in the same period.

Much has been said about the "Sugar Trust," as representing an oppressive economic system, and the activities of this trust, along with all the others, are supposed to have become much more baneful in the last decade than in former times. Note, then, that the average price of sugar was 4.7 per cent less in 1908 than it was in 1901, and 3.1 per cent less in 1906 than it was in 1898. As regards the effect on prices which the Standard Oil Company has brought about, it is interesting to see that the price of crude petroleum, which the company buys, was 175.8 in 1906, as compared with 100, average of the 1890 to 1899 decade, while the price of refined oil, which it sells, was 131.8 in 1906. In the steel business, the price of Bessemer pig rose from 100 to 141.8 during the same

¹ Excluding rent, taxes, and depreciation of property in each case. J

comparative period; the price of rails rose only to 107.4. The reader will understand that these figures do not represent dollars and cents, but the percentage-cost of the commodity when the prices from 1890 to 1899 are compared with those for 1906.

It would be possible to cite many more examples illustrating the tendency of raw materials and manufactured articles representing no concentration of capital to increase in price faster than those articles produced by concentration of capital and the supposed elimination of competition. To take a few illustrations at random: candles (concentration, non-competitive) were 2 per cent cheaper in 1906 than in 1890-99; axes (non-concentration, competitive) were 43.1 per cent dearer; hides (raw material, competitive) rose in price 64.7 per cent; leather (concentration of capital, reduced competition) increased 20.4 per cent.

The government, in its arraignment of the Standard Oil Company, admitted freely that the combination has not made prices burdensome, but argued that it might have made them cheaper. It seems only necessary to ask why it should have made them cheaper, with the cost of labor and of raw materials tending almost uniformly upwards. The opinion may at least be hazarded that the Standard Oil Company would long ago have been defeated in a battle against the impossible if it had attempted to force its current prices so high as really to tempt competition, — which is another way of saying that the price of oil, if produced under conditions of small individual manufacture, would not be any less than it now is. As regards the special advantages which are charged against great corporations, — rebates, and the power to shut out local competition by temporarily underselling, — it is not necessary at present to discuss the rather technical question whether these advantages are fair or unfair, in comparison with the ordinary trade methods of free competition. The point is that you cannot, as alleged,

achieve greatness with these methods; you must start with greatness in order to achieve the methods! When railroads and steamboats and oil companies used to drive one another out of business by underselling, it was not necessarily the wickedest company which came out ahead; it was the best organized company.

Now observe where the Sherman Law has led us, while we have been digressing! Does the wickedness of the great combinations lie in their efficiency in obtaining rebates (that is, wholesale rates) for transportation? Perhaps it did so lie, prior to the Elkins Law, — it depends largely upon one's definition of wickedness, — but rebates are essentially a competitive device, and the enforced-competition doctrine can have no quarrel with them. In what, then, do the great combinations so offend as to bring upon themselves the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, the law of enforced competition? Besides their former ability to obtain privileged transportation, they have only two other advantages over the small producer: one is efficiency — the ability to buy more advantageously, to manufacture at a less cost per unit, to sell in a wider market; the other is the power to undersell local territory and spread the cost over world-wide territory, or else charge it to profit and loss.

Theoretically, the power to undersell small competition and drive it out of business, is accompanied by the subsequent power to make prices far higher than the small competitor would have made them; practically, it does not work that way, because the effect of the high prices would be to attract to the field a host of competitors, big and little, who would continue to charge the citadel of the monopoly over the fallen bodies of the vanquished until the monopolistic ammunition gave out. The Bureau of Labor unit-costs, quoted above, afford concrete illustrations of the attitude of the largest industrial organizations in the country; these organizations tend to keep

prices stable, but, to lower, rather than raise them, in comparison with the cost of the raw materials they purchase.

If the great corporations offend because they are efficient, we must logically commend small enterprise because it is inefficient; if they offend because they undersell, we must praise the local manufacturer who is unable to undersell. Manufactured articles we must have; therefore we must buy them from the concern which is inefficient and weak, since the law forbids combination for purposes of strength and of efficiency. Does anybody suppose that this is going to benefit the consumer?

Probably nobody believes so, — and yet everybody feels the force of the livery-stable argument, mentioned above, or recalls some similar instance where he has seen competition work wonders, and he fears that the great corporation is going to remove competition from the earth. After all, the difficulty between the citizen who fears the “trusts,” and the citizen who believes in them, is largely a matter of definitions. Fundamentally, it is impossible so to define the word trust as to make it akin to our purpose at all; but if we spell it with a capital and give it the duty which the newspapers assign to it, we should suppose that the timorous citizen, and his representative, the Sherman Law, would define it somewhat as follows:—

Trust: a combination of corporations which is in restraint of trade, eliminates competition, and oppresses the consumer by charging him higher prices than would otherwise prevail.

On the other hand, the courageous citizen, who has done some thinking on his own account, and is not afraid of trusts at all, succeeds in locating the difference between the Standard Oil Company and the un-competed-with livery stable by creating for himself a definition something like this:—

Trust: a combination of corporations to increase efficiency, which, by means of this efficiency, reduces competition by selling

more cheaply than any but the most efficient of its competitors can sell.

But it may be presumed that the Sherman Law, in lending its support to the former rather than the latter of these definitions, seeks to establish not a weak and futile competition but a strong one, and that it takes the point of view that a group of efficient concerns seeking the same market will make the consumer's prices lower than will a single immense combination, governed rather by potential than by actual competition. The theory is an attractive one, but it is hard to find much concrete support for it. George Stephenson said two generations ago, when corporate development was in its infancy, that where combination was possible, competition was impossible, and the principle thus laid down has been receiving new application and expression every year. It is easy to find instances of severe sporadic competition which has served, for a brief time, to bring selling cost down to a point below the cost of production; but such a condition never lasts long before the weaker competitor is absorbed or driven to the wall, and the prices which the consumer derives from this process are so unstable that the retailer hesitates to carry goods in stock, while the recouping period which follows a struggle is apt to have its effect on qualities as well as prices.

These remarks apply to industries which are of such nature that they are naturally and readily subject to competition. But when the Sherman Law includes railroads in its purview, it is attempting to deal with an industry which is naturally monopolistic. It is more or less generally recognized that the effects of competition fall short of any usefulness in certain public-service enterprises. Nobody saves telephone bills by living in a city which is served by two or three competing telephone companies. Even if the toll-rate is low, two or three cheap services cost more than one dear one, and a business man must have them all. This is a case where monopoly is convenient to

the consumer; a street railway in a crowded district usually furnishes a case of monopoly which is inevitable. The clearest thinkers in all countries now concede that regulation furnishes a better solution in safeguarding the public welfare than competition does, throughout a fairly long list of what are generally termed public-service enterprises. The most conservative of these thinkers believe, probably without so much as raising the question in their own minds, that police forces and sewer systems are branches of the public service which can best be provided for by the municipality itself. It is also quite universally conceded that the control and supply of a city's drinking water ought to be a regulated monopoly rather than a competitive industry. There is difference of opinion whether better service is obtained from waterworks owned by private capital or from waterworks owned by the municipality, but this point is alien to our discussion.

Further down on the list come lighting and heating plants, telephones, and street railways. We do not want warfare between the companies supplying us with gas or electricity, involving fluctuating rates and large liability of interruptions to service because of wars and receiver-ships; we want regular, undisturbed service. The reason why competitive telephones are undesirable has already been stated. As regards street railways, competition under any circumstances must be of very limited extent, because the company first on the ground will always have secured the best routes, at least for a term of years, and it is not generally either feasible or desirable for two companies to operate on the same street. Where competition in one form or another does exist between street railways in the same town, it may be taken for granted that transfer privileges will not be liberal, that traffic will be interrupted, and that the disadvantages attendant upon the operation of a bankrupt or financially embarrassed company will tend to crop up with considerable frequency. Cleveland has been

giving an illustration, for some five years, of the practical disadvantages arising from street-railway competition in a busy city, these disadvantages including tracks torn up in midnight warfare, abolition of transfer privileges between competing lines, failure to run through services to important points, such as railroad stations, and the like.

It must be said in all frankness that in former days, when street railways were given franchises freely, and very little was required of them, the results to the public were extremely good, and there is reason for expressing doubt that the present tendency to scrutinize franchise privileges with extreme care and to reduce street-railway fares by franchise contracts is going to work as well. The average citizen would rather go over the whole city for five cents than be able to go over only half of it, even if he can get over that half for three cents; and capital has little inducement to build extensions to meet the city's growth in such places as Cleveland, Detroit, or the Canadian cities and towns where much is being asked of the street railways and little is being allowed them in the way of opportunities to earn. But even in the cities where the street railways have been most harassed, competition has not been advanced in good faith as a permanent way of bringing about better service, and in cities where street railways have been able to keep out of local politics, nobody advocates it at all.

The steam railroads have given ample demonstration that nobody gets any permanent profit from cut-throat competition between them. In the ten years when the general competition in this country was most severe, say from 1870 to 1880, the shipper might get an exceedingly low rate on a competitive transaction, but was quite sure to get an exceedingly high one to compensate for it on a transaction in noncompetitive territory. At all events, he never knew six months, or even one month, ahead, what his rate was going to be, and the uncertainty attendant upon this state of affairs worked a great deal of

harm and resulted in a thousand forms of discrimination, intentional and unintentional, on the part of the railroad. Moreover, the lines which felt the competition most were in wretched physical condition, and were unable to better themselves. This was particularly true in the South. Albert Fink pointed out that, in the rate wars prior to the formation of the Southern Railway and Steamship Association, gross earnings of the southern railroads were reduced about 42 per cent below what regular rates would have allowed; an amount in many cases equal to the whole net earnings which could have been derived from the competitive business at the regular rates, so that the business was really unprofitable, and the roads were, in consequence, practically worthless to their owners. In 1876 a committee of the stockholders of the Central Railroad & Banking Company of Georgia reported: "It is conceded that the property of your stockholders is on the brink of being sunk forever, and the bankruptcy of a number of your roads is imminent, if not even now a fact." Of course, roads in this condition could not afford to make their facilities better or to give their country a better service in any way. They had no surplus net earnings for betterment work, and nobody wanted to buy their securities. It was not until the great consolidations like the Southern Railway, the Atlantic Coast Line, and the Seaboard Air Line got the situation well in hand that the South began to have a decent railroad service. Prior to that time, the best and strongest companies always had to compete with the bankrupts; a process which does no good to a well company or a sick company, or to the territory which either of them serves.

S. W. Dunning, with his long experience as a close observer and critic of railroad affairs, used to say that the people who built the West Shore Railroad did more harm and caused greater destruction of property than they would have done if they had gone around burning barns all along the route; and this simile

portrays pretty well the workings of unrestricted competition. The shipper gets a high rate one day, a low one the next, and confronts a constant tendency on the part of the hard-beset railroad company to "scamp" its work; the railroad company works at cost in one locality and on a basis of exorbitant profit in another, and engages in a long struggle with bankruptcy, while the investor realizes that he has made a mistake, and resolves to keep out of such enterprises in the future, or else to require an extremely high potential return on his investment.

This, in brief, was the effect upon railroads and upon the interests they served, in the period of maximum free competition. The particular harmfulness of this kind of competition to railroads arises from the fact that the capital invested in them must perform its work just where it is, no matter how great the disadvantages, so that the bankrupt that has given up trying to pay fixed charges has powers of harmfulness almost unlimited. It is surely to our discredit as an intelligent people that we should try to maintain this kind of free competition by law!

The odd fact about the present activity in enforcing the Sherman Law is that it comes at a time when everybody has been enabled to observe that, in practice, great corporations and great railroad combinations do not operate to force rates up. People ought not to be afraid of bigness in concerns any longer, and they ought not to cherish the illusion that they really want to be served by small concerns doing business at a loss. The cheaper a given service can be performed, the less people are going to have to pay for it, in the long run, and it has been shown over and over again that consolidation means efficiency, and that sharp competition means waste; also, that the cost of killing the loser and buying his useless plant must be borne by the winner's customers. Competition means duplication of facilities for doing the same work, and the theoretic economic loss of this duplication is habitually converted into a practical loss either in

dollars or in efficiency, with a rapidity which far outstrips many of the economic processes that rejoice in our full belief and confidence.

There has been no more curious result of our enforced-competition legislation — a result surely not looked for by the lawmakers — than the unsympathetic attitude of the law towards small dealers organized to prevent big concerns from underselling them. Here we have a temporary industrial combination fighting a permanent industrial combination, and the law sides with the permanent one, and finds the little fellows guilty of conspiracy! This has been exemplified in the opposition to the mail-order houses in the West; in the case of the National Druggists' Association, etc. In the drug trade, the owners and manufacturers of certain proprietary medicines sold their goods to jobbers under an agreement that certain "aggressive cutters," principally large department stores, should not be allowed to receive these goods from the wholesalers at any price. These "aggressive cutters" had been accustomed to act as wholesalers, in buying very large consignments at best prices, and then selling at retail at cost or below, charging off loss to the advertising account. The sale of some well-known "household remedy" for seven cents or thirteen cents below the prevailing price was, of course, a strong drawing card, but the process devastated the business and the reputations of the small retailers, who were the manufacturers' best steady customers. It was to protect these people that the manufacturers and jobbers agreed, in substance, to blacklist retail firms that would not maintain prices as per schedule. Of course this was readily proved to constitute a combination in restraint of trade, within the meaning of the Sherman Law, and the manufacturers were prosecuted by the government and enjoined from carrying out their agreement.¹

Now, a big department store is not.

¹ William Jay Schieffelin, before the National Conference on Trusts, 1907.

technically, a combination, because it does not illustrate amalgamation of a group of industries which might in the eyes of the law be regarded as natural competitors. But it is, in point of fact, a very effective grouping of capital, and its organization is such that it possesses nearly all the working characteristics of a "trust," in action. The law was perfectly consistent in finding that a group of small individual producers were banded together in restraint of trade; but the application of the law, without regard to its theory, was to protect the large, permanent aggregation of capital against the temporary attack of small concerns joined together in what is sometimes called antagonistic coöperation, for protection against a common foe. Competition was continually present, in one form or another, between the units of capital making up the wholesale druggists' combination; it was conspicuously lacking between the units of capital making up the department-store organization; yet the technical position of the department store was impregnable.

If we agree that the outworking of this case was not precisely in line with what the framers of the law intended, we are probably safe in concluding that the intense criminality of the two grocers who confer on the selling price of eggs, and the technical uncertainty as to the legality of nearly every manufacturing concern in the country, formed by a process of consolidation, would also surprise the lawmakers of 1890. If it is really true that all common control of parallel railroad lines is in restraint of trade, which of our great systems is exempt from disintegration? And suppose that this disintegration really can be effected, — who is the gainer thereby? In the days when the coastwise steamers could beat the railroad trains down the coast, because of the handicaps of bad connections, different gauge, and lack of friendly coöperation, due to rivalry, we had an advance illustration of the perfect fulfillment of the laws of enforced competition.

Many conservative people will concede, without argument, the contention that excessive competition, with its bankruptcies, its discouragement of new enterprises, and its constant incentive to discrimination, is undesirable; but they feel, nevertheless, that a condition where competition is entirely absent would be worse. Granting that it would be, does not the weakness of the Sherman Law lie in the fact that it overlooks the constant working of potential competition? Apart from its direct effects, giving the strongest inducement to industrial combinations to keep prices at a figure where they will not serve as a constant temptation to new comers, potential competition finds constant exemplification in the principle of "charging what the traffic will bear." It has often been pointed out that the common interpretation of this principle is wrong. In the language of W. M. Acworth, charging what the traffic will bear is not the same thing as charging what the traffic will not bear! A certain New England railroad has made a rate on pulp-wood which, in itself, would barely pay for coal and train-crew's wages. It does this in order to open up a new territory, so remote from the market that the pulp-wood which it produces cannot be sold at all unless the railroad rate is carefully adjusted with this in view. This road does not get its profit from the pulp-wood traffic; it gets it from opening the territory to mills, farms, and minor man-

ufactures, with coal and materials to be hauled in, and some little general traffic to be hauled out, besides the staple. It has accomplished this by charging only what the traffic will bear.

This is a single instance of countless cases where railroads and industrial combinations alike have to determine the rate at which they can make the most profit; and it has again and again been proved that it is better in all industries to do a tremendous business at a very small margin of profit than to do a very small business at a large margin of profit! In parallel efforts to reduce prices for the consumer, the Sherman Law has always to compete with the forces of enlightened selfishness, and enlightened selfishness is continually successful, while the Sherman Law has never succeeded at all!

It should not be inferred from this argument that the writer believes that railroads and industrial combinations should be free of regulation in the public interest. Certain police powers are just as necessary to the national government as they are to a municipal government; certain kinds of corporate conduct, such as the practice of giving rebates to favored shippers, may certainly be determined to be contrary to public policy without violation of economic laws. But the attempt to confer a public benefit by requiring universal competition in place of consolidation is just as absurd in theory as it is unattainable in practice.

THE MOODS OF THE MISSISSIPPI

BY RAYMOND S. SPEARS

THE Indians who knew the Mississippi River before the advent of Joliet and La Salle named the vast phenomenon "The Father of Waters." White men who live upon the river or along its swamp-land banks now know whence came that expressive term. After one has been with the stream long enough for its novelty to have worn away, acquaintance and proximity do not diminish the wonder aroused by the huge torrent. Far from it! One learns to realize a magnificent presence which is neither of the stream, nor of the banks, nor of the wide, low sandbars, nor of the long sweep of the caving bends, but which is doubtless the personification of all these. It was not alone the physical size and manifest strength of the stream that compelled the name "Father of Waters," but the awesome, overwhelming, unbending grandeur of the wonderful spirit ruling the flow of the sands, the lumping of the banks, the unceasing shifting of the channel, and the send of the mighty flood.

Until the white man at last directed his analytical faculties toward the investigation of the unwritten code of laws governing the rise and fall, the sweep and send, the flow and rush of the torrent, expression of the river wonders found egress in myths and speculations, traditions and romance, as those who have read the lives of Hennepin, Joliet, Marquette, La Salle, and lesser men, may remember. Then came the trained enthusiasm and tireless vigilance of keen observers. Charles Ellet paved the way for Humphreys and Abbott, and in the report made by the two latter one finds the spirit of the river almost reduced to cubic feet and bald statements of hydraulic laws. "Every important fact connected with the various physical conditions of the river and

the laws uniting them being ascertained, the great problem of protection against inundation was solved." That was written in August, 1861.

For thirty years men had groped with learned effort among the mysteries of river-floods, tides, discharges, causes, and effects, as exemplified by the Mississippi. Countless thousands of facts were brought together, studied, weighed, grouped, and placed in wonderfully orderly array, so convincingly that it seemed the river mystery had been reduced to black and white, with copious indexes. Twenty years later, the greatest riverman of all, Eads, ran amuck among the theories and deductions. For one thing, he declared the folly of levees parallel to the river current. He came as near knowing the river as any one can. He walked along its bottom under a diving-bell; he traveled on its surface; he sat upon the bank and studied the wanderings of the torrent day after day. He knew its dangers, for he had landed as a youth in St. Louis, penniless, having been "burned out" on a river steamer. The time came when he erected the first human structure that compared with the mighty waters in vastness, — the Eads Bridge at St. Louis. Then, at his own risk, he tamed the shoals at The Passes.

The Indians measured the river with their eyes. They knew its width, but not its length. Better, perhaps, than any one else has since known, they were acquainted with the terror of the great fluctuations of the river heights. Tradition does not preserve the stories of Indian adventure with the floods, but in the bottoms, notably in the Yazoo Swamps, are mute evidences of the spring rise of prehistoric years. Here and there are mounds on whose tops, buried by the mould of

centuries, are bones, flint implements, and fire-remains. There the Indian families took refuge above the overflow against which they had provided by heaping up hills of refuge, mindful of the spring floods. White men have fenced off with dirt hundreds of miles of bottom-lands, seeking to protect them from the overflow; but back in the swamps to this day, one finds the people building their homes on the high places. Some even keep skiffs, rafts, and houseboats at their cotton plantations in order to have an ark of refuge when a levee breaks or is topped by the waters.

People who live far from the Mississippi banks, in the depths of the swamp-lands, watch the water-flow in their nearest bayous or rivers or delta streams with anxiety born of long and unhappy experience. Down on the Atchafayala, one finds people who read the waters better than sailors read the wind. Every morning the "swamp angel" goes to the bayou bank and gazes long at the water. Perhaps the bank is twenty feet high, and the water red. He knows then that Red River has the Mississippi "eddie" — that Red River is higher than the Mississippi. Perhaps the water rises day by day, week after week, and continues to be red in shade. Then the water-gazer detects a change. The red shade becomes a tinge lighter, and there is a difference in the send and lunge of the waters.

"Hi-i-i!" the swamp man exclaims, "Ole Mississipp's a-risin'!"

Little by little the Mississippi waters overcome the Red River ones. Red River is "eddie," backed up by the superior flow of the great stream. The time comes when the bayou is as yellow as the Mississippi, and is rising under the impulse of waters from Wisconsin, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, instead of a flow across the plains from the Rockies. There are men who claim to detect an Ohio rise by the look of the waters in the swamps of Louisiana.

When Atchafayala is bank-full, the water pours to right and left into the

swamps over the "low lands." The high land and low land of the Mississippi bottoms is one of the most surprising of Mississippi features. At New Orleans one hears of a ridge between the city and Lake Pontchartrain. A man from a hill country has a vision of a massy height of land, with gullies and steep places and far views. But that ridge which is historic in the annals of Louisiana rises about three feet eight inches above the surrounding lowlands. They measure their hills and valleys with six-inch rules in the lower regions of the bottoms. I was going down Atchafayala a few years ago, when an old fisherman asked me to take particular notice of a highland on the left bank half a mile down stream.

"Why," he said, "that land's four inches higher than any other land for twenty miles along 'Chaffelli! I'm going to build a house there, yassuh!"

For days after the whole of the surrounding region was under water, this height of land was above the level. Back there, fifty miles from the Mississippi, and as far from any height of land above the overflow, the swamp people watch for the long flood wave which rolls down the Mississippi in memorable years, as some people watch for droughts, others for financial panics, and still others for flights of grasshoppers or visitations of boll-weevils.

At no other time is the Mississippi so impressive and majestic as during "high water." When the river is out of its banks near the crest of the levees, excitement and dread is in the heart of every lowlander. If anything happens, the blow will fall on him. At such times, every man has his duty to perform. Cattle, horses, and hogs are driven to the highlands, — perhaps rafted across the sipe water to Crowley's ridge, or driven swimming by canoe men from knoll to knoll, to safety above overflows. Everything is made as ready as can be against the possibility of the levee breaking — against the dreaded crevasse. Men walk the levee, Winchester in hand, along regular

sentry beats day and night, watching and listening for the noise of flowing water. If a little stream once breaks through the levee, it will quickly wear away a hole, and the hole, if not filled in time, may widen to a break half a mile wide, through which the flood waters would flow, inundating and killing countless cotton plants, besides tearing up and ruining square miles of land.

Musk rats, crawfish, rotten sticks, and men are the makers of crevasses. Where the river flows between two levees, and the high water is coming higher, threatening both east and west bottoms, human nature says, "Thou shalt die ere I die!" Hence the Winchesters. If one can break away the levee opposite, the flood pressure will be relieved, on the home levee.

There is another notable spectacle to be seen at the highest of a flood. When the water comes close to the levee-top, and the levee protects a thickly populated lowland, sacks are filled with dirt and piled on the levee. If hands are scarce, the white men get on their horses, ride out and herd the stout negroes, and perhaps miles of levee are banked higher by these not-too-willing workers. Thus at Helena, Arkansas, one spring, the citizens of that city held back the flood that was two feet higher than the permanent levee-top, by piling on earth-filled sacks.

In whatever direction one may turn his attention, the Mississippi overshadows all the bottom-lands. What winter is to the mountains, droughts to the plains, blights and fungi to the market-gardener, and frosts to the orange-grower, floods are to the people of the Mississippi lowlands. From the mountains of southwest Virginia to the Red River raft, people date their traditions from the flood years, — the tide of 1867, the flood of 1903.

The manifestations of the river strength are so many that the white men, like the Indians, cannot regard it as a mere phenomenon. "He's shore comin' this mohnin'!" a shanty-boater says, watching the surge of a river rise swaggering down some wide crossing. "He's feelin'

purty ca'm an' decent, yassuh!" the same man will remark when the river is holding steady at the nine-foot stage, say, on a quiet October afternoon.

In the hearts of the river people — the shanty-boater, the riverside dwellers, and the people of the lonely bends — one finds clear manifestations of the spirit of the river. The old river man takes his moods from the river. When the river is ugly and rising — when, for instance, there are about 750 grains of sediment to the cubic foot of water, and the river is at a 45-foot stage — the face of the river man clouds and his tongue becomes tart and surly. But when there are only about 250 grains of sediment to the cubic foot of water, and the stage is down to 7 or 8 feet above low-water mark, the river man is likely to be in a cheerful mood, "singing like a blackbird."

The ice and drift are the ugliest of river phenomena. No man on the river is cheerful when the ice comes grinding down from the Ohio or Upper Mississippi. One might think a sunshiny February day would bring good cheer and gentleness to a heart, but not so on the river. That is one of the harshest of river facts. At Rosedale, Mississippi, a few years ago, — to illustrate, — a man started across the river in a skiff. Ice was flowing by, but the fleets seemed scattered and harmless as they poured by to the music of bird songs in the radiance of spring sunshine. The man was more than half-way across, when a great mass of ice came circling around and around in the fleet toward him. He saw it coming, — saw the tree trunks grinding around, and heard the ice-pack screaming. The ice closed in on him, surrounded him in spite of his stoutest pulling at the oars, twisted his boat into fragments, and then sucked him down, screaming, into the mass. A minute later the frozen whirlpool flung apart, and the fragments scattered and bobbed serenely in the afternoon sunlight.

On the other hand, the river never is more buoyant and cheering to those close to it, than when the settled gloom of win-

try cold, sleet, and night is upon it. Just when the human soul is oppressed by the sadness and terror of a lonely bend, something comes dancing down the murk, and with an exclamation of inexplicable joy, the river man reaches for his fiddle or banjo and begins to sing — not a boisterous, reveling song, but some strange incantation, some weird, exhilarating chant whose inspiration is found in the breadths and depths and murks of a Mississippi night.

One can express the Mississippi River in cubic feet. In the morning, on December 3, 1901, the gauge-reading at Helena, Arkansas, was 1.5 feet. The area of the cross section of the river water was 51,100 square feet. The mean velocity of the current was 2.19 feet per second. The discharge per second was 112,000 cubic feet. That afternoon, a subtle change had come over the stream. It is expressed by a gauge reading of 1.53 feet, a velocity of only 1.93 feet per second, and a discharge of 99,000 cubic feet per second. The river was higher, but flowing slower — loafing along, as one might say.

The same phenomenon is observable when the river is high. Thus, on March 23, 1903, the gauge-reading at Helena was 50.4 feet. The area of the cross-section was 210,500 square feet. The velocity of the current was 6.71 feet per second. The discharge per second was 1,413,000 cubic feet. On the 24th, the water was .28 feet higher, the cross section was 1500 feet greater, but the discharge was 43,000 cubic feet less per second because the velocity was .25 feet slower per second.

The river is never twice alike. There are a dozen different velocities for each tenth of an inch gauge-reading. Sometimes the river rises fast, sometimes slowly. It may drop twice as fast at one time as at another. Sometimes the flow seems to "bank up" in a bend, and again the current sucks along apparently unresisted. The seeing eyes of the river men see the ugliness of a coming flood-wave in the look of a crossing or reach. Again, they catch the gentleness of the slacking

and loafing waters by the wash of an eddy under a wide sand-bar.

Whether one gazes upon the river with the eye of a mathematician or of a poet, the result is the same. One finds himself face to face with a great creature whose moods one may partly express in cubic feet and velocities, and partly in words descriptive of psychological phenomena. Complete expression of the subject seems out of question.

In due course, perhaps humanity will add to its means of description. For some time past there has been an effort to express the river in terms of mere dollars and cents. One is bound to say that the endeavor has not been without success. Thus, the Mississippi River Commission has received and expended "in specific appropriations" by Congress, \$52,179,555.51. To this might be added many scores of millions put in by state and private endeavor. Possibly, the significance of the vast amount may be better understood if one mentions the fact that in Lake Providence Reach \$3,863,741.51 was spent in an effort to gain a navigable depth of 9 feet of water through the shifting sands. About 7 feet was actually secured. On Ashbrook Neck, on about a mile of river, \$655,878.56 has been spent to prevent a cut-off — a short cut across a narrow strip of land — which would change the regimen of the river.

To the money already expended, it is now expected a sufficient sum will be added to discover how much it will cost to "tame and control" the largest and most uncertain river in America.

Perhaps there is no fact regarding the attempts to make a tame and navigable stream of the Mississippi more interesting than the one that contractors and boomers demand that the river itself be controlled, at a least possible cost of \$200,000,000. Between New Orleans and Cape Girardeau there are hundreds of miles of caving banks and rolling waves of sands to be matted and jettied, in order to secure a permanent depth of 14 feet throughout the channel's course. A

canal dug down the river lowlands would reduce the distance from over 1000 miles to less than 600 miles. The cost of dredging a canal down the bottoms, putting in the twenty-five or thirty necessary locks and rights of way, would amount, all told, to less than \$75,000,000. The canal would, at one stroke, solve the question of draining the St. Francis and Tensas bottoms. It would reduce the cost of maintaining a navigable channel of 14 feet permanent depth from \$10,000,000 a year to less than \$1,500,000, and it would cut the time required to secure a 14-foot channel from an uncertain number of years to two or three years.

The fact that the Mississippi Valley demands the taming of the Mississippi itself can be traced to the river's own lawless challenge flaunted in the face of humanity time out of mind. The people of the Mississippi Valley are at heart not so anxious for a deep-water way and for the sight of ocean-going steamers at the wharves of St. Louis, Vicksburg, Memphis, and other river towns, as they are for the sight of the river humbled and humiliated and in shackles.

The Mississippi is the greatest irritant in the United States. Its fickleness, conscious power, and taunting eddies bring oaths to the lips of the most respectable and law-abiding residents along its lower course. The greatest admirers of the river, the people who sing its praises with the most emphasis, are the ones who go off on a tangent of temper quickest when

they find a new caving of river-bank headed toward the newest and most expensive levee, built to protect great plantations, while just across the stream arise worthless bluffs and useless sand-bars. Talk to a Mississippi River man, — shanty-boater, pilot, raftsmen, plantation owner, or city merchant, — and he will brag about the river wonders. Its bigness charms him, and makes him feel large and elated. Bring him around to his own experiences with it, and suddenly a shade of resentment crosses his face, as he recalls a shanty-boat wrecked by a cyclone, a steamboat snagged, a raft torn up in some bend, a plantation under-cut and washed away, or a season's trade spoiled by an overflow and crevasse.

"We love the river, damn it!" is a literal expression.

The river is a constant invitation to battle, and there is to-day no more remarkable or suggestive spectacle anywhere than that of millions of people making ready to clinch with the influence they call "Ole Mississipp'!"

The river is no mere problem in mathematics; it cannot be expressed in terms of poetry; its complete history is beyond the ken of man. It is a mystery of longing and power, striving through the ages toward the consummation of some titanic ambition for quiet flowing, down a beautiful, gently-sloping valley among the wide vistas of an orderly continent. This is, perhaps, as close to the meaning of the river as one can come.

THESE ENCHANTED WOODS

BY ETHEL ROLT WHEELER

Enter these enchanted woods
You who dare.

I SAT on the edge of the pine wood which stretched in a gradual slope up the hill. I was completing a sketch of a clump of pine-needles, etching them in with ink, and putting an aura of peacock-blue about them, — an experiment which, while recalling the drawings of Japanese artists, conveyed the sense of vague mystery peculiar to our western landscape. I was well satisfied with the work I had done in Surrey: the woods themselves seemed shaped in happiest circumstance, and pictures encountered me at every step, while the atmosphere at that time of year — it was late summer — possessed some special quality of revelation, so that as a rule I was able to pierce without effort to the very spirit of the scene. What was most delightful to me, however, was the feeling that I was on the verge of an æsthetic discovery, on the threshold of an artistic experience; that the pine woods held a secret which perhaps it would be mine to surprise and interpret. Once, in a sun-burst of radiance that turned the ground metallic with copper and bronze, I thought I had caught it; and once again, in a terrible twilight alive with strange noise; but the senses were not quick enough to respond, to focus the impression, and the moment passed.

That day, as I sat half-mechanically etching in the pine-needles, it seemed to me that the mystery was again not far away. It was a gray day, a little cold and breathless, with that pause and strain in the air which suggests the concentration of vast forces. The gloom between the trees became a tangible shadow, and the needle-strewn ground turned stone-color. It was only four o'clock in the afternoon,

and I wondered if a storm threatened. I began putting my things together when my eye was caught by a dark flapping movement coming down the hill between the trees: then I realized that it must be that chap Connell, in the long, odd-looking cape he always affected. He was a tall young fellow, strongly and loosely built, but thin; with black hair, rather absurdly long, and extraordinary dark eyes set in a pale, handsome face. He would have been striking in any costume, but I confess the slight eccentricity in his dress — his green ties and soft hats — rather prejudiced me against him; and though we had been lodging in the same village during the summer, we were no more than casual acquaintances. An insignificant fellow like myself can wear almost anything without attracting notice; but I thought it rather bad form in Connell to force attention to his already remarkable appearance. He was coming down toward me quickly, with a scared face, and when he reached me he merely nodded, threw himself on the ground quite close, and buried his face in his hands. I went on putting up my materials, indifferent to his presence, and after a while he twisted himself round and sat staring at me intently. It was an interesting face, — I had never before realized how interesting; the brows had the architecture and shadow of thought and imagination, and the eyes unusual depth and strangeness.

"I've found a good subject for you to sketch, a little way up the hill," he said in a rather strained voice. "Can you come and look at it now? I don't want you to miss it."

"All right," I said. "I can leave my paraphernalia under a bush. It's getting too dark to do much more to-day."

He chafed a little as I leisurely finished

my packing. There was a curious eagerness about him.

We began climbing the hill. We were seven or eight miles from the village where we both lodged, and I had never been up this hill before. Under the trees it was much clearer than I had expected; the light was like a medium of liquid gray that mellowed and enriched the sombre coloring of bole and foliage, and emphasized detail to its finest edge. The days that give at the same time full tones with minute intricacies are rare, and I was beginning to regret that I had not brought my paint-box, when my attention was caught by a building we were approaching right among the trees. It was some way off yet and its outline confused by the pine-stems, but a long façade of stone was distinguishable, with stone embrasures and a stone-pillared entrance arch.

"What a curious situation for a house!" I exclaimed. "No road to it, no carriage drive, no path even, — and the pines growing almost against the windows!"

"You see it too, then," said Connell in a low voice. "Come a little farther, where you can get a better view."

He advanced a step or two, and then paused. If this was Connell's picture, it was certainly one of extreme beauty. For composition, for color, he had chosen a unique spot, an inspired moment. There was an enchanting delicacy in the intersection of lines made by the pine-stems growing up the bank and barring faintly the stone of the house; the detail of the building, the battlements, the stone device above the porch, the carvings of the stone embrasures, had the intricacy and definition that distance gives when there is a clear light between. I took out my notebook which I always carried in my pocket, and began sketching in the scene with pencil. But color was wanted to do justice to the picture; and I tried rapidly to memorize the veiled radiance of the stone, that threw into sombre dusk of a new depth and quality the smoky blue of

the pine foliage and the rusty yellows of the foreground. The house shone with pale light in a circle of dim rich gloom, and I foresaw the difficulty of making this light convincing on canvas; the luminous lichens on the pillars of the porch, the weather-worn surface of the stone, which gave opportunity to impalpable reflections and contrasts, — these accounted only partly for the vaguely diffused glow, which held the eye by its strangeness.

While I was sketching, Connell remained silent, looking at the house.

"Do you know Henri Le Sidaner's pictures?" I asked, "those moonlit blanks of wall that suggest so convincingly the life inside — a life that by reason of its simplicity is allied to the mysteries? I would like to give this house in my picture the same quality of suggestion, but it suggests something different, something more complex, — wonder, — terror, —"

"The unknown," said Connell slowly. "Le Sidaner reaches the spirit, the essence of exquisite familiar things; but this house holds — do you not feel? — some transcending secret."

"I would like to convey that impression," I answered. "I would like to paint it as it appears to me now, — a thing of romance, of dream, extraordinarily real, and yet not exactly material. I've been looking for this all the summer," I added. "I knew it was in the woods somewhere."

"You *knew*," Connell repeated, "you *knew*, — and I fancied that I alone —" He startled me, he was so serious.

"Have you been up to the house?" I asked. "I won't go any nearer, — I want to keep this impression intact."

"I have been — up to the house," he replied.

"What is it? Some open-air-cure place? The shell of an Elizabethan manor?"

"It won't hurt your conception if you come a little bit nearer," said Connell; "it will be better, — I want you to —"

"Oh, very well," I answered, thinking

his manner strange; "but mind, you'll be responsible if I lose the inspiration."

We got a less clear view as we went on, owing to the conformation of the ground and the sudden crowding of the pine-stems, but a step or two farther brought the building full in sight. I went a few paces nearer, — then stopped abruptly. There was nothing in front of me but the pine-stems growing up a slope, and the stone-colored ground; façade, windows, battlements, pillars, archway, — all had vanished.

I could hardly believe my senses, — so vivid, so actual had been the illusion. I turned to Connell in amazement. "Yes, I've lost it too," he said.

"Look here, Connell, — you're playing a joke on me. You've manœuvred a flank movement, or something of that sort. I thought we were making straight for the house, but you've turned us off somewhere. However, it's getting late, and if we're to explore the place at all, we must hurry up."

"There's no house, there's no place," said Connell in a low voice, speaking rapidly; "we saw what you said, — a thing of faery, of romance, of dream, — a little bit of one of the great kingdoms that interpenetrate the material world suddenly, inexplicably made visible, —"

I hardly listened to what he said. I was bitterly disappointed. I had been fooled, — fooled by a mere optical illusion. Nature does sometimes play these cruel tricks upon us. How could I paint my picture when I knew my subject to be a phantom, dependent on a fortuitous arrangement of light and shadow, — a deception induced by the slope of the hill and the pine-stems? And yet, what a stupendous deception it had been, convincing alike in its details and in its completeness!

"So much for the truth of our sense-impressions!" I exclaimed. "My picture's ruined, of course. We'd better go home. It's getting colder."

"Let me see your sketch," said Connell.

I handed him the book.

"You drew exactly what you saw? You added nothing from imagination?"

"Nothing," I answered.

"And yet you maintain that this palace, definite in every minutest particular, proportioned, finished, perfect, was a mere illusion?"

"I'm forced to suppose so. I confess I can't explain in the least how the effect was produced. True, the ground is not unlike the color of stone, and the crooked pine-stems might in the distance take the shape of carved windows, — but —"

Connell interrupted me. "I know what you will say, — but this barely touches the fringe of the problem. This only asserts that the light, the atmosphere, the color, were sympathetic. This only means that we were attuned to vibrations that in ordinary circumstances would have failed to reach us, that we were made partners in a mystery that would otherwise have passed us by."

"I don't understand you," I remarked abruptly.

"And yet you said that you *knew* that this palace was somewhere in the woods, — you said you had been looking for it. Like me, you have been expecting to surprise the hidden secret, — to glimpse the vision, the revelation —"

"Are you trying to make out that the 'palace' as you call it, was a thing of actual existence?"

"Yes, of actual existence. Not of material existence, as we understand matter, though doubtless it was built of some subtler form of matter, or it would have eluded us altogether. It's not unusual for a moment to overstep the sense-limitations, and the interpenetration of various planes of being is common knowledge. As a rule, we crash unconsciously through all the crystal loveliness of our surrounding worlds, and trample upon their divine blooms. But sometimes our eyes are opened —"

"This is merely fanciful," I began.

"The poets have seen!" cried Connell with passion, "and experience has

been the scaffolding for their dream structures. Do you suppose Mrs. Brown-ing's 'Lost Bower' was a mere imagination? It transcended the loveliness of the world she knew; but for a time it was definitely about her.

"Mystic Presences of power
Had upsnatched me to the Timeless, then
returned me to the Hour.

Can you deny that our palace produced an impression deeper, stronger, more mysterious than the ordinary sights that meet our eyes? Your sketch is inspired, every line of it alive with magic, with what is to us incalculable, unaccountable; because you have seen through the veil, have captured the beyond —"

I shook my head. "You're not an artist, Connell. My sketch is nothing but a clever impression. What you say is interesting, and I've heard something of the theory that thoughts are things, if that's what you're driving at. But why seek so far-fetched an explanation? We happened to be in an impressionable mood, and our active imaginations, working upon this mirage arranged by nature, produced the illusion that deceived us both."

"I'm very sorry you think that way," said Connell. "I wanted your help — badly."

"You can have that in any case," I answered.

"You mean it?" said Connell. "After all, you saw the thing, you drew it, your real self is convinced, though reason may hang out its paltry denials. Anyhow you are interested enough to explore further."

"What is there to explore?"

"The palace," said Connell; "the inside."

I stared at him in amazement. "Pine-needles and pine-roots," I murmured.

"For years," he said earnestly, "I have been seeking this experience, this opportunity. I have read, I have studied, I have meditated, — and now you and I stand on the threshold of actual knowledge. I must go on, — by myself if necessary, — go through the archway of the

palace into the courtyard beyond, into a realm untrodden, unknown, —"

"But you forget, — our palace has vanished into air, into thin air."

"It can be materialized, — sufficiently materialized at least for us to enter it. I must pierce to the heart of the mystery. I must obtain certainty, absolute certainty, — I must grasp the essence of beauty that burns in poets' dreams."

I did not think him mad. In this age the regions of the possible have been so indefinitely extended that no one may venture to proclaim their confines. We have learned to receive at least with courtesy the most incredible ideas. The time has gone by for educated people to approach the mystical and the occult with cheap sneers. Personally, though I could not explain the emotion and unrest induced in me by the phantom palace, I held it an effect of imagination working on circumstance; but I was willing to allow that something might possibly be said for Connell's contention. As a matter of fact, he said a great deal for it as we walked home together through the pine woods. He talked well, in a low voice, with large and ample gesture, pausing sometimes in the twilight to emphasize his points: a strange figure, his head uncovered, his eyes shining. Much of his talk was above and beyond me, but it was alive, and full of suggestion, — indeed the very landscape seemed mobile under its influence. When he spoke of Eastern symbolisms, the pine trees clumped into the forms of faintly gleaming Buddhas, their myriad arms of power stretching beneath clouds of heavy smoke; we were walking among the shrines of forces, magnetic, terrible. When he touched upon the unending flux of matter, a wave of motion seemed suddenly to overwhelm the wood, and the pines began marching and countermarching in interminable procession, multiplying down far vistas. When he spoke of the fairylands created out of the core of weariness and disillusion, I almost apprehended threads of opalescence floating in the gloom. And

when he spoke of the Supreme, the blue of night grew with a solemnity that was tragic to a soul suddenly unprepared to meet it.

Connell certainly had the poetic gift in a high degree, the gift of evoking images, of awakening emotions, and during our walk he quite carried me off my feet. We took up again a more normal relationship when he came with me to my cottage for a meal of bread and cheese. He looked rather haggard under the lamp, and his rapid walk and gesticulation had disheveled his appearance a little: his hair was tossed and his green tie astray. His excitement struck me as somewhat feverish, and I determined to keep watch over his movements, for there might be danger in the absorbing fascination of the subjects that attracted him. The phantom in the wood, the vision, whatever it was, had set his emotional nature aflame, and no longer under the spell of his eloquence I observed with some misgiving the passion of his gestures and the unnatural brightness of his eyes.

He ate hardly anything; he refused to smoke. After supper, while I was lighting my pipe, he remarked, "I'm afraid I've wandered a good deal from the subject of this afternoon's adventure. But my point is this: if I find a way of making the palace material, — will you come inside with me?"

"How will you find a way?" I asked.

"It is a question of vibration," he answered; "as this universe is built upon vibrations, so are all the universes beyond. Light, heat, sound, electricity, depend upon waves and rhythms; look at wireless telegraphy — the whole gamut of life upon this planet is but the beating pulse of the Word. Even mechanical vibrations set up a living current, as the Thibetans understand when they make their prayer-wheels. And it is well-known that music builds form."

"How does this bear upon the subject?"

"I'm horribly discursive, — incoherent as well, I fear. Has it never occurred

to you to consider the vibrations of a pine wood? Millions and millions of needles, quivering year in, year out, to the faintest breath of wind, — strings struck by the storm into infinitudes of harmony, — an instrument delicate and multitudinous beyond all conceiving? If vibrations, if music create form, imagine the structures of splendor that must inhabit a pine wood!"

"You imply that the palace we saw — like the vision of Abt Vogler — was built out of sound vibrations?"

"No. Our palace was too largely infused with some intense emotional quality to have been built by mechanical means."

"What do you propose to do?"

"I suppose you have n't studied the magical tradition at all?" asked Connell. I shook my head. "Then you don't know much about the power of incantation — vibration again — a succession of sounds and rhythms framed to penetrate to planes beyond ours? It's a dangerous study, for you may chance upon some word of might that may bring down upon you forces that will shrivel you to dust. But I have learned to walk warily in this path. And as by incantation one can call up spirits from the vasty deep, so by incantation I intend to call up once again, and to enter, the palace in the wood."

"I don't approve of this meddling with things we know nothing about," I said bluntly. "I daresay there's a good deal in occultism and magic, — I'm inclined to think there is, — but most of us have n't reached a stage when it's safe to make risky experiments. If that palace in the woods was the effect of magic, well, it came to us unsought, and was indeed the most exquisite piece of beauty I have ever seen; but it is a very different matter to go out and try to evoke a vision by means of forces of which we know absolutely nothing."

"Our ignorance is not so profound as all that," said Connell. "When you think of it, incantation is a common enough

thing in daily life, though not always recognized, and all poetry that is real poetry is incantation, magic,—the awakening of raptures and ecstasies by inspired rhythms and sounds. There are, however, other ways; for vibrations attract to themselves subtle forms of matter, which they ensoul. But I need n't enter into this, since you don't sympathize."

Indeed I thought it better to turn the conversation to saner subjects, and soon after this Connell took his leave. We made an appointment to meet next day in the pine wood, I to demonstrate that our palace was a mere coincidence of soil and root, and he to prove if possible that it was a dream made solid. But in vain we sought to recover the spot whence the illusion had been obtained; sought in vain to trace anything resembling the outlines of a house among the confused pine-stems. The wood which yesterday had seemed athrob with vitality and tense with meaning, was to-day empty, languid, commonplace. We who yesterday had believed ourselves thrilled by the breath of genuine inspiration were to-day a couple of tricked idiots wasting our time in trying to recapture a transitory effect of light.

Connell had taken my sketch-book, and having apparently obtained his bearings, he began tracing on a flat piece of ground among the pine-needles, with a pine-branch he had sharpened, certain geometrical diagrams covering some ten feet in circumference. He stripped and sharpened other pine-branches which he set up within the circle.

I watched him idly. "What are you doing?" I asked.

"To-night it will be full moon," he answered. "To-night I am going to make my experiment."

"It involves the use of these bits of stick?"

I suppose my tone offended him. "I don't care to explain," he said.

I could make some guess at his object. He was anxious, evidently, to mark a particular spot with exactitude, and little as

I knew of the subject, I had no doubt that within the circle he was drawing an intricacy of magical figures. This mystery-mongering was distasteful to me; nevertheless, as he drew I could not help feeling that these traceries were affecting me with a kind of mesmeric influence. Connell's long stooping figure and flapping cloak, which should have appeared merely grotesque, seemed somehow tragic, and I laid a hand on his arm.

"Come away, my dear fellow, and leave all this. It is n't healthy. You've been living too long by yourself,—brooding too much. You've been dabbling in forbidden lore. You ought to leave the country altogether, and mix awhile in a crowd. I'll go with you if you like. Let's take the next train up to London. We'll get a snack at a restaurant somewhere and look in at the Empire—"

He disengaged himself gently. "And yesterday," he said, "you saw the vision."

It was ridiculous, but he made me feel ashamed of myself,—as if I had intruded with some unpardonable triviality into a sacred place. Indeed, I had made the proposal partly in self-defense, because I could not shake myself free of the impression that some unguessed meaning underlay the illusion that had tricked us. I half expected and half feared the recurrence of the phantom, and my glances kept seeking the place where I supposed it had stood; but the slopes continued empty of all suggestion. Under such circumstances the imagination is unnaturally stimulated and is apt to create deceiving shapes; and I felt that if I stayed much longer in the wood, I should see things, without being able to distinguish if they were of my own fancy, or had individual existence.

"Come along, Connell, there's a good fellow," I urged. "Anyhow, suppose we go back to my diggings for a quiet smoke and chat—"

"Please leave me," said Connell. "I'm sorry to have bothered you at all with my talk and theories,—and I'm

better alone. To be frank, I think you're rather a disturbing influence here. Do you mind leaving me?"

His tone was too gentle for me to take offense; besides, I had got to have a liking for the man. His strangeness, which struck the outsider as an affectation, was in reality of the very fibre of his character; there was indeed a ring of absolute sincerity in all he said and did, together with some quality of sweetness that made strong appeal to friendship. But what most attracted was the sense he conveyed of that indescribable thing we call genius. His talk was more than clever talk, it had inspiration, — he could fire the mind and sway the emotions, and suggest in flashing juxtaposition new facets of beauty and of truth. I liked him, I liked him very much. So I took no offense at his words, but hung about a while, expecting him to join me. At last it struck me as undignified to be waiting so long on his good pleasure, and I turned my steps homeward. I walked slowly, thinking he would catch me up; for nearly an hour I sat on an open hill watching the sunset; then, determining to delay no longer, I plunged once more into the pine woods, and made for home.

But once inside my cottage, I was seized with an extraordinary unrest. I tried to concentrate my attention on the evening paper, — in vain; I engaged my garrulous landlady in conversation, — in vain: I saw nothing but Connell's cloaked figure flapping among the pine-stems which seemed to be shifting ceaselessly in intricate diagrams. After supper I became so uneasy that I went round to Connell's lodgings to assure myself of his safety. He had not come back. Surely he was not waiting till moon-rise to carry out any mad-brained scheme? Instinctively, without reflection, I turned my steps away from the village. It was ten o'clock, and dark; still, it might be possible to trace the path through the woods. I did not stop to consider the absurdity of such an expedition, the possibility of my missing Connell, the use-

lessness of my joining him. I was possessed of an unreasoning anxiety on his account, and my only thought was to find him. This desire so took hold of me that I rushed along blindly, almost unaware of obstacles and difficulties; but soon such headlong progress became impracticable. Where the foliage overhead was thick, I had to grope my way, and though I am courageous by nature the darkness, the loneliness, the unnatural stillness inspired me with terror. This night was not as other nights. There were unknown forces lurking round, — whether maleficent or beneficent I had no means of guessing; and my whole will was bent on stifling perception, lest I should surprise some sight transcending experience in beauty or horror. This wild effort of shutting out from consciousness something that pressed nearer and nearer, with sounds almost audible and shape almost visible, made my walk a nightmare; but I stumbled on, covering the ground somehow, till a deathly paleness struck dimly through the woods. Then, with a sense of overwhelming relief, I realized that the moon would not be long in rising.

As I crossed the valley, the wooded hill that had contained the phantom palace took filmy definition. The landscape beyond the valley's length expanded into distances so remote that I felt as if my power of vision had been miraculously augmented. My sight went over soft intricacies of misty silver to horizons beyond horizons, and all the vagueness spoke with a tender meaning, so that there was no point too far to be beyond my reading of its implications. So alien an experience cut me away suddenly from common humanity, isolated me in a white silence, and the horror of loneliness possessed me. My nature called out for companionship, for Connell, — I seemed to be dissipating in the vastness, and struggled in vain to recover my accustomed limitations.

Then from those spheres beyond the reach of our senses, there struck a chord of notes, penetrating in sweetness, a pil-

lar of sound attaining heights and depths unapprehended by normal hearing, embracing subtleties of interval too delicate to be discriminated by our ordinary coarse perceptions. It seemed as if every tone in the whole stretch of creation had been touched: and the harmony was so complete, the range so vast, that the body quivered as if caught in the wind of some stupendous revolution.

I could not bear the burden of such amplitude; so exquisite a perfection hurt past enduring; and instinctively I sought cover beneath the trees, to cage me from these crushing expansions.

Then, floating down the hill, came a voice, Connell's voice, in a chant, rising and falling with rhythmic monotony, now low, now loud, entreating and commanding, curiously human amid all its strangeness. The sense of his presence helped me to recover my balance a little, and I hastened my climbing, led by the sound of his voice. Then when I had nearly reached him in the centre of his circle, I stopped, gasping.

There stood the palace on the slope, a thing shining and radiant beyond thought or dream. The moon herself seemed to be burning in the structure, and the barring pine-stems were melted to transparency by the intense light. The weather-worn stone of window and battlement and archway, caressed by faint shadows, spiritualized to attenuation, was instinct with life; a tracery of rose-stems clipped the fissures, and a few pink roses blossomed in the glow. Impossible to doubt the actuality of this building, impossible to deny the power of unknown forces that lurked behind its walls, impossible to resist the call of its beauty and its terror. If the thing remained standing, if Connell succeeded in making his way to the entrance, if he dared the dreadful step of crossing the threshold into the unknown, I determined that I would not be behind; we might be shattered to dust or blasted to ashes, but the experience must be braved, the adventure culminated.

Again came that infinite chord of notes

upon the air, but this time quite near, striking with deafening vibrations upon the senses, till the nerves almost snapped under the strain, and consciousness itself was nearly overwhelmed. Then a flight of shadows began chasing over the surface of the palace as if the moon were being obscured by driving clouds.

In a passing gleam I caught the wildness of Connell's face, and stepped into the circle.

"Connell!" I cried, "Connell!"

He gripped my hand. "Come!" he whispered.

We had hardly proceeded more than a few steps when the whole wood rattled with all the winds of heaven suddenly let loose. We were plunged in a chaos of noise, — of roaring and hisses and shrieks, of shouting and wild laughter, — voices that were not of the storm, that were not of the earth. The ground itself became unstable, and seethed with a whirling mass of atoms, while branches from a tossing ocean above came crashing through the air amid flying forms. Still we struggled on, the darkness increasing, the house now lost and now visible amid the confusion. But it endured. At last only a strip of slightly rising ground divided us from our goal. Lashed and blinded by the storm, bewildered by its fury, scarce able to stand against its force, the palace yet loomed vaguely before us in all its vastness, and it seemed as if lights flashed now and again across the windows and through the shadows of the arch.

And now, so close to this manifestation of the unknown, unreasoning terror came upon me again with irresistible force. Something awful in its appearance subdued me with a groveling sense of weakness, something sinister in its aspect struck a tremor through my frame. The wind had decreased a little in violence, and I tried to make myself heard of Connell. "Enough of this madness!" I uttered hoarsely. He turned upon me a rapt face. "You shall not go!" I cried, gripping his arm. He moved forward,

dragging me with him. At every step, the terror increased upon me; I felt that I was approaching forces so tremendous that imagination quailed before them. They drew me as by a magnet, and I knew that in another moment we must both be swept into the vortex. Exerting all my strength, I tried to draw Connell back, but he was taller and stronger than I, in a state of exaltation; and he shook me off easily. I swung from him, stumbled, caught my foot in some undergrowth and fell, a great flash of lightning almost blinding me, followed by the swirl of a cloudburst and a roar of thunder breaking in my very ears.

I must have lain there a long time; consciousness came with a sense of aching limbs. At first I could not remember why I was lying out on a brier-patch in the pine woods, wet to the skin; then slowly

memory returned. With sore pain I struggled to my feet, — the sun was up, revealing a scene of devastation. Along the rim of the pine wood, where last night the palace had been, whole series of pine trees were torn up by their roots; the ground where I had lain was strewn by pine-branches and heaped with eddies and whirls of pine-needles. But where was Connell?

That question has never been answered. In high fever as I was, I searched the woods for hours, and when my strength failed me I gave the alarm, and the whole country was scoured. But he was never found. I had expected that he would not be. For I knew that Connell had dared the experiment, had culminated the adventure, had passed through the archway into the unknown beyond.

SAINT R. L. S.

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

SULTRY and brazen was the August day
When Sister Stanislaus came down to see
The little boy with the tuberculous knee.

And as she thought to find him, so he lay:
Still staring, through the dizzy waves of heat,
At the tall tenement across the street.

But did he see that dreary picture? Nay,
In his mind's eye a sunlit harbor showed,
Where a tall pirate ship at anchor rode.

Yes, he was full ten thousand miles away. —
(The Sister, when she turned his pillow over,
Kissed *Treasure Island* on its well-worn cover.)

ON THE FRENCH SHORE OF CAPE BRETON

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

SUMMER comes late along the Cape Breton shore; and even while it stays there is something a little diffident and ticklish about it, as if each clear warm day might perhaps be the last.

Though by early June the fields are in their first emerald, there are no flowers yet. The little convent girls who carry the banners at the head of the Corpus Christi procession at Augette wear wreaths of artificial lilies of the valley and marguerites over their white veils, and often enough their teeth chatter with cold before the completion of the long march, — out from the church portals westward by the populous street, then up through the steep open fields to the old calvary on top of the hill, then back to the church along the grass-grown upper road, far above the roofs, in full view of the wide bay.

Despite some discomforts, the procession is a very great event; every house along the route is decked out with bunting or flags or a bright home-made carpet, hung from a window. Pots of tall geraniums in scarlet bloom have been set out on the steps; and numbers of little evergreen trees, or birches newly in leaf, have been brought in from the country and bound to the fences. Along the roadside are gathered all the Acadians from the neighboring parishes, devoutly gay, enchanted with the pious spectacle. The choir, following after the richly canopied Sacrament and swinging censers, are chanting psalms of benediction and thanksgiving; banners and flags and veils flutter in the wind; the harbor, ice-bound so many months, is flecked with dancing white-caps and purple shadows: surely summer cannot be far off.

“When once the ice has done passing down there,” they say, — “which may

happen any time now — you will see! Perhaps all in a day the change will come. The fog that creeps in so cold at night — it will all be sucked up; the sky will be clear as glass down to the very edge of the water. Ah, the fine season it will be!”

That is the way summer arrives on the Acadian shore: everything bursting pell-mell into bloom; daisies and buttercups and August flowers rioting in the fields, lilacs and roses shedding their fragrance in sheltered gardens; and over all the world a drench of unspeakable sunlight.

You could never forget your first sight of Augette if you entered its narrow harbor at this divine moment. Steep, low hills, destitute of trees, set a singularly definite sky-line just behind; and the town runs — dawdles, rather — in a thin, wavering band for some miles sheer on the edge of the water. Eight or ten wharves, some of them fallen into dilapidation, jut out at intervals from clumps of weatherbeaten storehouses; and a few small vessels, it may be, are lying up alongside or anchored idly off shore. Only the occasional sound of a creaking block or of a wagon rattling by on the hard roadway breaks the silence.

Along the street the houses elbow one another in neighborly groups, or straggle out in single file, separated by bits of declivitous white-fenced yard; and to the westward, a little distance up the hill, sits the square church, far outvying every other edifice in size and dignity, glistening white, with a tall bronze Virgin on the peak of the roof, — Our Lady of the Assumption, the special patron of the Acadians.

But what impresses you above all is the incredible vividness of color in this landscape: the dazzling gold-green of the

fields, heightened here and there by luminous patches of foam-white where the daisies are in full carnival, or subdued to duller tones where, on uncultivated ground, moss-hummocks and patches of rock break through the investiture of grass. The sky has so much room here too: the whole world seems to be adrift in azure; the thin strip of land hangs poised between, claimed equally by firmament and the waters under it.

In the old days, they tell us, Augette was a very different place from now. Famous among the seaports of the Dominion, it saw a continual coming and going of brigs and ships and barquentines in the South American fish trade.

"But if you had known it then!" they say. "The wharves were as thick all the length of the harbor as the teeth of a comb; and in winter, when the vessels were laid up, — eh, *mon Dieu!* you would have called it a forest, for all the masts and spars you saw there. No indeed, it was not dreamed of in those days that Augette would ever come to this!"

So passes the world's glory! An air of tender, almost jealous reminiscence hangs about the town; and in its gentle decline into obscurity it has kept a sort of dignity, a self-possession, a certain look of wisdom and experience, which in a sense make it proof against all arrows of outrageous Fortune.

Back from the other shore of the harbor, jutting out for some miles into Chedabucto Bay, lies the Cape. You get a view of it if you climb to the crest of the hill, — a broad reach of barrens, fretted all day by the sea. Out there it is what the Acadians call a bad country. About the sluice-like coves that have been eaten into its rocky shore are scrambling groups of fishermen's houses; but aside from these and the lighthouse on the spit of rocks to southward, the region is uninhabited, — a waste of rock and swamp-alder and scrub-balsam, across which a single thread of a road takes its circuitous way, dipping over steep low hills, turning

out for gnarls of rock and patches of gleaming marsh, losing itself amid dense thickets of alder, then emerging upon some bare hilltop, where the whole measureless sweep of sea and sky fills the vision.

When the dusk begins to fall of an autumn afternoon — between dog and wolf, as the saying goes — you could almost believe in the strange noises — the rumblings, clankings, shrill voices — that are to be heard above the dull roar of the sea by belated passers on the barrens. Some people have seen death-fires too, and a headless creature, much like a horse, galloping through the darkness; and over there at Fougère's Cove, the most remote settlement of the Cape, there were knockings at doors through all one winter from hands not human. The Fougères — they were mostly of one tribe there — were driven to desperation; they consulted a priest; they protected themselves with blessed images, with prayers and holy water; and no harm came to them, though poor Marcelle, who was a *jeune fille* of marriageable age, was prostrated for a year with the fright of it.

This barren territory, where nothing grows above the height of a man's shoulder, still goes by the name of "the woods" — *les bois* — among the Acadians. "Once the forest was magnificent here," they tell you, — "trees as tall as the church tower; but the great fire swept it all away; and never has there been a good growth since. For one thing, you see, we must get our firewood from it somehow."

This fact accounts for a curious look in the ubiquitous stubby evergreens: their lower branches spread flat and wide close on the ground, — that is where the snow in winter protects them, — and above reaches a thin, spire-like stem, trimmed close, except for new growth at the top, of all its branches. It gives suggestion of a harsh, misshapen, all but defeated existence; the adverse forces are so tyrannical out here on the Cape, the material of life so sparse.

I remember once meeting a little funeral train crossing the barrens. They were bearing the body of a young girl, Anna Béjean, to its last rest, five miles away by the road, in the yard of the parish church amongst the wooden crosses. The long box of pine lay on the bottom of a country wagon, and a wreath of artificial flowers and another of home-dyed immortelles were fastened to the cover. A young fisherman, sunburned and muscular, was leading the horse along the rough road, and behind followed three or four carts, carrying persons in black, all of middle age or beyond, and silent.

Yet in the full tide of summer the barrens have a beauty in which this characteristic melancholy is only a persistent undertone. Then the marshes flush rose-pink with lovely multitudes of calopogons that cluster like poisoning butterflies amongst the dark grasses; here too the canary-yellow bladderwort flecks the black pools, and the red, leathery pitcher-plant springs in sturdy clumps from the moss-hummocks. And the wealth of color over all the country! — gray rock touched into life with sky-reflections; rusty green of alder thickets, glistening silver-green of balsam and juniper; and to the sky-line, wherever it can keep its hold, the thin, variegated carpet of close-cropped grass, where creeping berries of many kinds grow in profusion. Flocks of sheep scamper untended over the barrens all day, and groups of horses, turned out to shift for themselves while the fishing season keeps their owners occupied, look for a moment, nose in the air, at the passer, kick up their heels, and race off.

As you turn back again toward Augette you catch a glimpse of its glistening white church, miles distant in reality, but looking curiously near, across a landscape where none of the familiar standards of measure exist. You lose it on the next decline; then it flashes in sight again, and the blue, sun-burnished expanse of water between. It occurs to you that the whole life of the country finds its focus there: christenings and first communions, mar-

riages and burials, — how wonderfully the church holds them all in her keeping; how she sends out her comfort and her exhortation, her reproach and her eternal hope across even this bad country, where the circumstances of human life are so ungracious.

But it is on a Sunday morning, when, in response to the quavering summons of the chapel bell, the whole countryside gives up its population, that you get the clearest notion of what religion means in the life of the Acadians. From the doorway of our house, which was close to the road at the upper end of the harbor, we could see the whole church-going procession from the outlying districts. The passing would be almost unbroken from eight o'clock on for more than an hour and a half: a varied, vivacious, friendly human stream. They came in hundreds from the scattered villages and hamlets of the parish, — from Petit de Grat and Little Anse and Pig Cove and Gros Nez and Point Rouge and Cap au Guet, eight or nine miles often enough.

First, those who went afoot and must allow plenty of time on account of age: bent old fishermen, whose yellowed and shiny coats had been made for more robust shoulders; old women, invariably in short black capes, and black bonnets tied tight under the chin, and in their hands a rosary and perhaps a thumb-worn missal. Then troops of children, much *endimanché*, — one would like to say "Sundayfied," — trotting along noisily, stopping to examine every object of interest by the way, extracting all the excitement possible out of the weekly pilgrimage.

A little later the procession became more general: young and old and middle-aged together. In Sunday boots that creaked loudly passed numbers of men and boys, sometimes five or six abreast, reaching from side to side of the street, sometimes singly attendant upon a conscious young person of the other sex. The wagons are beginning to appear now, scattering the pedestrians right and left

as they rattle by, bearing whole families packed in little space; and away across the harbor, you see a small fleet of brown sails putting off from the Cape for the nearer shore.

Outside the church, in the open space before the steps, is gathered a constantly growing multitude, a dense, restless swarm of humanity, full of gossip and prognostic, until suddenly the bell stops its clangor overhead; then there is a surging up the steps and through the wide doors of the sanctuary; and outside all is quiet once more.

The Acadians do not appear greatly to relish the more solemn things of religion. They like better a religion demurely gay, pervaded by light and color.

"Elle est très chic, notre petite église, n'est-ce pas?" was a comment made by a pious soul of my acquaintance, eager to uphold the honor of her parish.

Proper, mild-featured saints and smiling Virgins in painted robes and gilt haloes abound in the Acadian churches; on the altars are lavish decorations of artificial flowers—silver lilies, paper roses, red and purple immortelles; and the ceilings and pillars and wall-spaces are often done in blue and pink, with gold stars; such a style, one imagines, as might appeal to our modern St. Valentine. The piety that expresses itself in this inoffensive gayety of embellishment is more akin to that which moves universal humanity to don its finery o' Sundays,—to the greater glory of God,—than to the sombre, death-remembering zeal of some other communities. A kind religion this, one not without its coqueties, gracious, tactful, irresistible, interweaving itself throughout the very texture of the common life.

Last summer, out at Petit de Grat, three miles from Augette, where the people have just built a little church of their own, they held a "Grand Picnic and Ball" for the raising of funds with which to erect a glebe house. The priest authorized the affair, but stipulated that sunset should end each day's festivities,

so that all decencies might be respected. This parish picnic started on a Monday and continued daily for the rest of the week,—that is to say, until all that there was to sell was sold, and until all the youth of the vicinity had danced their legs to exhaustion.

An unoccupied shop was given over to the sale of cakes, tartines, doughnuts, imported fruits, syrup drinks (unauthorized beverages being obtainable elsewhere), to the vending of chances on wheels of fortune, target-shooting, dice-throwing, hooked rugs, shawls, couvertures, knitted hoods, and the like; and above all the hubbub and excitement twanged the ceaseless, inevitable voice of a graphophone, reviving long-forgotten rag-time.

Outside, most conspicuous on the treeless slope of hill, was a "pavilion" of boards, bunting-decked, on which, from morn till eve, rained the incessant clump-clump of happy feet. For music there was a succession of performers and of instruments: a mouth-organ, a fiddle, a concertina, each lending its particular quality of gayety to the dance; the mouth-organ, shrill, extravagant, whimsical, failing in richness; the concertina rich, noisy, impetuous, failing in fine shades; the fiddle, wheedling, provocative, but a little thin. And besides—the fiddle is not what it used to be in the hands of old Fortune.

Fortune died a year ago, and he was never appreciated till death snatched him from us: the skinniest, most ramshackle of mankind, tall, loose-jointed, shuffling in gait; at all other times than those that called his art into play, a shiftless, hang-dog sort of personage, who would always be begging a coat of you, or asking the gift of ten cents to buy him some tobacco. But at a dance he was a despot unchallenged. Only to hear him jig off the Irish Washerwoman was to acknowledge his preëminence. His bleary eyes and tobacco-stained lips took on a radiance, his body rocked to and fro, vibrated to the devil-may-care rhythm of the thing,

while his left foot emphatically rapped out the measure.

Until another genius shall be raised up amongst us, Fortune's name will be held in cherished memory. For that matter, it is not likely to die out, since, on the day of his death, the old reprobate was married to the mother of his seven children, — baptized, married, administered, and shuffled off in a day.

It had never occurred to any of us, somehow, that Fortune might be as transitory and impermanent as his patron goddess herself. We had always accepted him as a sort of ageless thing, a living symbol, a peripatetic moral, coming out of Petit de Grat, and going about, tobacco in cheek, fiddle under arm, as irresponsible as mirth itself among the sons of men. God rest him! Another landmark gone.

And old Maximen Forêt, too, from whom one used to take weather-wisdom every day — his bench out there in the sun is empty. Maximen's shop was just across the street from our house — a long, darkish, tunnel-like place under a steep roof. Tinware of all descriptions hung in dully shining array from the ceiling; barrels and a rusty stove and two broad low counters occupied most of the floor space, and the atmosphere was charged with a curious sharp odor in which you could distinguish oil and tobacco and molasses. The floor was all dented full of little holes, like a honeycomb, where Maximen had walked over it with his iron-pointed crutch; for he was something of a cripple. But you rarely had any occasion to enter the smelly little shop, for no one ever bought much of anything there nowadays.

Instead, you sat down on the sunny bench beside the old man — Acadian of the Acadians — and listened to his tireless, genial babble — now French, now English, as the humor struck him.

"It go mak' a leetle weat'er, m'sieu'," he would say. "I t'ink you better not go fur in the p'tit caneau t'is day. Dere is squall — *là-bas* — see, dark — may be

t'unner. Dat is not so unlike, dis mont'. Oh, w'at a hell time for de hays!"

For everybody who passed he had a greeting, even for those who had hastened his business troubles through never paying their accounts. To the last he never lost his faith in their good intentions.

"Dose poor devil fishermen," he would say, "however dey mak' leeve, God know. You t'ink I mak' 'em go wid notting? It ain't lak dat wit' me here yet, m'sieu'. Dey pay some day, when le bon Dieu, he send dem some feesh; dat's sure sure."

If it happened that anybody stopped on business, old Maximen would hobble to the door and tug violently at a bell-rope.

"Cr-r-r-line! Cr-r-r-line!" he would call.

"*Tout d' suite!*" answered a shrill voice from some remoter portion of the edifice; and a moment later an old woman with straggling white hair, toothless gums, and penetrating, humorous eyes, deepset under a forehead of infinite wrinkles, would come shuffling up the pebble walk from the basement.

"Me voilà!" she would ejaculate, panting. "Me ol' man, he always know how to git me in a leetle minute, hé?"

On Sundays Caroline and Maximen would drive to chapel in a queer, heavy, antiquated road-cart that had been built especially for his use, hung almost as low between the axles as a chariot.

"We go mak' our respec' to the bon Dieu," he would laugh, as he took the reins in hand and waited for Célestine, the chunky little mare, to start, — which she did when the mood took her.

The small shop is closed and beginning to fall to pieces. Maximen has been making his respects amid other surroundings for some four or five years, and Caroline, at the end of a twelvemonth of lonely waiting, followed after.

"It seem lak I need t'e ol' man to look out for," she used to say. "All t'e day I listen to hear t'at bell again. '*Tout d' suite!*' I used to call, no matter what I do — maybe over the stove or pound-

ing my bread; and den, 'Me voilà, mon homme!' I would be at t'e shop, ready to help."

I suppose that wherever a man looks in the world, if he but have the eyes to see, he finds as much of gayety and pathos, of failure and courage, as in any particular section of it; yet so much at

least is true: that in a little community like this, so removed from the larger, more spectacular conflicts of life, so face to face, all the year, with the inveterate and domineering forces of nature, one seems to discover a more poignant relief in all the homely, familiar, universal episodes of the human comedy.

ON THE SLOPES OF PARNASSUS

BY AGNES REPPLIER

"Perhaps no man ever thought a line superfluous when he wrote it. We are seldom tire-some to ourselves." — DR. JOHNSON.

It is commonly believed that the extinction of verse — of verse in the bulk, which is the way in which our great-grandfathers consumed it — is due to the vitality of the novel. People, we are told, read rhyme and metre with docility, only because they wanted to hear a story, only because there was no other way in which they could get plenty of sentiment and romance. As soon as the novel supplied them with all the sentiment they wanted, as soon as it told them the story in plain prose, they turned their backs upon poetry forever.

There is a transparent inadequacy in this solution of a problem which still confronts the patient reader of buried masterpieces. Novels were plenty when Mr. William Hayley's *Triumphs of Temper* went through twelve editions, and when Dr. Darwin's *Botanic Garden* was received with deferential delight. But could any dearth of fiction persuade us now to read the *Botanic Garden*? Were we shipwrecked in company with the *Triumphs of Temper*, would we ever finish the first canto? Novels stood on every English book-shelf when Fox read *Madoc* aloud at night to his friends, and they stayed up — so he says — an hour after their bed-time to hear it. Could that miracle

be worked to-day? Sir Walter Scott, with indestructible amiability, re-read *Madoc* to please Miss Seward, who, having "steeped" her own eyes "in transports of tears and sympathy," wrote to him plainly that it carried "a master-key to every bosom which common good sense and anything resembling a human heart inhabit." Scott, unwilling to resign all pretensions to a human heart, tried hard to share the Swan's emotions, and failed. "I cannot feel quite the interest I would like to do," he patiently confessed.

If Southey's poems were not read as Scott's and Moore's and Byron's were read (give us another Byron, and we will read him with fifty thousand novels knocking at our doors!); if they were not paid for out of the miraculous depths of Murray's Fortunatus's purse, they nevertheless enjoyed a solid reputation of their own. They are mentioned in all the letters of the period (save and except Lord Byron's ribald pages) with carefully measured praise, and they enabled their author to accept the laureateship on self-respecting terms. They are at least — as Sir Leslie Stephen reminds us — more readable than Glover's *Leonidas*, or Wilkie's *Epigoniad*, and they are shorter, too. Yet the *Leonidas*, an epic in nine books, went through four editions; whereupon its elate author expanded it into twelve books; and the public, undaunted, kept

on buying it for years. The *Epigoniad* is also in nine books. It is on record that Hume, who seldom dallied with the poets, read them all nine, and praised them warmly. Mr. Wilkie was christened the "Scottish Homer," — which was very pleasant for him, — and he bore that modest title until his death. It was the golden age of epics. The ultimatum of the modern publisher: "No poet need apply!" had not yet blighted the hopes and dimmed the lustre of genius. "Everybody thinks he can write verse," observed Sir Walter mournfully, when called upon for the hundredth time to help a budding aspirant to fame.

With so many competitors in the field, it was uncommonly astute in Mr. Hayley to address himself exclusively to that sex which poets and orators call "fair." There is a formal playfulness, a ponderous vivacity about the *Triumphs of Temper*, which made it especially welcome to women. In the preface of the first edition the author gallantly laid his laurels at their feet, observing modestly that it was his desire, however "ineffectual," "to unite the sportive wildness of Ariosto and the more serious sublime painting of Dante with some portion of the enchanting elegance, the refined imagination, and the moral graces of Pope; and to do this, if possible, without violating those rules of propriety which Mr. Cambridge has illustrated, by example as well as by precept, in the *Scribleriad*, and in his sensible preface to that elegant and learned poem."

Accustomed as we are to the confusions of literary perspective, this grouping of Dante, Ariosto, and Mr. Cambridge does seem a trifle foreshortened. But our ancestors had none of that sensitive shrinking from comparisons which is so characteristic of our timid and thin-skinned generation. They did not edge off from the immortals, afraid to breathe their names, lest it be held *lèse majesté*; they used them as the common currency of criticism. Why should not Mr. Hayley have challenged a contrast with Dante

and Ariosto, when Miss Seward assured her little world — which was also Mr. Hayley's world — that he had the "wit and ease" of Prior, a "more varied versification" than Pope, and "the fire and the invention of Dryden, without any of Dryden's absurdity"? Why should he have questioned her judgment when she wrote to him that Cowper's *Task* would "please and instruct the race of common readers," who could not rise to the beauties of Akenside, or Mason, or Milton, or of his (Mr. Hayley's) "exquisite *Triumphs of Temper*"? There was a time, indeed, when she sorrowed lest his "inventive, classical, and elegant muse" should be "deplorably infected" by the growing influence of Wordsworth; but that peril past, he rose again, the bright particular star of a wide feminine horizon.

Mr. Hayley's didacticism is admirably adapted to his readers. The men of the eighteenth century were not expected to keep their tempers; it was the sweet prerogative of wives and daughters to smoothe the roughened current of family life. Accordingly the heroine of the *Triumphs*, being bullied by her father, — a fine old gentleman of the Squire Western type, — maintains a superhuman cheerfulness, gives up the ball for which she is already dressed, wreathes her countenance in smiles, and

with sportive ease

Prest her Piano-forte's favourite keys.

The men of the eighteenth century were all hard drinkers. Therefore Mr. Hayley conjures the "gentle fair" to avoid even the mild debauchery of siruped fruits.

For the sly fiend, of every art possest,
Steals on th' affection of her female guest;
And, by her soft address, seducing each,
Eager she plies them with a brandy peach.
They with keen lip the luscious fruit devour,
But swiftly feel its peace-destroying power.
Quick through each vein new tides of frenzy
roll,

All evil passions kindle in the soul;
Drive from each feature every cheerful grace,
And glare ferocious in the sallow face;
The wounded nerves in furious conflict tear,
Then sink in blank dejection and despair.

All this combustle — to use Gray's favorite word — about a brandy peach! But women have ever loved to hear their little errors magnified. In the matter of poets, preachers, and confessors, they are sure to choose the denunciatory.

Dr. Darwin, as became a scientist and a skeptic, addressed his ponderous *Botanic Garden* to male readers. It is true that he offers much good advice to women, urging upon them especially those duties and devotions from which he, as a man, was exempt. It is true also that, when he first contemplated writing his epic, he asked Miss Seward — so, at least, she says — to be his collaborator; an honor which she modestly declined, as not "strictly proper for a female pen." But the peculiar solidity, the encyclopædic qualities, of this masterpiece fitted it for such grave students as Mr. Edgeworth, who loved to be amply instructed. It is a poem replete with information, and information of that disconnected order in which the Edgeworthian soul took true delight. We are told, not only about flowers and vegetables, but about electric fishes, and the salt mines of Poland; about Dr. Franklin's lightning-rod, and Mrs. Damer's bust of the Duchess of Devonshire; about the treatment of paralytics, and the mechanism of the common pump. We pass from the death of General Wolfe at Quebec to the equally lamented demise of a lady botanist at Derby. We turn from the contemplation of Hannibal crossing the Alps to consider the charities of a benevolent young woman named Jones.

Sound, Nymphs of Helicon! the trump of Fame,

And teach Hibernian echoes Jones's name;
Bind round her polished brow the civic bay,
And drag the fair Philanthropist to day.

Pagan divinities disport themselves on one page, and Christian saints on another. St. Anthony preaches, not to the little fishes of the brooks and streams, but to the monsters of the deep, — sharks, porpoises, whales, seals, and dolphins, that assemble in a sort of aquatic camp-meet-

ing on the shores of the Adriatic, and "get religion" in the true revivalist spirit.

The listening shoals the quick contagion feel,
Pant on the floods, inebriate with their zeal;
Ope their wide jaws, and bow their slimy heads,

And dash with frantic fins their foamy beds.

For a free-thinker, Dr. Darwin is curiously literal in his treatment of hagiology and the Scriptures. His Nebuchadnezzar (introduced as an illustration of the "Loves of the Plants") is not a bestialized mortal, but a veritable beast, like one of Circe's swine, only less easily classified in natural history.

Long eagle plumes his arching neck invest,
Steal round his arms, and clasp his sharpened breast;

Dark brindled hairs in bristling ranks behind,
Rise o'er his back, and rustle in the wind;
Clothe his lank sides, his shrivelled limbs surround,

And human hands with talons print the ground.

Lolls his red tongue, and from the reedy side
Of slow Euphrates laps the muddy tide.

Silent, in shining troupes, the Courtier throng
Pursue their monarch as he crawls along;
E'en Beauty pleads in vain with smiles and tears,

Not Flattery's self can pierce his pendant ears.

The picture of the embarrassed courtiers promenading slowly after this royal phenomenon, and of the lovely inconsiderates proffering their vain allurements, is so ludicrous as to be painful. Even Miss Seward, who held that the *Botanic Garden* combined "the sublimity of Michael Angelo, the correctness and elegance of Raphael, with the glow of Titian," was shocked by Nebuchadnezzar's pendant ears, and admitted that the passage was likely to provoke inconsiderate laughter.

The first part of Dr. Darwin's poem, *The Economy of Vegetation*, was warmly praised by critics and reviewers. Its name alone secured for it esteem. A few steadfast souls, like Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, refused to accept even vegetation from a skeptic's hands; but it was generally conceded that the poet had "entwined the Parnassian laurel with the

balm of Pharmacy " in a very creditable manner. The last four cantos, however, — indiscreetly entitled "The Loves of the Plants," — awakened grave concern. They were held unfit for female youth, which, being then taught dribbles of science in a guarded and muffled fashion, was not supposed to know that flowers had any sex, much less that they practised polygamy. The glaring indiscretion of their behavior in the *Botanic Garden*, their seraglios, their amorous embraces, and involuntary libertinism, offended British decorum, and — what was worse — exposed the poem to Canning's pungent ridicule. When the "Loves of the Triangles" appeared in the *Anti-Jacobin*, all England — except Whigs and patriots who never laughed at Canning's jokes — was moved to inextinguishable mirth. The mock seriousness of the introduction and argument, the "horrid industry" of the notes, the contrast between the pensiveness of the Cycloid and the innocent playfulness of the Pendulum, the solemn head-shake over the licentious disposition of Optics, and the description of the three Curves that require the passion of the Rectangle, are all in Dr. Darwin's most approved and ornate style.

Let shrill Acoustics tune the tiny lyre,
With Euclid sage fair Algebra conspire;
Let Hydrostatics, simpering as they go,
Lead the light Naiads on fantastic toe.

The indignant poet, frigidly vain, and immaculately free from any taint of humor, was as much scandalized as hurt by this light-hearted mockery. Being a dictator in his own little circle at Derby, he was naturally disposed to consider the *Anti-Jacobin* a menace to genius and to patriotism. His criticisms and his prescriptions had hitherto been received with equal submissiveness. When he told his friends that Akenside was a better poet than Milton, — "more polished, pure and dignified," — they listened with respect. When he told his patients to eat acid fruits with plenty of sugar and cream, they obeyed with alacrity. He had a taste for inventions, and first won the acquaint-

ance of Mr. Edgeworth by showing him an ingenious carriage of his own contrivance, which was designed to facilitate the movements of the horse, and enable it to turn with ease. The fact that Dr. Darwin was three times thrown from this vehicle, and that the third accident lamed him for life, in no way disconcerted the inventor or his friends, who loved mechanism for its own sake, and apart from any given results. Dr. Darwin defined a fool as one who never in his life tried an experiment. So did Mr. Day of *Sandford and Merton* fame, who experimented in training animals, and was killed by an active young colt that had failed to grasp the system.

The *Botanic Garden* was translated into French, Italian, and Portuguese, to the great relief of Miss Seward, who hated to think that the immortality of such a work depended upon the preservation of a single tongue. "Should that tongue perish," she wrote proudly, "translations would at least retain all the host of beauties which do not depend upon the felicities of verbal expression."

If the interminable epics which were so popular in these halcyon days had condescended to the telling of stories, we might believe that they were read, or at least occasionally read, as a substitute for prose fiction. But the truth is that most of them are solid treatises on morality, or agriculture, or therapeutics, cast into the blankest of blank verse, and valued, presumably, for the sake of the information they conveyed. Their very titles savor of statement rather than of inspiration. Nobody in search of romance would take up Dr. Grainger's *Sugar Cane*, or Dyer's *Fleece*, or the Rev. Richard Polwhele's *English Orator*. Nobody desiring to be idly amused would read the *Vales of Weaver*, or a long didactic poem on *The Influence of Local Attachment*. It was not because he felt himself to be a poet that Dr. Grainger wrote the *Sugar Cane* in verse, but because that was the form most acceptable to the public. The ever famous line, —

Now Muse, let's sing of rats!

which made merry Sir Joshua's friends, is indicative of the good doctor's struggles to employ an uncongenial medium. He wanted to tell his readers how to farm successfully in the West Indies, how to keep well in a treacherous climate, what food to eat, what drugs to take, how to look after the physical condition of negro servants, and guard them from prevalent maladies. These were matters on which the author was qualified to speak, and on which he does speak with all a physician's frankness; but they do not lend themselves to lofty strains. Whole pages of the *Sugar Cane* read like prescriptions and dietaries done into verse. It is as difficult to sing with dignity about a disordered stomach as about rats and cockroaches; and Dr. Grainger's determination to leave nothing untold leads him to dwell with much feeling, but little grace, on all the disadvantages of the tropics.

Musquitoes, sand-flies, seek the sheltered roof,
And with fell rage the stranger guest assail,
Nor spare the sportive child; from their retreats

Cockroaches crawl displeasingly abroad.

The truthfulness and sobriety of this last line deserve commendation. Cockroaches in the open *are* displeasing to sensitive souls; and a footnote, half a page long, tells us everything we could possibly desire — or fear — to know about these insects. As an example of Dr. Grainger's thoroughness in the treatment of such themes, I quote with delight his approved method of poisoning alligators.

With Misnian arsenic, deleterious bane,
Pound up the ripe cassada's well-rasped root,
And form in pellets; these profusely spread
Round the Cane-groves where skulk the vermin-breed.

They, greedy, and unweeting of the bait,
Crowd to the inviting eates, and swift devour
Their palatable Death; for soon they seek
The neighbouring spring; and drink, and swell
and die.

Then follow some very sensible remarks about the unwholesomeness of the water in which the dead alligators are decomposing, — remarks which Mr. Kipling has unconsciously parodied.

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But 'e gets into the drinking casks, and then
o' course we dies.

The wonderful thing about the *Sugar Cane* is that it was read, — nay, more, that it was read aloud at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and though the audience laughed, it listened. Dodsley published the poem in handsome style; a second edition was called for; it was reprinted in Jamaica, and pirated (what were the pirates thinking about?) in 1766. Even Dr. Johnson wrote a friendly notice in the London *Chronicle*, though he always maintained that the poet might just as well have sung the beauties of a parsley-bed or of a cabbage-garden. He took the same high ground when Boswell called his attention to Dyer's *Fleece*: "The subject, Sir, cannot be made poetical. How can a man write poetically of serges and druggets?"

It was not for the sake of sentiment or story that the English public read *The Fleece*. Nor could it have been for the sake of information, for farmers, even in 1757, must have had some musty almanacs, some plain prose manuals to guide them. They could never have waited to learn from an epic poem that

the coughing pest
From their green pastures sweeps whole flocks
away;

or that

Sheep also pleurisies and dropsies know;

or that

The infectious scab, arising from extremes
Of want or surfeit, is by water cured
Of lime, or sodden stave-acre, or oil
Dispersive of Norwegian tar.

Did the British woollen-drappers of the period require to be told in verse about

Cheyney, and bayse, and serge, and alepine,
Tammy, and crape, and the long countless
list

Of woollen webs?

Surely they knew more about their own dry goods than did Mr. Dyer. Is it possible that British parsons read Mr. Polwhele's *English Orator*, for the sake of his somewhat confused advice to preachers: —

Meantime thy Style familiar, that alludes
 With pleasing Retrospect to recent Scenes
 Or Incidents amidst thy Flock, fresh graven
 On Memory, shall recall their scattered
 Thoughts,
 And interest every Bosom. With the Voice
 Of condescending Gentleness address
 Thy kindred People.

It was Miss Seward's opinion that the neglect of Mr. Polwhele's "poetic writings" was a disgrace to literary England, from which we conclude that the reverend author outwore the patience of his readers. "Mature in dulness from his earliest years," he had wisely adopted a profession which gave his qualities room for expansion. What his congregation must have suffered when he addressed it with "condescending gentleness," we hardly like to think; but free-born Englishmen, who were so fortunate as not to hear him, refused to make good their loss by reading the *English Orator*, even after it had been revised by a bishop. Miss Seward alone was faithful among the faithless, in return for which devotion she was hailed as a "Parnassian sister" in six benedictory stanzas.

Still gratitude her stores among,
 Shall bid the plausive poet sing;
 And, if the last of all the throng
 That rise on the poetic wing,
 Yet not regardless of his destined way,
 If Seward's envied sanction stamps the lay.

The Swan, indeed, was never without admirers. Her *Louisa; a Poetical Novel in four Epistles*, was favorably noticed; Dr. Johnson praised her ode on the death of Captain Cook; and no contributor to the Bath Easton vase received more myrtle wreaths than she did. "Warble" was the word commonly used by partial critics in extolling her verse. "Long may she continue to warble as heretofore, in such numbers as few even of our favorite bards would be shy to own." Scott sorrowfully admitted to Miss Baillie that he found these warblings — of which he was the reluctant editor — "execrable;" and that the despair he used to feel on receiving Miss Seward's letters gave him a horror of sentiment; but for once it is im-

possible to sympathize with Sir Walter's sufferings. If he had never praised the verses, he would never have been called upon to edit them; and James Ballantyne would have been saved the printing of an unsalable book. There is no lie so little worth the telling as that which is spoken in pure kindness to spare a wholesome pang.

It was, however, the pleasant custom of the time to commend and encourage female poets, as we commend and encourage a child's unsteady footsteps. The generous Hayley welcomed with open arms these fair competitors for fame.

The bards of Britain with unjaundiced eyes
 Will glory to behold such rivals rise.

He ardently flattered Miss Seward, and for Miss Hannah More his enthusiasm knew no bounds.

But with a magical control,
 Thy spirit-moving strain
 Disperses the languor of the soul,
 Annihilating pain.

"Spirit-moving" seems the last epithet in the world to apply to Miss More's strains; but there is no doubt that the public took her seriously as a poet, and encouraged her high estimate of her own powers. After a visit to another lambent flame, Mrs. Barbauld, she writes with irresistible gravity:—

"Mrs. B. and I have found out that we feel as little envy and malice towards each other, as though we had neither of us attempted to 'build the lofty rhyme;' although she says this is what the envious and the malicious can never be brought to believe."

That the author of *The Search after Happiness* and the author of *A Poetical Epistle to Mr. Wilberforce* should loudly refuse to envy each other's eminence sounds like a satire on the irritable race of poets. There is nothing to equal it for magnanimity, except perhaps a passage in one of Miss Seward's letters, in which she avows that she is fairly bewildered by the rival claims of feminine genius, — by the "classic elegance" of Mrs. Barbauld's verse; the "striking imagery"

of Miss More's, the "wit and attic spirit" of Mrs. Thrale, or "the sublime and beautiful creations" of Helen Williams. It was a fruitful period.

Finally, there stepped into the arena that charming embodiment of the female muse, Mrs. Hemans; and the manly heart of Protestant England warmed into homage at her shrine. From the days she "first carolled forth her poetic talents under the animating influence of an affectionate and admiring circle," to the days when she faded gracefully out of life, her "half-etherealized spirit" rousing itself to dictate a last "Sabbath Sonnet," she was crowned and garlanded with bays. In the first place, she was fair to see, — Fletcher's bust shows real loveliness, — and it was Christopher North's opinion that "no really ugly woman ever wrote a truly beautiful poem, the length of her little finger." Then she was sincerely pious, and the Ettrick Shepherd reflected faithfully the opinions of his day when he said that "without religion, a woman's just an even-down deevil." The appealing helplessness of Mrs. Hemans's gentle and affectionate nature, the nar-

rowness of her sympathies, and the limitations of her art were all equally acceptable to critics like Gifford and Jeffrey, who held strict views as to the rounding of a woman's circle. Even Byron heartily approved of a pious and pretty woman writing pious and pretty poems. Even Wordsworth flung her lordly words of praise. Even the youthful Shelley wrote her letters so eager and ardent that her very sensible mamma, Mrs. Browne, requested him to cease. And as for Scott, though he confessed she was too poetical for his taste, he gave her always the honest liking she deserved. It was to her he said, when some tourists left them hurriedly at Newark Tower, "Ah, Mrs. Hemans, they little know what two lions they are running away from." It was to her he said, when she was leaving Abbotsford, "There are some whom we meet, and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin; and you are one of them."

Who would not gladly have written *The Siege of Valencia*, and *The Vespers of Palermo*, to have heard Sir Walter say these words?

UNBUILDING A BUILDING

BY WINTHROP PACKARD

I TORE down an old house recently, rent it part from part with my two hands and a crowbar, piling it in its constituents, bricks with bricks, timber on timber, boards with boards.

Any of us who dare love the iconoclast would be one if we dared sufficiently, and in this work I surely was an image-breaker, for the old house was more than it seemed. To the careless passer, it was a gray, bald, doddering old structure that seemed trying to shrink into the ground, untenanted, unsightly, and forlorn. I know, having analyzed it, that it was an

image of New England village life of the two centuries just gone, a life even the images of which are passing, never to return.

As I knocked the old place down, it seemed to grow up, more vivid as it passed from the roadside of the visible to the realm of the remembered. You may think you know a house by living in it, but you do not; you need to unbuild it to get more than a passing acquaintance. And to unbuild a building you need to be strong of limb, heavy of hand, and sure of eye, lest the structure upon which you

have fallen fall upon you; nor do business mottoes count, for you begin not at the bottom, but at the top, or near it.

Up in the attic among the cobwebs, stooping beneath the ancient rafters, dodging crumbly bunches of pennyroyal and hyssop, hung there by hands that have been dust these fifty years, you poise and swing a forty-pound crowbar with a strong uplift against the roof-board, near where one of the old-time hand-made, hammer-pointed, wrought-iron nails enters the oak timber. The board lifts an inch and snaps back into place. You hear a handful of the time-and-weather-worn shingles jump and go sputtering down the roof. You hear a stealthy rustling and scurrying all about you. Numerous tenants who pay no rent have heard the eviction notice, for the house in which no men live is the abode of many races. Another blow near another nail, and more shingles jump and flee, and this time a clammy hand slaps your face. It is only the wing of a bat, fluttering in dismay from his crevice. Blow after blow you drive upon this board from beneath, till all the nails are loose, its shingle-fetters outside snap, and with a surge it rises, to fall grating down the roof, and land with a crash on the grass by the old door-stone.

The morning sun shines in at the opening, setting golden motes dancing, and caressing rafters that have not felt its touch for a hundred and fifty years, and you feel a little sob of sorrow swell in your heart, for the old house is dead, beyond hope of resurrection. With your crowbar you have knocked it in the head.

Other boards follow more easily, for now you may use a rafter for the fulcrum of your iron lever and pry where the long nails grip the oak too tenaciously, and it is not long before you have the roof unboarded. And here you may have a surprise and be taught a lesson in wariness which you will need if you would survive your unbuilding. The bare rafters, solid oak, six inches square, hewn from the

tree, as adze-marks prove, are halved together at the top and pinned with an oak pin. At the lower end, where they stand upon the plates, they are not fastened, but rest simply on a V-shaped cut, and when the last board is off they tumble over like a row of ninepins and you may be bowled out with them if you are not clever enough to foresee this.

As with the roof-boards, so with the floors and walls. Blows with the great bar, or its patient use as a lever, separate part from part, board from joist, and joist from timber, and do the work, and you learn much of the wisdom and foolishness of the old-time builder as you go on. Here he dovetailed and pinned the framework so firmly and cleverly that nothing but human patience and ingenuity could ever get it apart; there he cut under the ends of splendid strong floor joists and dropped them into shallow mortises, so that but an inch or two of the wood really took the strain, and the joist seemed likely to split and drop out, of its own weight. You see the work of the man who knew his business and used only necessary nails, and those in the right places; and the work of that other, who was five times as good a carpenter because he used five times as many nails!

You learn, too, how the old house grew from a very humble beginning to an eleven-room structure that covered a surprising amount of ground, as one generation after another passed and one owner succeeded another. In this the counsel of the local historian helps you much, for he comes daily and sits by as you work, and daily tells you the story of the place, usually beginning in the middle and working both ways; for the unbuilding of a building is a great promoter of sociability. Fellow townsmen whom you feel that you hardly know beyond a rather stiff bowing acquaintance hold up their horses and hail you jovially, even getting out to chat a while or lend a hand, each having opinions according to his lights. Strickland, whose prosperity lies in swine, sees but one use for the old timbers.

"My!" he says, "what a hog-pen this would make!" Downes is divided in his mind between hen-houses and green-houses, and thinks there will be enough lumber and sashes for both. Lynde suspects that you are going to establish gypsy camps wholesale, while Estey, carpenter and builder, and wise in the working of wood, knows that you are lucky if the remains are good enough for fire-wood.

Little for these material aspects cares the historian, however, as he skips gayly from one past generation to another, waving his phantoms off the stage of memory with a sweep of his cane, and poking others on to make their bow to the man with the crowbar, who thus, piecing the narrative out with his own detective work in wood, rebuilds the story. It was but a little house which began with two rooms on the ground floor and two attic chambers, built for Stoddard who married the daughter of the pioneer land-owner of the vicinity, and it nestled up within a stone's throw of the big house, sharing its prosperity and its history. No doubt the Stoddards were present at the funeral in the big house, when stern old Parson Dunbar stood above the deceased, in the presence of the assembled relatives, and said with Puritanical severity, "My friends, there lies the body, but the soul is in hell!"

The dead man had failed to attend the parson's sermons at the old First Congregational Church, near by, a church that with successive pastors has slipped from the Orthodoxy of Parson Dunbar to the most modern type of present-day Unitarianism.

A later dweller in the old house lives in local tradition as publishing on the bulletin board in the church vestibule his intention of marriage with a fair lady of the parish, as was the custom of the day. Another fair lady entering the church on Sunday morning pointed dramatically at the notice, saying to the sexton, "Take that notice down, and don't you dare to put it up again till I give the word."

The sexton, seeming to know who was in charge of things, took it down and it was not again posted for two years. The marriage then took place. A few years later the wife died, and after a brief period of mourning another notice was posted announcing the marriage of the widower and the lady who had forbidden the banns of his first marriage. The second marriage took place without interference, and they lived happily ever after, leaving posterity in doubt whether the incident in the church vestibule was the climax in a battle royal between the two ladies for the hand of the man who dwelt in the old house, or whether the man himself had loved not wisely but too many.

Another dweller in the old house was a locally celebrated singer who for years led the choir and the music in the old church, having one son whom a wealthy Bostonian educated abroad, "becoming," said the historian sagely, "a great tenor singer, but very little of a man." These were days of growing importance for the old house. Two new rooms were added to the ground-floor-back by the simple expedient of tacking long spruce rafters to the roof, making a second roof over the old one, leaving the old roof with boards and shingles still on it. Thus there grew a roof above a roof, — a shapeless void of a dark attic, — and below, the two rooms.

The use of the spruce rafters and hemlock boarding marks a period in building little more than a half-century gone. About this time the house acquired a joint owner, for a local lawyer of considerable importance joined his fortunes and his house to it, bringing both with him. This section, two more rooms and an attic, was moved in from another part of the town and attached very gingerly, by one corner, to one corner. It was as if the lawyer had had doubts as to how the two houses might like each other, and had arranged things so that the bond might be broken with as small a fracture as possible. This "new" part may well have been a hundred years old at the time, for, whereas the original house was boarded

with oak on oak, this was boarded with splendid clear pine on oak, marking the transition from the pioneer days when all the timber for a house was obtained from the neighboring wood, through the time when the splendid pumpkin pines of the Maine forests were the commonest and cheapest sources of lumber, to our own, when even poor spruce and shaky hemlock are scarce and costly. In the same way you note in these three stages of building three types of nails. First is the crude nail hammered out by the local blacksmith, varying in size and shape, but always with a head formed by splitting the nail at the top and bending the parts to the right and left. These parts are sometimes quite long, and clinch back into the board like the top of a capital T. Then came a better nail of wrought iron, clumsy but effective; and, later still, the cut nail in sole use a generation ago. That modern abomination, the wire nail, appears only in repairs.

Thus the old house grows from four rooms to eight, with several attics, and the singer and lawyer pass off the scene, to be followed by the Baptist deacon who later seceded and became a Millerite, holding meetings of great fervor in the front room, where one wall used to be covered with figures which proved beyond a doubt that the end of the world was at hand, and where later he and his fellow believers appeared in their ascension robes. He too added a wing to the old house, three rooms and another attic, and when I had laid bare the timbers of this the historian rose, holding both hands and his cane toward heaven, and orated fluently.

"There!" he said, "that's Wheeler! I knew it was, for the old deeds could n't be read in any other way. They told me it was built on by the Millerite, but I knew better. This was moved up from the Wheeler farm, and it was a hundred years old and more when it came up, sixty years ago. I knew it. Look at those old cap-posts!"

I dodged the cane as it waved, and

took another look, for it was worth while. There were the corner posts, only seven feet high, but ten inches square at the bottom, solid oak, swelling to fourteen inches at the top, with double tenants on which sat the great square oak-plates, dovetailed and pinned together, and pinned again to the cap. A hundred and fifty years old and more was this addition, which the Millerite had moved up from the Wheeler farm and built on for his boot-shop; yet these great oak cap-posts marked a period far more remote. They were second-hand when they went into the Wheeler building, for there were in them the marks of mortising that had no reference to the present structure. Some building, old a century and a half ago, had been torn down and its timbers used for the part that "had been Wheeler."

Thus the old house grew again as it fell, and the old-time owners and inhabitants stepped forth into life once more. Yet I found traces of other tenants that paid neither rent nor taxes, yet occupied apartments that to them were commodious and comfortable. In the attic were the bats, but not they alone. Snuggled up against the chimney in the southern angle, right under the ridge-pole, was a whole colony of squash-bugs which had wintered safely there and were only waiting for the farmer's squash vines to become properly succulent. A bluebottle fly slipped out of a crevice and buzzed in the sun by the attic window. Under every ridge-board and corner-board, almost under every shingle, were the cocoons and chrysalids of insects, thousands of silent lives waiting but the touch of the summer sun to make them vocal.

On the ground floor, within walls, were the apartments of the rats, their empty larders choked with corn-cobs showing where once had been feasting, their bed chambers curiously upholstered with rags laboriously dragged in to senseless confusion. The field mice had the floor above. Here and there on the plates, between joists, and over every window and door,

were their nests, carefully made of wool, chewed from old garments and made fine, soft, and cosy. Their larders were full of cherry-stones, literally bushels on bushels of them, each with a little round hole gnawed in it and the kernel extracted. As the toil of the human inhabitants year after year had left its mark on the floors of the house, worn thin everywhere, in places worn through with the passing and repassing of busy feet, so had the generations of field mice left behind them mute witnesses of patient, enormous labor. From the two cherry trees in the neighboring yard how many miles had these shy little people traveled, unseen of men, with one cherry at a time, to lay in this enormous supply!

Within the chimneys were the wooden nests of chimney swifts, glued firmly to the bricks; under the cornice was the paper home of a community of yellow hornets; and under the floor where was no cellar, right next the base of the warm chimney, were apartments that had been occupied by generations of skunks. Each space between floor joists and timber was a room. In one was a huge clean nest of dried grass, much like that which red squirrels build of cedar bark. Another space had been the larder, for it was full of dry bones and feathers; others were for other uses, all showing plainly the careful housekeeping of the family in the basement.

I looked long and carefully, as the work of destruction went on, for the pot of gold beneath the floor, or the secret hoard which fancy assigns to all old houses; but not even a stray penny turned up. Yet I got several souvenirs. One of these is a

nail in my foot whereby I shall remember my iconoclasm for some time. Another is a curiously wrought wooden scoop, a sort of butter-worker, the historian tells me, carved, seemingly, with a jackknife from a pine plank. A third is a quaint, lumbering, heavy, hand-wrought fire-shovel which appeared somewhat curiously. Re-entering a room which I had cleared of everything movable, I found it standing against the door-jamb. Fire-shovels have no legs, so I suppose it was brought in. However, none of the neighbors has confessed, and I am content to think it belonged in the old house and was brought back, perhaps by the Baptist deacon who "backslided" and became a Millerite. It has been rusted by water and burned by fire, and I don't believe even Sherlock Holmes could make a wiser deduction.

As I write, a section of one of the old "Wheeler" cap-posts is crumbling to ashes in my fireplace. It was of solid oak, of a texture as firm and grainless almost as soapstone. No water had touched this wood, I know, for a hundred and fifty years, perhaps for almost a hundred added to that. For hours it retained its shape, glowing like a huge block of anthracite, and sending forth a heat as great but infinitely more kindly and comforting. Toward the last the flames which came from it lost their yellow opaqueness and slipped fluttering upward in a transparent opalescence which I never before saw in fire. It was as if the soul of the old house, made out of all that was beautiful and kindly in the hopes and longings of those who built it and lived in it, stood revealed a moment in its shining beauty before it passed on.

THE SCARCITY OF SKUNKS

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

THE ragged quilt of snow had slipped from the shoulders of the slopes, the gray face of the maple swamp showed a flush of warmth, and the air, out of the south to-day, breathed life, the life of buds and catkins, of sappy bark, oozing gum, and running water — the life of spring; and through the faintly blending breaths, as a faster breeze ran down the hills, I caught a new and unmistakable odor, single, pointed, penetrating, the sign to me of an open door in the wood-lot, to me, indeed, the Open Sesame of spring.

"When does the spring come? And who brings it?" asks the watcher in the woods. "To me spring begins when the catkins on the alders and the pussy-willows begin to swell," writes Mr. Burroughs, "when the ice breaks up on the river and the first sea-gulls come prospecting northward." So I have written, also; written verses even to the pussy-willow, to the bluebird, and to the hepatica, as spring's harbingers; but never a line yet to celebrate this first forerunner of them all, the gentle early skunk. For it is his presence, blown far across the February snow, that always ends my New England winter and brings the spring. Of course there are difficulties, poetically, with the wood-pussy. I don't remember that even Whitman tried the theme. But, perhaps, the good gray poet never met a spring skunk in the streets of Camden. The animal is comparatively rare in the densely populated cities of New Jersey.

It is rare enough here in Massachusetts; at least, it used to be; though I think, from my observations, that the skunk is quietly on the increase in New England. I feel very sure of this as regards the neighborhood immediate to my farm.

This is an encouraging fact, but hard

to be believed, no doubt. I, myself, was three or four years coming to the conviction, often fearing that this little creature, like so many others of our thinning woods, was doomed to disappear. But that was before I turned to keeping hens. I am writing these words as a naturalist and nature-lover, and I am speaking also with the authority of one who keeps hens. Though a man give his life to the study of the skunk, and have not hens, he is nothing. You cannot say, "Go to, I will write about my skunks." There is no such anomaly as professional nature-loving, as vocational nature-writing. You cannot go into your woods and count your skunks. Not until you have kept hens can you know, can you even have the will to believe, the number of skunks that den in the dark on the purlieus of your farm.

That your neighbors keep hens is not enough. My neighbors' hens were from the first a stone of stumbling to me. That is a peculiarity of next-door hens. It would have been better if my neighbors had had no hens. I had lately moved among these half-farmer folk, and while I found them intelligent enough, I immediately saw that their attitude toward nature was wholly wrong. They seemed to have no conception of the beauty of nature. Their feeling for the skunk was typical: they hated the skunk with a perfect hatred, a hatred implacable, illogical, and unpoetical, it seemed to me, for it was born of their chicken-breeding.

Here were these people in the lap of nature, babes in nature's arms, knowing only to draw at her breasts and gurgle, or, the milk failing, to kick and cry. Mother Nature! She was only a bottle and rubber nipple, only turnips and hay and hens to them. Nature a mother? a spirit? a

soul? fragrance? harmony? beauty? Only when she cackled like a hen.

Now there is something in the cackle of a hen, a very great deal, indeed, if it is the cackle of your own hen. But the morning stars did not cackle together, and there is still solemn music in the universe, music that is neither an anvil nor a barnyard chorus. Life ought to mean more than turnips, more than hay, more than hens to these rural people. It ought, and it must. I had come among them. And what else was my coming but a divine providence, a high and holy mission? I had been sent unto this people to preach the gospel of the beauty of nature. And I determined that my first text should be the skunk.

All of this, likewise, was previous to the period of my hens.

It was now my second February upon the farm, when the telltale wind brought down this poignant message from the wood-lot. The first spring skunk was out! I knew the very stump out of which he had come — the stump of his winter den. Yes, and the day before, I had actually met the creature in the woods, for he had been abroad now something like a week. He was rooting among the exposed leaves in a sunny dip, and I approached to within five feet of him, where I stood watching while he grubbed in the thawing earth. Buried to the shoulders in the leaves, he was so intent upon his labor that he got no warning of my presence. My neighbors would have knocked him over with a club, — would have done it eagerly, piously, as unto the Lord. What did the Almighty make such vermin for, anyway? No one will phrase an answer; but every one will act promptly, as by command and revelation.

I stood several minutes watching, before the little wood-pussy paused and pulled out his head in order to try the wind. How shocked he was! He had been caught off his guard, and instantly snapped himself into a startled hump, for the whiff he got on the wind said *danger!* — and nigh at hand! Throwing his

pointed nose straight into the air, and swinging it quickly to the four quarters, he fixed my direction, and turning his back upon me, tumbled off in a dreadful hurry for home.

This interesting, though somewhat tame, experience, would have worn the complexion of an adventure for my neighbors, a bare escape, — a ruined Sunday suit, or, at least, a lost jumper or overalls. I had never lost so much as a roundabout in all my life. My neighbors had had innumerable passages with this ramping beast, most of them in the dark, and many of them verging hard upon the tragic. I had small patience with it all. I wished the whole neighborhood were with me, that I might take this harmless little wood-pussy up in my arms and teach them again the first lesson of the Kingdom of Heaven, and of this earthly Paradise, too, and incidentally, put an end forever to these tales of Sunday clothes and nights of horror and banishment in the barn.

As nobody was present to see, I did not pick the wood-pussy up. I did not need to prove to myself the baselessness of these wild misgivings; nor did I wish, without good cause, further to frighten the innocent creature. I had met many a skunk before this, and nothing of note ever had happened. Here was one, taken suddenly and unawares, and what did he do? He merely winked and blinked vacantly at me over the snow, trying vainly to adjust his eyes to the hard white daylight, and then timidly made off as fast as his pathetic legs could carry him, fetching a compass far around toward his den.

I accompanied him, partly to see him safely home, but more to study him on the way, for my neighbors would demand something else than theory and poetry of my new gospel: they would require facts. Facts they should have.

I had been a long time coming to my mind concerning the skunk. I had been thinking years about him; and during the previous summer (my second here on the farm) I had made a careful study

of the creature's habits, so that even now I had in hand material of considerable bulk and importance, showing the very great usefulness of the animal. Indeed, I was about ready to embody my beliefs and observations in a monograph, setting forth the need of national protection — of a Committee of One Hundred, say, of continental scope, to look after the preservation and further introduction of the skunk as the friend and ally of man, as the most useful of all our insectivorous creatures, bird or beast.

What, may I ask, was this one of mine doing here on the edge of the February woods? He had been driven out of his winter bed by hunger, and he had been driven out into the open snowy sunshine by the cold, because the nights (he is nocturnal) were still so chill that the soil would freeze at night past his ploughing. Thus it chanced at high noon that I came upon him grubbing among my soft, wet leaves, and grubbing for nothing less than obnoxious insects!

My heart warmed to him. He was ragged and thin and even weak, I thought, by the way he staggered as he made off. It had been a hard winter for men and for skunks, particularly hard for skunks on account of the unbroken succession of deep snows. This skunk had been frozen into his den, to my certain knowledge, since the last of November.

Nature is a severe mother. The hunger of this starved creature! To be put to bed without even the broth, and to be locked in, half awake, for nearly three months. Poor little beastie! Perhaps he had n't intelligence enough to know that those gnawings within him were pain. Perhaps our sympathy is all agley. Perhaps. But we are bound to feel it when we watch him satisfying his pangs with the pestiferous insects of our own wood-lot.

I saw him safely home, and then returned to examine the long furrows he had ploughed out among the leaves. I found nothing to show what species of insects he had eaten, but it was enough to know that he had been bent on bugs —

gypsy-moth eggs, maybe, on the underside of some stick or stone, where they had escaped the keen eye of the tree-warden. We are greatly exercised over this ghastly caterpillar. But is it entomologists, and national appropriations, and imported parasites, that we need to check the ravaging plague? These things might help, doubtless; but I was intending to show in my monograph that it is only skunks we need; it is the scarcity of skunks that is the whole trouble — and the abundance of cats.

My heart warmed, I say, as I watched my one frail skunk here by the snowy woodside, and it thrilled as I pledged him protection, as I acknowledged his right to the earth, his right to share life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness with me. He could have only a small part in my life, doubtless, but I could enter largely into his, and we could live in amity together — in amity here on *this* bit of the divine earth, anyhow, if nowhere else under heaven.

This was along in February, and I was beginning to set my hens.

A few days later, in passing through the wood-lot, I was surprised and delighted to see three skunks in the near vicinity of the den, and evidently residents of the stump. "Think!" I exclaimed to myself, "think of the wild flavor to this tame patch of woods! And the creatures so rare, too, and beneficial! They multiply rapidly, though," I thought, "and I ought to have a fine lot of them by fall. I shall stock the farm with them."

This was no momentary enthusiasm. In a book that I had published some years before I had stoutly championed the skunk. "Like every predatory creature," I wrote, "the skunk more than balances his debt for corn and chickens by his destruction of obnoxious vermin. He feeds upon insects and mice, destroying great numbers of the latter by digging out the nests and eating the young. But we forget our debt when the chickens disappear, no matter how few we lose.

Shall we ever learn to say, when the red-tail swoops among the pigeons, when the rabbits get into the cabbage, when the robins rifle the cherry-trees, and when the skunk helps himself to a hen for his Thanksgiving dinner — shall we ever learn to love and understand the fitness of things out-of-doors enough to say, 'But then, poor beastie, thou maun live'?"

Since writing those warm lines I had made further studies upon the skunk, all establishing the more firmly my belief that there is a big balance to the credit of the animal. Meantime, too, I had bought this small farm, with a mowing-field and an eight-acre wood-lot on it; with certain liens and attachments on it, also, due to human mismanagement and to interference with the course of Nature in the past. Into the orchard, for instance, had come the San José scale; into the wood-lot had crawled the gypsy-moth — human blunders! Under the sod of the mowing-land had burrowed the white grub of the June-bugs. On the whole fourteen acres rested the black shadow of an insect plague. Nature had been interfered with and thwarted. Man had taken things into his own clumsy hands. It should be so no longer on these fourteen acres. I held the deed to these, not for myself nor my heirs, but for Nature. Over these few acres the winds of heaven should blow free, the birds should sing, the flowers should grow, and through the gloaming, unharmed and unaffrighted, the useful skunk should take his own sweet way.

This last summer had been a season remarkable for the ravages of the June-bug. The turf in my mowing went all brown and dead suddenly in spite of frequent rains. No cause for the trouble showed on the surface of the field. You could start and with your hands roll up the tough sod by the yard, as if a clean-cutting knife had been run under it about an inch below the crowns. It peeled off under your feet in great flakes. An examination of the soil brought to light the

big fat grubs of the June-bugs, millions of the ghastly monsters! They had gone under the grass, eating off the roots so evenly and so thoroughly that not a square foot of green remained in the whole field.

It was here that the skunk did his good work (I say "the skunk," for there was only one on the farm that summer, I think). I would go into the field morning after morning to count the holes he had made during the night in his hunt for the grubs. One morning I got over a hundred holes, all of them dug during the previous night, and each hole representing certainly one grub, possibly more; for the skunk would hear or smell his prey at work in the soil before attempting to dig.

A hundred grubs for one night, by one skunk! It took me only a little while to figure out the enormous number of grubs that a fair-sized family of skunks would destroy in a summer. A family of skunks would rid my farm of the pest in a single summer and make inroads on the grubs of the entire community.

Ah! the community! the ignorant, short-sighted, nature-hating community! What chance had a family of skunks in this community? And the fire of my mission burned hot within me.

And so did my desire for more skunks. My hay crop was short, was *nil*, in fact, for the hayfield was as barren of green as the henyard. I had to have it ploughed and laid down again to grass. And all because of this scarcity of skunks.

Now, as the green of the springing blades began to show through the melting snow, it was with immense satisfaction that I thought of the three skunks under the stump. That evening I went across to my nearest neighbor's and had a talk with him over the desirability, the necessity indeed, of encouraging the skunks about us. I told him a good many things about these animals that, with all his farming and chicken-raising, he had never known.

But these rural folk are quite difficult.

Perhaps it is demanding too much of them. For, after all, it takes a naturalist, a lover of the out-of-doors, to appreciate the beautiful adjustments in nature. A mere farmer can hardly do it. One needs a keen eye, but a certain aloofness of soul also, for the deeper meaning and poetry of nature. One needs to spend a vacation, at least, in the wilderness and solitary place, where no other human being has ever come, and there, where the animals know man only as a brother, go to the school of the woods and study the wild folk, one by one, until he discovers them personally, temperamentally, all their likes and dislikes, their little whimsies, freaks, and fancies — all of this, there, far removed from the cankering cares of hens and chickens, for the sake of the right attitude toward nature.

My nearest neighbor had never been to the wilderness. He lacked imagination, too, and a ready pen. Yet he promised not to kill my three skunks in the stump; a rather doubtful pledge, perhaps, but at least a beginning toward the new earth I hoped to see.

Now it was perfectly well known to me that skunks will eat chickens if they have to. But I had had chickens — a few hens — and had never been bothered by skunks. I kept my hens shut up, of course, in a pen — the only place for a hen outside of a pie. I knew, too, that skunks like honey, that they had even tampered with my hives, reaching in at night through the wide summer entrances and tearing out the brood combs. But I never lost much by these depredations. What I felt more, was the destruction of the wild bees and wasps and ground-nesting birds, by the skunks.

But these were trifles! What were a few chickens, bees, yellow-jackets, and even the occasional bird's-nest, against the hay-devouring grubs of the June-bug! And as for the characteristic odor that drifted in now and again with the evening breeze, that had come to have a pleasant quality for me, floating down across my two wide acres of mowing.

February passed gently into March, and my chickens began to hatch. Every man must raise chickens at some period of his life, and I was starting in for my turn now. Hay had been my specialty heretofore, — making two blades grow where there had been one very thin one. But once your two acres are laid down, and you have a stump full of skunks, near by, against the ravages of the June-bugs, then there is nothing for you but chickens or something, while you wait. I got Rhode Island Reds, fancy exhibition stock, — for what is the use of chickens if you cannot take them to the show?

The chickens began to hatch, little downy balls of yellow, with their pedigrees showing right through the fuzz. How the sixty of them grew! I never lost one. And now the second batch of sitters would soon be ready to come off.

Then one day, at the morning count, five of one hen's brood were gone! I counted again. I counted all the other broods. Five were gone!

My nearest neighbor had cats, barn cats, as many as ten, at the least. So I got a gun. Then more of my chickens disappeared. I could count only forty-seven.

I shifted the coop, wired it in, and stretched a wire net over the top of the run. Nothing could get in, nor could a chicken get out. All the time I was waiting for the doomed cat.

A few nights after the moving of the coop a big hole was dug under the wire fence of the run, another hole under the coop, and the entire brood of Rhode Island Reds was taken.

Then I took the gun and cut across the pasture to my neighbor's.

"Hard luck," he said. "It's a big skunk. Here, you take these traps, and you'll catch him; anybody can catch a skunk."

And I did catch him. I killed him, too, in spite of the great scarcity of the creatures. Yet I was sorry, and, perhaps, too hasty; for catching him near the coop was no proof. He might have wandered this

way by chance. I should have put him in a bag and carried him down to Valley Swamp and liberated him.

That day, while my neighbor was gone with his milk wagon, I slipped through the back pasture and hung the two traps up on their nail in the can-house.

I went anxiously to the chicken-yard the next morning. All forty came out to be counted. It must have been the skunk, I was thinking, as I went on into the brooding-house, where six hens were still sitting.

One of the hens was off her nest and acting queerly. Her nest was empty! Not a chick, not a bit of shell! I lifted up the second hen in the row, and of her thirteen eggs, only three were left. The hen next to her had five eggs; the fourth hen had four. Forty chickens gone, counting them before they were hatched, all in one night!

I hitched up the horse and drove thoughtfully to the village, where I bought six skunk-traps.

"Goin' skunkin' some, this spring," the store man remarked, as he got me the traps, adding, "Well, they 's some on 'em. I've seen a scaacty of a good many commodities, but I never yet see a scaacty o' skunks."

I did n't stop to discuss the matter, being a trifle uncertain just then as to my own mind, but hurried home with my six traps. Six I thought would do to begin with, though I really had no conception of the number of cats (or skunks) it had taken to dispose of the three and one-third dozens of eggs (at three dollars a dozen!) in a single night.

Early that afternoon I covered each sitting hen so that even a mouse could not get at her, and fixing the traps, I distributed them about the brooding-house floor; then, as evening came on, I slipped a shell into each barrel of the gun, took a comfortable perch upon a keg in the corner of the house, and waited.

I had come to stay. Something was going to happen. And something did happen, away on in the small hours of

the morning, namely — one little skunk. He walked into a trap while I was dozing. He seemed pretty small hunting then, but he looms larger now, for I have learned several more things about skunks: I have learned that forty eggs, soon to hatch, are just an average meal for the average half-grown skunk.

The catching of these two thieves put an end to the depredations, and I began again to exhibit in my dreams, when one night, while sound asleep, I heard a frightful commotion among the hens. I did the hundred-yard dash to the chicken-house in my unforgotten college form, but just in time to see the skunk cross the moonlit line into the black woods ahead of me.

He had wrought dreadful havoc among the thoroughbreds. What devastation a skunk, singlehanded, can achieve in a pen of young chickens beggars all description.

I was glad that it was dead of night, that the world was at home and asleep in its bed. I wanted no sympathy. I wished only to be alone, alone in the cool, the calm, the quiet of this serene and beautiful midnight. Even the call of a whip-poor-will in the adjoining pasture worried me. I desired to meditate, yet clear, consecutive thinking seemed strangely difficult. I felt like one disturbed. I was out of harmony with this peaceful environment. Perhaps I had hurried too hard, or I was too thinly clothed, or perhaps my feet were cold and wet. I only know that, as I stooped to untwist a long and briery runner from about my ankle, there was great confusion in my mind, and in my spirit there was chaos. I felt myself going to pieces — I, the nature-lover! Had I not advocated the raising of a few extra hens just for the sake of keeping the screaming hawk in air and the wild fox astir in our scanty picnic groves? And had I not said as much for the skunk? Why, then, at one in the morning should I, nor clothed, nor in my right mind, be picking my bare-foot way among the tangled dewberry vines

behind the barn, swearing by the tranquil stars to blow the white-striped carcass of that skunk into ten million atoms if I had to sit up all the next night to do it?

One o'clock in the morning was the fiend's hour. There could be no risk in leaving the farm for a little while in the early evening, merely to go to the bean supper over at the chapel on the Corner. So we were dressed and ready to start, when I spied a hen outside the yard, trying to get in.

Hurrying down, I caught her, and was turning back to the barn, when I heard a slow, faint rustling among the bushes behind the hen-house. Tiptoeing softly around, I surprised a large skunk making his way slowly toward the hen-yard fence.

I grabbed a stone and hurled it, jumping, as I let it drive, for another. The flying missile hit within an inch of the creature's nose, hard upon a large flat rock over which he was crawling. The impact was stunning, and before the old rascal could get to his groggy feet, I had fallen upon him — literally — and done for him.

But I was very sorry. I hope that I shall never get so excited as to fall upon another skunk, — never!

I was picking myself up, when I caught a low cry from the direction of the house — half scream, half shout. It was a woman's voice, the voice of my wife, I thought. Was something the matter?

"Hurry!" I heard. But how could I hurry? My breath was gone, and so were my spectacles, while all about me poured a choking, blinding smother. I fought my way out.

"Oh, hurry!"

I was on the jump; I was already rounding the barn, when a series of terrified shrieks issued from the front of the house. An instant more and I had come. But none too soon, for there stood the dear girl, backed into a corner of the porch, her dainty robes drawn close about her, and a skunk, a wee baby of

a skunk, climbing confidently up the steps toward her.

"Why *are* you so slow!" she gasped. "I've been yelling here for an hour! — Oh! do — don't kill that little thing, but shoo it away, quick!"

She certainly had not been yelling an hour, nor anything like it. But there was no time for argument now, and as for shooing little skunks, I was past that. I don't know exactly what I did say, though I am positive that it was n't "shoo." I was clutching a stone, brought with me from behind the hen-yard, and letting it fly, I knocked the little creature into a harmless bunch of fur.

The family went over to the bean supper and left me all alone on the farm. But I was calm now, with a strange, cold calmness born of extremity. Nothing more could happen to me; I was beyond further harm. So I took up the bodies of the two creatures, and carried them, together with some of my late clothing, over beyond the ridge for burial. Then I returned by way of my neighbor's, where I borrowed two sticks of blasting-powder and a big cannon fire-cracker. I had watched my neighbor use these explosives on the stumps in a new piece of meadow. The next morning, with an axe, a crow-bar, shovel, gun, blasting-powder, and the cannon-cracker, I started for the stump in the wood-lot. I wished the cannon-cracker had been a keg of powder. I could tamp a keg of powder so snugly into the hole of those skunks!

It was a beautiful summer morning, tender with the half-light of breaking dawn, and fresh with dew. Leaving my kit at the mouth of the skunk's den, I sat down on the stump to wait a moment, for the loveliness and wonder of the opening day came swift upon me. From the top of a sapling, close by, a chewink sent his simple, earnest song ringing down the wooded slope, and, soft as an echo, floated up from the swampy tangle of wild grape and azalea, the pure notes of a wood thrush, mellow and globed, and almost fragrant of the thicket where the

white honeysuckle was in bloom. Voices never heard at other hours of the day were vocal now; odors and essences that vanish with the dew hung faint in the air; shapes and shadows and intimations of things that slip to cover from the common light, stirred close about me. It was very near — the gleam! the vision splendid! How close to a revelation seems every dawn! And this early summer dawn, how near a return of that

time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light.

From the crest of my ridge I looked out over the tree-tops far away to the Blue Hills still slumbering in the purple west. How huge and prone they lie! How like their own constant azure does the spirit of rest seem to wrap them round! On their distant slopes it is never common day, never more than dawn, for the shadows always sleep among their hollows, and a haze of changing blues, their own peculiar beauty, hangs, even at high noon, like a veil upon them, shrouding them with largeness and mystery.

A rustle in the dead leaves down the slope recalled me. I reached instinctively for the gun, but stayed my hand. Slowly nosing his way up the ridge, came a full-grown skunk, his tail a-drag, his head

swinging close to the ground. He was coming home to the den, coming leisurely, contentedly, carelessly, as if he had a right to live. I sat very still. On he came, scarcely checking himself as he winded me. How like the dawn he seemed! — the black of night with the white of day — the furtive dawn slipping into its den! He sniffed at the gun and cannon-cracker, made his way over them, and calmly disappeared beneath the stump.

The chewink still sang from the sapling, but the tame broad day had come. I stayed a little while, looking off still at the distant hills. We had sat thus, my six-year-old and I, only a few days before, looking away at these same hills, when the little fellow, half questioningly, half pensively asked, "Father, how can the Blue Hills be so beautiful and have rattle-snakes?"

I gathered up the kit, gun and cannon-cracker, and started back toward home, turning the question of hills and snakes and skunks over and over as I went along. Over and over the question still turns: How can the Blue Hills be so beautiful? The case of my small wood-lot is easier: beautiful it must ever be, but its native spirit, the untamed spirit of the original wilderness, the free wild spirit of the primeval forest, shall flee it, and vanish forever, with this last den of the skunks.

THE PROVINCE OF BURMA

BY JAMES MASCARENE HUBBARD

THE fact that an Englishman, however humble his origin, may make it the aim of his life to become the ruler of men and may attain that aim, is one which distinguishes this age from all that precede it. The goal is reached, not through the accident of birth, through military prowess, or popular election, but simply because the man has proved his fitness for the position. Some thirty years ago six young men, four being the sons of clergymen, came to India as government clerks. In January, 1908, they had won their way to a rank next to that of the viceroys, being the rulers of six provinces having a population of over 160,000,000.

Any "natural-born subject" of King Edward, provided that he has a sound body and is of good moral character, may become a candidate for the Indian civil service. An appointment is secured simply by passing successfully an examination in several ancient and modern languages and literatures, mathematics, natural science, history, moral and mental philosophy, political science, and Roman and English law. Some idea may be formed of the nature of this examination from the following examples of the subjects and papers set in 1904.

"The comparative influence of Education and Heredity in the forming of character," was the subject of an essay to be written. A question in moral philosophy was, "Explain and criticise from a modern standpoint Plato's views as to the duty of the State in regard to the moral and religious education of its citizens." In political science a comment was asked for on James Russell Lowell's statement, "Laws of the wisest human device are, after all, but the sheath of the sword of Power." In zoölogy, "State any facts that you know concerning the structure,

life-history, and habits of the Indian elephant." In English literature, "Point out the resemblances and differences in the allegories of the Red Cross Knight and of *The Pilgrim's Progress*." In Latin literature, "Spain furnished some of the leaders of Roman literature in the first century A. D.' Who were these literary Spaniards? What was their social position? In what kinds of literature did they excel?" In modern history, "Explain and criticise the foreign policy of Nicholas I. How far was he the typical Russian autocrat?" Chemistry, "Give an account (with sketches of plant) of one of the modern methods now employed in the manufacture of chlorine."

If the young candidate is successful, he will be on probation for a year, and then will be required to pass a final examination on the code and history of India and the principal vernacular language of the province to which he is to be assigned. In case this is Burma we are enabled to follow his career by means of the recently published work, *The Province of Burma*, of the well-known traveler and lecturer, Mr. Alleyne Ireland. It is the first part of a report prepared on behalf of the University of Chicago on "Colonial Administration in the Far East." Its object, as stated in the preface, is to make "a clear exposition of the different systems which have been devised by Great Britain, the United States, Holland, and France for the solution of administrative problems of closely identical character."

The systems which fall within the range of the inquiry are the Crown Colony system in the Straits Settlements and Hong Kong, the Residential system in the Federated Malay States, the Indian Provincial system in Burma, the

Chartered Company system in British North Borneo, the Autocratic system in Sarawak, the French system in Indo-China, the Dutch system in Java, and the American system in the Philippine Islands."

Mr. Ireland's preparation for this work was a preliminary examination of the material available in the libraries of the government officers in London. Then two years and a half were spent in visiting each of the nine dependencies on which he was to report, that he might study on the spot their administrative problems. He also went with the same purpose to India, China, and Japan, the countries which represent the ultimate forces by whose mutual action the future of the Far East will be moulded to a great extent. During this time, it may be added, he contributed some valuable articles to the *London Times*, giving his impressions of the countries visited, with special reference to the manner in which they are governed. The three following years were occupied in arranging and digesting the material gained during his journeys and from his examination of some six thousand volumes, covering more than a million pages, of government documents, as well as histories, biographies, travels, and reminiscences.

He begins with Burma, possibly because it is the best organized of all the dependencies, and represents the highest stage yet reached of colonial administration. After a sketch of the physical features of the country and the history of its acquisition by the British, he treats of the administration in every particular, from the duties of the lieutenant-governor to those of the village headman, of the revenue and financial systems, education, trade and labor, forestry, and public works. The information is given almost wholly by reprints of or extracts from official reports and other public documents. No attempt, accordingly, has been made to give the work a literary form that shall attract the general reader, nor is there any extended treatment of antiquarian or archæological

subjects or of natural history or languages. There is neither criticism of methods, nor detailed comments on them, nor comparison with those of other countries. All this is reserved for the concluding volumes of the report. His present object is simply "to give an accurate and fairly comprehensive presentation of the facts" relative to Burma. As a manual of instruction, therefore, for all who are called upon to bear any part in the government of a dependent Eastern people, it is invaluable.

With Mr. Ireland as our guide, let us endeavor to form some idea of the way in which the English govern this Cinderella of the Indian provinces, as it has been termed. The administrative head is the lieutenant-governor, who is appointed by the governor-general of India and usually holds his office for a term of five years. His legislative council consists of nine members, five of whom as a rule belong to the civil service; the remainder are chosen from the non-official community. The chief executive officers under him are the commissioners of the eight divisions of the province, which are further subdivided into thirty-six districts under the charge of deputy-commissioners. These are the Englishmen who are in the closest contact with the natives. They act as magistrates, judges, collectors, and registrars, besides discharging the various miscellaneous duties which fall to the representative of the supreme government. A large part of their time, therefore, is occupied in visiting the different towns and villages of their district, for it is a fundamental principle of the British rule that one at least of its higher officials shall personally know the leading men in every settlement, and shall be ready to hear all complaints and appeals for justice from the humblest of the people.

Attention may be called here to the fact that the successful English candidate for the civil service, on his arrival in the province to which he is assigned, is not deemed ready for active duties, but is in

training for the first two years, that he may have some experience of the people and gain some insight into the traditions of administration. Naturally, one of the best ways to get this experience and insight will be for him to accompany a deputy-commissioner on one of his tours. As they pass from village to village, — for nine-tenths of the people live in villages, — the newcomer will be impressed with the fact that the chief and most important part of his companion's duties is the appointment and oversight of the headman who is over every village, or in some instances group of small neighboring villages. This method of local government is not an innovation, but is a continuation of the "village system which in Burma as in India has been the basis of the indigenous administration from time immemorial."

This headman is one who lives among his people and must know all that is going on about him. A printed Village Manual, from which Mr. Ireland gives some interesting extracts, defines his duties in the clearest possible manner. He is the magistrate to try all small offenses, as theft, breach of peace, drunkenness, and, most significant in an Eastern land, "doing any obscene act in a public place, singing, reciting, or uttering any obscene song, ballad or words to the annoyance of others in or near a public place." He is collector of taxes, sees that the roads are kept open, and prevents the illicit manufacture or sale of opium or intoxicants. An important part of his duty is to see that a certain simple, but very effective, sanitary code is obeyed; as for instance: "The headman shall not allow any latrine or cesspit in any house, enclosure or land in any village under his control to be kept in a filthy or insanitary condition." There are also rules for the prevention of cattle disease.

If any headman is inefficient or neglectful of his duties, the deputy-commissioner appoints another man in his place. An indication of their faithfulness as a rule is the fact that the population of Burma has

increased with marvelous rapidity since the British control, — its increase indeed is greater than that of any other province of India. Had the population of the United States increased in like proportion during the last quarter of a century it would number now at least 120,000,000. Immigration, it should be noted, has had little or no part in Burma's increase, which is due wholly to natural causes, primarily the sanitary condition of the villages. In 1904 the percentage of deaths was below that of any other part of India.

There are forty towns in the province, which are governed by committees, of whom about a fifth are elected, the others holding their seats *ex officio* or by nomination. Out of 537 members of these municipal committees in 1903, only 158 were Europeans. The duties of these bodies are carefully defined in the Municipal Act of 1898, in which there is to be found a special provision against graft, the punishment for which is imprisonment or fine, or both in some instances. If the committee of any town is incompetent or neglects its duties or exceeds its powers, the commissioner or deputy-commissioner can supersede it.

The oversight of the schools, in the towns and the villages, is another very important part of the work of the English official whom we are supposed to be accompanying on his tour of inspection. According to the government orders, the district officer is "responsible for the state of education generally in his district, and the Education Department is the instrument in his hand for carrying out this responsibility." This department consists of a director and about one hundred inspectors, including some headmasters of the higher government schools. Among the special objects to which his attention should be directed is the discipline and moral training of the scholars, and "the cleanliness of person and dress in both teachers and pupils." In the primary schools the instruction is in the vernacular tongue, in accordance with the Indian educational policy, that "a

child should not be allowed to learn English as a language until he has made some progress in the primary stages of instruction and has received a thorough grounding in his mother tongue." In the village schools the aim is to give to the children a preliminary training which will make them intelligent cultivators, and their reading-books deal with topics associated with rural life. In addition to instruction in the common branches of learning, there is provision for the teaching of seventeen different industries, as blacksmithing, carpentry, cane and bamboo-work, and lace-making (for girls only).

To encourage the higher education there are some ninety scholarships, of which six are "female medical scholarships." There are also training schools for teachers, with nearly six hundred students in 1905. An interesting feature in the educational system is a staff of itinerant teachers whose special aim is the "spreading primary education in the districts." In the towns the committees have the care of the schools, and in the government instructions "the principle laid down is that indigenous primary education has the first claim on the public funds." It is encouraging to note in this connection that the appropriation for public instruction in Rangoon increased from \$4000 in 1901 to \$34,000 in 1905.

In the light of these facts the conclusions reached in the Report on the Census of 1901 are not surprising. From the returns it appears that "in point of education as a whole, the Burmese outstrip all the other indigenous people with 270 literates in every thousand of their number. In male education too they are far ahead of the other communities. It can almost be said that every second Burman boy or man is able to read and write, for the proportion of literates per thousand of the sex is no less than 490." There can be little doubt that the proportion is greater to-day, so deep is the interest in education. This is shown by the fact that in the ten years ending in 1905 the number

of girls' schools had increased from 242 to 619, and the number of pupils from 9869 to 54,787.

Another phase of the British influence on an Eastern people will be seen by accompanying on his tour of inspection a deputy-commissioner of one of the districts of the Shan States region. This is practically the whole eastern part of the province, and up to 1886 consisted of forty-three semi-independent principalities under the suzerainty of the King of Burma. For at least thirty years before the British occupation, constant civil war between the states had prevailed, and universal ruin was the result. One of the capitals, Monè, "which within living memory had ten thousand households was reduced to seventeen huts." Naturally, these civil wars had disorganized society, and a great number of the Shans lived by robbery, or "dacoity," to use the Hindu term. As this consisted often in raids upon the people on the plains under British rule, it was absolutely necessary in the interest of the peaceful and industrious Burmese to put an end to this condition of mis-rule and to establish a stable government in these states. This was done with little opposition on the part of the Shans, and the States became a part of the province. The result in less than ten years is indicated in a speech of the lieutenant-governor, Sir Frederic Fryer, at a durbar at the headquarters of the Southern States: "As I rode up from the plains to your pleasant hills I was impressed by indications of order and wealth on every side. Even at this late time of the year the road was crowded with traders; the fields showed signs of careful cultivation; the villages through which I passed seemed populous and well cared for. . . . The increase of trade has been really marvelous. No single case of dacoity or other organized crime has been reported during the year." To this we may add that the forty-three princes, who still hold their position as rulers, have recently sent a joint petition to the British government asking for the construction of

a railway for the development of their states.

A similar condition to that which once prevailed among the Shans characterized the Chin Hills, a region lying on the western frontier of the province. Here raids and blood feuds were so frequent that every village was fortified by gates and surrounded and defended by cactus and stiff thorn-hedges, palisades, stone breast-works, and rifle-pits. "No one was safe," writes one who had lived among them in those days; "the women worked in the fields guarded by the men; no one ever knew when raiders from many villages at feud with theirs were lying along the paths, and pickets kept guard night and day on the approaches to the villages." Here again the necessity of protecting the plains from the constant raids of the Chin tribes was the cause of the British occupation of the Hills, and in 1896 a condition of complete peace was established throughout the region. What this condition was in 1900 we may learn from the statement of Commissioner Sir George Scott: "Raids are unknown, and scarcely any crimes are committed, so that the Chin Hills are actually more secure than many parts of Lower Burma. Roads, on which Chin coolies now readily work, have been constructed in all directions. The rivers have been bridged. The people have taken up the cultivation of English vegetables, and the indigenous industries have been largely developed. British officers now tour about with escorts of only four or five men where formerly they could only go with columns."

If it be asked, What was the general policy of the British government which has brought about this marvelous change in so short a time, the answer is this: "To interfere as little as possible with the customs of the people and their system of tribal government; to prevent bloodshed and internal feuds; to advise the chiefs and tribesmen, and to build up a sound

primitive form of government; to punish severely all crimes committed against government servants and property; to demand tribute from all the tribes as a token of their fealty to the British Government."

These are perhaps the most salient methods by which the English have sought to solve the peculiar governmental problems presented by an Eastern people. There is much in Mr. Ireland's report on which we have not touched, as his account of the judicial and financial administration, the public works and forestry departments, not because of its lack of interest, but because of its generally technical character. It is interesting to note, however, in respect to finance, that nearly half of the expenditure for 1905 was for irrigation, the building of roads and railways, and other public works. As regards what has been accomplished in developing the wealth of the land, a single illustration will suffice. A railway passes for one hundred miles through almost continuous rice-fields, where, fifteen years ago, there was a dense, uninhabited forest. This development would be more rapid and greater were Burma, as it should be, independent of India. Now a considerable part of its revenues is devoted to the promotion of Indian interests with which it has no concern.

One thing, it should be noted in conclusion, has contributed vastly to the success of the English in Burma, and that is the absence of caste, for caste is the greatest obstacle to righteous government and progress in India. To this absence largely may be attributed the fact that the unrest which prevails in some parts of that country is unknown in Burma. The people live contentedly under their foreign rulers. It is a peace — not the result of force, for I cannot find out that there is a single British soldier in the whole province; but the peace of pure contentment.

THE PLAYWRIGHT AND THE PLAYGOERS

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

It is one of the many disadvantages of the divorce between literature and the theatre which was visible in English from the last quarter of the eighteenth century to the last quarter of the nineteenth, that there grew up an uncomfortable tradition of considering the drama as a department of literature which could exist without any connection with the actual stage. Historians of literature even went so far as to accept as drama, and to criticise as drama, poems in dialogue composed in total disregard of the theatre. Sometimes they ventured to compare these so-called plays — which were strangely unreal, in that they assumed a form not expressive of the actual intent of their author — with the masterpieces of the dramatic poets who had carefully adjusted their great dramas to the theatrical conditions of their own days.

The composers of these "closet-dramas" did not see that a play not intended to be played is a contradiction in terms, and they did not suspect — what every true dramatist has always felt — that the proof of a play is in the performance. They were poets of more or less prominence who wanted to claim praise without facing the peril of the ordeal by fire in front of the footlights. They despised the acted drama because it had to appeal to the mob, to the vulgar throng. Their sentiments are voiced by the Poet in the "Prologue on the Stage" of Goethe's *Faust*: —

Speak not to me of yonder motley masses,
Whom just to see puts out the fire of
Song!
Hide from my view the surging crowd that
passes,
And in its whirlpool forces us along!
No, lead me where some heavenly silence
glasses
The purer joys that round the poet throng.

This attitude may not be unbecoming in the lyric poet, who has but to express his own emotions; but it is impossible in a true dramatic poet, who feels that what he has wrought is not complete until he has seen it bodied forth by actors on the stage before the motley masses and the surging crowd, and until he has been able to test its effect upon the throng itself. The true dramatic poet would never hesitate to adopt Molière's statement of his own practice: "I accept easily enough the decisions of the multitude, and I hold it as difficult to assail a work which the public approves as to defend one which it condemns." But however much even the lyric poet may detach himself from the surging crowd and despise the motley masses, even he must not forget his readers absolutely; it is only at his peril that he can neglect the duty of being readable. Taine declared that Browning had been guilty of this fault in *The Ring and the Book*, wherein he "never thinks of the reader, and lets his characters talk as though no one was to read their speeches."

What may be only a fault in the lyric poet becomes a crime in the dramatic poet, who can never claim the right of solitary self-expression which the lyrist may assert. The drama has for its basis an appeal to the whole public and not to any coterie of dilettanti. "Since we write poems to be performed, our first duty ought to be to please the court and the people and to attract a great throng to their performance." So said Corneille, declaring frankly the doctrine of every genuine dramatic poet. "We must, if we can, abide by the rules, so as not to displease the learned and to receive universal applause; but, above all else, let us win the voice of the people."

The great dramatists of every period when the drama was flourishing would unhesitatingly echo this declaration of Corneille. They might refrain from the discourteous assertion, but they would surely hold the "closet-drama" to be a pretentious absurdity, appropriate only to weaklings unwilling to grapple with the difficulties of the actual theatre. By their own splendid experience they had learned how greatly the artist may profit by a resolute struggle with limitations and obstacles; and they could scarcely refrain from contempt for the timorous poets who have shrunk from the profitable effort. And as the result of this choice of the easier path by the craven bards, they fail to reach the goal toward which they like to think they are going. The poems in dialogue, due to a refusal to take thought of the theatre and of the throng, are very rarely successful even in the library. The closet-dramas are all of them unactable; most of them are unreadable; and many of them are unspeakable. Although many poets of distinction have condescended to the composition of plays not intended to be played, — Milton, for one, and Byron, and Browning, — their distinction is not due to these closet-dramas; and their fame would be as high if they had refrained from these poems in dialogue.

True dramatic poets — Sophocles, Shakespeare, Molière — have always been willing to take thought of the players by whom their plays were to be performed, of the playhouses in which their plays were to be presented, and of the playgoers whom they hoped to attract in motley masses. Consciously, to some extent, and unconsciously more often, they shaped the stories they were telling to the circumstances of the actual performance customary on the contemporary stage. Whether they knew it or not, their great tragedies and their great comedies as we have them now, are what they are, partly because of the influence of the several actors for whom they created their chief characters, partly because the theatre to

which they were accustomed was of a certain size and had certain peculiarities, and partly because the spectators they wished to move had certain prejudices and certain preconceptions natural to their nation and their era. This is why there is profit in an attempt to consider the several influences which the actor, the theatre, and the audience, may exert on the dramatist, — influences felt by every dramatic poet, great or small, in every period in the long evolution of the drama.

The strongest pressure upon the content of the drama of any special period, and of any special place, is that of the contemporary audience for whose delight or for whose edification it was originally devised. How any author at any time can tell his story upon the stage depends upon the kind of stage he has in view; but what kind of story he must tell depends upon the kind of people he wants to interest. As Dryden declared in one of his epilogues: —

They who have best succeeded on the stage
Have still conformed their genius to the age.

And this couplet of Dryden's recalls the later lines of Johnson: —

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
And those who live to please, must please to live.

In other words, the dramatic poet is not independent of his hearers, as the lyric poet may be, since he can never be satisfied with mere self-expression. His work depends for its effect upon his hearers, and he has to take them into account, under penalty of blank failure. He must give them what they want, even if he gives them also what he wants. The author of a drama cannot labor for himself alone; he has to admit the spectators as his special partners. There is ever a tacit agreement, a quasi-contract, between the playwright and the playgoers. As the ingenious and ingenuous Abbé d'Aubignac asserted, more than two centuries ago, when he was laying down laws for the drama: "We are not to forget here (and I think it one of the best Observations I

have made upon this matter) that if the subject is not conformable to the Manners as well as the Opinions of the spectators, it will never take." And a later remark of his proved that he possessed the prime requisite of a dramatic critic, in that he had worked out his principles not only in the library, but also in the theatre itself. "For if there be any Act or Scene that has not that conformity to the Manners of the spectators, you will suddenly see the applause cease, and in its place a discontent succeed, though they themselves do not know the cause of it."

Just as the theatre for which Sophocles wrote differed in almost every way from the theatre for which Shakespeare wrote, so the audience that the Greek poet had to please — if he was to win the awarded prize — was very unlike the audience that the English poet had to please — if he was to make his living as a professional playwright. There is not a wider difference between the theatre of Louis XIV's time, wherein Molière's comedies were first produced, and the cosmopolitan modern playhouses wherein Ibsen's dramas are now and again performed, than there is between the courtiers and the burghers of Paris, whom the melancholy French humorist had to amuse, and the narrow-minded villagers of Grimstad, whom Ibsen seems to have had always before him as the individual spectators he wished to startle out of their moral lethargy.

Even though the playwright has ever to consider the playgoers, their opinions and their prejudices, he is under no undue strain when he does this, and the most of his effort is unconscious, since he is always his own contemporary, sharing in the likes and dislikes of the men of his own time, the very men whom he hopes to see flocking to the performances of his plays. Sophocles did not need to take thought what would be displeasing to the thousands who sat around the hollow slope of the Acropolis; he was an Athenian himself; and yet, no doubt, he acted always on the advice Isocrates used to give to his pupils in oratory, who were

told to "study the people." Shakespeare did not have to hold himself in for fear of shocking the energetic Elizabethans; he was himself a subject of the Virgin Queen, one of the plain people, with an instinctive understanding of the desires of the playgoers of his age. As M. Jusserand has acutely asserted, the English play-going public of Shakespeare's time demanded "nourishment suited to its tastes, which were spontaneous and natural; it imposed these on the playmakers; it loved, like all peoples, to see on the stage, made more beautiful or more ugly, that is to say, more highly colored, what it found in itself embryonically, what it felt and could not express, what it could do and yet knew not how to narrate." Strikingly contrasted as are Sophocles and Shakespeare, they are not more unlike than the respective audiences they sought to gratify.

Molière was able to choose themes to interest his contemporaries, because he was himself a Frenchman sympathizing with the sentiments of his time, and trained by the same heredity as the spectators of his plays. He is himself the superb example of the truth of Nisard's assertion: "in France the man of genius is he who says what everybody knows; he is only the intelligent echo of the crowd; and if he does not wish to find us deaf and indifferent, he must not astonish us with his personal views — he must reveal us to ourselves." And as Molière is the type of the urban and urbane French dramatic poet, guided by the social instinct, ever dominant in France, so is Ibsen rather a rural type, forever preaching individualism to the dwellers in the tiny seashore village where he spent his youth, and giving little thought to the inhabitants of the larger world where he had lived since his maturity. Although cosmopolitan audiences have appreciated Ibsen's power and skill, it was not for cosmopolitan audiences that he wrote his social dramas, but for the old folks at home in Norway whom he wanted to awaken morally and mentally. And here, in his memory of the

feelings and failings of the men and women among whom he grew to manhood, we can find the obvious explanation of that narrow parochialism which is sometimes revealed most unexpectedly in more than one of his plays.

A certain knowledge of the people to whom the playwright belonged and for whom he wrote is a condition precedent to any real understanding of his plays. And, on the other hand, a study of the drama of any period or of any place cannot fail to supply interesting information about the manners and customs, the modes of thought and the states of feeling, of the people of that country at that time. For example, the mediæval drama seems to have had its earliest development in France, and perhaps for this reason all over Europe one mystery is very like another mystery, whether it is French or English, Italian or German; but one of the variations from monotony is to be found in the scene between Joseph and Potiphar's wife, which the English redactors preferred to treat in outline only or omitted altogether, but which the French compilers delighted to elaborate and to amplify for the greater joy of their compatriots. To this day the French are willing to laugh at the humorous side of conjugal infidelity, whereas we who speak English are unwilling to take this other than seriously. Here we can see reason why many an amusing French farce has failed to please in New York and in London.

The lack of popular attention and approval, about which Terence often complained loudly, was due to his incompatibility with the only audiences which Rome then knew. He proportioned his intrigues and polished his dialogue to please spectators accustomed to coarse buffoonery. Terence was born out of time; and he might have been a really successful writer of comedies had he lived in the Italian Renaissance, when he could hope for an audience of scholars swift to enjoy his finish and his felicity of phrase. As it was, Terence refused to gratify the

tastes of the populace of his own time; and he had to confess failure. The more practical Lope de Vega accepted the audiences of his day for what they were—less violent than Terence's, but quite as robust and willful as Shakespeare's; and the Spanish playwright made the best of the situation, disclosing his marvelous inventiveness and his splendid productivity in countless pieces of every type. In his apologetic poem on the "New Art of Writing Plays" he pretended that he composed these pieces more or less against his own better knowledge of the true rules of the drama, and that before he sat down to write he was careful to put Terence and Plautus out of the room; but he was probably too completely his own contemporary, too much a man of his time and of his race, to have been forced to any great sacrifice of his artistic code. He seems to have felt no awkward restraint from his desire to please his public; and apparently he was able to express himself fully and freely in his plays, even if he also took care to have them conform to the likings of the populace of Madrid. So Shakespeare took care to have his plays conform to the likings of the populace of London; and he also was able to use them for the amplest self-expression. Here we observe once more how it is that the true artist accepts the conditions imposed on him, whatever they may be, and that he is often able to turn a stumbling-block into a stepping-stone to higher things.

Even if a Greek dramatic poet could by his prophetic power have foreseen the potency of modern romantic love, he could never have dared a *Romeo and Juliet*, because the contemporary spectators would have failed to understand the emotion which is its mainspring. And on the other hand, the Greek dramatic poets dealt with many a motive with which the modern audience can have no sympathy. For us the beautiful pathos of *Alcestis* is spoiled by the contemptible alacrity with which the husband allows his devoted wife to die for him, although

his conduct did not seem at all reprehensible to the Greeks, who held so exalted an opinion of the value of the young male citizen to the state, that they saw no impropriety in his accepting his wife's lovely sacrifice of herself. The *Antigone* turns also on a Greek sentiment very remote from our modern feeling, a sentiment which has to be explained to us before we can grasp its significance or understand its importance to the noble heroine. And again in the *Medea*, the wrathful heroine's slaughter of her children, to revenge herself for their father's abject desertion of her, seems to us repugnant.

It would not be difficult to adduce many another example of the effect exerted on the dramatist by the racial point of view. For instance, in Sudermann's strong drama *Heimat*, known to us by the name of the heroine, Magda, the unbending rigor of the aged father and his violent harshness are almost repulsive to us in America where we are not accustomed to yield so blind a deference to the head of the family as the old colonel insists upon in Germany. But there is no need to multiply these examples, since we all know the divergent attitudes of different peoples toward the social organization. In this divergence we can find the explanation why more than one fine play is little known outside the land of its birth. The best of French comedies of the nineteenth century is *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* of Augier and Sandeau; and although it has been translated into English, or adapted, more than once, it has failed to interest our audiences, because it is intensely French both in theme and in treatment. Its appeal is essentially local; and the veracity of its interpretation of characters fundamentally French has prevented its acceptance in Great Britain and the United States. The more truthfully a dramatist produces the life about him, the more sincerely he presents the special types his countrymen will most surely appreciate; the more he subordinates plot and situation to the revelation of character, the less likely he is to see his

plays successful outside of his own language. The ingenious plots of the inventive Scribe, in which the characters were only puppets in the hands of the playwright, were performed all over the world, while the rich and solid comedies of Augier have rarely been exported beyond the boundaries of France.

Mr. Bronson Howard once declared that there were certain themes peculiar to each nation, upon which the dramatists of that nation could play infinite variations, secure always in the knowledge that the basis of their stories would be interesting to their special audiences. He illustrated his remark by drawing attention to the numberless French plays dealing with the topic of marital infelicity, and to the numberless British plays dealing with the topic of caste. And he suggested that here in the United States the spectators were ever eager to see on the stage plays dealing with the topic of business, the organization of affairs, and the making of money.

From Mr. Bronson Howard's own experience may be taken an illustration of one of the minor differences between American audiences and British. In his play, *The Banker's Daughter*, the young artist to whom the heroine is engaged when the piece begins, and whom she then thinks she loves, even when she marries another man to save her father, has to be killed off, so that she may find herself absolutely free to give her true love to her devoted husband. Therefore one act took place in Paris, and a noted French swordsman was introduced to force a quarrel on the young painter and to kill him in a duel. Although the duel is no longer possible in the Eastern States, our audiences know that it still exists in France, and we are familiar with the feuds of the southwest and with the street-shooting of the mining camps. But when Mr. Howard's play was adapted for London, with its characters localized as British subjects, his English collaborator protested against the duel, on the ground that a British audience would not accept

it. If the young artist was to become an Englishman, then he would laugh at the suggestion of crossing swords. So the artist ceased to be, and in his place there was a young soldier; and the act in Paris took place at the British Embassy, where the officer had to appear in uniform. There the French swordsman insulted him and his uniform, and in his person the whole army of the Queen, until the British audience fairly longed to see the Englishman knock the Frenchman down. And when he was goaded at last to this violence, the British audience could not object to his giving the swordsman "the satisfaction of a gentleman."

This shows the difference between two audiences speaking the same language; and another illustration will serve to show the difference that may exist between two audiences in contrasting quarters of the same American city. When Mr. Clyde Fitch's *Barbara Frietchie* was produced at the Criterion Theatre in New York (where the best seats sell for two dollars), the Southern heroine, in her quarrel with her Northern lover, tore the stars and stripes into tatters — only to sew the flag together later that she might be shot beneath its folds. But when this play was taken to the Academy of Music (where the best seats sell for fifty cents), the heroine was no longer allowed to destroy the national flag, for fear that an act so unpatriotic would forever alienate from her the sympathy of the spectators

in that playhouse of the plain people, less sophisticated than the audience of the other theatre frequented by the more cultivated classes of the community. This anecdote is not well vouched for, and may not be a fact. But perhaps it is just as significant, even if it is only an invention.

These may seem but trifles, after all; and such no doubt they are. But they serve to show which way the wind blows; and they help us to see how dependent the dramatist is upon the sympathy of the spectator. The strength of the drama lies in the breadth of its appeal. It fails of its purpose unless it has something for all, — for young and for old, for rich and for poor, for men and for women, for the educated and for the uneducated. Of all the arts, the drama is essentially the most democratic, for it cannot exist without the multitude. It has been called "a function of the crowd." It cannot hope for success when it seeks to attract only a caste, a coterie, a clique; it must be the art of the people as a whole, with all their divergencies of cultivation. And this it has been whenever it achieved its noblest triumphs, — in Greece, when Sophocles and Euripides followed Æschylus; in England, when Shakespeare succeeded Marlowe; in Spain, when Lope de Vega and Calderon worked side by side; and in France, when Molière came as a connecting link between Corneille and Racine.

THAT SLEEP OF DEATH

BY HENSHAW WARD

"YOUR bed of earth is made. Come, leave the show."
Death calls! My yearning eyes must turn away
From earth's entrancing stage, from God's great play
Where, lit by daring souls in shining row,
The pageants of achievement come and go;
Where peace meets war in strife, and kings obey,
And science thunders while old creeds decay,
And spectral plagues are laid, and empires grow.

I may not see the marriage of two seas
That God disjoined, nor from her Russian tomb
Dead Freedom burst alive. Turn, eyes! Bend, knees!
I fear no dreams, nor dark, nor any doom,
Yet cannot for this loss my soul appease:
There is no stage within the sodded gloom.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

HESTERNUS TO HIS PUBLISHER

SIR: This is a fine morning, and I am in a confessional humour. You will learn, not without a flicker of interest, that I have been brooding all my life over the thought of my *magnum opus*, under your imprint. But the whole tyranny of things has been against it and me. I shall never do it now; nor will it ever be done by another, mark me, upon that lordly, lover-like plan of mine. By historiology, criticism, or mere humanistic eclecticism, — call the small tool by what big name you will, — I was fain to gather out of the dust of the crowded English seventeenth century "this or that down-trodden name," and augment the sum of perfections which men like to remember. Long ago I loosened my hold on "the spacious times of great Elizabeth;" these have

candles and incense enough by now. My knee, Sir, was given to the fallible years, the years, say, between the chase after the Spanish Infanta and the Boyne fight. Take away the incomparable lyrics, the philosophies and the statecraft of that great era, and still, for its intense drama and its individualism, it is as wine to the historic sense. Only the Italian Renaissance can match it for play of color, although the little English afterglow is very innocent and misgiving beside that.

You know me for an out-and-out partisan and reactionary. It is not for me "to spell oliver with a great O," nor to rise to The Immortal Memory whom he made possible. And so my landmarks were always the Composition Papers and the Calendars for Compounding; and Clarendon; and Wood; and Fuller; and Lloyd, Winstanley, Fanshawe,

Burton, Symonds, North, Howell, Evelyn, and the thousand minor memoirs, the calfskin booklets in their tipsy types, where so much dead ingenuity, so much live loveliness, bear witness to those stormy years. Dear to me have been that vanished London and Oxford. Who has sought, if not I, the places of execution and of exile, the smoothed trenches, the sweet far-scattered village churches where my friends, my wild flocks, lie folded? Have I not pored by night and by day over their clean-sanded manuscripts, here all hard thought or thought-packed music, and there a loose skurry as of little goats pursuing their tails? Who has gloried so in their burning vitality, and gone so blind to all their sins?

They are the gods I have prayed to, and the boon-companions I have missed. They should have had such a dedication from me as not even Mr. Saintsbury has conceived: such an abject, compromising, irrevocable dedication! Thus: *Patribus laetissimis curatoris labor et cor*. If I judge them rightly, they love compliment yet; they must prick up their love-locked ears, and stand nose in air, sniffing that once familiar homage of which they have been defrauded. While I have slept, Carolians and Jacobeans have won rehabilitation in ever so many quarters. Jewel after jewel has been dug up and reset, and some day my whole mine will be rifled. I can but take it out in growling.

Forty thousand brothers

Could not, with all their quantity —

so much is flat! But hardly may my procrastinating foot think to track them in Poets' Paradise. I have been long away: explanations are difficult. And as every man-jack of them still wears a sword, I shall feel that unconsummated *labor et cor* on the side of my faithless head. A very proper ending, too! Only the pith of the matter will really have been that I grew discerning as I grew old; that I loved them less when I planned the broad authentic book, and more, when at last I came to consider no modern

public half good enough for them, and folded up their names in lavender in the sacristy of a jealous heart. Because they are like children, they will whack me, nevertheless, for coming on a visit, and bringing no sweets.

Meanwhile, it has been my game in this world to remember them, and those last tumults and graces of chivalry which subsided with them. Sir, it has been no more than a Following of my Geny to seek their Company on every Usual or Emergent Occasion, and to be theirs singularly and intirely, beyond Expresses, and therein Most Happy! I know nothing, ancient or modern, to beat them for a certain play of sympathy in mental conception, and for romance that somehow attaches itself to every outward result. For a visible symbol of this sympathy and romance (much as a blue moth hovers over a blue wood-violet) we have the very clothes they wore. Human dress was in its perfection about 1645 A. D. If one wishes a pageant of colour and form, divorced from all that is teasing or fantastic, he has but to think of the saffron velvet, the slashed cloth-of-silver, the lilac camlett with points, the

Black armour, falling lace, and altar-lights
at morn,

of which Vandyck has given us the fragmentary and unshadowed record.

The historical eye is as a gourmand at a feast, summoning up the unique Type: those long, dark faces, careworn and impudent; those firm, sensitive hands; those lean bodies, so gayly alert, as if consciously made for the saddle and the march, and not for chairs; and the women, in their fragrance of personality, the delicate proud women of "the Warres," long laid away under exquisite epitaphs cut in alabaster. What astonishing, what endearing people, these, above all, of "the Warres!" Who will catalogue them, expound them, and give us their secret?

Every deed had character, and every word had beauty. There were geniuses and heroes, there were scamps and no-

bodies out for King Charles; but how comes it that those nobodies suddenly do and say, as by miracle, such adorable things? Every judgment-hall, prison-cell, scaffold, stake, and battlefield heard unforgettable words. The English had all the emotions then, and had them in their heights and depths. But they did not sneer; they did not dawdle; they had fury and enthusiasm, and fight to spare.

A biography of that time is either a tender idyll or a mad extravaganza. For wonder and pity, wildness and melancholy, few stories can match those of John Morris of Pontefract, John Smith the standard-captor, or the younger Francis Windebank. And again, we have the Lucas and the Lisle who cast a light upon bygone Colchester; and the young Pudsey slain at Bristol, to whose meadow grave, over fifty years after, his aged sweetheart was carried, as she desired, in her bridal veil; and the young Villiers who fell with his back to the Kingston oak, the "nine mortall Woundes in his Beautiful Bodie," recorded, and idolatrously mourned, by contemporaries. Was there ever in the world so lovely a letter as "trothful" Anthony Payne's to Lady Grace Grenville, with its news that he was "bringing home the greate Hearte that is colde to Kilkhampton vault? . . . and oh, my Lady! how shall I brooke your weeping Face?"

"A sense of humor," says a modern moralist, "saves us from a cartload of things, especially from grumbling!" And that priceless solvent of humor was the most noticeable of Cavalier assets. I have always thought it an economic cruelty that none of it, not a scraping nor shaving, fell to the Cavaliers' King, and that this one circumstance, as much as anything,

— cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould!

There was much banter and "jollyng" in those days, in quantity and in quality a good deal like the best American talk; and like that, too, it covered affection, rather than malice. Think of Denham's

plea for Wither's life and maintenance, "in order that I may not be sett up for the Worst Poet in England;" of plain Falkland's smiling pride in the company of plain "little Sid" Godolphin, "where I am ever the properer Man;" of Charles the Second's psychological summary in regard to plots: "Odds fish, Brother James! wo'd they kill me to make you King?" Yes, they were funny, as a harassed generation has to be.

Black spirits or white, these Malignants thought and wrought with all the definite obsolete manliness of men. Awestruck Roundhead religiousness may well have rolled its eyes at their almost laughing hold on mysticism and the supernatural. Saints like Derby, devils like Buckingham and Rochester, average gentlemen like Carnarvon and Cherbury and Carew, lived hard and died humbly, not ashamed of contrition, and ran forward into eternity as schoolboys bound for the holidays at home. To their lovers, their like never was nor will be. It is, to one horny-hearted "researcher," proof enough of the reality of a favorite dreamlike past, that one may hang over the annals of it, as it were *cum luctu et ploratu*. It is an application of the excellent backhanded argument for human immortality that one clamors so to find a certain company again, *cum gaudio et jucunditate in semipiternum!*

No, Sir: as a publisher, you have nothing to fear from me. But I have advisedly fired phrases and feelings at my friend, and now, having done so, do heartily bid you Farewell.

"NOW WHO SHALL ARBITRATE?"

I OWE it to myself to state that this is my first plunge into the Atlantic. I am generally content to sit on the shore and watch other people splashing about, but I know that I can trust the editor to haul me out if I prove that I cannot swim.

In bringing a difference of opinion be-

tween my wife and myself to the Club for arbitration I feel that I am submitting the question to an impartial jury. I do not apologize for the personal flavor of my grievances, for the problem is one of universal interest, and touches the antiquated controversy concerning the relative values of woman's intuition and man's logic.

I will call my wife Cynthia, in order that she may not recognize herself should her eye chance to fall on words so unworthy of her notice. Cynthia and I each have but a single complaint against the other, — a pretty good record as married people go, or don't go, nowadays. She says I have no penetration, and I in turn quote her favorite George Meredith at her, and exclaim, "Destroyed by subtleties these women are!"

She claims to be the unique possessor of a pair of invisible antennæ, with which she can feel impressions and touch the intangible.

Now when I meet a person for the first time I size him up by his conversation — which reveals his ideas and standards — and by his general bearing — which tells me whether he is a gentleman or a mucker. Not so Cynthia. These obvious methods are not for her.

In my business I am thrown with all sorts of men, mostly good, honest fellows, — gentlemen I call them, — and I often bring one of them home to lunch; and then when I see Cynthia at dinner I ask her what she thinks of my friend.

"Did n't you like Robinson?" I ask encouragingly. "He's a bully chap, honest as daylight."

She merely raises her eyebrows.

"My dear Jack, I do not question Mr. Robinson's integrity, — but have you never noticed how his teeth are set in his gums? No gentleman ever has teeth like that, — they are sometimes worse, but never just like that."

I feel myself to be a coarse clod not to have noticed Robinson's teeth, but taking heart I next bring home my friend Brown, — a man of perfect refinement

according to my gross standards, and with a set of teeth which Cynthia duly disposes of as "too good to be true."

"Well, how about Brown?" I tentatively inquire. "Don't you think he is a gentlemanly fellow?"

"Why yes, he is a little like a gentleman," she replies; "but his hair, Jack! it grows just the way the hair of clerks in shoe-stores grows, — right up out of his head. It's common."

"Aye, madam, it is common," I cry with Hamlet, and without him I add, "It is very common indeed for hair to grow right up out of one's head;" and I feel myself to have been very clever, in spite of Cynthia's pitying smile.

Jones is then brought to the bar of judgment and is banished to the limbo apparently reserved for my particular friends, because, forsooth, he answers Cynthia's offer of salad with the words, "Thank you, not any."

Gray committed social suicide by saying, "Pardon me," instead of, "I beg your pardon," — apparently an unpardonable offense in itself; and White, my trump card, proved himself, if not a knave, at least a fool, by referring casually to a man of our acquaintance as "a gentleman whom we all know."

In my masculine stupidity, I asked Cynthia one day to call on my partner's wife, — a very pretty and cultivated woman; at least so I thought till Cynthia laid invisible tentacles on her.

"Why, my poor Jack," she said after her call, "did you never see that Mrs. Black is simply veneered? She's not solid mahogany at all. Her 'cultyour' as she calls it, keeps peeling off and showing the raw material underneath. Why, when her husband introduced me to her she shook hands and simply said, 'Mrs. Green,' and added that she was glad to see me in her home." As I did not show due horror at this *faux pas*, Cynthia continued, "She has evidently been told that perfect ladies make three distinct words of 'notatall' instead of running them all together as most of us do, and that it is

dictionary elegance to speak of one's 'neveu.' Perhaps you would have been imposed upon by those trademarks of acquired cultivation, but I should have liked her much better if she had remained the nice, simple little country girl nature intended her to be."

"Well, but her husband, now," I began. "There's no pretense about him."

"Not a bit!" my wife rejoined with misleading heartiness. "He wears just the kind of ring that railroad conductors always wear, and he says 'culch-er' quite frankly, and swallows in the middle of the word; besides, no one that tries to cover up his mouth with his hand when he laughs could possibly be called pretentious."

At last in desperation I brought home a man whose business path sometimes crosses mine. He has not the strictest sense of honor, nor the highest regard for truth, nor the most refined brand of humor when he is with his own sex. In fact, he is a man whom other men call a cad, yet he is not without personal attractions, chief among which is an enviable sense of ease in whatever circle he finds himself, — particularly if that circle be largely feminine. This specimen I cautiously submitted to Cynthia's all-seeing eye.

"There!" she exclaimed almost before the door had slammed after him, "*that* is a gentleman! Oh Jack, don't you *feel* the difference? Don't you see that a man like that can say things that in some people would be — well, almost questionable — and yet in him they're all right just because he has that indefinable something —"

But I could stand it no longer. "He has that definable something which makes every *man* who knows him distrust him," I began; but I heard her murmuring, "Unconscious jealousy," and I knew that my words would be wasted.

"The truth is, my dear Cynthia," I said in a fatherly tone, but without caring to meet her eye, "you are like all of your

sex, absolutely illogical. A man knows a gentleman when he sees him even if his teeth do grow out of his gums and his hair out of his head. Men are better judges of human nature than women."

"Do you mean to say that you seriously place a man's clumsy reasoning above a woman's delicate intuitions?" Cynthia asked incredulously.

"I do," I responded heartily. We seemed to be on the edge of a bona fide quarrel.

"'Now who shall arbitrate?'" quoth Cynthia. "'Ten men love what I hate.'" When she wishes to annoy me particularly she quotes Browning at me.

"I have decided to submit the question to a Club I know of," I answered grandly. "It is composed of ladies of cultyoor and gentlemen of culch-er." Then, with a sudden stroke of genius, I added, "You have probably never heard of the Club; your invisible antennæ don't reach so far. It's on the other side of the Atlantic."

DOGBERRY IN THE COLLEGE CLASSROOM

NEIGHBOUR DOGBERRY maintained that "to write and read comes by nature" — but everybody knows that he sought to be writ down an ass. Nowadays college classes in rhetoric and literature have their Dogberrys who trust to natural inspiration and whose unconscious humors ought to be "condemned into everlasting redemption." Not long ago there arose in Freshman English some discussion of the Baconian theory. Among other reasons it was suggested that it was improbable that Bacon could have written Shakespeare's plays because Bacon's known works are deficient in humor. A month later, when it was necessary "to examination these men," Dogberry's pen and inkhorn "set down this excommunication:" "Bacon had no sense of humor. If he should come to life now, he would think it no joke to be saddled with the authorship of Shakespeare's plays." It was his classmate, Verges, who turned an

innocent comment on the imperfections of some of the "pirated" quartos into the assertion, "Shakespeare's quartos are practically worthless, as they were mostly written by pirates." Nobody to-day would be rash enough to declare that ignorance of Biblical allusions is confined to any one class of college undergraduates, but it was surely Dogberry who tried to explain Falstaff's phrase, "if to be fat be to be hated then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved," by answering, "I don't know what the 'lean kine' refers to, but faro is a dangerous gambling game." Only the other day another Dogberry, asked to state differences between Byron's story of "The Prisoner of Chillon" and the history of the real Bonnivard, replied, "Byron's prisoner regained complete liberty, but the real Bonnivard was released from prison only to be married four times."

But though Dogberry often proves "the most senseless and fit man" for English Literature, he is perhaps "most desartless" in the field of rhetoric. "Unless we are careful," he once wrote, "Yale's bygone athletic prowess will in the future become a thing of the past." Local tradition has handed down this excerpt from a Freshman theme on "The Decay of Faith:" "And now we are deprived of the hope of a future life, Hell being a myth." Frequently Dogberry's metaphors are as "odorous" as his com-

parisons, as once when he wrote, "Professor Blank's indulgent eye and friendly hand have gained a firm footing in the hearts of all undergraduates."

Familiarity with Dogberry in the classroom may, indeed, at times breed doubt as to the value of college training, but there is ignoble satisfaction in discovering Dogberry's tender burgeons already expanding in the kindly light of the preparatory school. A June college entrance examination that required some discussion of the reasons for terming *The Merchant of Venice* a "tragi-comedy" brought forth these responses: "*The Merchant of Venice* is really a tragedy, for did not Shylock have to become a Christian"? — "Shylock did n't know whether he preferred his daughter or his ducats — that was tragic — if he had preferred his daughter that would have been comic;" — "For whom had Shylock saved his money except for his daughter, and for her to desert him under the circumstances was worse than unnatural — it was a tragedy." But after all, why should not the college instructor turn gratefully from the sometimes too palpable hits of the real wits of his classroom to the bird-bolts of harmless Dogberrys? What matters it if they have committed false report, have spoken untruths, and have verified unjust things! It would be "flat burglary as ever was committed" to conclude that "they are lying knaves."

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EDUCATION AND THE SOCIALISTIC MOVEMENT

BY JOHN BATES CLARK

IN a noteworthy address delivered at Princeton University, President Cleveland expressed the hope that our higher institutions of learning would range themselves like a wall barring the progress of revolutionary doctrines. If one may judge by appearances, this hope has not been realized. There may be a smaller percentage of educated persons than of uneducated ones in the ranks of radical socialism. Those ranks are most readily recruited from the body of ill-paid workingmen; but there are enough highly educated persons in them to prove that socialism and the higher culture are not incompatible; and a question that is well worth asking and, if possible, answering, is, What is likely to be the permanent attitude of a scientific mind toward the claims of thoroughgoing socialism? Will it be generally conservative or the opposite? Will there be an alliance between intelligence and discontented labor — the kind of union that was once cynically called a "coalition of universities and slums"? If so, it will make a formidable party.

It is clear, in the first place, that the scientific habit of thought makes one hospitable to new ideas. A man who cultivates that habit is open to conviction where an ignorant person is not so. He is accustomed to pursue the truth and let the quest lead him where it will. He examines evidence which appears to have force, even although the conclusion to which it leads may be new and unpleasant.

Now, at the very outset of any inquiry about socialism, there appear certain un-

disputed facts which create a *prima facie* case in its favor; and the first of them is the beauty of the ideal which it presents: humanity as one family; men working together as brethren, and enjoying, share and share alike, the fruits of their labor — what could be more attractive? There will be an abundance for every one, and as much for the weak as for the strong; and there will be no cause for envy and repining. There will be fraternity ensured by the absence of subjects of contention. We shall love our brethren because we shall have no great cause to hate them; such is the picture. We raise just here no question as to the possibility of realizing it. It is a *promised* land and not a real one that we are talking about, and for the moment we have given to the socialists *carte blanche* to do the promising. The picture that they hold up before us certainly has traits of beauty. It is good and pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity *and in abundance*.

Again, there is no denying the imperfections of the present system both on its ethical and on its economic side. There is enormous inequality of conditions — want at one extreme and inordinate wealth at another. Many a workingman and his family are a prey to irregular employment and continual anxiety. For such persons what would not a leveling out of inequalities do? To a single capitalist personally a billion dollars would mean palaces, yachts, and a regiment of retainers. It would mean a redoubling of his present profusion of costly decorations, clothing, and furnishings, and it

would mean the exhausting of ingenuity in inventing pleasures, all of which, by a law of human nature, would pall on the man from mere abundance. What would the billionaire lose by parting with ninety-nine one-hundredths of his wealth? With the modest ten millions that would be left he could have every pleasure and advantage that money ought to purchase. What would not the sum he would surrender do for a hundred laborers and their families? It would provide comforts for something like half a million persons. It would give them means of culture and of health, banish the hunger spectre, and cause them to live in mental security and peace. In short, at the cost of practically nothing for one man, the redistribution we have imagined would translate half a million persons to a comfortable and hopeful level of life.

Again, the growth of those corporations to which we give the name of "trusts" has lessened the force of one stock argument against socialism, and added a wholly new argument in its favor. The difficulty of managing colossal enterprises formerly stood in many minds as the chief consideration against nationalization of capital and industry. What man, or what body of men, can possibly be wise and skillful enough to handle such operations? They are now, in some instances, in process of handling them, and those who wish to change the present order tell us that all we have to do is to transfer the ownership of them to the state, and let them continue working as they do at present. We have found men wise enough to manage the trusts, and probably, in most cases, they are honest enough to do so in the interest of the stockholders. On the question of honesty the socialist has the advantage in the argument, for he will tell us that with the private ownership of capital made impossible by law, the temptation to dishonesty is removed. If the socialistic state could be warranted free from "graft," this would constitute the largest single argument in its favor.

It is, indeed, not the same thing to manage a myriad of industries as to manage a single one, because certain nice adjustments have to be made between the several industries, and we shall see what this difficulty signifies; but as we are looking only at *prima facie* claims, we will give to the argument from the existence of trusts all the force that belongs to it.

As the difficulty of nationalizing production has been reduced, the need of it has been increased, for the trusts are becoming partial monopolies, able to raise prices, reduce wages, cheapen raw materials, and make themselves, if they shall go much farther in this line, altogether intolerable. Indeed, the single fact of the presence of private monopoly, and the lack of any obvious and sure plan of successfully dealing with it, has been enough to convert a multitude of intelligent men to the socialistic view.

Here, then, is a list of arguments making an effective case for socialism: the beauty of its ideal, the glaring inequalities of the present system, the reduction of the difficulty of managing great industries through public officials, the growing evils of private monopoly, and the preference for public monopoly as a mode of escape. They captivate a multitude of persons, and it is time carefully to weigh them. It is necessary to decide whether the promises of the socialistic state are to be trusted. Would the ideal materialize? Is it a substantial thing, within reachable distance, or is it a city in the clouds? If it is not wholly away from the earth, is it on the delectable mountains of a remote millennium? Is it as wholly desirable as it at first appears?

There are some considerations which any educated mind should be able to grasp, which reduce the attractiveness of the socialistic ideal itself. Shall we transform humanity into a great band of brethren by abolishing private property? Differences of wealth which now excite envy would, of course, be removed. The temptation to covetousness would be re-

duced, since there would not be much to covet. There would be nothing a man could do with plunder — unless he could emigrate with it. Would “hatred and all uncharitableness” be therefore completely absent, or would they be present in a form that would still make trouble?

Even though there would be no differences of possessions between man and man, there would be great differences in the desirability of different kinds of labor. Some work is safe and some is dangerous. Some is agreeable and some is disagreeable. The artist, the author, the scientist, the explorer, and the inventor take pleasure in their work; and that is not often to be said of the stoker, the grinder of tools, the coal-miner, or the worker in factories where explosives or poisons are made. It is not to be said of any one who has to undergo exhausting labor for long hours. In industries managed by the state there would be no practicable way of avoiding the necessity of assigning men to disagreeable, arduous, unhealthful, or dangerous employments. Selections of men for such fields of labor would in some way have to be made, and those selected for the undesirable tasks would have to be held to them by public authority. Well would it be if the men so consigned, looking upon the more fortunate workers, were not good material for an army of discontent. Well would it be if their discontent were not turned into suspicion of their rulers and charges of favoritism in personal treatment. There would not be, as now, an abstraction called a “system,” on which, as upon the camel’s back, it would be possible to load the prevalent evils. Strong in the affections of the people must be the *personnel* of a government that could survive the discontent which necessary inequalities of treatment would excite. Would the government be likely to be thus strong in popular affection? We may judge as to this if we look at one further peculiarity of it.

The pursuit of wealth now furnishes the outlet for the overmastering ambition

of many persons. In the new state, the desire to rise in the world would have only one main outlet, namely, politics. The work of governing the country, and that of managing its industries, would be merged in one great official body. The contrast between rulers and ruled would be enormously heightened by this concentration of power in the hands of the rulers, and by the further fact that the ruled would never be able, by means of wealth, to acquire an offset for the advantages of office-holding. The desire for public position must therefore be intensified.

There would be some prizes to be gained, in a worthy way, by other kinds of service, such as authorship, invention, and discovery; but the prizes which would appeal to most men would be those of officialdom. Is it in reason to suppose that the method of securing the offices would then be better than it is at present? Would a man, under the new régime, work quietly at his task in the shoe-shop, the bakery, or the mine, waiting for the office to which he aspired to seek him out, or would he try to make terms with other men for mutual assistance in the quest of office? Would rings be less general than they are now? Could there fail to be bosses and political machines? Would the Tammanys of the new order, then, be an improvement on the Tammanys of the old order? To the sober second thought which mental training ought to favor, it appears that the claim of the socialistic state to a peculiar moral excellence brought about by its equality of possessions needs a very thorough sifting.

Without making any dogmatic assertions, we may say that there would certainly have to be machines of some sort for pushing men into public offices, and that these would have very sinister possibilities. They would be opposed by counter machines, made up of men out of office and anxious to get in. “I am able to see,” said Marshal MacMahon, when nearing the end of his brief presi-

dency of the French Republic, "that there are two classes of men, — those who command and those who must obey." If the demarcation were as sharp as that in actual society, and if the great prizes in life were political, brief indeed might be the tenure of place by any one party, and revolutions of more than South American frequency might be the normal state of society. One may look at the ideal which collectivism presents, with no thought of such dangers; but it is the part of intelligence at least to take account of them.

Besides the fact that some would be in office and others out, and that some would be in easy and desirable trades and others in undesirable ones, there would be the further fact that some would live in the city and some in the country, and that the mere localizing of occupations would afford difficulty for the ruling class and be a further cause of possible discontent. But a much more serious test of the capacity of the government would have to be made in another way. Very nice adjustments would have to be made between agriculture on the one hand, and manufactures and commerce on the other; and further adjustments would have to be made between the different branches of each generic division. All this would be done, not automatically as at present, by the action of demand and supply in a market, but by the voluntary acts of officials. Here is the field in which the wisdom of officials would be overtaxed. They might manage the mills of the steel trust, but it would trouble them to say how many men should be employed in that business and how many in every other, and of the men in that generic branch, how many should work in Pittsburgh and how many in the mines of Michigan and Minnesota.

A fine economic classic is the passage in which Bishop Whately describes the difficulty of provisioning the City of London by the action of an official commissariat, and contrasts it with the perfection with which this is now done without

such official control. Individuals, each of whom seeks only to promote his own interest, work in harmony, prevent waste, and secure the city against a lack of any needed element. Far greater would be the contrast between satisfying by public action every want of a nation, and doing this by the present automatic process; and yet crude thought even calls competition "chaotic," and calls on the state to substitute an orderly process. Into that particular error discriminating thought will not readily fall.

Difficulties which a discerning eye perceives, and an undiscerning one neglects, thus affect the conclusion that is reached as to whether a socialistic plan of industry could or could not be made to work. Ignorance does not so much as encounter the real difficulties in the case, but lightly assumes that the plan would work, and is eager to try it. I am not, here and now, claiming that the difficulties cited positively prove that the scheme would not work. Granting now, for the sake of further argument, that it could be made to work, — that on the political side it would proceed smoothly and peaceably, and that on the economic side it would run on no fatal rocks, — would it give a material result worth having?

Here is a chance for a wider range of difference between the conclusions of different minds. There are three specific consequences of the socialistic plan of industry, each of which is at least possible; and a prospect that all of them would occur together would suffice to deter practically every one from adhering to this plan. Estimates of the probability of these evils will vary, but that each one of the three is possible, is not to be denied. Of these results, the first is, on the whole, the gravest. It is the check that socialism might impose on technical progress. At present we see a bewildering succession of inventions transforming the industries of the world. Machine after machine appears in rapid succession, each displacing its predecessor, working for a time and giving way to still better devices.

The power of man over nature increases with amazing rapidity. Even in the relatively simple operations of agriculture, the reaper, the thresher, the seeder, and the gang-plough enable a man to-day to do as much work as could a score of men in the colonial period of American history. In manufacturing, the gain is greater; and in transportation, it is indefinitely greater. The progress goes on without cessation, since the thing which guarantees it is the impulse of self-preservation. An employer *must* improve his mechanism if his rivals do so. He must now and then get ahead of his rivals if he is to make any profit. Conservatism which adheres to the old is self-destruction, and a certain audacity affords the nearest approach to safety. From this it comes about, first, that forward movements are made daily and hourly in some part of the field; and, secondly, that with every forward movement the whole procession must move on to catch up with its new leader.

Now, it is possible to suppose that under socialism an altruistic motive may lead men to make inventions and discoveries. They may work for the good of humanity. The desire for distinction may also impel them to such labors, and non-pecuniary rewards offered by the state may second this desire. The inventive impulse may act even where no reward is in view. Men will differ greatly in their estimates of the amount of progress that can be gained in this way; but the thing that may be affirmed without danger of denial is, that the competitive race absolutely compels progress at a rate that is inspiring rapid, and that there is much uncertainty as to the amount of progress that would be secured where other motives are relied on. Officialdom is generally unfavorable to the adoption of improved devices, even when they are presented; its boards have frequently been the graveyards of inventions, and there is no blinking the uncertainty as to whether a satisfactory rate of improvement could be obtained where the meth-

ods of production should be at the mercy of such boards. The keener the intelligence the more clearly it will perceive the importance of progress, and the immeasurable evil that would follow any check upon it; the more also it will dread every cause of uncertainty as to the maintenance of the present rate of improvement.

An important fact concerning competitive industry is the ease with which new technical methods translate themselves, first into temporary profits for employers, and then into abiding returns for other classes. The man who introduces an efficient machine makes money by the means until his competitors get a similar appliance, after which the profit vanishes. The product of the machine still enriches society, by diffusing itself among the people in the shape of lower prices of goods. The profit from any one such device is bound to be temporary, while the gain that comes from cheap goods is permanent. If we watch some one industry, like shoemaking or cotton-spinning, we find profits appearing and vanishing, and appearing again and vanishing again. If we include in our vision the system as a whole, we find them appearing now in one branch of industry, now in another, and now in still another, shifting forever their places in the system, but always present somewhere. Steel, cotton, wool, machinery, or flour, takes its turn in affording gains to its producer, and these gains constitute the largest source of additions to capital. These natural profits in themselves burden nobody. Not only is there in them no trace of exploitation of labor, but from the very start the influence that yields the profit improves the condition of labor, and in the end labor, as the greatest of all consumers, gets the major benefit.¹

¹ A fuller treatment of this subject would take account of the incidental evils which inventions often cause, by forcing some persons to change their employments, and would show that these evils were once great but are now smaller and destined to diminish.

Now, an important fact is that such profits based on improved technical processes naturally, and almost necessarily, add themselves to capital. The employer wishes to enlarge his business while the profits last — "to make hay while the sun shines." He has no disposition to spend the income which he knows will be transient, but has every disposition to enlarge the scale of his operations and provide a permanent income for the future. Easily, naturally, painlessly, the great accretions of capital come; mainly by advances in technical operations of production.

In the socialistic state all the incomes of the year would be pooled. They would make a composite sum out of which every one's stipend would have to be taken. There would be no special and personal profit for any one. The gains that come from improved technique would not be distinguishable from those that come from other sources. Every one would be a laborer, and every one would get his daily or weekly stipend; and if capital had to be increased, — if the needs of an enlarging business had to be provided for at all, — it could only be done by withholding some part of that stipend. It would be an unwelcome way of making accumulations. It would mean the conscious acceptance by the entire working class of a smaller income than might otherwise be had. If one has heroic confidence in the far-seeing quality and in the generous purpose of the working class, he may perhaps think that it will reconcile itself to this painful self-denial for the benefit of the future; but it is clear that there are large probabilities in the other direction. There is danger that capital would not be thus saved in sufficient quantity, and that, if it were not so, no power on earth could prevent the earning capacity of labor from suffering in consequence. From mere dearth of capital the socialistic state, though it were more progressive than we think, would be in danger of becoming poorer and poorer.

There is another fact concerning the present system which a brief study of economics brings to every one's attention, and which has a very close connection with the outlook for the future of laborers. It is the growth of population. The Malthusian doctrine of population maintains that increased wages are followed by a quick increase in the number of the working-people, and that this brings the wages down to their former level. On its face it appears to say that there is not much hope of permanent gains for labor, and it was this teaching which was chiefly responsible for giving to political economy the nickname of the "dismal science." It is true that the teachings of Malthus contain a proviso whereby it is not impossible under a certain condition that the wages of labor may permanently increase. Something may raise the standard of living more or less permanently, and this fact may nullify the tendency of population to increase unduly. Modern teachings make the utmost of this saving proviso, and show that standards have in fact risen, that families of the well-to-do are smaller than those of empty-handed laborers, and that, with advancing wages based on enlarged producing power, the workers may not see their gains slipping from their hands in the old Malthusian fashion, but may hold them more and more firmly. Progress may cause further progress.

Now, socialism proposes to place families in a condition resembling that in which, in American history, the natural growth has been most rapid, the condition, namely, in which children are maintained without cost to parents, as they were when they lived on farms and were set working at an early age. If this should mean that the old Malthusian law would operate in the socialistic state, the experiment would be hopelessly wrecked. If the state provides for children from their birth to the end of their lives, the particular influence that puts a check on the size of families will be absent. One may not affirm with positive-

ness that the worst form of Malthusianism would actually operate under socialism; nothing but experiment will give certain knowledge in this particular; but what a little discernment makes perfectly certain is, that there would be danger of this.

Quite apart, then, from political uncertainties, three coördinate influences on the purely economic side must be taken full account of by anybody who would intelligently advocate the nationalizing of production. They are: first, the probable check on technical progress; secondly, the difficulty encountered in enlarging capital; and thirdly, the possible impetus to the growth of population. If the first two influences were to work without the other, socialism would mean that we should all slowly grow poor together; and if the third influence were also to operate, we should grow poor very rapidly.

We have not proved, as if by incontestable mathematics, that socialism is not practicable and not desirable. We have cited facts which lead a majority of persons to believe this. The unfavorable possibilities of socialism bulk large in an intelligent view, but positive proof as to what would happen in such a state can come only through actual experience. Some country must turn itself into an experimental laboratory for testing the collective mode of production and distribution, before the world can definitely know what that process would involve. In advance of this test, there is a line of inquiry which yields a more assured conclusion than can any estimate of a state which, as yet, is imaginary. It is the study of the present industrial system and its tendencies. When we guess that the collective management of all production by the state would fail to work, and would lead to poverty even if it succeeded in working, we are met by those who guess it would succeed and lead to general abundance; and they will certainly claim that their guesses are worth as much as ours. As to the tendencies

of the present state, and the outlook they afford, it is possible to know much more. The testimony of facts is positive as to some things, and very convincing as to others.

No one is disposed to deny the dazzling series of technical improvements which the rivalries of the present day ensure. There is not only progress, but a law of progress; not only the productive power that we are gaining, but the force that, if allowed to work, will forever compel us to gain it. There is no assignable limit to the power that man will hereafter acquire over nature. Again and again, in the coming years and centuries, will the wand of inventive genius smite the rock and cause new streams of wealth to gush forth; and, as already said, much of this new wealth will take naturally and easily the form of capital. It will multiply and improve the tools that labor works with; and a fact which science proves is that the laborer, quite apart from the capitalist, thrives by the operation. He gets higher and higher pay as his method of laboring becomes more fruitful. It is as though he were personally bringing for his own use new streams from the rock; and even though this worker were striking a landlord's rock with a capitalist's hammer, the new stream could not fail to come largely to himself.

Mere labor will have increasing power to create wealth, *and to get wealth*, as its methods improve and its tools more and more abound. This will not transform the workingman's whole life in a day — it will not instantly place him where the rubbing of a lamp will make genii his servants, but it will give him to-morrow more than he gets to-day, and the day after to-morrow still more. It will enable his own efforts to raise him surely, steadily, inspiring, toward the condition of which he dreams. It will throw sunshine on the future hills — substantial and reachable hills, though less brilliant than pictured mountains of cloud-land.

Well within the possibilities of a generation or two is the gain that will make the worker comfortable and care-free. Like the village blacksmith, he may "look the whole world in the face" with independence, but with no latent enmity. Manly self-assertion there may be, with no sense of injury. The well-paid laborer may stand before the rich without envy, as the rich will stand before him without pity or condescension. It may be that the condition described by Edward Atkinson, in which it "will not pay to be rich" because of the cares which wealth must bring, may never arrive. It will always be better to have something than to have nothing; but it may, at some time, be better to have relatively little than to have inordinately much; and the worker may be able to come nearer and nearer to the state in which, for him, comforts are plentiful and anxieties are scarce. Amid a vast inequality of mere possessions, there may be less and less of inequality of genuine welfare. Many a man with a modest store may have no wish to change lots with the multimillionaire. For comfortable living, for high thinking, and for the finer traits of humanity, the odds may be in his favor.

In such a state there might easily be realized a stronger democracy than any which a leveling of fortunes would bring. Pulling others down that we may pull ourselves up is not a good initial step in a régime of brotherhood; but raising ourselves and others together is the very best step from the first and throughout. And the fraternity which comes in this way is by far the finer, because of inequality of possessions. If we can love no man truly unless we have as much money as he has, our brotherly spirit is of a very peculiar kind, and the fraternity that would depend on such a leveling would have no virility. It would have the pulpy fibre of a rank weed, while the manlier brotherhood that grows in the midst of inequality has the oaken fibre that endures. The relatively poor we shall have with us, and the inordinately rich as well; but it is in

the power of humanity to project its fraternal bonds across the chasms which such conditions create. Though there be thrones and principalities in our earthly paradise, they will not mar its perfection, but will develop the finer traits of its inhabitants.

This state is the better because it is not cheaply attained. There are difficulties to be surmounted, which we have barely time to mention and no time to discuss. One of the greatest of these is the vanishing of much competition. The eager rivalry in perfecting methods and multiplying products, which is at the basis of our confidence in the future, seems to have here and there given place to monopoly, which always means apathy and stagnation. We have before us a struggle — a successful one, if we rise to the occasion — to keep alive the essential force of competition; and this fact reveals the very practical relation which intelligence sustains to the different proposals for social improvement. It must put us in the way of keeping effective the mainspring of progress — of surmounting those evils which mar the present prospect. Trained intelligence here has its task marked out for it: it must show that monopoly can be effectively attacked, and must point out the way to do it — a far different way from any yet adopted. Our people have the fortunes of themselves, their children, and their children's children, in their own hands. Surely, and even somewhat rapidly, may the gains we have outlined be made to come by united effort guided by intelligent thought.

It requires discernment to estimate progress itself at its true value. John Stuart Mill made the remark that no system could be worse than the present one, if that system did not admit of improvement. This remark could be made of any system. However fair a social state might at the outset appear, it would be essentially bad if it could never change for the better. The society in which efficient methods supplant

inefficient ones, and in which able directors come naturally into control of production, ensures a perpetual survival of excellence, and however low might be the state from which such a course of progress took its start, the society would ultimately excel any stationary one that could be imagined. A Purgatory actuated by the principle which guarantees improvement will surpass, in the end, a Paradise which has not this dynamic quality. For a limited class in our own land — chiefly in the slums of cities — life has too much of the purgatorial quality; for the great body of its inhabitants the condition it affords, though by no means a paradise, is one that would have

seemed so to many a civilization of the past and to many a foreign society of to-day. On its future course it is starting from a high level, and is moved by a powerful force toward an ideal which will some day be a reality, and which is therefore inspiring to look upon, even in the distance.

Like Webster, we may hail the advancing generations and bid them welcome to a land that is fairer than our own, and promises to grow fairer and fairer forever. That this prospect be not imperiled — that the forces that make it a reality be enabled to do their work — is what the men of the future ask of the intelligence of to-day.

IS AN HONEST NEWSPAPER POSSIBLE?

BY A NEW YORK EDITOR

CAN a newspaper tell its readers the plain, unflattering truth and pay its way? All the truth they are entitled to know, that is; for a good many things occur which are none of the public's business, and these a newspaper cannot discuss without grossly infringing private rights. It seems a large statement to make, and six years ago it would not have been true, but there are the most hopeful indications that we have now a sufficient public thirst for truth to guarantee a market for such a newspaper.

A newspaper is a business enterprise. In view of the cost of paper and the size of each issue, tending to grow larger, every copy is printed at a loss. A one-cent newspaper costs six mills for paper alone. In other words, the newspaper cannot live without its advertisers. It would be unfair to say that there are no independent journals in the United States; there are many; but it must always be remembered that the advertisers exercise an enormous power which only

the very strongest can refuse to recognize.

If a newspaper has such a circulation that complete publicity can be secured only by advertising in its columns, whatever its editorial policy may be, the question is solved. Nevertheless, within the past three years the department stores have combined to modify the policy of at least three New York daily newspapers. One of the most extreme and professedly independent of these newspapers, always taking the noisiest and most popular line, with the utmost expressed deference to labor unions, withdrew its attack upon the traction companies during the time of the Subway strike, on the threatened loss of its department-store advertising. It has never dared to criticise such a store for dismissing employees who attempted to form a union. In other words, this paper is not independent, and in the last analysis is governed by its advertisers.

But suppose a paper with an exhaust-

ive news-service, which should publish editorials sound economically, attractive in form, easily read and understood by the man in the street, treating all classes fairly, with always a single eye on that true liberty which can be secured only by eternal vigilance. A glance at some half-dozen representative daily papers of New York will illustrate what is wanted, by the mere process of elimination; while the comparison will broaden the point of view. It should always be premised that a newspaper possesses a soul of its own, something more than the aggregate result of all the work of all the men who work on its staff. The paper's tradition alone will modify the product of any man who writes for it, save only one whose personality is so dominant as to give the paper something of his own character, like Greeley with the *Tribune*, or Bowles with the *Springfield Republican*.

A typical New York newspaper, taken from a number lying before me as I write, has at least the potentiality of being a very good morning daily. Its foreign news is exceptionally ample, and apparently well handled at the sending end. It is, however, very badly edited, giving every indication that the news here is consigned to the hands of some one who has not had the indispensable preparation of residence and work abroad. There is obvious inability to translate European thought into American terms. The home news is fairly well handled, but not better than that of the paper's competitors. The editorial policy is eminently fair. It is considerate to adversaries, chary of personalities, and evidently inspired by definite and fairly sound economic principles. What is lacking, both in the news and editorial departments, is the note of authority. The main editorials and the feeble financial article are all futile argument. They might do tolerably well if there were some single directing mind to coördinate each separate editorial writer's work, but apparently there is nothing of the

kind. The consequence is that the editorials, like the foreign cables, look as if they had been put in with a shovel. The editorials have one distinct merit, however, which will be worth considering further on. They are mercifully short.

Another specimen, which may be pronounced without hesitation by far the most interesting of the morning dailies, bristles with accreted peculiarities of its own. The news is handled with the single idea of making it thoroughly readable, and, moreover, readable by exacting critics. Some of the reporting is of a very high quality indeed. The reader lays down the paper with an almost guilty feeling that he has wasted his time over a column and a half of brilliant nonsense about an event with a news-value of ten lines. The most striking vice of the editorials at first glance is that they are altogether too long. This remark applies to the financial article, good as it is, and carrying, as the rest of the paper does, the indispensable note of authority. The paper unfortunately mars itself by its persistence in a bad tradition. It has acquired enmities throughout its existence, and apparently when once acquired these are never for a moment forgotten. Most public men require the personal method at some time in their career, but this treatment should be done in the interest of the public question in hand, and not weakened by any trace of personal malice. The example before us, however, cannot speak of any one of scores of public men without a sneer. The result is a cheaply cynical tone, much beneath the dignity of a newspaper which, from a literary point of view, is inferior to few published in the English language. One consequence of this prejudice is that the just suffer with the unjust. The reformer, who is often a humbug and usually a bore, is condemned unheard because some of his kind are always in line for the pillory.

In point of honesty of purpose and high ideal, one of the evening newspapers occupies a position of its own. It is

most conscientiously edited, and appeals strongly to what unfortunately must ever be a limited intellectual class. Its contributors take their work very seriously, which is as it should be. They take themselves very seriously also, which is bad policy anywhere, and almost suicidal in a city where the sense of humor has become a vice. Nevertheless the economics and ethics of the editorial page are admirable. Here again the editorials are too long, while the tendency to preach is frequently apparent. It is not an unnatural result, but it is scarcely calculated to sell the newspaper.

Fortunately the machine newspaper is passing out of existence, and the one specimen left lives upon its once great reputation. Its home news is not badly done, and is often presented in a more readable way than that of some of its competitors. Its foreign correspondence is sometimes above the usual news-service of that kind, is attractively written, and up to a very fair standard of news-value. Its editorial page is simply the endorsement of the policy of one party machine. There is not an editorial in it from year's end to year's end which anybody would feel obliged to read. There is, moreover, the vice of taking a column or more to present an attenuated thought in a commonplace fashion. The still graver sin is the presence in the news columns of matter which would only appear among the advertisements of an independent newspaper, if it appeared at all. The financial page is beneath contempt.

Much more dangerous, because much more widely read, is the last remaining specimen of uncompromising "yellow." Its news is extremely poor. It consists of the bare Associated Press service warmed up into cheaply sensational forms; with a minimum of special reporting, presented with the maximum of splash. Noisy methods in fact are used to such an extent that the thing becomes one continuous shriek. Every item of news is accompanied by its own

yell, with such a resultant confusion of noise that nothing really makes itself heard. The editorials are occasionally able, and almost always utterly without scruple or principle. The appeal to class hatred, the anti-British sentiment of the Irish, the anti-capitalist sentiment of the labor-unionist, the hatred of the orderly administration of justice, always latent in the ignorant and discontented, all these are used in a way which would disgrace the most rabid Parisian political journal, without a tithe of the French paper's literary merit. The comic department is made much of, and the cartoons, while quite as unscrupulous as the rest of the paper, are often true and constantly amusing.

That such a condition as this is not hopeless is shown by the career of a morning issue formerly of the same yellow type, but now in a very fair way to reform. Its news is really well handled, and is moreover condensed without losing its readable qualities. The editorials also come nearer the ideal than those of other newspapers of a more pretentious character. There has been a tendency to lengthen them lately, which is to be regretted, and the editorial attitude on Wall Street is not merely a serious mistake in policy, but shows an abounding ignorance of economics in which only the proprietor of the paper could possibly afford to indulge. Still the production as a whole is good, and in a fair way to become better.

A last example is also the best-handled business proposition in the New York newspaper group. The one object in fact is to sell the paper. The news is displayed to considerable advantage. It is collected with expenditure and enterprise. The shipping news is unequaled anywhere. The whole is set out in a form which the most ignorant can understand, and it has some qualities occasionally which are by no means despicable. It is in the editing that the chief vice lies. The whole paper is an appeal to an essentially ignorant class, because that class will

buy more papers and will consequently warrant more advertising. This is the respectable competitor of the yellow journal. It writes down to the level of self-satisfied ignorance, deliberately and for the money in it. Its editorial page is a flabby, popularity-hunting appeal, without conviction or dignity. The editorials are not worth the name. They convey the impression that the writer is trying to say exactly what he has been told to say, irrespective of his own beliefs, and is moreover so afraid of breaking his instructions that he does not dare even to use vigorous English. It need hardly be said that the paper will cater to any fad likely to secure popularity, while posing always as the ideal family newspaper. There has been a compulsory alignment to decency in the advertising department lately, but some of the advertisements, notably those of swindling stock-tipsters, are a disgrace to a self-respecting newspaper.

What is the broad lesson to be drawn from these concrete examples? What is the one general deduction from all these particulars? It is that no newspaper of the New York group (and we have taken the half-dozen with any pretense to wide popular appeal) unites the two indispensable qualities of popularity and authority. Here we have heard at least one voice crying in the wilderness, one smothered under a blanket of self-conscious rectitude, one choked with childish spite and petulance, one crying out an old man's perversity, and two crying a message from the devil or no message at all. But our newspaper must have real technical merit. It must make itself widely heard. It must speak as one with authority, putting certain axiomatic principles of economics and morals as assumed and sealed, written forever on the two tables of stone.

The newspaper-reading public is largely of newspaper creation. People read the newspaper for what they expect to find in it. Even up to the time of the life-insurance revelations, everybody was

fairly contented with the editorial certainty that we were the wisest, richest, most powerful, most intelligent, most prosperous, best governed, and greatest people on the face of the earth. Provided the national vanity was tickled, and the occasional absolutely necessary pill was sugar-coated, public opinion was satisfied.

It is exactly this sort of stuff which has made the present problem so important and so difficult. Except for obvious party purposes, it is only recently that newspapers have begun to point out the extreme extravagance and incompetence of our triple form of government, municipal, state, and federal. Our inability to enforce the laws we make is only a little less ridiculous than some of the laws themselves. We have begun to find this out, and at present the wisest, richest, *et cetera*, is engaged in the dignified occupation of thumping the table because it has bumped its childish head against it.

There is nothing which is not instantly and statistically demonstrable in the statement, that, so far as the great majority of our voting population is concerned, the only teacher in America to-day is the newspaper. In our census returns, something like sixty per cent of the population makes no statement as to its religious opinions, or denies the possession of them altogether. The average man is in fact not a regular attendant at church, and certainly not in such degree that he can depend upon his religious instructors for guidance in right principles.

What our colleges are asked to do is to turn out young men who can start out to earn money as soon as possible. We lack leisure for that refined and satisfying scholarship to which we owe most of what is best in our literature. A glance at the ethics of our legal profession, at its endless abuses, its premium on dishonesty, and its hopeless inefficiency in the respect which makes delay a denial of justice, will disclose the object of a great part of our so-called higher educa-

tion. We demand something "practical" from our colleges, and we translate the word in the universal term of dollars and cents.

And yet we have a people to deal with who are thirsting for the truth. Any man with a message can obtain a hearing. It is not the people's fault if he is often more ignorant than they are, and merely a little noisier. They want to learn. They can be approached in mass in various ways. One way is the public meeting. Another is the popular newspaper.

I say popular advisedly, because we live in a country where we decide all questions, however abstruse and technical, by counting noses. It is our constitutional privilege, and if we have adopted a system which regards the nose as more important than the brain behind it, the only problem is how to make the best of our materials. We have to remember that we are dealing with a voting population which, in the fundamentals of logical reasoning, knowledge of constitutional law, and strict training in ethics, is about as ignorant as could well be imagined in a country with any compulsory system of education at all.

This is of course an extremely unpopular thing to say, and often the newspaper editor, instead of saying it, must content himself with paying general compliments. If his proprietors do not choose to face facts, he does his full duty in avoiding friction.

In the past ten years nature has blessed our soil abundantly. We have won the cheap glory of the Spanish war. We have seen an enormous increase in opportunities for investment, and especially in speculative projects. Up to the last few months we have had excellent wages, with regular work made possible in almost all callings. These, and many other considerations like them, have tended to develop the worst and most dangerous case of national swelled head known in history.

The reasoning that because something happened first it was the cause of what

happened afterwards, is used with cumulative effect in giving us a good conceit of ourselves. It is superficially good editorial policy to ascribe all our blessings to the result of our combined wisdom and common sense. We are therefore told, with a frequency which is becoming almost cloying, that we licked the Spanish because such wonderful people as we are could lick anybody. In the same diplomatically shallow way, we are told that our wasteful methods of exacting everything from the soil and putting as little as possible back, are wise, in view of the illimitable resources of a country which we have not only inhabited but, presumably, created.

Short-sighted friends of the editor warn him not to tell the people the truth about themselves. The American people are sensitive to criticism. If an intelligent foreigner comes here, the first thing we ask him is what he thinks of America. We ask for a criticism, but we want and expect a compliment. If he does not at once give us more of the windy diet we are accustomed to, we say what we think of him. We draw the just inference that he is jealous of our superior merits. We even make our one unanswerable, but ill-bred, retort to a criticism we have asked for: we say that if he thinks there is anything better elsewhere, he had better return to his own country.

And yet the people want to be told the truth, and God knows they never needed it so much. We may accuse certain magazines of muck-raking. It is a popular phrase with a large number of people who never heard of the second part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*; who think the Man with the Muck-rake appears in the first part, and who do not know in the least what the parable signifies. And yet, with all their excesses, these magazines are doing very tangible good. They are not shouting for mob rule; they are asking for the enforcement of the law. We have carried disobedience to law, civil, criminal, religious, and moral, to a fine point of perfection.

Yet we must not tell the every-day American citizen that he is alternately hysterical and criminally indifferent. One of his teachers out in Oregon proposes that there should be a "referendum," or popular vote, as a last appeal from the decisions of the highest courts in the country. This is to say that, after a question has been decided by the trained jurist, weighing the most delicate points of equity, constitutionality, common law, and abstract justice, there must be an appeal to a voting mob, not one member of which would be fitted to pass upon the case at all. The reasoning is logical. Public opinion can settle simple little questions like national currency or banking. Why not leave matters of this kind in the same safe hands? It is the expedient of a well-known cycle of newspapers published from New York, in San Francisco, Chicago, and elsewhere. The man whose opinion would not be taken on the problem of whitewashing his neighbor's back fence is told inferentially what a clever fellow he is, and how adequate is his intelligence for the settlement of every question, however difficult.

One most important gain up the line of intelligence and independence in the past ten years has been so broad that it almost escapes notice. The newspapers are largely responsible, but as the process has been to some extent unconscious, they need not receive too much credit. Less than ten years ago, what was called "party regularity" was the standard for voters. Exceptions were called mugwumps, sore-heads, cranks, and anything else, to indicate a person who arrogantly persisted in doing his own thinking. The ideal in fact was the voter who "cast his first vote for Lincoln" and had voted the straight Republican ticket, irrespective of its composition, in every election, federal, state, and municipal, since 1860. It was the Democrat with a like idea of his responsibilities as a citizen who did more to establish Tammany Hall than all the floaters who ever colonized the East Side.

Of course such a voter was exactly what the corrupt party boss wanted, but it is only in the past decade that teaching has borne fruit in those great protectors of the public pocket, the independent newspaper and the split ballot. It might almost be said that, where party regularity was the rule, there is now but one out-and-out machine newspaper remaining in New York. The rest are no doubt broadly of one camp or another. But there are plenty of Republicans the *Press* does not like, and it says so; and the *Times* does not hesitate to tell its readers to vote for Hughes in preference to an undesirable Democrat.

Here is an admirable evidence of the public demand for the truth, and of the growth of that demand in the past few years. No doubt the exposures in the magazines have helped, but it is the independent voter who is killing the bosses. They are paralyzed when they are no longer in a position to "deliver the goods." The old "party-regularity" voter ensured that one boss or the other would stay in power. After that, it was only a matter of a simple and corrupt deal between the two bosses.

It should be plain that what the public wants is an independent newspaper. The reader will tolerate, and like, any amount of teaching tactfully and modestly offered. He will not be preached at or bullied. It is really rather a matter of directing public thought up right lines than of indicating new and experimental policies. The newspaper, indeed, should be critical rather than constructive. Our constitution provides for three distinct functions of government, — legislative, judicial, and executive; and it is the duty of what is correctly called, in England, the fourth estate of the realm, to provide the fourth necessity, healthy criticism for all three.

It follows that a newspaper may criticize a verdict or a decision of the courts, but must not meddle with the proper and lawful handling of a case on trial. In this respect nothing could do more good

than a term of imprisonment for the next editor who constitutes his readers a jury on a criminal case pending before the courts, and publishes their verdict on his paper's evidence. Can one imagine anything that would more surely defeat the ends of justice? In the same way, the newspaper should watch where corrupt legislation can be defeated, in order to drag it out into that dry light where the air is always too strong for its lungs. The legislators must do the rest, and it is the business of the newspaper to hold them to their duty.

In like manner, the fullest publicity is one of the most valuable checks upon the acts of any executive officer. We know that the balance was most delicately adjusted by the framers of the Constitution, and in this department there is a continual tendency to usurp the functions of the other two. Nothing could be better for political morals than the way in which newspapers have emphasized the correct attitude of Governor Hughes in confining himself strictly to his business, holding the other departments of our constitu-

tional government strictly responsible for theirs.

Here, then, is what the public wants: a newspaper which treats its reader not as a child or a sage, neither as a hero nor as a fool, but as a person of natural good instincts and average intelligence, amenable to reason, and one to be taught tactfully to stand upon his own feet, rather than to take his principles ready-made from his teacher. What an ideal! A paper which gives the senator and the shop-girl what they both want to read and are the better for reading. A comic cut, if its moral lesson is true, is an editorial with the blessing of God.

Only millionaires can start newspapers. It is perhaps the best of all ways to avoid dying rich. It should be possible, however, to take a newspaper of standing, and remodel it gradually up these lines. The market for excellence is inexhaustible, and this country is plainly beginning to see the sterling market-value of common honesty. Allied with brains and common sense, it is the mainspring of moral progress.

CHICAGO SPIDERS

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

BEING a spider in Chicago is a very unsatisfactory vocation. In the evening, when it is time to take down the old web and put up the new, a spider will gather a section into a ball or skein that is positively black, and kick it out behind him into the street below as if he were disgusted with such a grimy mess. It is so bulky with dirt that a small piece of web makes a large armful for him. And after the new one has been spread for an hour or two, its sticky filaments are so coated with particles of atmosphere that it will hardly catch anything else. Only by going through a sort of jumping-jack per-

formance can a Chicago spider manage to make a fly stick.

Whether a country spider, with a whole garden fence at his disposal, takes down his old web, I do not know, though it would seem that there he could, by merely moving a foot or two, save himself all the work; but in Chicago, where corner locations are the most valuable, — especially the corners of windows where house flies long to enter, — and where each corner is preëmpted by a particular spider, the taking down of the old web is necessary to the greatest daily profit. It pays better than to move.

A Chicago spider can take down a web and put up another in about twenty minutes — and from this I am anxious to have the reader infer that the daily presence of a great number of them does not mean a neglected window. If any one thinks his household guiltless in this regard, let him observe his own window closely. I daresay he will find this story sumptuously illustrated.

Before I was laid on a bed by a window and tied down as firmly as any Gulliver by Chicago pygmies, most of whom belonged to the tribe of Typhus, I would have considered it poor employment for any man to enter into the affairs of creatures so much smaller than himself. But they did shrewd things before my eyes every day, and when I began to understand, I became interested; and thus, for three weeks, I found myself bound out to the trade.

It was the jumping-jack trick that I first discovered and appreciated. The spider, sitting patiently at the focus of his elastic wheel with all legs on the lines, is in telegraphic communication with every part of it; and now let a fly so much as flutter a filament, and the spider jumps up and down as if he were trying to shake the whole structure from its moorings. This bounces the fly till he has his feet solidly on the line, and perhaps tangled in other lines. After taking this precaution, the spider, if he has been lucky, runs out and ties up his victim in the usual bundle, ready to carry. He does up a fly like a turkey trussed and ready for the table.

To one who has had a motionless and half-forgotten spider in his eye for an hour or so, this sudden exhibition of vigor in jumping up and down is startling. He does it as if he were in a great fit of temper. From this practice it is evident that he cannot depend upon the web alone to catch the prey, and hold it long enough for him to get out to it. The web is not merely a stationary snare, like a tree with birdlime on it, but a contrivance that may be operated personally by

the spider as a trap. The structure, being elastic, works up and down when he jumps, so that each row of lines traverses at least the distance between it and the next row of lines. Thus, despite the open spaces between them, he is virtually in possession of the whole plane of space, for anything with air-disturbing wings can hardly pass through it without sending in an alarm and being caught. All spiders, I suppose, know this trick of the trade; but a Chicago spider must stick to his post and practice it in every case. If he did not, his daily catch would be all soot and no flies.

The same spiders did not occupy the window throughout the three weeks; but with the exception of one red spider who came along and seemed very doubtful about setting to work, they were all of one kind, big and little. This auburn-hued spider was more slender and shapely — not so fat and commercial-looking as the others. There were little spiders who spun little webs of such fineness that they were visible only when the sun fell just right on the glinting new gossamer; and for over a week a very big fellow, with a yellow hieroglyph on him like gold bullion on the back of a priest, held sway in webs a foot across. He sat with his back toward the room, whereas most of them made a practice of keeping their under sides toward the window. In this, there seems to be a difference in practice; but all of them sit upside down — head downwards — invariably.

I discovered, to my own satisfaction at least, why a spider sits in his web upside down. A spider has eight legs, besides a very short pair in front which are more like arms; but in truth a spider's legs are all fingers, and he needs as many as possible to handle his prey. Were he to support himself right-side-up in grappling with a victim, it would require four of the legs merely to hold him in that position, for he would have to grasp more than one thread; but he can hang head-downwards with only the one hind pair of legs, and

have all the rest free to handle the prey before him. His hind pair of legs extend almost straight behind him for the purpose of being his sole support in such cases; and because he is built in this way, in order to cope successfully with other insects, the upside-down attitude is his easiest way of staying on watch. It is his most restful position.

One of the big spiders was one day surprised by a chrysalis that fell down from some place into his web. It turned out to be a very windfall of fortune, for the luscious larva was quite to his taste. At least, he examined it thoroughly, and kept it, as if he were satisfied with what he found inside of the cocoon. It was almost as long as himself, and he showed great dexterity in turning it about and examining it in all positions with his six free legs, holding it before him as he hung head-downwards. A spider can handle himself in all positions with equal facility, and when he is surprised he will suddenly turn head-upward as he surveys the web, and keep that position for a while. But when all is quiet on the Potomac, he turns upside-down again and takes his ease.

I read in a book review that the male spider is said to dance in order to please his inamorata. I have seen such a performance, and would describe it as follows. One of the spiders retreats backward an inch or two from the other; he pauses there a moment and advances; and, when the two are face to face, they go through certain antics, both of them, with their front legs. It is exactly as if one were to interlock his fingers loosely and then twiddle them. After this twiddling of legs, the visitor backs up, pauses, and comes forward again; and they will keep up this performance for quite a while. Whether this is flirtation I do not know; much less do I understand the code. And whether it is dancing or not depends upon — the figure of speech.

These spiders, according to the dictionary, are geometrical or garden spiders; VOL. 102 — NO. 4

but the ones with whom I was personally acquainted saw nothing more verdant than a rubber plant and one smoke-blasted tree. This ailing tree was the only survivor in those parts, and so its twiggery had to accommodate the sparrows of a large territory every evening; it was little more than a community perch or convention tree, and it had more sparrows on it than leaves. Regularly they would come home to Bedlam at night, and they would seem much excited over the return to nature. As to the spiders, they were garden spiders in the sense that Chicago is the Garden City.

Before proceeding further, I must explain that this comment on the secrets of the craft is merely by way of introducing the reader to a particular spider, who had an admirable adventure. I shall come to him later on. I should confess that I do not know spiders anatomically or microscopically, but only personally: — I know only that about a spider which he knows himself, namely, his trade. This, I think, is worth describing, step by step.

It will be best to take a Chicago spider who is building in the upper corner of a window, for here is a set of conditions which are uniform throughout the country, and which every one is familiar with. The spider, having found this unoccupied place, walks on the window-frame away from the corner and stops at the right distance for the size of his web, which depends upon the size of the spider. The corner of the window-frame offers the foundation, or outline, for two sides of his web; but he must himself complete the circumference within which to spread his work. Now, a line stretched from where he stands, on the top frame, to a point on the side frame, will give him a triangle; and he must project this line transversely through the air.

This is easily done. Pressing the end of the line to the window-frame, he takes hold of it with one hind leg and runs along with it to the corner, spinning it out as he goes; and he holds the line out with

his hind leg like a boy flying a kite. He must hold it well out and keep it taut, for it must not touch the wood anywhere along its length. Having reached the corner, he turns and runs down the side frame; and now it is as if the kite were going up in the air. As he runs downward from the corner, paying out the line, it opens, fanwise, from the upper frame; and when it has formed the triangle he stops and fastens that end.

This is to be his main cable which must, on that side, support the ends of all the lines. And these inner lines are to be stretched with considerable tension. For such a heavy strain the single strand is not enough, so he now runs back and forth along its length and keeps paying out till he has augmented it with several plies of filament — a cable. It is now strong enough, but as the tension on it is to be sidewise it is not rigid enough; it would bow inwards as he stretched the web from it, and so it needs a few small guy-lines, or stays, to brace it. These stays he fastens farther out on the wood, or to points on the glass itself. He could, in fact, as far as his abilities are concerned, fasten every line of his web to the glass; but the wind would blow it against the pane and interfere with its workings. Therefore he makes the cable to stretch it to, a little distance from the window.

The outline or foundation is now done. Inside this triangular circumference he has now to make the spokes of his wheel before stretching upon them the circular lines. In like manner as he put up the main cable, he runs a single line across this triangular space, about the middle of it. Having this line stretched, he climbs to the middle of it and there stops, for this is to be the centre of his wheel. In stretching this diametrical line he has really made two spokes at one operation; but now he must pursue a different method, making one spoke at a time. If he were to try to keep up this way of making two spokes at a time, fastening a line at one side and running around the circumfer-

ence to the opposite side to fasten it there, his line would become entangled with the one stretched before; it would stick, and he could not raise the new line to the middle of the other where it ought to cross. Therefore he must now work from the middle outwards, stretching one spoke at a time. He fastens the end of the spoke he is about to spin to the middle of this diametrical line, takes this new line in his hind leg in order to hold it free of the other as he climbs it, and thus he gets the spoke to the window-frame. Then he proceeds with it along the window-frame a short distance, the second line opening out, fanwise, from the first; and when it has opened to the proper angle he fastens it down to the wood. He then descends the new one and repeats the operation; and so he keeps on, always using the one he stretched last to return upon and bring out another, and always holding the new line clear and taut as he pays it out, exactly like a boy flying a kite. It must not touch and tangle. And, like the boy, he runs along at a good gait as if he had no time to lose.

By this simple method, the spokes are all put in; and it is very easy according to his system. It is worth considering, however, that he is always very fortunate in coming out so nearly uniform in the spacing of his spokes, — and this in an irregular triangle upon which the spokes must fall at all sorts of distances in order to be equally spaced. He seems to be an expert in division. But it is not the *outside* of his space that he can measure off in an automatic way, for there the distances are not uniform. I think he must accomplish it all by watching the new line open fanwise from the middle, and so I regard him as a sort of surveyor with a good eye for angles. The wheel part is now done, and he has to weave on it the circling strands.

He takes his place at the middle of the wheel, and keeping his head always toward the centre, he steps sidewise from spoke to spoke, fastening the thread to a

spoke, drawing it across to the next one at the right tension, dabbing it down to fasten it, and so on, round and round. And he works with considerable speed.

But this mode of operation cannot be kept up to the end. When he has worked out a short distance from the centre, the radiating spokes are too far apart for him to straddle across. Here he changes the method. Instead of straddling across, he goes out on a single spoke, fastens his thread to it, comes in and crosses to the next spoke by means of the line that he stretched on his last trip around. He then goes out on the next spoke, carrying the line in his hind leg, and fastens it, — and he always handles it with his leg, so that there is no surplus spun out, and it has the right tension. Thus he continues till his wheel is big enough, always using his last circle as a bridge from spoke to spoke as he adds the next surrounding circle. This part, when done, is really a spiral.

The garden spider, in making a web that fulfills the ideal, puts in this spiral I have just described with the lines very far apart — very open. He then starts at the circumference and fills it in finer, working round and round toward the middle. This first spiral may be considered his scaffold. As we see, it was constructed under certain drawbacks; but now that he has so much put in coarsely, he can walk round and round with more footing, and work with less trouble.

When the web seems finished, one thing yet remains to be done. Where the spokes have each been fastened to the centre, there is a mass of fibre, the tag-ends of the whole job, which would be in his way as he sat in the middle of the web. He takes this out neatly, leaving a hole. Had he taken this out before the spiral was put on, the whole wheel would, of course, have collapsed. He throws the fibre into the street below, and takes his place over the hole with his legs holding the lines around him; and now it is time for Providence to send a fly.

The spider does his work behind his

back, as it were; he cannot see what he is doing; and yet in certain of his operations he must make strokes that are instantly accurate and "to the point." This would call for some miraculous knowledge of location — which he has not; and his way of meeting the problem is interesting. In that division of his work, which consists in stretching the cable and spokes, his problem is simple; it is merely the fastening of sticky threads to the window-frame, a surface which is firm and flat. As it is flat, he does not need to strike a fine particular point on it; and as it is perfectly stable, he simply presses the line down firmly behind him as it comes from his spinneret. But in stretching the spiral from spoke to spoke of the web itself, he must strike a certain point on his line against a particular point on the web, in order to have the right tension; he must unite them firmly at that point and do it at a dab. It is a fine point to find; and to do such work behind him, against a yielding, air-blown filament, is quite a different matter from pressing his line to a flat, firm surface. He proceeds, accordingly, on the same principle, but takes it another way about. Instead of merely dabbing down the line he is spinning, he seizes with a hind leg the line *to which* he wishes to make a fastening and presses that against a particular part of *himself*; that is, he raises the spoke and touches it firmly to the point where the new line is spinning out. Thus the spiral is put in. The whole extraneous difficulty is transmuted into a mere matter of self-knowledge — like finding one's mouth in the dark.

During this part of the work he does not need to use one leg to prevent entanglement, the parallel spans being shorter and more widely separate from the beginning; and it is lucky for him that he can now spare that member, for in the operations of putting in the spiral his multitude of legs are busy indeed. One is seizing the spoke and dabbing it to his spinneret; one is pressing on the new-spun line, as if to regulate the ten-

sion; the others are stepping about lively in order to accommodate his body to the advancing work — and altogether it is as rapid and unobservable as the flight of knitting-needles. But once it is caught by the eye, the mystery of his accuracy is small, and its ingenuity is great. But the very fact that he has to descend to mere ingenuity, in lieu of instinct, which can perform miracles, presents him to us as a humble spinner, and human. I think it is a person of little promise who can look through his web and not find that this display of window-work, spread out between us and the universe, is a sort of trap for the mind, tending to keep it within bounds.

The large spiders, so far as I have observed, are the most careless workmen. In some of their webs the geometrical design could hardly be perceived were it not for the radiating spokes; and these are not straight, but drawn to this side and that by the connecting lines. And these lines, that ought to be the spiral, have been put in any way at all, as if one at a time, here and there; and moreover they have been put in loosely and then tightened to the spoke with other little guy-lines, so that they have the shape of a Y. The web seems to be not only patched, but all patchwork from the start. It has the wheel shape in it, however, and the same principles are employed throughout; in fact, there is more individuality and a greater display of mechanical science in such a web than in one that conforms to the ideal. It takes a better mechanic to patch a job than to follow specifications to a successful conclusion. The little spiders do the most perfect work, strikingly geometrical, with the lines of the spiral exactly parallel. I once picked from a bush a withered leaf that had curled up at the end, and in this space, smaller in extent than a quarter of a dollar, was a spider's web perfect in every detail.

Other webs would differ from this window-web; but the difference would not be in the web proper so much as in the

outrigging or foundation for it. In truth, the most interesting part of a spider's work is not in the geometrical part that excites our first wonder, but in his ways of devising the irregular circumference, the making use of vantage points, the solving of problems peculiar to each set of surroundings. Here is individual work, separate planning to suit each case, the application of principles rather than automatic and uniform procedure — the work of a mechanic.

The opportunities for studying nature in a "flat" are growing every day. The renaissance of colonial architecture, with the small window panes, allows the spiders to cultivate the whole field of glass. A spider soon learns all about glass; a fly never. The spider works with it familiarly; he even uses its surface to moor the stays of his cable; but the fly buzzes and butts his head against it, utterly unable to learn that the invisible can have existence. The invention of glass was a godsend to spiders, and a sorry thing for flies.

There is much more to the trade of building a web, but so technical in detail that it would have to be considered at much length in order to arrive at the ultimate mechanical reasons (something I have yet to see done in nature study). A thing superficially perceived or half explained might as well not be explained at all. Much "nature study" consists in these mere semblances of explanations — incomplete perceptions. The most profitable work in this line, I think, would be the work of the skilled mechanic, rather than the poetic "nature student" or the mere microscopic observer; for this shrewd stealing of secrets, both by observation and basic reasoning, has been his lifelong attitude in filching his own trade from others, as well as from nature. And as to the writing of it, the simple and luminous expression of such things calls for the very highest and completest set of mental faculties. Contrary to the popular notion, the creation of so-called "atmospheric" impres-

sion in literature is much easier, and of a lower order of intellect, than to convey in familiar words exactly what was done, and why. This also takes imagination.

But, as I have said, it was not my intention, in writing this, to record all that I learned of the trade so far as I advanced, but rather to make public a tragedy-comedy that was enacted in spider life. To recount all that I observed would be robbing the reader of his privilege of discovering things for himself, — even denying him the right to look out of his own window, — which is one of the things I protest against. I have told this much because it was necessary thus to introduce, in their proper persons, the two characters of the play.

It was drawing on toward evening. The day had been — simply another day; a wilderness of roofs in a soft-coal mist, a turbid patch of sky, and the people below moving monotonously past like cattle in a canyon. The street near by became darker with the stream of people hurrying home from store and factory; Chicago had let out. The worn-out tree was receiving back the sparrows, and every twig was a perch. I was tired of all this; there was nothing interesting about it; and so from trying to see something out of the window I turned again to look at it, for it was time for the spiders to go to work.

The corner nearest me, which had to be renovated of its dusty and damaged web, belonged to a medium-sized spider; and promptly he came forth to the work. Another corner was held — I cannot say occupied — by a set of legs on a very old web. A spider, with all his skill in taking down a web, moves away and leaves his dirt behind him. Not only this, but he has a habit, when he has his new set of legs, of leaving the old ones on the web; and there they remain, occupying the position that he last held. They do not come off him singly, but in a complete set, like a truck that has been removed from a car. And it is wonderful how long a web will withstand the weather and bear

this grisly semblance of a spider with each leg set on a line. This particular set of sere and yellowish legs danced in every breeze, and seemed even more active than when they had a spider to operate them. I often wished that some enterprising spider would come along and take it all down; but none ever did. From watching to see whether this would happen, I turned my attention to the medium-sized spider as he cleared his space. Finally, he had his old web all down and disposed of; and the new one was put up with "neatness and dispatch."

When the web was seemingly done, the spider spent a little while on the window-frame among his guy-lines — possibly making things still more taut. There now appeared suddenly on the top of the frame, at the opposite corner of the web, a big able-bodied spider. He was much larger than the other — let us call them David and Goliath. He stopped short at the edge of the web as if pausing to look across at the owner and make up his mind. The other spider stopped work suddenly, as if looking back at him. I immediately suspected that here was a situation, and so I watched closely; there seemed to be spider-thinking going on. The big spider stepped deliberately on the web, and then, with a sudden dash, went out on it. He had no more than reached the middle when he was snapped back to where he came from, and thrown against the upper frame of the window as if he had been shot from a rubber sling — and the web was gone. In that instant, the smaller spider had cut the main cable. David's elastic sling had not only thrown Goliath back where he belonged, but had knocked him against the frame and slapped him in the face for his impudence.

The big spider, we can only conclude, meant harm — either robbery or bodily injury — and the other spider knew it. But this does not explain what we like always to see in nature — an object in everything. What was the beneficent object? It was not a provision on the

part of instinct to enable the spider to save its web from the robber, for the web was utterly sacrificed. As to the loss of property, the little spider might just as well have run away and let the big one have it. And as to the little spider saving its life, it might as well have run at once, for a spider can pursue another anywhere, even if there is no web. To me it seemed to be a pure case of "You won't get the best of me." Does Nature, in her wise regard for the needs of all her creatures, make provision for the satisfaction of transcendental justice?

It looked like an original act of thought—the presence of mind of a good mechanic who understands his machine. I have often wondered, on the theory that it might have been a way of saving the smaller spider's life, whether the big spider was injured; and if the

smaller spider had simply run away and left his web, would not the other have been satisfied with it, and not bothered to pursue him? Why this provision of instinct—if it was mere instinct?

I am sorry to say that I was not myself in a condition to look into the physical state of Goliath and see whether he was disabled. I was so taken up with the tragi-comic view, the human phase of it, that I did not even think of these other things. In fact I was so delighted over the victory that, weak as I was, and bound down as by cords made of my own tendons, I raised myself up and inwardly exclaimed — *Foiled!*

Spiders are interesting companions—under conditions. And the outcome of all one's observations is finally a question—Is it God that is doing these things, or is it a spider?

A NATIONAL FUND FOR EFFICIENT DEMOCRACY

BY WILLIAM H. ALLEN

AMERICA'S greatest legacies are her greatest disappointment—religion, education, democracy! We extol them; we make sacrifices for them; we misuse and misunderstand them. Although their common aim is equal opportunity, not one means equal opportunity to the child ten years out of school. Not one approximates in action the picture drawn by teacher, preacher, publicist. The church complains of growing irreligion. Government admits that it has not been democratic. Educational institutions, according to their most honored leaders, have given in large measure miseducation; have been neither universal nor free; and, so far as their programme is executed, create special privilege for the educated, train for caste, and fail to educate for religion and democracy. Wherefore leaders—religious, educational, po-

litical—find themselves condoning "sins by society," and unequal opportunities abhorrent to their faith and inconsistent with their platform.

Three causes of our disappointment have not heretofore been faced by American leaders of thought. (1) Religion and education have not seen that an efficient democracy is an indispensable element in making their dreams come true. (2) Religion and education, like democracy, have concerned themselves with purpose and personality, to the exclusion of method, act, and condition. (3) Church, school, and government are without a social programme that embraces the aims of religion, education, and democracy, and, at the same time, supplies the technique necessary to successful progressive execution of that programme. To understand and remove these three causes

is America's — and humanity's — paramount need.

The chief obstacle to consistent religious and educational effort is a disappointing democracy.

A democracy of equal opportunity is the promise of both religion and education. The triumph of what history calls right inspires the American boy, not because patriotism is bred only by war stories, but because those stories deal with the widening of opportunity. He is interested again in the conflict of religions, because the picture in his mind is that of the triumph of unrestricted opportunity over caste opportunity. Finally, that thing about education which makes the soul expand is not additional earning power or additional knowledge, but equal opportunity for one's fellow man.

Modern institutions are instructing favored men to have what Bernard Shaw calls "enormous social appetites." While religious and educational leaders endorse this appetite and promise one and all ultimately "a developed sense of life," they continue to regard democracy as the beneficiary of their effort and not their co-worker or their benefactor. This mistake explains their indirect attention to the working of democracy. If government remits taxes on church and private-school property, it is for its own sake and not for church or school. If wrongs are done by government, teachers and preachers truly believe that the quickest remedy is more education and more religion, not more attention to government.

This indirect concern for government is due partly to the confusion of school with education and church with religion. During the Dark Ages, the priest-student was a veritable pillar of fire by night. When there was no force working for religion except monastery and church, and when there was no teaching or studying except in monastery and university, it was natural that the place where light was sought, and whence light radiated, should epitomize religion and education. But

in these days of newspapers and magazines, of social clubs, trade-unions, travel and congestion, of university extension by lecture, correspondence and moving pictures, of trade-schools and business discipline, commercial science and instructional philanthropy, educational processes outside educational institutions are more numerous, more continuous, and farther-reaching than educational processes within school walls. Likewise, religion manifests itself in infinitely more ways outside, than inside, church organizations. With these outside educational processes and religious forces, government has more direct and more numerous relations than has either church or school.

Since government is organized action of one hundred per cent of a community, wherever government is busy manufacturing sickness, industrial incapacity, miseducation, crime, and inequality, its product accumulates faster than the product of church and school working with divided forces and deficient tools upon part of the population part of the time. Therefore the gravity of a situation, in which, in practically every city of the country, organized society is paying more men and women to do anti-social work than church and philanthropy are paying to do social work. Organized society is putting obstructions in the way of enlightened and religious life for adults by the score, where church, school, and private philanthropy directly uplift one.

In October, 1908, the city government of New York will vote its budget for 1909. Through that budget, one hundred per cent of the population would, if it followed precedent, give the seal of its approval to padded payrolls and to dishonest and wasteful contracts involving directly more individuals than will attend church during 1909. Comptroller Metz declares that wherever a city employee spends or receives money for the city, present methods encourage dishonesty. Fifteen thousand teachers are crowding upon six hundred thousand children a

curriculum declared by principals to be misfitted to the children's strength and future work; and the great machine grinds on year after year, doing less for all than might be done for the same money, actually injuring thousands, and thereby manufacturing problems for church and school and government that will require generations to solve. The police department has nine thousand men disciplined in the tradition that they are entitled to accept contributions from the woman of the street, the saloon-keeper, the motorist, and other offenders, in exchange for permission to attack the "integrity of democracy" by violating law.

Tent evangelists and prison chaplains convert in ten years fewer men and women than society's jails push into crime in one year. The pulpit of New York State, following Governor Hughes's lead, for days vituperated race-track gambling; not one single legislative vote was changed; the conditions that produced a corrupt lobby remain the same; and the significant truth stands out, that to reduce its taxes, the self-conscious morality of rural New York bribed its own legislators to vote for gambling.

Last winter, I had occasion to see in working contrast one Young Men's Christian Association and its neighbor, the white-slave agent. I went out with a representative of the Woman's Municipal League, who had recently interviewed a very wealthy man in the hope of securing financial aid to protect immigrant girls from organized exploitation. This very wealthy man could not help because he was "confining his gifts exclusively to religious work." Yet, as I wrote to a friend of his the next morning, there were within a mile of the Young Men's Christian Association more young men inside, and going to and from, brothels than there were at the same time in the Young Men's Christian Association building; more young men on the street giving the location of such houses and the description and names of their inmates than were

giving instruction in the Young Men's Christian Association building; more officers of the law encouraging its violation than executive officers in the Young Men's Christian Association building. Why does not this man see that the policeman and the teacher and taught among those young men were actively obstructing the work of the Young Men's Christian Association and manufacturing social forces stronger than that one Young Men's Christian Association? The recent temporary change in that quarter was brought about neither directly nor indirectly by church or Young Men's Christian Association.

Like democracy, religion and education have concerned themselves with purpose and personality to the exclusion of method, act, and condition.

Recent illumination of this truth by an eloquent southern preacher aroused the pulpit and press of Georgia against its nefarious convict-lease system. From the text, "The Cross and the Convict," the Rev. John E. White drew evidence that the church in Georgia had in the past failed to understand the message from the Cross, because it had failed to understand the convicts and their crosses. Squarely upon the religious conscience of pulpit and pew he placed responsibility for a system that treats the convict "as an asset, not a liability — as a benefit, not a burden." Whether the leased convict is punished, abused, educated, reformed, or confirmed in crime, is a question of fact that can be ascertained only by watching the convict and society's treatment of him. When democracy fails to analyze the results of that treatment, it encourages, and actually commits crime, whatever the theology or the pedagogy of pulpit and college chair.

Purposes and personalities have monopolized attention, not because acts and results are uninteresting, but because leader and follower alike have found it difficult to get the truth as to acts and results. Most history reads differently

when attention is centred on acts rather than on personalities. Less than six months before Boston's efficient Finance Commission uncovered acts and results so flagrant as to provoke the envy of Tammany Hall, two of the nation's foremost statisticians assured me that Boston "has had no corruption for half a century."

Under the Low administration in New York City, the reputable commissioner of parks for Manhattan permitted lunches and dinners to be charged to "profit and loss" and "repairs," and to be withheld from the public record of park expenses. Throughout two reform administrations, as before and after, political derelicts were appointed in the office of commissioners of accounts, the commissioners certifying men on their pay-roll who did not work for them but were attached to the mayor's office. In the room immediately below that in which New York's reform mayors sat, licenses were issued in their name, as before and after reform, for push-carts, pool-rooms, dogs, and so forth, by a system which would never show if five dollars was written on the stub of a five-hundred-dollar receipt. The money wasted during either reform administration in New York City would stamp out tuberculosis from the nation and leave enough money to exterminate typhoid and legalized corruption. After Mr. Low's defeat, an honest graft politician was congratulated on the return of prosperity. He answered, "You are sadly mistaken, my friend. I never hope to make so much money again as during the reform administration. Then I could deal with the man at the bottom for fifty cents or five dollars, where now I must divide with the man at the top."

A year ago, the Mayor of New York pledged himself to explain publicly increases in the budget of 1908 over that of 1907, aggregating \$13,500,000. His candor won applause from press and public. Only one office in New York knew that uninformed good intention had missed nine out of ten opportunities to tell the

whole truth. Instead of an increase of \$60,000 for the department of correction "because of increased cost of supplies," the actual increase was \$173,500, only \$37,500 going to supplies. For the Borough of Manhattan, the increase was not \$134,000, as the mayor reported, but \$204,000, of which only \$33,000 was "for maintaining asphalt pavements." One official with numerous academic degrees, who by his bearing, manner, and promptness gives the impression of fitly representing his constituents, received an increase of \$175,000; later he was found to be wasting fifty per cent of the money spent through his Bureau of Highways, and spending \$20,000 to clean a public building that private contractors offered "to keep as it had been kept for \$1800, and to keep it clean for \$3600." Health and tenement work in that borough was crippled for want of funds.

Discrepancies between result and appearance are not limited to politicians, or to great cities. Did not Holyoke find that one reason school children were neglected was that tools worth 23 cents were costing \$15.00? The New York State Auditor finds counties and towns paying more in proportion to official transactions than do cities for waste, favoritism, and graft. Non-political motives do not assure beneficial acts. A New Yorker prominently identified with school and church recently resigned from an important post after testifying that although he drew \$12,000 a year, he could not prove that he had given twelve days to the city; because he was not proved corrupt, a religious journal heralded his "vindication." A hospital managed by volunteers of unblemished character but informed too late, has charged kerosene and nurses' aprons to "construction of new hospitals."

A well-known mission supported by small contributions from all parts of the United States has for nearly a year occupied premises under conditions that make ignorance as culpable as knowledge of the fact that the rent should go to the

city, and should not be used to corrupt city officials and cause delay in public work. Because its managers do not know its acts, another private institution, whose directorate contains several of the first men whose names would come to mind when gifts to religion and education are mentioned, has been trying to persuade a city official to pay it for service rendered by other charitable agencies, — this, too, when it reports private gifts to cover that same service.

Unless absolute dishonesty or gross misrepresentation can be shown, although extravagance or inefficiency may exist, the society that passes upon minor charities will not express disapproval, — because it does not compare cost with results. Strong enough for fifty years to have reformed Tammany Hall, Trinity Church Corporation, by investing income and capital differently, might have saved thousands of lives, released millions of dollars for education and religion, and secured for New York City's government efficient and honest habits of thought and action. It is safe to say that its definition will yet include acts, methods, and conditions.

There is no better illustration of our accepting "the will for the deed" than our attitude toward philanthropy. Because we have looked at the donor rather than the recipient, we have forgotten that candor with regard to the deed need not lessen our gratitude for the will. A testator leaves \$187,000, to be spent by a department which fails to collect thousands upon thousands due the city, spends hundreds of thousands wastefully, and distributes among political favorites important privileges that should bear income. If we refuse to appraise such giving, it is because we think of the beautiful motive, not of the result.

The worst disclosures of the past decade referred to immoral and anti-social acts that were committed, unrestrained because undiscovered, during the gubernatorial administration of that same president whose would-be successor has

called him the standard-bearer of the new morality. The personal morality of the once-governor of New York has not changed; the nature of the offenses committed has not changed; the attitude of the average man toward those acts has not changed; the only new element in the situation is *evidence*, — the fact, the where, and the when, of the acts themselves. What mankind lacks most is not morals, or attitudes, or platitudes, or higher education, but technique for utilizing what we now have and now know.

Church, school, and government are without a social programme that embraces the aims of religion, education, and democracy, and at the same time supplies the technique necessary to successful, progressive execution of that programme.

Socialist leaders are elated because one of our great capitalists is said to have remarked that only the socialists have a constructive programme. Yet socialism, like religion, education, and democracy, cannot tell us how to take the next step, because it does not know what we are doing now; it cannot tell us where we would be in five years, if their programme were adopted, because it does not know where we are now. I recently asked Professor S. N. Patten what would happen if religious leaders were to be granted all they now ask. He replied, "A religious-industrial war." If, over night, the whole country became devoutly Methodist, Episcopalian, Salvationist, or Scientist, the greater part of the industrial and social problems would still stare us in the face; education and democracy would still be out of reach; typhoid fever would thrive; misgovernment would still manufacture vice, crime, and incapacity.

Again, if universal education, according to our present definition, were to become a reality over night, religious problems would still remain, corruption would still need restraint, and sickness need prevention; it is not the uneducated

or unchurched who furnish illustrative material for five political platforms attacking corporate dishonesty. If all public offices were to be filled to-morrow with either the most devout or the most educated, religion, education, and democracy would still stumble and manufacture obstructions in their own way. If conscious wrongdoing were to cease, the greater evil of unconscious, anti-social action, and uninformed, blundering leadership would still remain. Leadership by preachers, by great teachers, and by enthusiastic believers in democracy, we have tried. Every time that leadership has failed, because unequipped to deal with relations of man to man that need evidence, right methods, and skilled attention.

Educators change methods, not because evidence is produced that a previous method failed to give adequate results, but because some new pedagogical theory seems attractive. It is not even known how many children in the United States ought to be in school, or how many suffer from easily removable physical defects. We are epidemically borrowing European ideas of vocational training without having located the defects of our own methods. It takes twenty-five years to learn what might be learned in twelve months if educators applied to themselves efficiency tests for comparing what they get done with what they try to do. Whether children should be promoted by subject or by grade, whether children are marching in lock-step, whether there is lack of freedom of speech in educational circles, are questions of fact to be determined by noting pupils' progress and teachers' words rather than by discussing curriculum and essays on freedom. Noting requires technique.

Religious work rarely undergoes efficiency tests. Many who have tried the institutional church say that it has failed. Yet expensive institutional churches are still being erected. Not one of the great social movements that have characterized the past generation can be attributed

solely, or even in greater part, to church activity; whether churches have helped or hindered no one can now prove. The Young Men's Christian Association is beginning to teach leaders to compare results with effort and with opportunity. Comparison requires technique.

Not having applied to their own work methods of discovering deficiencies and opportunities, it is natural that church and school should have failed to develop the technique essential to the definition and execution of a social programme. Not having trained the "fact sense," they cannot, of course, tell us where we are or what we need. They are, with respect to government, in the position of a student who was assigned to investigate a city department; instead of submitting facts, his report was a necklace of "ought," "must," "should," "should not," "favoritism," "outrage," "injustice," and the like.

The finding out what democracy ought to know about itself, what it does, what it fails to get done; the continuing education of democracy; the consistent application of religious and educational principles for the welfare of democracy, are matters of technique. If that technique is to be effective, three things are needed: (1) A current record of what society is doing. (2) Current interpretation of what society needs, does, leaves undone. (3) Current aggressive action to utilize the information that comes from currently interpreting the current record of organized society's current acts.

Purpose of municipal research educative, not detective.

To supply these three means, the Bureau of Municipal Research was organized in 1906. Its aim at the outset was educative, not detective. Infinitely more interested in pointing out what is needed than what is wrong, it realizes that the great problem of democracy is not the control of the officer, but the education of the citizen. It began, not by laying down principles of government or discussing

men, but by studying the needs of the community and its official acts. It would educate democracy in facts about democracy's acts and methods, democracy's need, and democracy's opportunity. While its initial efforts have been concentrated in New York City, its influence has been felt through the nation, notably among editors, city officials, and civic leaders. It believes that its test of municipal improvement, by way of fact and method, has demonstrated the need of a great educational foundation that might be known, perhaps, as the Blank Foundation for Promoting Municipal Welfare, or for Attaining Efficient Democracy.

Three years, \$150,000, and scientific method, have accomplished results surpassing all dreams of those who outlined its programme. So convincing are these results that onlookers who said three years ago, "The tiger will never change its stripes," are now saying, "You could hardly do this in cities where the tiger marks are less obvious." Although many phases of municipal administration have not yet been studied, there is hardly an obstacle to efficiency and honesty that has not been encountered and *overcome by light*. The real-estate bureau that eluded all graft charges is being reorganized to prevent either graft or one hundred per cent profits for land sold the city at private sale. While its own staff, consisting of three investigators in 1907 and forty in the summer of 1908, can of itself do no inconsiderable educational work, the Bureau gauges its effectiveness, not by what its own staff accomplishes, but by what the city's staff of seventy thousand, and through them the city's population of four million, are enabled to accomplish because of its educational effort.

Methods that manufacture corruption and inefficiency, and that for fifty years defied political reform, are giving way to methods by which seventy thousand employees must tell the truth about what they do when they do it, about what they spend when they spend it, in clear, legible form, so that the community can learn

what it has failed to get done that it set out to accomplish. The central controlling office, known as the Department of Finance, heretofore unable to tell whether revenues due were collected or whether prices paid were wasteful, is being reorganized from top to bottom, so that it will be easier henceforth for city employees to be honest than dishonest, to be efficient than inefficient.

Budget architecture is radically changing. No longer will taxpayers' hearings be a farce and the budget a mass of guesses and misrepresentations. At a meeting recently of representatives of fifty real-estate organizations, enthusiasm was aroused by the promise of a budget exhibit which, through diagram, chart, and photograph, should show the alternatives presented by the various departmental estimates. Several had in mind only that the total of taxes should be reduced ten or twenty millions. One or two leaders, however, saw that the owners of real estate will be injured by an inefficient tenement-house department, or an ineffective battle against infection, or inadequate police protection. They can be interested this year and they can make their wishes felt, because for the first time estimates will show approximately what city officials propose to do with the money requested for next year, and what needs recognized by the community public officials have no programme for meeting. For the first time taxpayers will be heard upon a tentative budget, embodying the recommendations of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. In this connection, important reports describe methods and needs of health, water, park, finance, and other departments.

Men who want to serve their city are stepping out into the open and successfully appealing to the general public, where previously they were at a disadvantage in trying to be "practical" in the dark. Men who previously thrived on community ignorance realize that corruption and inefficiency cannot bear the light of day, and are joining the ranks of

those who cherish the respect of mankind more than personal profit. Tammany officials, when interested, make excellent collaborators. The Commissioners of Accounts, for thirty years, through reform and Tammany administrations alike, a whitewashing body that condoned and glossed over wasteful and corrupt acts, have become, as a direct result of the Bureau's work, a great educational agency whose work will undoubtedly be regarded by our successors as the greatest achievement of Mayor McClellan's administration.

Thus, after years of futile struggle through politics against organized corruption and inefficiency, New York finds itself with an official staff disciplined to find and to tell the truth, whose service can be invoked at any time by the humblest citizen, and whose results can be used, through taxpayers' suits and appeals to the governor, to remove offending officials, and to institute methods that will substitute efficiency for incompetence, and honesty for corruption. One borough president has been removed for gross incompetence. Another is soon to be tried for incompetence, falsifying records, and charging assessment improvements to the wrong owner. A third hurried to Europe to avoid trial. A fourth is now under investigation with results which it is too early to prophesy.

Civic bodies are seeing that there is a potency in blazing light produced by facts as to conditions and acts, which bears a striking similarity to the light that religion and education have wanted to be.

For democracy — auto-study, auto-interpretation, auto-suggestion.

While the Bureau of Municipal Research has attacked the problem of democracy from the standpoint of the city, the same technique will be found indispensable in studying rural, state, and national government. In a short time the General Education Board, working primarily through colleges and the small

fraction of adult population that goes to college, has been able to utilize the income on forty millions, and undoubtedly could now with a good conscience accept five, ten, or fifty millions more for its field. What, then, must be the scope of an educational work that includes not only the minds of one hundred per cent of our population, but their efforts through government to achieve democracy!

The fund required is not impossible, because by spending efficiently one thousand for the education of a community as to its own needs and opportunities, we can influence that community's expenditure of a million, including its school funds. This year, the Bureau of Municipal Research is spending about \$100,000 to establish methods that tell the truth, to establish accountability by furnishing evidence, and to put a premium on efficient action. The Charter Revision Commission used its diagrams showing what New York City is trying to do, and what mechanism it uses. The Joint Legislative Committee to investigate city finances, and the referee appointed to ascertain the city's indebtedness, have asked the Bureau to cooperate in their official inquiries. Because of its efforts, New York City is spending this year, with greater intelligence than ever before, and with greater results than ever before, over \$300,000,000.

Auto-study, auto-instruction, auto-suggestion! Think what democracy could do if all government employees and all government methods were headed and kept moving toward equal opportunity! What could not church, school, and private philanthropy accomplish if government did its part as teacher and preacher! Government will do its part, if a surprisingly small amount of energy is given to educational and scientific municipal research.

Relating a central fund to localities and to other funds.

It has been suggested that the proper division between a central foundation and

progressive citizens in various localities, would be for the central foundation to make the standards and train the men, while the localities use the standards and employ the men. At present, it is harder to find the men than to raise money for municipal research in Boston, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Louisville, or Atlanta. This programme would necessitate on the part of a central fund continuous investigation, because standards of investigating government acts cannot be made out of books, nor can investigators be trained by lectures.

The division of field-work with medical and scientific research is illustrated by an investigation made several years ago into the causes of infant mortality by the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research. Those studies are very important; they cost a great deal of money; they earned the title "scientific." Yet for years the City of New York, and every other city in the country, ignored that information, and babies died by thousands for want of its application. The saving of babies began in earnest when the government of New York City, and of Chicago and Cincinnati, took the results of that investigation into tenement homes to babies themselves. What the nurse does, and what happens to the baby, are the province of municipal research.

Games of chance by individuals are no more dangerous, and no more immoral, than works of chance by organized society. Flipping a coin to see who pays the fare, or who wins a post-office appointment, is gambling no more truly than for organized society to determine a policy with respect to personality or theory, rather than with respect to demonstrable facts drawn from its own experience.

Given technique necessary to record and interpret current experience, democracy will be progressively constructive. Witness Glencoe, the Chicago suburb where motorists scrupulously observe the law and the dictates of their consciences. On every street corner is a bump, built low enough to make legal speed compati-

ble with comfort, but high enough to make illegal speed dangerous for machine and occupant. The citizens of Glencoe cannot afford to watch their street crossings all day and all night. They cannot even afford to police each corner. They can afford the bumps which remind potential law-breakers at the critical moment of the prevailing public conscience and of the conditions of public safety and welfare.

So an educational fund of five, ten, or fifty millions can never hope to make volunteers enough, or police enough, to watch every official act. It can, however, secure the adoption of methods for recording what is done when it is done that will present a bump to prospective law-breakers, incompetent men, and watchful civic leaders at the critical moment where public welfare is involved. To keep these bumps in repair will cost relatively little. By means of them all travelers on democracy's road will receive warning of the community's point of view and of the community's interest, so that at their own peril and in blazing light they commit anti-social acts.

Municipal research will always be necessary.

It is possible to forecast the development of the proposed foundation, for its programme will apply just as well one hundred years from now as to-day. So long as a thousand men have a thousand minds, their relations to each other will produce problems and create new conditions. So long as mankind acts, there will be results, there will be defects, there will be needs not yet met. It is inconceivable that the time will ever come, even with universal education, universal religion, and universal acceptance of democracy's ideal, when to-morrow cannot be made better than to-day, and when forces will not need direction away from below and behind toward above and beyond. There will always be majorities likely to err in judgment, and needing facts as to lines of development in order

that they may choose wisely. There will always be a shortest way to realize an educational or religious ideal. There will always be a choice between inefficiency and efficiency, between waste and conservation of energy. Democracy will always be ignorant as to the consequences of its last acts until those acts have been counted, analyzed, and interpreted. Social legislation, such as prohibition, will always require investigation as to whether the law is actually being enforced, and what are the comparative economic and social effects of enforcement and violation.

Whichever way right lies, we can reach it quicker if we acquire the habit of demanding facts with regard to where we are. Whether, for example, we are to socialize capital by owning it or by controlling it, no one can now foretell. Clear it is, however, that our next step to-day, to-morrow, and a century hence, will be a safer, more intelligent step in proportion as we know the facts with regard to the forces that have brought us to the point from which we view to-morrow. Potentially, the greatest producer, recorder, interpreter, and user of social fact is an efficient democracy.

THE FERRY BELLS

BY WALTER MANLY HARDY

WHEN I joined our local historical association something like six months ago, I did it not so much because I cared for the association and its one yearly meeting in the library rooms, as because my friend Captain Barnabas Crosby counted it a prime honor to win new adherents to the society, and by joining I could bring much peace and satisfaction to his kindly soul. At the time I consented it was still some days before the meeting, but we went up to the room and I signed the book. I had hardly done so when the captain was called away, and, much to his regret, I was left to look through the collection alone.

Since ours is a seaport town, where nearly every family once boasted from one to six captains of the purest deep-water variety, I was not surprised to find that the collection contained quite as many South Sea weapons, whale's teeth, and lily irons, as sedate warming-pans, tin kitchens, and kindred on-shore implements.

It was in the midst of these and other trinkets that I came across two heavy

bronze bells, hung in a stout oak frame before one of the windows. A card, done in a strong but scrawly hand, stated that they were the Ferry Bells, said to have been cast by Paul Revere and bought and erected by the towns and the county above the two landings of the present ferry; that they were at one time lost but later were returned to their places. Their weights were given as eighty and sixty pounds. Below, and in the fine handwriting of a woman, was inscribed, "It was considered by all that their tones were particularly sweet and beautiful."

So these were the Ferry Bells! Put in place shortly after the visitation by the British in 1812, — a fact no doubt accounting for their presence on the river, — they had done duty through nearly all the intervening years, until steam drove out the picturesque old ferryman and took away their usefulness. Whether it was my memory of them when, as a boy, I used to hear them, or their age and the inscription that attracted me, I do not know, but at any rate I soon found myself deeply interested, and wished more

than once that the Captain were back again to tell me about them.

It was not, however, until the meeting, that I found him in the mood, and even then he was so taken up with affairs, he being still much of a ladies' man and this one of the great days, that after three times asking him I gave him up. But when we were coming away and I had all but decided to let the matter drop, he unexpectedly began to talk.

"Ye can't do nuthin' 'bout tellin' a story when there's women around ye; they're the wust things when a man's tellin' a story that ever was, he don' know — he don' know what to say."

Meanwhile we were walking rapidly. "But about those bells," he began suddenly, "you just wait till we git to the shop an' then we'll see!"

I should have mentioned before that the Captain, although no longer actively engaged on the deep, is still the master of a large and at times a very busy sail-loft, — a place where he and I have had some of our longest and pleasantest talks, — and it was to this that we repaired.

"Now let's us see," said he, after we had climbed the two flights of stairs and had got comfortably planted, each in an old chair, among the ruins of blackened cordage and of what had once been white sails, and the Captain had begun to fill his pipe. "Let's us see!" he remarked again, while he fumbled for a match. "I don't know as I know just where to begin about them bells; seem's if they did n't do much of anything till quite a spell — not till I got to be quite a lad, anyway. Of course the town an' the county gut 'em an' hung 'em there, an' that was about all I *can* remember 'bout 'em. Seem's if it all began with Tom Darby. Did ye ever hear of *him*? Well, sir, your Uncle Ithal brought him here in the ship Masterman — the E. P. Masterman. He was the greatest regular sailor man, this Darby, with a regular sailor name, that you ever see. An' *smart*! He was about the smartest critter ever was. He'd a face that looked jus' as if it

had been rubbed in tar, an' he'd climb anythin' short of a rainbow. An' comical, too! I 'member I was just a lad an' tryin' to saw some wood. The saw was pinchin' an' she stuck on me. 'Long he comes, — he might ha' been nineteen or twenty, but he looked a man to me — folks seemed to grow up quicker in them days, too. He comes along, an' 'Guess she needs to be set some,' says he; 'ain't wide enough fer ye!' An' he yanks her out 'n the scarf, an' what does he do but he tuk out his key to his sea-chist an' he turns up the ring of it an' sets her with that! Then he starts in to try her.

"'How does she go?' says I. — 'Go! Goes like a hog to war!' says he. That's the first time I ever heard anybody say that!

"Well, sir, him an' my cousin Ben got to goin' together while the vessel was dischargin'. Ben he was n't the same then as he was after, bless you, no! he wan't 'tall the same; he had a change of heart arterwards, an' he wan't never agin like he was; got converted an' turned right around; but them days he was considerable of a boy. He done his full sheer to lots o' things, an' this here Tom Darby was a reg'lar black jack to most any kind o' devilry.

"Well, sir, both of 'em signed to go with your uncle. An' the night before the Masterman sailed them two went over 'crost the river together. What high jinks they done over there I don't know, but comin' back they missed the bo't, an' while they was waitin' there this Tom Darby he says, 'Ben, what let's steal?' Says he, 'I 'most allays steals somethin' 'most ev'ry port I go.' He was standin' right under the old oak cross-beam, an' 'ginst Ben could think of anything to say, he looked up an' he seen that bell. 'By God!' says he, 'that's what I'll steal!' An' mos' 'fore no time he was up an' had the fid out 'n the shackles.

"She weighed sixty pound, that bell, but he was an ox for stren'th, an' he got her down an' wropped his co't all up rounst her, an' started to take her over.

“‘What you got in your co’t?’ says ol’ Heath, what run the ferry.

“‘Got my pet cat,’ says Darby; ‘darn her, she kicks so I’m most ’fraid she’ll leave me yet!’

“They gut her ’crost this side an’ just up abreast our bell, when somehow ’nother, I don’t know how, she come some kind of a roll on him an’ ‘ker-lank!’ goes her ol’ tongue. Ben he tol’ me after he was just about scart to death.

“‘Who rung my bell?’ says ol’ Heath. —‘I did,’ says Tom; ‘she ain’t so good-toned as the other one.’ That was jus’ like him, awful quick he was. ‘Fore ol’ Heath was half-way crost the river agin, he had down the eighty-pounder, an’ him an’ Ben was makin’ for the ship with ’em.

“She laid jus’ below the ferry with her jibboom stickin’ right up over it same’s they do nowadays. Ben he said there wa’n’t nobody on deck, an’ they gut ’em onto the rail, an’ then I remember jus’ as plain as can be what he said Tom told him. ‘Ben,’ says he, ‘you git fer home,’ says he; ‘ten men can steal a church, but the Devil himself dars n’t hev no extry hands helpin’ hide it.’

“I ’member next mornin’ jus’ as well. There was the grettest time ever you *did* see. Some folks was runnin’ an’ others was a-lookin’ at them cross-bars, an’ ol’ Heath he got a gret extry long pict-pole an’ he was jobbin’ away off the ferry-slip like his life depended on it. He ’lowed they was throwed overboard.

“Whiles he was doin’ that an’ they was all runnin’ around wild, they s’picioned somehow that Tom Darby he done it, an’ first thing we knowed they hed the police down there an’ they ketched him. An’ then they begun to hunt. I don’ know as ever I see a full-growed ship so everlastingly an’ ’tarnally over-rid with downright clod-hoppers as that one was. I was there same’s the rest of ’em, youngster fashion, divin’ round water-butts an’ stickin’ my head in everywhere I’d no business. So was the parson an’ the doctor an’ seem’s ’ough every livin’ bein’

in the place. Your uncle he tolt ’em to do their dammedest, only he give ’em jus’ so long a time, ’cause he was goin’ out with the tide — an’ I swear they done it. The E. P. Masterman come the nighest to bein’ a total wreck that day that ever she did in all her life. They even digged the cables out’n their places, an’ they clum half-way up the masts, an’ some o’ ’em they did say they tried to scrape her bottom, but I don’ know ’bout that. They busted open sea-chists an’ tea-chists an’ unskewered the hatches, an’ I swear ’fore night ’t was wuth a week’s wages to have red of ’em. But ne’er a bell did they find! So fin’ly they damned her an’ they guv her up, an’ they had to give up Tom Darby too!

“Ben he tolt me they had n’t gut much more’n out into mid-stream, ’fore Tom he says to the Cap’n, ‘Cap’n,’ says he, ‘you’ll hear them bells ringin’ ’fore we git out to sea.’

“An’ where do you s’pose them bells was hid?”

Captain Barnabas leaned forward with his hand raised.

“I guess I give it up,” I said.

“Well, you’d better,” said he. “One of ’em — *one* of ’em” (lifting his voice) “was hid in the r’yal, in the *fore-r’yal* — *furled in*! Yes, sir, *furled in*! an’ almost clearn to the mast-head! Sixty pound in weight — an’ *in the night*! An’ the other was headed up in the middle of a berril of pork! God! man, but he was a terror!” And Captain Barnabas relaxed, and rubbed his hand where he had struck it on his chair.

“Well, sir, them bells went to sea. An’ when they got to Havana your uncle he said how them bells had gut to go back, back home where they belonged; for, s’z ’e, ‘I’ve gut chartered to go some further south an’ there’s no tellin’ when I’ll be gittin’ along or what’ll happen to me, an’ I’m a-goin’ to take them bells an’ box ’em an’ send ’em home by Cap’n Silas Bartram.’ Cap’n Silas he was on the old brig Traveler — went in her for years, until he died, I guess, an’ he hap-

pened to be layin' right 'long side of 'em an' homeward bound. So they gut a box an' packed 'em an' bound it with strap iron, an' 'fore the Cap'n sailed they boated it over an' put 'em aboard of 'im.

"After that your uncle he went south; but he wan't gone so long as he expected to be; guess he made fair weather of it or something; but Cap'n Silas he run the ol' Traveler right into one of the cussedest gales o' wind down there some'eres that ever you *did* see; an' he used her all up. He lost most of his foremast an' tore his sails off'n him an' I don't know what he did n't do. He was more 'n three weeks to a month gittin' into one o' them Gulf ports. Then he had to refit an' patch up, an' what with havin' trouble about his cargo, the upshot of it was that we never seen him up here till the E. P. Masterman was clean home ahead of him, an' at work dischargin'!

"Well, sir, when they warped Uncle Silas into the dock they all of 'em come a-runnin' to see them bells. It seemed 's if I never seed sech a crowd. I thought they'd break the wharft down. But they did n't. They fetched a taycle an' Silas he opened her up fas' 's he could, an' bimeby they gut a hitch, an' 'bout more'n four time's many's could git fair holt tried to help h'ist her out ont' the landin'. I made up my mind I was goin' to see them bells soon's anybody ef I had to let one land on top o' me, an' they pretty nigh did. I gut my head out between two men's legs an' I seen 'em bust her open with a pick-handspike an' an axe, an' when they took the covers off, what do you s'pose she was lined with? Tobacco! Yes, sir, gret, long yeller-brown leaves, an' pretty, too. They begun to dig down an' they kep' diggin' down, an' says I, 'Looks like rocks more'n anything else to me.' But they kep' diggin' an' diggin'. An' what do you s'pose they found? Stones, man! stones! nothin' but just black rocks! That damn Tom Darby he'd stole them bells the secont time!

"An' then was n't there a time though! They went to your uncle an' he said that

the last he knew of Tom he left the ship at some southern port. So all anybody got out of it was the tobacco. I saved some of it for years, an' 't was good too, I guess, only I wan't smokin' them days.

"Well, sir, I never see Tom Darby agin. Ben he gut converted, an' though he kep' on goin' to sea, he was lots dif'rent after that. It must have been ten or a dozen years afterwards, an' I was goin' to sea myself, 'fore anybody ever heerd more about them bells. My first trip I went south on the Masterman 'long o' your uncle, an' Ben he went first mate. He gut me the chance, you see. We was tied up in Baltimore when Ben come down aboard. 'Lud!' says he, — he alwers used to say that, — 'My Lud!' he says, 'I've just seen Tom Darby, an' he was drunker 'n a fool!'

"Did he say anything about them bells?' says your uncle.

"Well, he said somethin' 'bout 'em,' says he, 'but 't won't do no good.'

"He said he stole 'em durin' his watch in the night an' hid 'em 'way up forrards, an' when he got 'em into port (he would n't no ways tell what one, though I guess Ben pressed him pretty hard), he rows ashore somewheres abreast of the anchorage an' hides 'em both. Drunk as he was, he would n't tell the name of the port, but for the rest he'd laugh an' tell it all as straight as H. He said he seen up ashore there a big whitewashed buildin' of some manner or 'nother, what looked to him 's if it might be a fact'ry. Every now an' then he see folks, quite a lot o' folks, walkin' round, an' then he'd be hearin' bells ring like sixty, an' er course he dassent ask nobody, but he made out to hisself somehow 't was an anchor fact'ry, er a bell foundry, er some dod-blasted thing er 'nother. P'raps 't wa 'n't nothin' more 'n a schoolhouse, but anyway like 's not they might buy old junk, an' havin' bells they might want some more.

"So he planned first time he got shore leave to sack them bells up there an' sell 'em, since that was the most

likeliest-lookin' place he could make out handy. Bimeby he gits ashore in the place, an' first thing he doos is, he gits a jug o' rum an' starts right out in the heat o' the day, like any cussed Yankee, a-bilin' up one o' them milk-white, eye-blindin' ro'ds, makin' fer them bells an' drinkin' rum to stop his thirst at ev'ry ten rods. He had 'em hid, it seems, under a thick bush with briars all over it, right alongside this ro'd an' runnin' up to what he struck out to be his foundry o' some sort.

"Well, between the heat an' the sun an' the ro'd an' the rum, poor Tom he gut worse an' worse, till bimeby he was clearn seas over, an' there 's not much doubts about that. He tol' Ben that he most suttently believed he crawled under more'n four hundred diff'rent brier bushes 'fore he found the right one; but he finds 'em at last, an' he gits 'em out onto the ro'd an' starts a-luggin' of 'em along, givin' 'em turns like, fust one, then t'other, up the hill. Bimeby he gut 'em both in one place where it was in the shade for a while, an' he takes an extry big drink o' rum an' down he lays between the two of 'em, an' he never knowed nothin' more for he did n't know how long.

"Bimeby he waked up. An' first thing he see was a great big man with a great gold-darn big petticoat co't on that come clear down to the ground all round, an' with one of these ere furrin bell-cord torsel fixin's hitched round his middle, balder'n a badger, an' lookin' right down in his face, standin' right fair an' square in front o' him.

"*"Cripes!"* says I, says he; *"'e may be the police an' he may be the Devil, I do' know which,"* an' I grabbed my jug an' run to beat hell!

"*"I never seen them bells sence,"* says he, *"an' that's the God's honest truth; hope to die ef 'taint!"* says he.

"An' he says to Ben, *"Ef ye find 'em ye c'n hev 'em, but I won't tell ye where I lost 'em, damned ef I will!"*

"Nothin' more could Ben git out'n

him. We went ashore twice to try to find him, but I think 's likely he 'd shipped aboard some vessel an' was gone off. He was an awful smart feller, that Tom, but he would drink rum."

Captain Barnabas stopped and reflected.

"But how did you come to get the bells finally?" said I.

"I'm comin' to it," said he, drawing a match along the floor; "gut to light my pipe first."

"Ye see," said he, "we went south with the old Masterman an' yer uncle. First we went to Martinique, an' then we sorter banded round till we come to a port — I could tell ye the name's well's not, only I promised onct I would n't an' I might's well stick it out I s'pose — but anyways it don't make no diffunce. We gut down to this here port, an' just 'bout sundown Ben an' I was out on deck washin' up fer supper. 'T was a nice pleasant night an' mostly calm, with just a little shore air, an' right off abreast of us was quite big hills runnin' up with buildin's on 'em. All of a sudden we heard bells a-ringin'. Up on that highest hill was a big white sort of buildin' 't I had n't noticed much afore; an' it seems they had a kinder piece o' wall set up with holes in it, reg'lar arches, an' in them arches was lots o' bells. An' there was fellers stood there an' hit 'em. Seems by the sound that they begun on the big ones low down at first, but bimeby they commenced on the little ones up top. We was so near land you could hear 'em jus' 's if they was aboard.

"Fust thing I knew Ben he went int' the air 'bout two feet. 'Lud!' he says, 'my Lud! do you listen — listen!' he says. 'Do you hear that?'

"*"I hear 'em; I ain't deaf!"* I says.

"*"Shut up! Listen!"* says he. 'Them's my bells! Lud! but they are!'

"Ben he was a great hand for music, but I ain't, an' I 'xpect he could hear better'n I could; but I put my ear right down to it an' by thunder! seemed to me I could ketch somethin' that sounded

like home. I swan I could make her out! Ben he was wild.

“ ‘For Heaven’s sake, hold onto yourself,’ says I; ‘we got to go slow.’

“ ‘Let’s tell the cap’n an’ we’ll go up an’ git ’em,’ says he.

“ ‘I’d never been south, but I knowed some things aforetime, an’ I wan’t for jumpin’ int’ the fire so suddent.

“ ‘No, you don’t tell nobody, not yit,’ says I.

“ ‘That’s the very place,’ says Ben, puttin’ his glass on it, ‘an’ them’s the very fellers, like Tom Darby saw!’

“ ‘But it ain’t no anchor fact’ry up there on that hill,’ says I, ‘an’ it ain’t no bell foundry way up so fur from the water an’ ’thouten no chimbley!’

“ ‘Bimeby it seemed to strike the two of us all to onct — darned, if it wan’t a church! an’ all chock-a-block ram-bang-spanging full o’ them priests! — monks, that’s what they call ’em! Part of it was covered sort of with trees, you know, an’ we never got wind of it before. Well, sir, they lived there, an’ slep’ there, an’ they had their meals there, jus’ same’s you would aboard ship — I’ve seen lots of ’em sence down round the Med’terranean.

“ ‘Ben he was all took aback. ‘Ef them’s priests,’ he says, ‘we can’t do nothin’ with ’em; I guess we lost our bells,’ says he.

“ ‘Why not go take ’em?’ says I.

“ ‘Could n’t do that,’ says he; ‘that ’ould be stealin’!’

“ ‘But they don’t belong to them,’ says I. But he would n’t hev it no other way. Ben he was awful square-rigged. He felt bad as anythin’ ’cause he had a hand in losin’ ’em, but he could n’t steal ’em back agin.

“ ‘Well, sir, that night it shut in dark as anythin’, but ’t was nice an’ warm. Mine was the middle watch an’ I was all alone, ’cause we was in port, you see. Right after mine come Swain Pendleton’s watch. Swain he was the ship’s clock; he could wake up any hour in the night he sot. I went to Swain an’ I says to him,

‘Swain, can you make out to wake up when your watch comes?’ — ‘Guess I kin!’ says he. — ‘Well,’ I says, ‘ef you miss me an’ the dinghy when you come on deck, don’t you sing out.’ Swain he knew I was young, an’ he just spit an’ grinned an’ did n’t make no remarks.

“ ‘When it come time fer my watch I jus’ come up an’ took a look around an’ seen all was well, an’ then I slips over the side an’ int’ the dinghy an’ starts scullin’ ’er fer the shore. There was one of them big blanket clouds movin’ back, an’ ’t was gittin’ fair starlight, least so’s shapes they made themselves out quite a ways. I rowed me into a little cove an’ fixed the dinghy so’s she would n’ git ketched ner grind, an’ then I clim up. It seemed to be just dead grass an’ brier bushes mostly, but bimeby I struck a reg’lar garden-place, an’ after that a nice gravel walk. I gut my shoes off so’s I could go quiet an’ not make no noise, an’ that path took me right where I wanted to be. There was the church an’ all the fixin’s round it, an’ that wall with the bells on it right side the walk — walk run all around it! I was scart for fear they had a dog, but seems mos’ likely they did n’t hev none. I crep’ up to the wall, an’ ’t was built with sort o’ steps at the ends, sorter like the end o’ a Dutch house, only they was diffrent. I know I thinks, ‘Now, Barney, you got to make out whether them bells is yourn before you goes to takin’ ’em.’ I remembered that onct Ben tolt me that both on ’em had somethin’ on ’em, dates an’ bein’ cast by P. Revere an’ Mason’s signs on the big one. ’Bout the fust thing I gut my hand on was one of them little lizards, but I gut up there easy enough an’ bimeby I felt round, an’ by gracious! them was our bells! I could make out a P an’ a R, an’ down unnerneath on the big one suthin’ dimon’wise, like the square an’ compasses. I want you to know that I felt good then!

“ ‘Then come the trick o’ gittin’ them down. Seems they had sort o’ leather lanyards to them top bells to ring ’em

by, an' when I went to git int' the arch 'long with 'em, — sort o' double arch, seems like, — I come the nighest to trip-pin' over one o' those an' settin' her goin' ever you see. I grabbed holt the tongue just in time. But I meneged with them leetle leather ropes to tie my co't round one clapper, an' my shirt' round t'other, an' then I starts in to git 'em loose. An' what do you think they was made fast with? What do you s'pose now?"

"Chains?" said I.

"No, sir! Raw hog's hide with the brustles on, an' dried! Yes, sir. I brought some of it clearn home with me to show. 'T would take the aidge right off'n a knife.

"Thinks I, 'I'll take the biggest one first, an' then if anythin' should happen, why, I'll save that much, anyway.' It was strainin' work, but I coopered him after awhile an' gut him clearn down an' int' the bo't.

"Then I gut holt o' the small one and fetched him down ont' the ground an' was just startin' to put my shoes on ag'in, 'cause I could walk on the grass aidge jus' 's well an' not make no noise, — an' when a man was lo'ded them pebbles they cut in somethin' devilish, — I was jus' a beginnin', when I heard somebody a-comin', scrunch — scrunch — scrunch; you could hear him comin' on them gravels, an' slow, too.

"'What fer Huldy's sake did I do to start him out?' thinks I.

"I squeezed all up close 'ginst that wall, but he kep' comin' right down that path t'words me. He gut clearn to the end of the wall, an' then all of a sudden he went the other side. I felt better some then, an' I jus' started to take a long breath, when round he comes, right round my end of it an' up ag'in me. 'It's now or never,' thinks I, an' I jus' drawed off an' hit him the gol-darnedest bing in the head prob'ly he'll ever git in this world. He went over like he was shot, an' I grabbed my other shoe an' grafted onto the ol' bell quick's I could, an' then I put her for heaven's sake, one shoe off,

an' one shoe on, down the hill. Seems's if ev'ry step I punched a post-hole, an' I was clean blowed for two hours after; but I gut alongside at last, an' Swain he helped me to take 'em aboard. We hid 'em under some ol' sail an' then I turned in an' went to sleep.

"Come to git up, there was a pretty how-de-do. Somebody had moved that sail an' found my bells, an' Cap'n he gut after Ben, an' Ben he tolt all he knowed, an' Swain he would n't tell but he might jus' as well hev, an' it was a pretty mess. Cap'n said it wan't right an' he would n't hev no sech doin's aboard a vessel o' hisn, an' Ben he was faced right around an' beggin' fer to hev 'em stay. When I come aft I 'spected to git hell. Cap'n he never says a word more'n Good-mornin'. Bimeby he says, 'Barney, you go git shaved, an' tell Ben to.' An' then I see trouble all right.

"Well, sir, 'fore nine o'clock he had me an' Ben an' Swain an' himself — we all bein' from home, you know — all ashore an' up to the consul's office. Consul he turned out to be a man your uncle knowed, named Hill, born an' brought up right on our river; awful nice man he was, too, son of old Judson Hill. He gut a perlice off'cer, or some sort what had power, an' we drove off for that monersterry, as they called it. I could n't help goin', an' thinks I, 'Barney, your jig's up. When they hears about that feller you basten in the eye, you'll be an awful brown goose sure pop.' I had n't said a single word about that. Your uncle an' the consul an' the perlice off'cer they talked Spanish all right 'mongst 'em, but Ben an' Swain an' me we had to git along same's we allers did.

"There was a fat little priest met us at the door an' invited us in through a long hall — buildin' all stone, you know, an' jus' as clean an' cool. I tell ye it was fine. Ef I had n't ben so scart I should ha' enj'yed it lots more'n I did. We went through this hall an' into a gret, big, high-studded, han'some room, seats all along each side an' a table at the end.

'T was one of the nicest rooms seems to me I ever see. We set down in there an' then we see picters all up on the wall, an' on the ceilin', too — saints, an' them things. I was so uncomferble though that bimeby I goes to the cap'n an' begins to tell him. Seems he knowed all 'bout it from the perlice; they'd been talkin' 'bout it, only I could n't understand.

"At last two old priests come in — fine-lookin' men they was, too, an' moved 'bout jus' 's still, an' the perlice he introduced them to the consul an' your uncle. They talked Spanish, an' then they all went out an' left me an' Ben an' Swain. We looked at the picters, an' a little priest come in an' tried to tell us about 'em; but it was a sort o' one-sided game. I wisht most damnably I could ask him ef the feller was dead, 'cause I was worried most to death; an' ev'ry new one I see, I'd keep lookin' to see if his eye was all blacked up or like that. I 'member, thinks I, 'I swear I'll never hit another man's long as I live,' an' I don' know as I hev since.

"After a while a bell rung, an' pretty soon the cap'n an' the others come back, an' right in after them come much as a dozen priests, all dressed just alike an' ev'ry one shaved on top, an' they all set down as solemn as could be ag'inst the wall over abreast of us. 'Bout the last one of 'em had his head all done up in a cloth, one of the meekest-lookin' little critters ever I did see. I swear I felt sorry fer him, I certingly did.

"Well, sir, we had a reg'lar council o' war. First your uncle he'd git up an' talk Spanish, just as polite an' quiet, you know, as he could be. He was a gentleman — I allers said that; cert'nly he was if there ever was one. And then the old head-father, a gret, tall, splendid-lookin' man, he would git up, an' first he talked Spanish an' then he talked some English. He said he had n't a doubt but the bells belonged to us; he found 'em there in the ro'd with the drunken sailor beside 'em, an' when he run away, not knowin' what to do with 'em, an' havin' a good

an' godly use for 'em, — a godly use for 'em, he said, — he took 'em an' had his arches enlarged an' added 'em to his bells. Had he a known who was the rightful owner, he would er been pleased to have given 'em up at any time. He was sorry he could n't have been of assistance before. An' finally he hoped that the manner in which they went might not be the beginnin' of any ways of lastin' harm to any one of us. I shall always remember the look on his face when he said that last. 'Fore he got through he thanked us for the use of them durin' the years he had had 'em. He was a fine man; they can talk to me all they want, but he was fine, yes, sir, he was fine all the way through.

"And how do you suppose it turned out?" asked Captain Barnabas, raising his voice. "Well, sir, it seems that poor little feller wan't after me at all. No, sir! It seemed he had the stomick-ache, or some such thing, an' he got up an' was walkin' round an' sayin' his prayers there in the dark, to kinder ease hisself o' the pain, an' I believe he did n't even know what hit him, an' I guess they'd never found out if they had n't missed them bells. 'Fore they gut through, the Cap'n he come over an' said he'd like to have me shake hands with the little feller an' tell him I was sorry. So I gut up there an' took holt o' his hand before the whole of 'em, an' I says, says I, 'Mister, I'm awful sorry I punched your head.' I wan't so very old then, you know; but your uncle he plagued me for more'n twenty years afterward about that speech; but that's just what I said, the very words.

"Well, sir, they made us stay to dinner and we had some wine an' they give us some to take back aboard of ship with us, an' I believe, — I believe," repeated Captain Barnabas, "that I had one of the best times I ever had in my life. When we come away your uncle asked the priest that did the talkin' if we could n't give them somethin' for the church, an' he said we might. So he took out an' give

him ten dollars in gold. An' I 'member I had just two five-dollar gold pieces, an' I took one of them, an' I give him that, too."

"And you brought the bells back with you?"

"Yes, sir! safe an' sound, an' everybody tickled to death to see 'em. They hung there more'n twenty year longer, an' just as good to-day as ever they was."

"And about that card?"

"Well, Ben put that on when he was

alive. You see when they went out of use, he an' I, we bought 'em, an' we presented 'em to the s'ciety, an' he felt so kinder bad to think he was mixed up with losin' 'em an' the like that he never wanted to say much at all about 'em, never anything about the past or nothin'; but there's some folks I take it he would n't mind knowin'."

"And now," said Captain Barnabas, slowly striking out his pipe, "let's us go up to the house an' see what ma's got fer supper."

A SONG OF FAR TRAVEL

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

MANY a time some drowsy oar
From the nearer bank invited,
Crossed a narrow stream, and bore
In among the reeds moon-lighted,
There to leave me on a shore
No ferryman hath sighted.

Many a time a mountain stile,
Dark and bright with sudden wetting,
Lured my vagrant foot the while
'Twixt uplifting and down-setting, —
Whither? Thousand mile on mile
Beyond the last forgetting.

Long by hidden ways I wend,
(Past occasion grown a ranger);
Yet enchantment, like a friend,
Takes from death the tang of danger:
Hardly river or road can end
Where I need step a stranger!

THE RELIGION OF BEAUTY IN WOMAN

BY JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

I SUSPECT that my title may lead to a false impression. It seems to promise something of the ecstatic kind on which John Ruskin used to discourse. But really I mean the phrase, religion of beauty in woman, with prosaic literalness. I mean that in the Renaissance, in the later fifteenth century and after, there developed actually a kind of divine worship of beauty, and more especially of beautiful women. This "new religion" had its Peter, the rock on which it was founded, in Cardinal Pietro Bembo; its messiah, in Plato; its first and greatest commandment, in platonic love. The term platonic love has been spoiled for us. We smile at its mention. To our downright common sense, platonic love is wooden iron: it is either too nice to be platonic, or too platonic to be nice. Even in the Renaissance it too often meant something silly or worse. Bembo himself was no unspotted prophet; and some of the female "saints" of the "new religion" were as sepulchres but thinly whited. Yet a creed with such apostles as Castiglione, Michelangelo, Vittoria Colonna, Margaret of France, Philip Sidney, Edmund Spenser, John Donne, is not lightly to be scoffed away.

The creed took form in Italy. Plato's idealism is behind it; but it is the passion for beauty of the Renaissance itself, and no mere metaphysical system, that gives fervor to the mood, is the soul within the doctrine. The Italian of the Renaissance, however, was also an exceedingly concrete person; to parody Meredith, —

His sense was with his senses all mixed in.

He meant by beauty, for all Plato, sensuous beauty, the beauty he could touch, see, hear, smell, taste. From his passionate sensuousness derived his su-

premacy in the plastic arts, the pictorialism of his poetry, and its deficiency in imaginative suggestion. Taking for granted that we are as much in love with the sensuously beautiful thing as he is, he spares us no detail of it. In a pastoral allegory, the *Nymphal of Admetus*, Boccaccio describes seven charming nymphs, one after another. They differ in type only as the superlatively beautiful differs from the supremely beautiful; yet we are treated to a complete list of specifications for each. We feel at last like judges at a strange beauty-show. But Boccaccio was justified of his own generation, and of some five generations more. Early in the fifteenth century, about 1430, Lorenzo Valla, who loved, like Mr. Bernard Shaw, to *épater le bourgeois*, wrote in Latin a dialogue *On Pleasure, or Concerning the True Good*. Pleasure, he says, is the true good; virtue for its own sake is an empty word. And the most pleasure-giving things are health and beauty, — especially beauty: for the more health we have, the less we know it; but the possession of beauty is a conscious joy forever. And of all beauty best is the beauty of women. "What," he asks, "is sweeter, what more delectable, what more adorable, than a fair face?" And since beauty is not of the face merely, he would have beautiful women in summer go lightly clad, or clad not at all. It is an artist of the beautiful that speaks, not a voluptuary; only the man that hath no beauty in himself will misconceive him. "He that rejoices not in beauty, is blind either of soul or of body; and if he have eyes, they should be put out, for he knows not how to use them."

This absorbing passion for feminine beauty reveals itself everywhere. With Fra Lippo's wistful girl-faces it invades

religious painting, before dominated by the hieratic, inaccessible, scarcely human, type of Byzantine symbolists. And from Fra Lippo to Titian, Italian religious art is mostly a vision of fair women, labeled saints, madonnas, what you will, but conceived and valued as fair women. On April 15, 1485, as Burekhardt relates, an interesting thing happened. There was found in a marble sarcophagus on the Appian Way the body of a young Roman girl, so marvelously embalmed that she seemed alive. Her eyes were half open; her lips parted as if smiling; her cheeks rosy. The body was laid in state in a palace on the Capitol. All flocked to look, painters among the rest; "for," says the chronicler, "she was more beautiful than can be said or written, and, were it said or written, it would not be believed by those who had not seen her." Very likely all this did not happen quite as it is reported for us; but that does not matter. The interesting thing is, that whereas their grandfathers would have worshiped this seeming resurrection as miracle, or anathematized it as witchcraft, these artists of the Renaissance prostrated themselves before a miracle indeed — the miracle of a pretty woman!

While Italian hearts were warming to this particular kind of miracle, two things came to pass which focused their diffused sentiment to a practical end, and justified this practical end to the intelligence. I mean the rehabilitation of Plato, and the social emancipation of women.

Plato had not been without influence, indeed, during the earlier Christian period or the Middle Ages. From Augustine to Gerson, on the contrary, his thought had impregnated Christian doctrine. But from the ninth century to the fifteenth, the authority of his rival, Aristotle, was absolute, dwarfing every other human authority whatsoever. Aristotle was not only, as Dante hailed him, "master of them that know," he was also preceptor of them that would be saved. To recon-

cile faith and reason, Thomas Aquinas found it sufficient to reconcile faith and Aristotle. Aristotle was the adopted *doctor evangelicus* of the Christian Church; Plato remained a mere pagan philosopher.

First to protest against this mediæval order of precedence is Francis Petrarch. In his *Triumph of Fame*, Plato walks before Aristotle: —

I turned me to the left, and Plato saw,
Who in that troop came nearest to the goal
Towards which they strive who gifted are of
God.

Next Aristotle full of genius high. . . .

And elsewhere Petrarch notes that Plato appeals to princes and potentates, Aristotle to the vulgar herd: *Ego arbitror quod inter duos, quorum alterum principes procèresque, alterum universa plebs laudat.*

In the fifteenth century the issue thus raised became an all-absorbing interest. The centre of dispute was Florence; and Plato's partisans were, in the first instance, prominent Greeks drawn there by the patronage of Cosmo de' Medici, or attendant upon their Emperor John Palæologos, when he came to discuss with the Roman Pope a possible harmonization of East and West in faith. Out of the interest in Plato, revived by these Greeks, grew the so-called Platonic Academy of Florence, of which the leading spirits were Marsilio Ficino and young Giovanni Pico della Mirandola. These two men devoted their learning and talents to the reconciliation of faith and reason; but for them no longer Aristotle, but Plato, sums all that reason can. Plato's triumph is complete; he is now the *doctor evangelicus* whom Ficino preaches in the Church of the Angels in Florence. "Within this church we would expound the religious philosophy of our Plato. We would contemplate divine truth in this seat of Angels. Enter in, dear brethren, in the spirit of holiness." And Ficino's later patron, Lorenzo de' Medici, adds the practical sanction, "Without the Platonic discipline, no

one can be either a good citizen, or a good Christian."

But Plato's doctrines were given a markedly mystic significance by these Florentines, fresh from the Church Fathers, vitally interested in the metaphysics of love of Dante and his circle, drawn, above all, to the dreamy speculations of the half-oriental Plotinus. These side influences tended to make paramount in their new religion that element of platonism which finds chief utterance in the *Symposium*: that love is the supreme force, cosmic, moral, religious; that there are two loves, heavenly and earthly, the one a desire of the beauty of sense, the other a desire of the beauty above sense; and that, as sensuous beauty is the shadow of super-sensuous, or spiritual, beauty, therefore by following the shadow we may ultimately attain to the reality behind the shadow, and in an ecstasy possess divine beauty itself.

Thus fatally, as if by preëstablished harmony, this whole body of exotic doctrine came to sanction and codify the mastering instinct of these beauty-loving Florentines, avatars in so many respects of Plato's own people. But like the Greeks themselves, the Florentines, much as they might speculate upon the supremacy of abstract beauty, the beauty visible only to the mind's eye, actually responded how much more sincerely, passionately, to concrete beauty, beauty visible to the eye of sense. To a few, in moments of speculative exaltation, this earthly beauty might dissolve away to the shadow their creed declared it to be; but to most of them, in effect, the visible, tangible, audible shadow was the reality they loved, whether purely or impurely. Yet contemplation of beauty, living with beauty, as a moral tonic, a discipline of excellence, might indeed be sincerely realized and fervently advocated, even by men-of-the-world for whom mystic passion for a supersensuous ideal was, though not necessarily mere shamming, yet an emotional state of which they were by temperament incapable alto-

gether, or capable only in rare passing moods.

Any one conversant with the character of Lorenzo the Magnificent, for instance, would hardly credit him with more than a verbal comprehension of any mystic passion. I do not mean because he was a man of loose morals: a man may feel, as well as see, the better, and yet follow the worse. I mean that Lorenzo's temperament was too exclusively Latin, too clear-sighted, logical, positive. Yet we have no reason to doubt his sincerity when he urged the moral efficacy of love against any who might censure his love-poetry as vain and amatorious writing. "I believe," he says, "that so far from being reprehensible, love is a necessary and indeed certain evidence of force, of gentleness, of dignity of character, and is more than all else occasion of leading men on to things high and excellent, and of bringing into action powers latent in our souls. For whoever diligently seeks the true definition of love, finds it to be not other than the desire of beauty. And if this be so, necessarily all things deformed and ugly displease him who loves." Excellent next to the love of God, he continues, is that "rare kind of love" which is of one person and for always. And such love cannot be unless the beloved "possess, humanly speaking, highest perfection; and unless there be met together in her, besides physical beauty, a lofty intelligence, modest and refined habits and ways, elegant mien and manners, suavity in address and winning speech, love, constancy, and faith."

Lorenzo seems to say long, very long, little more than Goethe said short in

Das Ewigweibliche
Zieht uns hinan.

There is, however, an important difference. For Goethe the potency of the *Ewigweibliche* is all in "love, constancy, and faith;" for the rest, his Gretchen is a simple, unlettered village-girl. Such a priestess of love did not exist for the despot of Florence and his fellow-platonists. As little would ancient Romans

have thought of choosing a vestal from the kitchen. For the Renaissance, *das Ewigweibliche* came at times perilously near being translatable into the Ever-ladylike. "Love, constancy, and faith" are part of her theoretical equipment; but in Lorenzo's list, they tail off his specifications rather weakly after his emphasized particularity anent the social graces, the perfections of the inner circle, the salon. Petrarch was prophetic when he said that Plato was the philosopher for "princes and potentates;" in the Renaissance the priestess of platonic love was the fine lady. She was the Ever-womanly; the rest were practicable females. The young platonist, Edmund Spenser, under the exigencies of the pastoral manner, called his "Rosalind" a shepherdess and a "widow's daughter of the glen;" but, lest we forget even for a moment, his confidential editor makes haste to reassure us that the conveniences have not really been violated. "He call-eth Rosalind the Widowes daughter of the glenne, that is of a country Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather sayde to colour and concele the person, then simply spoken. For it is well known, even in spighte of Colin and Hobbinnoll, that shee is a Gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endewed with anye vulgare and common gifts, both of nature and manners: but such indeede, as neede nether Colin be ashamed to have her made knownen by his verse, nor Hobbinnol be greved that so she should be commended to immortalitie for her rare and singular vertues."

If we are curious to know just what the Renaissance thought of when it described a lady as not "endewed with anye vulgare and common gifts, both of nature and manners," there are at hand dozens of contemporary books to enlighten us. The sixteenth century was indefatigable in its eagerness to define, to form, and to inform its lady worthy to be loved. It measured her from top to toe; it put the right words into her mouth; it scaled to a hair-line the boundary between

coquetry and *cocotterie*. Among others, Messer Angelo Firenzuola sets her physical type with accuracy. (I condense for convenience from Burckhardt's summary.) "Her hair should be a soft yellow, inclining to brown; the forehead just twice as broad as high; skin transparent, not dead white; eyebrows dark, silky, most strongly marked in the middle, and shading off toward the ears and nose; the white of the eye faintly touched with blue, the iris not actually black, but soft deep brown; the lids white, and marked with almost invisible tiny red veins; the hollow round the eye of the same color as the cheek; the ear, of a medium size, with a stronger color in the winding than in the even parts, with an edge of the transparent ruddiness of the pomegranate; the nose to recede gently and uniformly in the direction of the eyes; where the cartilage ceases, there may be a slight elevation, but not so marked as to make the nose aquiline; the lower part to be less strongly colored than the ears, but not of a chilly whiteness, and the middle partition above the lips to be lightly tinted with red; the mouth smallish, neither projecting to a point, nor quite flat, with lips not too thin, and fitting neatly together; except in speaking or laughing never more than six upper teeth should be displayed. As points of finesse may pass a dimple in the upper lip, a certain fullness of the lower lip, a tempting smile in the left corner of the mouth." And so on; for our connoisseur continues his minuscular analysis incorrigibly to the bitter end, — and with gravity, for to him there are sermons in looks.

Others delineate with similar particularity the spiritual woman. Count Baldassare Castiglione is the most worth listening to; for it is his gentleman and his lady, as characterized in the *Libro del Cortegiano*, that European high life in the sixteenth century labored to reproduce and in some measure did reproduce. According to Castiglione, the soul of gentility in man or woman is *grazia*, grace.

At bottom, grace is the trained instinct which can do or say difficult things with apparent ease. In the lady, grace involves moreover *una certa mediocrità difficile*, "a certain golden mean of unapproachableness," perhaps. Her demeanor should spell the maxim —

Be bolde, be bolde, and everywhere be bolde
Be not too bolde!

No timid shrinking Gretchen she, but skilled in "a certain pleasing affability," and adept in *ragionamenti d'amore*, "conversings of love," which "every gentle sir uses as means to acquire grace with ladies . . . not only when impelled by passion, but often as well to do honor to the lady with whom he speaks, it seeming to him that the pretence of loving her is a testimony of her worthiness to be loved." So gently courted, she will, while she can, "seem not to understand;" or, that ruse failing, will "take all as a merry jest." Singing, playing, dancing, — all the parlor accomplishments must be in her repertory of fascination; but she must not be forthputting in them, rather, after a not excessive pressing, should yield "with a certain coyness" (*con una certa timidità*).

Enough: we begin to recognize her, this fine lady of the Italian Renaissance. She is a work of art, of a subtle artistry

That nature's work by art can imitate.

The natural woman is to her as the rough-hewn block to the finished statue. She could apprehend with enthusiasm Keats's apothegm, "Beauty is truth;" but she would have shrugged her powdered shoulders at the complementing, "Truth beauty." In her pragmatic way she identified truth with tact. No doubt the ladies of Castiglione's generation had quite too robust nerves to be altogether precious dolls. We hear how Isabella of Este used to put on the gloves with her pretty cousin, Beatrice, and once with a clever counter floored her. Despite Castiglione's protest against such "strenuous and rough mannish sports," the

term "virago" was not yet one of contempt: Britomart the bold had her votaries as well as Amoret the amiable; but none the less, eighteenth-century Belinda is already in sight, — Belinda, whose "little heart" but turns to thoughts of beaux, and whose

Awful Beauty puts on all its arms
to conquer — Sir Fopling Flutter!

It was a recognition, just if partial, of this manifest tendency in the Renaissance "religion of beauty," artificial beauty, that drew from moral John Ruskin many a tirade. "All the Renaissance principles of art tended," he exclaims, "as I have before often explained, to the setting Beauty above Truth, and seeking for it always at the expense of truth. And the proper punishment of such pursuit — the punishment which all the laws of the universe rendered inevitable — was, that those who thus pursued beauty should wholly lose sight of beauty. . . . The age banished beauty, so far as human effort could succeed in doing so, from the face of the earth, and the form of man. To powder the hair, to patch the cheek, to hoop the body, to buckle the foot, were all part and parcel of the same system which reduced streets to brick walls, and pictures to brown stains. One desert of ugliness was extended before the eyes of mankind; and their pursuit of the beautiful, so recklessly continued, received unexpected consummation in high-heeled shoes and periwigs, — Gower Street and Gaspar Poussin." This is perhaps like judging apples ripe by apples rotten; yet it does nevertheless put finger on a rotten spot in the Renaissance passion for beauty.

But I digress too far. In my effort to picture the ideal "beauty" of the period as she was, and as she threatened to become, I have forgotten our present concern with her, namely, how her emergence acted upon the platonic cult, and how she in turn was reacted upon by that cult.

The story of her emergence itself can here only be hinted at. The woman of

the earlier fifteenth century, even in Italy, was, so far as social activity went, still in the kindergarten stage. Luther, who in this respect remained obstinately old-fashioned, expressed the earlier Italian view of her whole duty, when he said in his *Table Talk*, "Take women out of the household, and they are good for nothing. . . . Woman is born to keep house, it is her lot, her law of nature." Unhappily for such masculine ruling, however, woman has shown at several periods of her history a disposition — and a faculty — for overruling this particular law of her nature. She has uniformly appealed to another law, equally of her nature, which went into operation with Adam. "*The woman tempted me;*" and so Adam yielded to the woman — against his better judgment. So long as Luther can keep his woman in the household, that "law of nature" of hers is safe. Luther also is safe, — as a bird is safe from a serpent inexperienced in fascination. But the instinct and the power are there, and on provocation may grow dangerous.

In this fifteenth-century Italy, woman's provocation came in the form of the higher education, the awakening and training of that "*ingegno grande*," that "lofty intelligence," which Lorenzo de' Medici found so essential to the ideal loved one. The wisdom of the serpent was once more to subjugate man. The new learning, based as it was upon *belles lettres*, appealed to girlish minds. The old scholastic régime of logic and dialectic, if it reached them at all, hardened and unsexed them; but the new literature warmed their imaginations, touched their sympathies, lubricated their tongues. Tales of precocious maids becoming, while still in their teens, accomplished orators, poets, scholars in Latin, even in Greek, go the rounds of Italy. Teachers, pleased and flattered, egg on their pupils to emulation. The *femme savante* appears. If she is high-born and rich and ambitious, she sets up her salon. There she can meet men on equal terms, for wit

and learning; and, if she happens to be a pretty woman also — well, Luther and all his "laws of nature" cannot put her back into the household to stay. The odd thing is that these very humanists, who were so largely responsible for letting woman out of the household, were all the while theoretically urging the necessity of keeping her in there. One of the foremost of them, Leo Battista Alberti of Florence, in his famous *Treatise on the Family*, draws his ideal girl-bride meekly making obeisance to her husband. "She told me," this lordly personage remarks, "that she had learned to obey her father and mother; and had received their injunction always to obey me; and accordingly was prepared to do whatever I might command." Yet it was good Leo Battista and his kind who were responsible for Beatrice, the girl-let-out-of-the-household, answering Benedick's pathetic "Do you not love me?" with her "Why, no; no more than reason. . . . I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption."

Now, by the end of the fifteenth century, Beatrice was become for Italy a fact, the paramount fact, socially speaking. In the person of Castiglione's Emilia Pia — first cousin moral of Beatrice — mad and merry wit rules it over the brilliant group in the salon at Urbino; she and Signor Gasparo "never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them." To such clever women, sure of themselves and so daring much, the new Renaissance literature is being dedicated and devoted. Their influence is in all and over all, making for social rightness and mostly — it is fair to say — for righteousness. There is no longer question of their right to influence men, but only what to do with that influence, how to direct it, and to what end. And Pietro Bembo, *élégant* and poet, theologian and wit, is ready with an answer, blending metaphysics with gallantry, with a spice of anti-matrimonial cynicism. This last,

this odium attaching to marriage, came to the Renaissance from several quarters of influence: from the practical and theological arguments of the Fathers, especially Ambrose and Augustine, against marriage; from the fanatic asceticisms of morbid Eastern anchorites, and their monkish disciples in the West; from the fantastic code of the thirteenth-century chivalric love, with its statute as redacted by Chaplain Andrew, — *Dicimus enim et stabilito tenore firmamus amorem non posse inter duos jugales suas extendere vires*: "we say and legally resolve that love cannot extend its dominion over two joined in matrimony;" from the interminable line of travesties on marriage from Jean de Meung to Eustache Deschamps; from the idealism of Cavalcanti and Dante, and the sentimentalism of Petrarch; from, finally, Plotinus of Alexandria, next revered after Plato, who, without exactly condemning marriage, yet commends as the higher love that which rests in passionless contemplation of womanly beauty.

But although Plotinus emphasizes the virtue of such contemplative love, he is far from making feminine beauty its principal object. His conception of beauty, on the contrary, is more abstract even than Plato's. Nor were the earlier Florentine platonists, Ficino, Pico, Benivieni, and the rest, thinking of feminine beauty as the supreme beauty this side heaven. Lorenzo carefully distinguished between Plato's divine love, which is the highest good, and love for a human creature, which is a good only after a finite manner of speaking. But Cardinal Bembo, in his *Gli Asolani*, definitively identifies platonic love with love of ladies, finds man's *summum bonum*, as Browning put it playfully, "in the kiss of one girl." In Bembo's philosophy there was indeed much virtue in a kiss.

In a fair garden of the Queen of Cyprus at Asolo, three high-born maidens and as many youths while away the hour of siesta with talk of love. As the custom was, they elect one of the maidens to pre-

side over their debate. One of the youths, Perottino, as "devil's advocate," attacks love, adducing many plausible reasons why love should be held dangerous and hurtful, occasion of many ills. Whereupon another youth, Gismondo, defends love, matching each and every allegation of ill by a joy won through loving; so that, whereas Perottino concluded love to be wholly bad, Gismondo proves love to be wholly good. Both cannot be right; so the queen calls upon Lavinello, the third youth, to break, if possible, the deadlock. Love, he replies, is good or bad according to its object; the object of the love which is good is beauty alone. True beauty man perceives through eye and ear and mind; through these come those immortal harmonies which delight and do not pall. The desire which is not of such beauty, is but

Expense of spirit in a waste of shame.

Such is the practical gist of Bembo's elegant sermon, — stripped of the graces of style, of poetry, of eloquence, lavished by the courtly churchman. It was this gist that these cultivated, enthusiastic, ambitious ladies of the Renaissance took to heart, and made practical trial of. Bembo's book was to them what *La Nouvelle Héloïse* was to the ladies of French salons three centuries later, — a more intimate bible. And presently they were to hear the "Matthew Arnold" of that day actually substituting this new gospel according to Peter of Venice for the old gospel of Peter of Galilee.

Bembo's *Gli Asolani* was published in 1505. During the winter of that year the conversation was supposed to take place which Castiglione records in his *Libro del Cortegiano*. The book is an epitome of the cultivated life, touching and illustrating every function of that life from boudoir and drawing-room to cabinet and throne. Last of all, and highest function of all, is naturally religion. And here, at the close of the book, where we might expect an exhortation to Christian love, we find instead an apostrophe

to platonic love. Bembo himself is the officiating priest; and when at the last he comes down from the ecstatic vision he has himself evoked, he is like Moses returned from Sinai: "He seemed as if transported and spellbound, and stood mute and immobile, his eyes turned heavenward, as if he were distraught; until the Lady Emilia . . . took him by the hem of his garment, and plucking it gently, said, 'Have a care, Messer Pietro, lest with these thoughts your own spirit be reft away from the body.' — 'Madam,' replied Messer Pietro, 'nor would that be the first miracle which love hath worked in me.'"

Here in a single situation is the keynote of nearly all, — in truth a discordant note, sounding, or pretending to sound, high piety and light gallantry at once and in one. Ruskin is in so far right: the Renaissance religion of beauty started wrong. Whatever truth may lie in the notion of the platonic "ladder of love," the way towards the supra-mundane is unlikely to pass through the salon of *la grande mondaine*.

Still, however crossed at birth by a malignant spirit of levity, there is truth and beauty in Castiglione's ideal itself. "Who does not know," he asks, "that women cleanse our hearts of all evil and low thoughts, of cares, of troubles, and of those heavy dejections that follow in the train of these? And if we consider well, we shall recognize also, that in respect to the knowledge of high things, so far from turning away men's minds, women rather awaken them." Upon this faith as a corner-stone Castiglione builds his theory of the state. God has deputed the government of peoples to princes; princes should lean upon wise counselors, mature enough in years to have outlived their own misguided passions, but fresh in spirit to feel and follow the perfecting influence of beauty. The function of women in society, therefore, is by their beauty, of body and mind conjoined, to lead upward and onward such men. The Middle Ages, the age of Aris-

totle, had called woman *confusio hominis*, the "confusion of man;" the Renaissance, the age of Plato, now hailed her in effect as *illuminatio Dei*, "the illumination of God." So Michelangelo: —

From highest stars above
Downward a radiance flows,
Drawing desire to those;
And here men call it love.

It was as if the mood of such men, like a prism, refracted the figure of Mary, dearer divinity of mediæval Christendom, into many gracious and beneficent living images, before each one of which men might kneel and say, as Michelangelo himself to Vittoria Colonna, —

Rough-cast, first was I born . . .
From that rough cast of me, this better Me
From thee had second birth, thou high pure one.

She sustains him: —

Blest spirit, who with ardent earnestness,
My heart, aging towards death, keepest in life.

To her he prays: —

Lord of me, at the last hour
Reach out unto me thy two pitiful arms;
Take me from myself, and make me one to please thee.

Through her is salvation: —

Blessed the soul where runs no longer time
Through thee permitted to contemplate God.

But on few descended the "radiance of the stars" as on this magnificent old man, so voicing his spiritual love at past sixty-three. Castiglione had indeed said "that old men can love blamelessly and more happily than young; by this word 'old' meaning indeed not decrepit, nor when the bodily organs are so weak that the soul cannot longer exercise its functions through them, but when wisdom in us is in its fulness." Michelangelo justifies the opinion; and so, from the other side, does Sir Philip Sidney, whose illumination from his Star, Stella, is shot through with the smoky passions of undisciplined youth. For long he cannot find peace in the platonic — or shall we say sisterly — love Stella offers him: —
Service and Honour, Wonder with Delight,
Fear to offend, will worthy to appear,

Care shining in mine eyes, Faith in my sprite :
 These things are left me by my only Dear.
 But thou, Desire ! because thou wouldst have
 all,

Now banisht art : but yet, alas, how shall ?

Yet he too at the last professes conversion
 in his sonnet, —

Leave me, O love, which reachest but to
 dust !

Beyond question, few converts to the
 Renaissance religion of beauty stood on
 the heights with Michelangelo and Sid-
 ney. Most of these — most professional
 poets, at any rate — remained in the com-
 fortable valleys of patronage. For in-
 stance, Dr. John Donne writes to Lucy
 Harrington, Countess of Bedford : —

You have refined me, and to worthiest things . . .

Yet to that deity which dwells in you,
 Your virtuous soul, I now not sacrifice ;
 These are petitions, and not hymns ; they sue
 But that I may survey the edifice.

In all religions as much care hath been
 Of temples' frames, and beauty, as rites
 within.

How different is this gallant metaphori-
 cal piety from Michelangelo's quiet in-
 tensity ! And Dr. Donne's list of "worthi-
 est things" to which he has been "refi-
 ned" — "virtue, art, beauty, fortune" —
 leads by its apparent order of climax
 to the disquieting doubt that "Madam"
 has been to him less Saint Beauty than
 Saint Bounty. Indeed, too many a poet
 of the sixteenth century was a pilgrim to
 the latter's shrine ; his platonic patron
 saint achieved sainthood only in the de-
 gree of her good works — *toward him*.
 Poets had to live ; paying public there
 was none ; so they borrowed from patrons
 and repaid with thanks keyed, as with
 these of Donne's, to the emphasis of
 spiritual love. Especially adapted for such
 amorous notes-of-hand was the sonnet as
 Petrarch wrote it, — a form brief, inge-
 nious, pointed, pithy, a style all tender,
 obsequious, yet within bounds, delicate, a
 passion which flattered without compro-
 mising, in fine, a strictly legal currency
 for all compliment, or, in the platonic
 manner of speaking, a hymnal for the

"new religion in love." Strange to say,
 the aptest description of Petrarch's love-
 poetry as conceived by the salon is by un-
 couthly pedantic Gabriel Harvey, Spen-
 ser's friend : "Petrarch was a delicate
 man, and with an elegant judgment gra-
 ciously confined Love within the terms
 of Civility." His poetry is "the grace
 of Art, a precious tablet of rare conceits,
 and a curious frame of exquisite work-
 manship ; nothing but neat Wit, and
 refined Elegance." Do we not hear, and
 see, the *petit maître* of the salon ! Petrarch
 wrote of himself, —

And I am one who find a joy in tears.

His mendicant followers reduced his
 stock of sentiment to sweet water, cook-
 ing this into sonnets of sugar-candy ;
 and too many a "Sacharissa" was by
 nature, as well as by name, as Dr. John-
 son said, "derived from sugar." Until
 John Cleveland might well cry out, —

For shame, thou everlasting wooer . . .
 For shame, you pretty female elves,
 Cease thus to candy up yourselves !

The platonic religion of beauty far
 from died out with the Renaissance. It
 was given finical propagation during the
 early seventeenth century throughout
 Europe. Preciously modish in the *Hôtel
 de Rambouillet*, it was thence grafted
 afresh upon English high society by
 Henrietta Maria, full alumna of the
 French school. In Italy, meanwhile, it
 had degenerated into the silly institution
 of the *cicisbeo*, or platonic "servant,"
 who was attached to every fashionable
 matron. Byron has drawn his portrait
 in *Beppo* :

. . . "Cavalier Servente" is the phrase
 Used in politest circles to express
 This supernumerary slave who stays
 Close to the lady as a part of dress,
 Her word the only law which he obeys.
 His is no sinecure, as you may guess ;
 Coach, servants, gondola, he goes to call,
 And carries fan and tippet, gloves and shawl.

The *cicisbeo* was regularly picked out,
 along with the husband, by the lady's
 family ; and was supposed to exercise a
 kind of spiritual influence over her, un-

tainted by the material bondage of matrimony.

As was natural, the platonic fashion spread downward from the court. *Molière's précieuses ridicules* and *femmes savantes* are of the *bourgeoisie*. We catch echoes of the *cicisbeo* even in England, and as late as Sheridan. "You know," protests innocent young Lady Teazle to insinuating Joseph Surface, "I admit you as a lover no farther than fashion requires." — "True," replies Joseph, — "a mere Platonic *cicisbeo*, what every wife is entitled to." — "Certainly," assents the ingenuous lady, "one must not be out of the fashion."

The breaking down of such fashions was undoubtedly one of the many reactions against the artificial and unnatural, which, taken together, we call the Romantic Movement. Castiglione's *Cortegiano* was the gospel of the Renaissance religion of beauty; the gospel of the Romantic religion of passion was Rousseau's *La Nouvelle Héloïse*. Rousseau swept away the whole code of gallant fencing, of suprasensuous ecstasies, of artificial courtesies; he took his lovers out of doors, out of over-heated salons, not into smug gardens of trimmed box and simpering marbles, but into the presence of real nature, and real human nature, even if a little overwrought; and the fine fantastical French ladies and their beribboned gallants sighed over his pages and, even while remaining fine fantastical ladies

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and beribboned gallants, at least played at being ingenuous children of nature.

It would be interesting to trace the development from these play children of nature, these masqueraders in *fêtes galantes*, of the real child of nature, the ideal woman-type of the Romanticists. It would be interesting again to set beside the Renaissance belle, mistress of herself and men, shaving her forehead to appear intellectual, and graduating Connoisseur in Hearts, — to set beside her the Romantic heroine, Virginie, Dorothea, Gretchen, Cythna, Haidee, and all their sisters of drama and fiction, — innocent children, artless and helpless, who can only love, and, when their love is hurt, can only pine away with it, like Shelley's *Sensitive Plant*. One might also show reaction on reaction, and illustrate the child-woman of Goethe growing into the "interesting matron," *la femme de trente ans*, of Balzac and George Sand; or illustrate occasional reversion in our own time to the platonic ideal itself, as in the apostrophe of Jane in *L'ami des Femmes* of Dumas fils. "Let us forget earth," she sighs, "let us realize heaven; let us share our thoughts, our joys, our griefs, our aspirations, our tears, so that in this unflingly communion of minds and souls there may be in our eyes pride, in our heart-throbs purity, in our speech chastity, in our consciences calm." So history — and women — repeat themselves. But all this would be another story.



THE FARMERS' UNION AND THE TOBACCO POOL

BY JOHN L. MATHEWS

KENTUCKY has been having an experience unique, costly, tragic, and probably to some extent valuable, with the farmers engaged in the chief agricultural industry of the state — growing tobacco. Some 80,000 of them, representing probably 400,000 of the population of the state, have been engaged in a union demonstration for the purpose of securing higher pay. The result has been in some sections anarchy, in all great distress. Fortunately, the movement in this case has not been among the growers of a necessary article of food. A strike of farmers to increase the price of bread, could it be carried out with the success and with the features which have accompanied the trouble in Kentucky, would throw the entire nation into turmoil. Flour and bread going up instantly would cause a readjustment of all wages and of all prices, so that for a considerable term of years the consequences would continue to be felt. If 80,000 farmers in each of the wheat states could be for one or two years as thoroughly organized as these tobacco-growers have been in Kentucky, commercial and civil chaos would result.

On first thought, it appears impossible that any such movement should ever become general enough thus to affect the whole people. But the farmer is becoming a keen citizen. Educated, more or less wisely, by the cheaper magazines and the newspapers, to the methods and aggressions of the so-called trusts, awakened to a knowledge of the skill and impunity with which some capitalists break both civil and moral law, he is apparently becoming less devoted to his old ideal of the law, and more inclined to try these new ventures for himself. We have a multitude of indications of this on every hand. The new constitutions,

such as that of Oklahoma, are designed to allow him wide latitude. In Texas, in Illinois, and in many other states, he has had passed anti-trust laws which specifically exempt the farmer from their terms. In Montana, Idaho, and Utah, the wool-growers have combined to raise the price of their wares, and with considerable success. In the South, the cotton-growers, under the able leadership of Mr. Harvie Jordan, have held together for higher prices and for reduced acreage. They have pointed out clearly to the farmer that, if it costs him 7 cents a pound to raise cotton, and he raises ten bales to sell at 10 cents, he will make 3 cents a pound, or \$150 cash profit; whereas if he raises only five bales, and the price goes to 15 cents, he will have a profit of 8 cents a pound, or \$200 cash profit; he will only have done half as much work, and will have half his land left on which to grow other things. This sound reasoning holds many acres out of the cotton crop — until cotton goes so high that every farmer hastily plants all his acreage in the hope of getting the extra profit on his whole farm. Then comes the big drop, the price about equals the cost of production, the "pool" has failed, and the work is all to do again.

The farmers'-union movement has reached the point of establishing regular warehouses capitalized by farmers, in which the union man may hold his goods, drawing cash against them at the bank, refusing to sell at the cheap prices which prevail at harvest, and holding them until the later, higher price comes on. And there has grown up out of all this a still stronger movement, which has its headquarters now at Indianapolis, called the equity movement, intended to unite the farmers of the entire nation in a

movement for more equitable living, in which the chief element is to secure a higher price for farm products. This equity movement — the American Society of Equity is its official style — has developed the method of "pooling crops" to the highest point that it has yet attained.

This method of pooling has now arrived at a test of a peculiar character, in which there has been pooled a crop which is by nature limited to a small area of production, and which is by financial manipulation limited to a small market for sale. That is, a trust having arisen in New York which was able to control the output, and therefore to make prices to suit itself, the farmers have answered this trust by forming under the equity society a union of their own, and going on a strike for higher prices. Combining the methods of labor union and capitalistic organization, they have chosen, not to fight the trust under the laws of the state, nor to attempt to build up its commercial rivals, but to battle with it in the open, fight it to a standstill, and compel it to dicker with their organization as an equal. The public is not considered in their arrangements. They have made no plans for humanity in general. If there is a good thing in this crop they intend to share it, and they wish to teach the trust that they have the power. The result cannot for a moment be in doubt. The movement in the end will fail. But in the mean time it has thrown so much light upon the farmer as a union man, and on the possibility of his striking, as to be worth study.

The union to which I refer is the Burley Tobacco Society, in Kentucky. It is organized to oppose the exactions of the American Tobacco Company of New Jersey.

Tobacco is grown in several distinct districts in Kentucky, and there, as elsewhere, each district has, by reason of soil or climate, a virtual monopoly of its own type. Down in the southwestern corner,

in the so-called Black Patch, embracing several counties of Tennessee, a dark and heavy leaf is grown and fire-cured for the foreign trade. This is bought by government, or so-styled "regie" buyers. North of this is a heavy leaf stemmed for the British trade. North and east of this is the region in which a dark air-cured leaf is grown for domestic uses. East of this, embracing all Blue Grass and extending to Maysville, is the Burley district, in which is grown the famous red and white Burley tobacco. Burley tobacco is a light fine-fibred leaf, which has to a large degree the property of absorbing licorice and other adulterants. It is therefore used for making sweet chewing tobaccos, — plug, twist, and fine-cut. Because of its peculiar fitness for this, the tobacco companies have for forty or fifty years made use of it in this way, and the popular brands, which are assets of no mean value, are based upon the public taste for this manipulated Burley.

Formerly Burley was grown only in the hill counties, and not at all in the Blue Grass. Under those conditions, with some dozens of concerns making and selling chewing tobaccos, competition for the best grades was keen; the farmers used their best skill in developing the weed, and prices ranged high, so that 22 cents was no unusual "round price" for a crop. A round price, be it said, is an average price for all the leaves, lugs, trash, bright leaves, and tips, which make up a crop. It embraces several sub-prices which may run from 10 cents for fliers and trash (at a 22-cent round) to 30 cents for the best bright-red leaves. At such prices the farmers of the hill counties were able to make rich living. But in the course of time two things happened. In Kentucky the high price of Burley tempted the Blue Grass farmers; they planted the weed and found it would grow in their wonderful soil, and produce twice as much per acre as on the hills. Forest after forest was felled to give the new land to tobacco, and the production rose

faster than the demand. At the same time there was formed in the eastern financial market one coalition after another, each with an additional amount of watered stock, until the result was the American Tobacco Company, an immensely too-heavy concern, paying rich dividends on a huge volume of water, and controlling more than 80 per cent of the Burley output.

To produce Burley in the rich Blue Grass cost so much less than the current price, and the output was coming so much more abundantly than it was needed, that this big concern began putting down the price—a thing it was easily able to do—by refusing to pay more than a set sum for the crop. In this way it reduced the price to 6.5 cents a pound and proposed to reduce it further to 5.5 cents, in the hope of finding a minimum price which would supply the demand it had for Burley without encouraging the farmer to grow more, and would leave the trust the difference between this and the sale price (forty cents) as margin for profit. It did not, however, seek a truly normal price; but artificially stimulated production by paying to one or more favored farmers in each county about double the regular price, in order to arouse the same gambling instinct among their neighbors that the winning of a lottery prize arouses.

Almost all tobacco in Kentucky is grown upon the share-tenant system, and is the "money crop" of those who grow it. That is, instead of working a whole farm as a business proposition, conserving the soil, practicing advanced methods of rotation, and studying the markets to discover what may be grown on the land to return the highest value, the farmer sets aside his tobacco-land to raise his money, and uses the rest of the land for running support. A few acres of corn, a little rye, a little wheat,—the traditional crops,—and a more or less thin stand of blue grass,—these make up in the hill counties the burden of the poorly-tilled soil. Out of 300 acres, perhaps 90 acres

will be suited for tobacco. The tobacco so drains this that it can be used for the crop only once in six years, and during the other five generally lies idle, or is set in clover. Thus a 300-acre farm has, in a given year, 15 acres of tobacco, which will keep entirely employed the families of two tenants. To them the landlord furnishes houses, stock, and tobacco-barns, corn-land, gardens, pasturage, money advance for living, and the tools to work the crop. In return, he takes half the produce of the corn-land—which is very little—and half the tobacco.

There is land in the hill counties that produces 1000 pounds to the acre in Burley. The average, however, is not over 800 pounds. The crop is the hardest of all crops to grow, requiring about 123 days' labor from the tenant, and in busy times the assistance of all his family and some hired help. One man can grow only about four acres, and then requires help for "worming," "suckering," topping, and harvesting.

The crop is begun with a forcing-bed in early spring, and often is not marketed for sixteen months. At 10 cents a pound it returns to the landlord, in the hill counties, \$40 to the acre, or \$600 as the money return from a 300-acre farm in a year. Out of this he pays interest, taxes, insurance, and upkeep on two tenant houses, several tobacco-barns (worth about \$800 each), and the tenants' stock-barns; pays taxes and interest on his idle 75 acres of tobacco-land; pays interest on perhaps \$500 which he has advanced to his tenant; renews tools, and meets certain other expenses. The tenant hires help, works in the field himself, and at the end of the year has raised his own corn and hogs, has worked hard and continuously, has paid out perhaps \$250 for help, insurance, paris green for spraying, and other necessities, and has at the end \$300, or a cash profit of \$50, for his year's work. Sometimes he has not this, but remains in debt to his landlord. At 6.5 cents a pound Burley cannot be grown under decent living conditions in

such counties as Mason, which produces now 7,000,000 pounds a year.

In Blue Grass there is no such sad tale. At 10 cents a pound, on land producing 2000 pounds to the acre, so easily tilled that a tenant can handle twice as much as on the hills, the return to the landlord may amount to \$100 an acre, on land which may bear tobacco every fourth year and which in the intervening years bears abundant crops of clover, grass, or rye. The tenant who handles ten acres may receive \$1000, out of which he may have \$500 clear. And, at that, many tenants have bought the costly Blue Grass land for themselves. The price of 6.5 cents just about meets the cost of production in this region, and means beggary for the hills.

Pooling tobacco in Kentucky started down in the Black Patch, or received its greatest impetus there. The regie buyers combined, or were formed into a combination by their superiors, and the Patch was districted, each man being given an exclusive territory, and no farmer being allowed to sell to any one but his own buyer. In this way a set price as low as four cents was made, and the farmer had no option but to take it; no option, at least, that was open to the farmer not rich enough to ship his crop to Bremen and seek European competition.

In this situation a group of canny planters formed a tight little corporation of \$200 capital, for the avowed purpose of holding, handling, buying, and selling tobacco. They induced about a thousand of their neighbors — there are forty thousand dark-tobacco growers in the Patch — to pledge their crops with them, and they planned to hold this much off the market and compel the regie buyers to pay a higher price for it. This proving popular, they soon had five thousand pledges. Then they — or interests closely allied with them — organized a band of Ku-Klux, called Night Riders, who, first by so-called "peace armies," and then by raiding at night all who resisted, frightened or forced —

during the next three years — all the forty thousand to sign.

The tight little corporation thus had a monopoly of the dark tobacco. It forced the regie buyers to pay a price raised by slow degrees to 11 cents round, exacted large commissions and profits, — as much as 1500 per cent a year on the capital, — and now controls the Black Patch absolutely. All its pledges expire in January, 1909, and the situation will then become anarchistic. The success of this Black Patch plan was entirely due to the employment of Night Riders, who correspond to the professional "sluggers" of a labor union, or the hired assassins of a Black-Hand league. Both Kentucky and Tennessee were at the time suffering from weak state administrations, neither Governor Beckham nor Governor Patterson caring to endanger his political fences by risking the enmity of the Night Riders and their friends. So, with a series of horrors such as no city union has ever equaled, these Ku-Klux swept over the Patch, burning cities, destroying homes, burning barns, shooting men and women, until from very terror the great majority of planters, unable to secure state protection, joined the association and pledged their tobacco to the little corporation. In this way it came to handle nearly 100,000,000 pounds in a year, and, absolutely controlling the market, forced the price up step by step until it now has reached 11 cents. This is a very high price for dark tobacco. It can be maintained only so long as the association is held together. As this is not a voluntary association, but a private trust, into alliance with which the individuals have been herded by an army, there is no doubt that the expiration of 40,000 pledges in January next will see the Patch plunged into trouble and both association and Night Riders fighting for life.

Kentucky is, however, no longer under the Beckham rule. Governor Willson, who was honored with a doctorate by Harvard last June, is a man of different

fibre. He has covered every county in which the Night Riders have appeared, or threatened to appear, with militia, and is bending every effort to restore law and order, and to end this species of anarchy.

The partial success of the Black-Patch combination stirred up the Burley planters to form a pool of their own. It is remarkable in this, that while it was the hard-driven hill-county men who began the agitation, it was the prosperous landlords of the Blue Grass who took the lead and carried out the plans; for these owners of rich plantations have been more bitter over the decimation of their abundance than the others over the passing of their livelihood.

The movement of the Burley Pool took shape in the formation of the Burley Tobacco Society, an organization allied with the American Society of Equity, and working under its general plan. J. Campbell Cantrill, state president of the Equity Society, took the lead in directing the organization; and Clarence Lebus, a speculator in tobacco, became president of the new concern. The two societies worked in common. A plan was devised by which the Burley Society in each county should make a pool of all the 1906 crop, and should hold it off the market until the price went up so high that it could be sold at a round price of 15 cents a pound. The Equity Society aided this, not only by agitation but by organizing local warehouses in which the pool crops could be stored, so that money could be raised on them. About 50,000,000 pounds, perhaps a third of the 1906 crop, was thus pledged and held. Some of this was held in common. That is, in some counties all the tobacco was entered at the round price of 15 cents, and thereafter, whenever any was sold, the money was divided pro rata among the whole county membership. In other counties, individual lots were held separately, but all for the same round price.

The headquarters of the pool were established at Winchester, Kentucky, and there in a big warehouse were gathered

the samples or types, one sample representing each hogshhead in the pool — 45,000 or 50,000 in all. This 1906 tobacco was a bad crop, but the supply was large, and the end of the year found the tobacco companies well supplied, and Burley selling at from 7 to 8 cents. The pool remained unsold. The Burley Society had pledged itself to advance one-half the held price, or 7.5 cents on every pound, to the farmers, and this made the success of the scheme, for there was as much in this advance as there was in marketing the tobacco, and the farmer took a gambling chance for more. However, the financing arrangements did not always succeed; but the local bankers in many counties advanced 5 cents a pound or more on warehouse receipts, and as a general thing the members of the pool were satisfied.

In 1907 there was planted an unusually large acreage of Burley, the pool-growers planting their usual crops, and outsiders going in more heavily. The agitation by the Equity Society and the Burley Society was kept up, until one after another the farmers came under the shelter of the association, and about 115,000,000, or possibly 125,000,000, pounds were pledged.

Meanwhile the Equity Society had been playing at politics. In order to strengthen its position, it had gone into the legislature and secured several new laws. It is a curious commentary on the hopes of the farmers, that these were not directed toward destroying the American Tobacco Company, or intended to hurt any other trust. They were, on the contrary, *trust-empowering*, designed to provide for the development of a secure trust in agricultural products which would be as safe within the law as the Tobacco Company without it. The constitution of Kentucky makes it mandatory upon the legislature to enact laws making it an offense for any persons or corporations to combine or pool any objects to enhance their price. The legislature, however, being strongly affected by

the agricultural population, passed a bill providing that persons "engaged in agriculture" might combine or pool "products of agriculture grown by themselves, in order to secure a better price for them."

It provided further that such persons might pledge their crops to an agent, or to the pool as agent, and that it should be an offense for any person to persuade any pledged member to withdraw from the pool or to buy any pledged or pooled tobacco except through the regular officers of the pool. Securely entrenched in these unconstitutional statutes, the Burley Society continued its campaign. It made no attack on the trust, nor the trust on it, for by a peculiar working it was certain that neither had any real cause to oppose the other.

This was because the new pool was strangling all competition to the American Tobacco Company. The trust controls about eighty per cent of the sales of tobacco manufactured from Burley. The other twenty per cent is controlled by a large number of small independents. There was one of these independents in Lexington, who, up to the time of the pool, was prospering extremely. The low grades of Burley — trash and poor lugs — were then selling at about 2 to 4 cents a pound. The plug and twist and smoking tobaccos made from them were selling at about 25 to 34 cents a pound wholesale. Star navy, the standard of price, was at 42 cents. This Lexington manufacturer had gone wisely about his business, and finding he could go twice as far on cheap grades as on expensive, he had bought lugs and trash and fliers, and had built up a trade in cheap tobaccos. He had spent \$150,000 in advertising, and was doing a business of \$500,000 a year. He was typical of an increasing class. His method was to go into a city where the trust sold perhaps \$50,000 worth in a year, and work his trade up to about \$2000 a year. Then, keeping it at that figure, he would begin somewhere else, and in this way built up a widespread popularity. The trust could

not afford to stand a loss on their big trade to knock out his little one.

In such competition there was hope for the Burley people. A lot of independents, properly encouraged, would soon have established free bidding in the markets, and the Tobacco Company would no longer have been able to control the price. These independents, however, soon found they were to have no credit with the pool, and no help from it. Instead of doing what it might well have done, — set aside certain grades for their use, or made them a concession of a certain percentage to increase their chances against the big monopoly, — it held strictly to one price and one treatment for all. It made the round price 15 cents, with lugs a little less, and high grades a little more.

The American Tobacco Company does its chief business on star navy plug and on certain other chewing and smoking brands which require high-priced leaf. It was able, however, to substitute a great deal of lower-class leaf and, by doctoring, still fill orders. So in the open market it bid the low grades higher and higher until, as the winter of 1907 approached, there was nothing to be had of any grade for less than 13 or 14 cents. Meanwhile the high grades, which should have fetched up to 26 cents, went begging, and when they were offered, the trust gathered them in at about 16. Harder and harder this worked upon the independents. The 1907 crop was coming in, but the pool would sell none of the cheap grades it contained until all the 1906 was off. That in the pool had hardly begun to move. In Louisville the "breaks" were almost empty. Large forces of office-hands and warehouse employees usually busy at that season were laid off. Business was stagnating. The free Burley, outside the pool, was coming in loose leaf to Lexington, and there the American Tobacco Company was taking it in, bidding up the low grades above the reach of the independents, and taking the high grades at the same low figures.

This could not go on and let the independents live. One by one they were crushed out of business. In June, 1908, when the open market was barren of tobacco, the trust was buying 16-cent grades of 1906 tobacco from the pool, the higher grades were still unsold, and there remained 100,000,000 pounds of 1907 pooled tobacco of all grades, which could not be sold till all of 1906 was off. The independent manufacturer at Lexington, on whom the neighborhood should have depended for competition and stable prices, had closed up his factory and quit. His investment was a loss. That trade which had cost \$150,000 in advertising was now nothing. The farmers' trust was as oppressive and as ruthless as that which it was fighting.

With the 1906 crop unsold, and 1907 coming in (and of this latter perhaps 25,000,000 pounds of pledged leaf was secretly or openly sold away from the pool), the Burley and Equity societies began an active campaign which has produced a result unique in America. They decided to go on strike and to grow no more Burley till they had sold what was on hand. This was not an educational campaign to induce the farmers to make more profitable use of their land. It was simply a strike. In the beginning all who could be so induced were persuaded to "sign off" the number of acres they would not grow. Upon members of the society this was mandatory. Many outsiders who had, thanks to the pool, sold off their own crops at 14 or 15 cents, felt that it was no more than fair to sign off a year and give the pool a chance to unload. To others the pool leaders made this statement (which I quote in substance as I heard J. Campbell Cantrill deliver it in a court house at New Castle, Henry County, to a crowd of tenant-farmers):—

"You who are in the pool, I tell you to sit idle this year. You will get rich doing nothing. You have two crops of Burley in the pool. If you sell them for 15 cents each, there will be 25 cents

coming back to you, and if you are idle there will be three years to divide it over. That will be 8 cents a pound a year. But if you grow tobacco this year the pool will be thrown on the market, and you will get only 4, or maybe 6, cents a pound for each year. Three years at 6 cents is 18 cents. Two years at 15, less cost of the pool, is 25. You will have more profit if you sit idle than if you work. But you who are not in the pool, let me say to you that if you grow tobacco enough to threaten our market, when your crop is almost ready we will dump 175,000,000 pounds of pooled tobacco on the market for what we can get. The market will drop to 2 cents or less, and you will not get enough for yours to pay to haul it to market. Now take your choice. Stand idle and help us—or we will ruin you."

It was a gloomy prospect. Kentuckians were divided. Some thought that by growing they could get high prices; some feared just such a catastrophe as Cantrill had predicted. January and February of this year were periods of such tension in Kentucky as preceded the actual outbreak of the Civil War. Business was suspended, and the entire attention of the Burley region was centred on the problem of "no crop for 1908."

Through January and February, excitement over this movement grew steadily more intense; yet it was impossible to estimate how large an area would actually be "cut out" from the crop. As the time for burning plant-beds approached, the tale of night-riding in the Black Patch began to be told more and more through Burley. Emissaries from the Patch traveled in the Blue Grass country and made speeches. Cantrill and other leaders, while decrying such outbreaks, made speeches which contained the seed of the idea, and while telling the farmers not to indulge in violence, at the same time suggested that they could not be blamed for using a little force. In some counties, meetings of farmers became tremendously dramatic, as when, in Henry

County, old Judge Ben F. Hill, after reading the Bill of Rights to his constituents, assembled in the court house, declared that he would uphold to the last ditch the right of every man to grow a crop if he so desired.

Governor Willson, who had his hands full with the violence in the Patch, announced that he would send militia to any section where trouble threatened. The whole state was on tiptoes, fearful, hesitant, — and then the planted season came, and with it came the night-riding. The leaders of the Burley movement were gentlemen of culture and refinement — in their business methods, as well as in daily life. They therefore tended naturally to the methods of the Wall Street financier, and fought the trust that way. But the plebs were composed of common, hard-working, often uncultured and unintelligent, working-men. They adopted naturally the methods of the labor union. Slugging became the order of the day. Though there was no concerted uprising in Burley, there were sporadic outbreaks from county to county. A farmer who had prepared to grow a crop was called to his door at midnight by his neighbors and shot to death. Barns were burned, plant-beds scraped, houses set afire, tobacco destroyed, and in a week Burley was an armed camp, filled with militia sent by a determined governor.

Nevertheless the harm was done. The certainty that sooner or later his neighbors would punish him had persuaded nearly every farmer to give up his crop. Here and there through Blue Grass some wealthy planter hired armed guards and set them over his fields, but in the main districts not a crop of tobacco was set out. In all the Burley there is being raised this year just about 16,000,000 pounds of Burley tobacco — a tenth of a crop. That is almost entirely in the outlying counties, such as Henry, where the organization is not complete, where the farms are more scattered, or where some determined man has taken a stand for law and

order. Sixteen million pounds of Burley will not begin to supply the demand this year, and the Burley pool will find its market. Before the spring of 1910, when the 1909 crop comes up for sale, the American Tobacco Company must have taken the old crops off their owners' hands. Fifteen-cent Burley will have been achieved.

And to what end? Such a price cannot be artificially maintained. The taste for Burley products has been fostered by companies now in the American Tobacco Company. There are a thousand ways for them to wean the public from that taste. They can vary the method of manufacture and make those brands unpopular, while substituting something else for them. They can use only the cheaper Burleys and leave the costly leaves untouched. They can gradually introduce other varieties of weed into their plug, until they have entirely supplanted Burley. They can experiment and develop other fields where Burley or something like it can grow. And this they can afford to do if they can get their tobacco eventually at seven or eight cents a pound, which means to them a saving of ten million dollars a year over the 15-cent price.

If they do not make any such move, but continue to buy Burley, paying for the pooled tobacco what it commands, and getting the rest in the open market, what then? The Blue Grass region in Kentucky alone can easily double its production of Burley, and if it is to have such a bonanza price it will quickly do so. The present shortage of labor will be overcome by importing Italian or other immigrant workmen, and the market will be flooded with Burley produced in this way. If the members of the Equity Society prove more patriotic and more unselfish than the average of mankind, and refrain from growing a larger acreage, in order to keep the supply down, their neighbors, who are not members, will promptly take advantage of this and plant the more. And it is absurd to sup-

pose that even in Kentucky, the state of the Ku-Klux, of the toll-gate raids, and of innumerable feuds, the lawless prevention of tobacco-growing can continue. Governor Willson while he remains in office will enforce order. And his successor, whoever he may be, must either follow that programme or plunge the state into a condition of civil disorder horrible to imagine. The hill counties of the state will continue to produce their extreme quantities of Burley. They cannot increase. But the production will rise from 160,000,000 to 240,000,000 or more, under such an abnormal condition as a price buoyed by pooling.

No market can stand such an overproduction. The crash will come very quickly, and the farmers will be worse off than before, with their tobacco a drug on the market.

Of course in the end the affair must be taken in hand sensibly and solved some other way. The American Tobacco Company may be violating the laws of the state. It certainly violates laws which exist in other states. But there is no law which can be passed which will prevent the monopolizing of a restricted business by a concern of this nature. Certain measures can be taken to mitigate this monopoly. Independent concerns can be fostered by law, and encouraged by the Equity Society, so as to assure a growing competition. Laws can be passed so regulating the sale of tobacco that many of the existing abuses will be remedied. No law can be passed and maintained which will compel the monopoly to pay more than it is willing to pay for its crop. But much can be done toward reducing the overproduction which enables it to cut prices; and this can be done in the way of educating the farmer to better uses of his land.

It would seem that nothing could be simpler than to solve such a problem. "Grow something else," the world at large says to the hill-farmer. And if all the hills turned to something else, the shortage of Burley would send the price

promptly up again. But growing something else is not so easy as it seems. The way to it is barred by ignorance — ignorance of many things. Set by lifelong tradition in the habit of tobacco-growing, the farmer points to his tenant-houses, his tobacco-barns, and his implements, and declares that all his capital is invested in this business. He asserts that his tenant knows how to grow nothing else with profit in it, that the traditional wheat and rye will not support life here. And this is true. But a tobacco-barn makes a stock-barn with very little alteration. Kentucky land raises fine corn, and Kentucky corn and grass and clover are as good for fattening fine stock as are those of Iowa. Chicago and Cincinnati are near markets, and this business alone ought to spell prosperity to many hill counties.

But the hill farmers are very poor farmers. All the horrors of soil-exhaustion and erosion which were described at the President's Conference of Governors are here shown in their worst state. Shallow ploughing — three inches or so — followed by the scattering of a little fertilizer in the rows, the rotation of perhaps two crops, and the abandonment of old fields to wash away with the torrential rains — these leave the farmer poorer and his land more exhausted every year. Stock well handled, land deeply subsoiled and ploughed in with the rich fertilizer of the stock-barn, long rotation of crops, such as is practiced on the best Illinois land, the introduction of such market crops as potatoes, onions, and beans, and the terracing or sodding of the steepest hillsides and planting with hardy pecans, walnuts, fruit, or grapes — these things will transform the hill counties of the Burley region and render them independent of any trust.

And in the end that is part of the work which Kentucky must do for its people. Either through some outside organization, or through a state commission, it must educate, must spread the work of its agricultural experiment stations, until the hill counties, as well as Blue Grass,

are conserving their soil and enriching themselves in crops of stable and permanent value. It would, indeed, be an economic saving if some law could be passed by which the state itself, or the counties, could assist its tobacco-farmers in getting their new start, loaning to them on their land to furnish needed new equipment, in order that the change may be sooner brought about.

Aside from that, there is room for considerable modification in the anti-trust laws and in the laws governing the sale of tobacco. The regie combination which began the trouble was caused by a desire to eliminate "nested" tobacco, or the insertion of poor leaves in a hogshead of good by the connivance of prizer and sampler. If the prizer and the sampler were bonded and held liable for the delivery, and if the state were to assume the liability when the prizer and sampler were found guiltless, and if this were provided for by a slight insurance fee charged at the prizing, there would have been no need for such combination. And if the South Carolina law forbidding combination to avoid competitive bidding on agricultural products had been in force, the regie combination could not have existed.

I do not, however, believe that any law can be passed which will prevent the monopolizing of a restricted crop, as the American Tobacco Company has monopolized Burley. Independent concerns can be fostered by law and encouraged by such organizations as the Burley Tobacco Society to insure some competition, but the monopoly will dodge this in some underhand way. As we have said, the monopoly cannot be compelled to pay more than it is willing to pay for its crop. It is only by shifting to some other crop that the state can create the shortage that will increase the price; and even then the monopoly need not necessarily give the larger figure, since it is the only buyer. Just as hemp was given up

by the Kentucky farmers forty years ago, so they must solve this problem by giving up Burley.

It is, however, unprofitable for us to go further into the hypothetical future of the Kentucky tobacco regions. I have described their troubles in full, in order to illustrate what may happen when the producers of a given crop, or a large number of them, make up their minds to stand together. Agricultural colleges are turning out every year a better educated class of farmers. Newspapers, books, and magazines are carrying education into the farthest part of the country. The average wheat-grower is no longer part of a lump — he is a busy and intelligent citizen. He has seen combination tried in many ways. The time may easily come when the right agitator will be able for a year or for two years to hold a great number of wheat-growers together in a union.

It is as impossible to police the country at large as it is to police Kentucky. It is easier to organize a band to enforce some popular movement than to organize a home-defense squad to resist it. Night-riding over the entire wheat belt is no more an impossible supposition than night-riding over all Kentucky. There is a wide margin between the farmers' price and the selling price for tobacco, so that the purchaser has as yet hardly felt the doubling of the farmers' price. But in wheat the margin is small. A combination to put up wheat to \$1.25, or to exact \$1 on the farm, wherever that might be, would be felt quickly by the whole country. It would send flour soaring. It could not be maintained except by violence. In the end it would collapse. But the quondam success of the pooling movement in the Kentucky tobacco district suggests that the time is past when the agriculturist should be left out of the anti-trust laws, or when we should consider him as exempt from the union-labor agitation.

A PLEA FOR THE THEATRICAL MANAGER

BY LORIN F. DELAND

It is a great relief to the average man to find a scapegoat. When hard work produces only unsatisfactory results, how easy to charge up the blame to the other fellow! When theories fail, how pleasant to shift the responsibility for the disaster!

This desire to shift responsibility is very obvious just now in the way in which a certain public is railing at the low state of dramatic art; and just because it feels the situation so keenly it has found its scapegoat in the theatrical manager. Upon this low person, so unerringly portrayed in the facetious pages of the weekly press, with his immaculate shirt-front, his diamond studs, his cigar in the corner of his mouth, his feet on his desk, a disgusted public visits its wrath. He is the cause of the degradation of dramatic art.

Surely the charge is warranted! He "runs" the theatre, he engages the actors, he selects the attractions, he even dictates the undress of the actresses. His fault? Why, obviously! He is a coarse, grasping money-getter! Out upon him for a blasphemer of art! And even as the anathema is uttered, one can see that manager reach for his pen and sign up the most vulgar show of the season. Verily, he is a fellow of the baser sort.

As one of the "baser sort" myself, I undertake his defense. And my plea is all contained in six words: *You have arraigned the wrong person!* Let me explain. We low-browed fellows depend for existence on public patronage. We must give the public what it wants. Such giving is our license for existence; if we fail to do it, we are soon out of management, for money is made and lost quickly. Unfortunately, the public does not always know what it wants; that is the thorn in the managerial side. Its demand may

be formulated, but often it is an inarticulate and unapprehended craving. Yet the manager must discover and satisfy that craving. The obligation is so inexorable that the mere fact that a manager is continuing in business from season to season is itself the proof that he is giving the public what it wants. And this is rarely what it needs!

But what does it want? What will it patronize? There is nothing on earth the anxious manager desires to know so much as this. It is just possible that he does not enjoy furnishing porcine pabulum, but on the other hand he cannot afford to throw pearls into the trough. And so each manager asks himself, as he sits at his desk to plan the productions of a new season, "What do they want?"

To get close to the situation, let us look at the great table on which the game is played, and at the size of the stakes. Nine-tenths of all the plays seen in our leading cities are directed, cast, staged, financed, and sent out from New York. It is but a short time since a single financial interest in that city controlled indirectly over five hundred theatres. The business is in few hands, and often a number of houses are interlaced in a chain or circuit, with or without partnership. The play produced in New York may remain for one year on Broadway; then it may go with the star for a season to the leading cities; then it is sent for one or two seasons with a road company to the smaller cities and towns; finally, for several years it may be leased to the stock houses. Thus it is not for one season alone that the manager plans his production, and his future stake ranges from the losses of one year to the prospective profits of five.

All this but emphasizes the importance

of the decision he is required to make. Upon his answer to the question "What will the public patronize?" depends his failure or success for this season, and perhaps his continued existence as a theatrical manager. It is a very anxious man, then, who sits down at that desk in New York, and his anxiety is not without warrant. Perhaps there is no better time to study him, for those who hold the manager responsible for the degradation of dramatic art, than at this juncture while he is planning his new production, weighing every evidence of public appreciation, testing each point; perhaps, even, desirous of giving better art than is now given, but coming up at every turn before the solid wall of *fact*, — that he must give what a majority of the public will patronize, or face the alternative of bankruptcy. And obviously, before any artistic duty, must come the fundamental duty of the man and the citizen that he pay his bills.

Here, then, is the manager's task: he must read human nature with the skill of the philosopher; he must feel the public pulse with the solicitude of the physician; he must put his ear to the ground with the sharpened faculties of the Indian. He tries to do all this. Specifically he separates men into classes and analyzes each class. In attempting such an analysis ourselves, let us begin by dividing theatrical audiences into three classes.

In the first class we will put the people of Bad Taste. They divide naturally into two groups — the taste that is morally bad, and the taste that is æsthetically bad. We must consider them separately, for though we place them in one class, they are really wide apart. Of the first group, little need be said; their cultivation is not a mere negative quantity; it is positive; their taste is vicious and depraved. They live on "penny shockers" and dime novels; they crave "sensations." In the morning they buy a yellow journal for a cent; they demand battle, murder, and sudden death, and its columns rarely disappoint them. In the

evening they pay fifteen cents to go to the theatre. They see *The Queen of the Highbinders*, or *The King of the Opium Ring*, or *The Queen of the White Slaves*. Alternating with these Bowery dramas, in deference to the patronage of an entirely different element, represented in the second group, are plays of more honest calibre, wherein primitive virtue in rugged setting is finally triumphant over raw and well-dressed vice. A blind man can detect the character of the audience, because these children of the people express pleasure and pain in a language peculiarly their own. You have heard the noisy laughter which voices pleasure; the house physician of any public hospital will tell you how they express pain. To feel is to express, and the theatre is vocal with the recognition of each dramatic situation. Every imagination is combustible at a different temperature, but this eagerness to express feeling is almost spontaneous combustion.

In each large city there is one of these theatres; in a city of a dozen theatres there would be two or three such playhouses. In their best condition they have a "family" patronage of persons who come every week under the subscription system. In these family theatres the Bowery melodrama is rarely seen, but in its place appeal is made more directly to the feminine element by such plays as *No Mother to Guide Her*, *Why Working Girls Sin*, and *Deserted at the Altar*. These are the theatres which I place in the second group of the Bad-Taste class as being æsthetic but not moral offenders. Indeed, so far are they from moral obliquity that they are almost kindergartens of ethical culture. They teach by object lessons. I am reminded of what one young girl who visited such a theatre confided to a settlement-house worker as they walked home together. She was much impressed by the gentleness and sweetness of the *ingénue*, and she said, "Oh, ain't she just grand, that little girl! If I talked that way to my mother, maybe she would n't get so mad with me." And

she tried it on her mother to good effect, as I afterwards learned.

It should be noted that these theatres are projected to cater to this particular class in the community. There is less financial risk in their operation than in the ordinary theatre, because their clientèle, though restricted in size, is sharply defined in taste and desire, and hence there is no conjecture about what they want. They have a keen appetite for entertainment, and evince no hesitating loyalty in their support of their theatre. As a steady investment, by and large, such a theatre I believe earns higher profits than any other. If the theatres in a dozen leading cities were combined and classified, it probably would be found that these lower-priced houses have the highest earning capacity.

At the other extreme, in the third class, we will put the people of Good Taste, represented, let us say for the purposes of this argument, by such a constituency as the readers of this magazine. You, then, gentle reader, are one of this class. If you would realize how small is your class in the calculations of the theatre manager, ask yourself how many theatres you attend in your own city. Take Boston as an example. There are eighteen theatres in Boston, but you attend only six of them. And where do you sit when you go to the theatre? Almost invariably in the first ten rows of the orchestra. And the friends whom you see and recognize — where are they? They are to be found in these same ten rows, unless it is the opera, or some unusual occasion at high prices. You see how small is your class, and how financially unimportant on the treasurer's "count-up" sheet.

But who fill the fourteen or more rows of orchestra behind these ten rows? Who occupy the wide tiers of the first balcony? Whose are the dark forms that crowd the cavernous recesses of the second balcony till the line of bent heads stretches up to the dome of the theatre? And finally, who supplies the audiences for those other theatres which as yet we have not

considered, but which constitute at least one-half of the total number in any city? The theatre manager can tell you; it is the great No-Taste class, fifteen times as large as the Good-Taste class, four times as large as the Bad-Taste class, a body which comprises three-fourths of all theatregoers, and which alone fills one-half of all our theatres. It is to this great army that the manager must look to pay his bills under the present system, *and he does not dare to produce a play which will not interest this middle class!*

Here, then, are the conditions which, like fetters upon the manager's wrists, bind him to the broad rock of artistic mediocrity, the safe meeting-ground of the uncultivated in all walks of life. These are the restrictions which prevent your having more of that higher dramatic art which you would so much enjoy. Before you can have the play that you want, you must wait till a drama is written so universal in its theme, so compelling in its appeal, so instinctive in its understanding of the human heart, that not only you, but the marcelled sales-lady of the department store, will be drawn to the theatre to see it.

There are such plays, but oh, how few of them! *The Music Master* is a recent example. They are like grains of wheat in a field of chaff. Meanwhile, the more subtle fancies of the playwright, the dramas in which he can play with themes that tempt his imagination, and weave the spells his fancy loves, are all laid aside. Although you, dear reader, would care for them, they must remain unwritten because our lady of the pompadour has not as yet sufficient cultivation to appreciate them.

And now, what is the remedy for this condition of dramatic anæmia? The first prescription is a familiar formula, — "Elevate the masses! Let the people of Bad Taste and the people of No Taste be taught to appreciate and demand better plays." I wonder if the golden age will ever come when this plan can be carried out. To me it seems as futile in

practice as it is logical in theory. "You may lead a horse to water," says the proverb, "but you cannot make him drink." You may give your higher art in the most attractive setting, with excellent scenery and appointments, and at no advance in price, but the theatre-goers of No Taste will not patronize it. They balk, they shy, and finally bolt for the playhouse which makes no demands upon gray matter. It is useless to sugar-coat the pill; they have taken such pills before, and they know that the after-taste is bad. They abhor subtlety, and have no use for anything subjective. They want the objective, — the heavy-handed objective, — and they don't complain if it is fired over the footlights out of a cannon. They are very sure that they know what they want, and in this self-analysis they are lamentably right.

It is not easy to dissent from this theory of the higher dramatic education of the masses, for it is widely held and is the solution of such close students of dramatic affairs as Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. But an experience of four years in trying to raise the standard of a popular-priced stock theatre has made me skeptical, and changed my enthusiastic partner into a pessimist. We entered the field full of hope. Starting on a rather low level, and carefully avoiding the temptation to hasten the process, we made no change of bill for a time. Then, with the smallest appreciable gradation from week to week, we began the upward ascent. It was unnoticed at first. Things went swimmingly. We could almost see the "uplift." But one fine day the audience woke up from its trance, and looked at the play-bill. It was Barrie's *Professor's Love Story*. Now, they had no use for an aged professor's romance, and they were not accustomed to doing business with J. M. Barrie. They had been decoyed, trapped, ambushed — and they knew it! By the end of the week the professor and his love story were badly frost-bitten. In the language of the vernacular, the play did not "build." But we

had started with an unlimited fund of patience, and, like Robert Bruce's spider, we dropped back merely to begin another upward movement. Alas, the result was the same. Letters poured in from indignant patrons. I wish that some of these missives might be reproduced here without violating faith; but it is perhaps sufficient to say that higher dramatic education received a severe blow, and our box-office statements taught us a lesson that we did not soon forget.

We found some consolation, however, in the discovery that Shakespeare would be allowed to go unchallenged. The "Bard of Avon" was not on the black list, and six of his plays which we produced drew crowded houses. This exception of Shakespeare is interesting. It is rather more of an acceptance of his plays than a demand for them, but the result, financially, is equally satisfactory. At first sight, it would seem to disprove the claim that a certain degree of cultivation is essential to an appreciation of the highest dramatic art. Be that as it may, whatever law governs the case is laid on lines of universal experience, for Shakespeare draws even better in the towns than in the cities. This widespread acceptance of the great dramatist is a strong argument with those who claim the possibility of higher dramatic education for the masses. It was easy to point to our box-office receipts on the six plays mentioned, and say that there was no need to despair when true merit was instantly recognized and appreciated like this.

But, to my thinking, the patronage of Shakespeare's plays by the apostles of the heavy-handed objective is only an instance of the American craze for education. It is an American point of sensitiveness to be posted on the things that one is generally supposed to know. As Sara Bernhardt says "*Ze Americain always arrives!*" He must be "in" at the finish, whether it is a social function, a physical test, or a question of knowledge. The average theatre-goer accepts

a Shakespearean play as he would accept a theory of creation. He neither apprehends its merit nor comprehends its construction. He simply admires because every one tells him he ought to admire. He has not even laid hold of the great dramatist's coat-tails, but is being drawn along with the suction of a mighty wind of traditional approbation. Had we been able to present *Hamlet* as an unknown play under the title of *A Prince of Denmark*, however well mounted and capably acted, I cannot believe that the public would have cared sixpence for it. The seats would have been full of absentees, and Hamlet might have exclaimed with truth, "The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold."

We were able to detect this same educational impulse in the increased attendance at certain "book" plays which we produced. It is proper that the up-to-date American should be acquainted with the characters of Charles Dickens: he must recognize why one man is called a Uriah Heep, and another a Pecksniff; he certainly would be happier if references to Mr. Micawber conveyed any clear impression to his mind. So he goes to see *Little Em'ly*. It is "reading without tears." It is education while you wait. It accomplishes a great saving of time, for it kills two birds with one stone; he has the entertainment at the theatre, and he masters a whole book of characters with whom forever after he may claim a bowing acquaintance. At his side are others who come to refresh their memories, and to meet the old favorites of their youth. There is sentiment in it truly, but there is also a back-door to education in every such play, and thousands seek admission at this entrance rather than through the main door of amusement.

Speaking of plays brings up the question of their selection. This is the manager's fateful duty, and it is here that he most clearly reveals whether he is fit for his post. Two fundamentals need to be considered, — the quality of the play, and

the character of the audience. In estimating the power of the play, it is important that one should detect with accuracy the value and sincerity of each motif, the vitality and consistency of each character, and the vibrating intensity of every situation or climax as it develops. In considering the character of the audience the rule is, "Put yourself in their place." But, obviously, to choose wisely for another, one must be able to see that other's point of view. In our own case, this last condition demanded that we should woo the second balcony at close range, and some interesting experiences came in the wooing.

We played daily matinées, and each matinée drew its own distinctive audience. The Monday matinée always brought us from seventy-five to one hundred of the steam-laundry workers of the city, they being by their hours compelled to choose between Monday afternoon and Wednesday evening. It was interesting to sit with them and hear their comments. I recall one play in which there was a squalid kitchen scene with a very dirty, slovenly woman. One girl nudged her companion and said with unabashed admiration, "Gee, ain't it just natural!"

At another time it was one of Shakespeare's plays, which evidently failed to satisfy, for I heard the disgusted comment, — "When are they going to put on something worth going to? I hate all these uptown plays. They're too stiff for me! No love in them at all!" One of the characters was "The Banished Duke." They were in some doubt as to the pronunciation, but one or two called it "duck," and this seemed to be accepted as correct. After the fall of the curtain they disputed as to the heroine's pronunciation and inflection of certain words, and each one was soon imitating the inflection she liked best. One woman was evidently studying the fashions, and the gown of the leading lady gave her exquisite joy. She clutched her neighbor's arm and said,

"Tell me, for, the love of God, how she gets in and out of that dress. I'm after making one for Annie." So Bad Taste finds the theatre a school of æsthetics as well as of ethics.

The recital of such incidents might be continued almost indefinitely. To estimate the full influence of the theatre on some of these bleak and unlovely lives, one needs to know the sacrifices that are made in order to obtain the coveted fifteen cents each week for the play. The things that cost us dearly are the things that have power to mould us, because they are bought by sacrifices. I knew of one family where the effort of the whole week was to save the money for Katie to go to the theatre. Katie was a girl of twenty-four years, with the mind of a mature woman and the body of a six-year-old child. The family was woefully poor, but the mother made every sacrifice to eke out the fifteen cents each week, and rarely did I fail to find Katie on Thursday afternoons in the second balcony. It was her one joy in life. "Ain't it all beautiful?" she said one day; "I just settles down to enjoy life." And then for two hours and a half she was lost to her world of misery, and lived with heroes and heroines.

But we are wandering from the subject of how to educate the masses to appreciate higher dramatic art. I am afraid that we shall in truth wander far into the twentieth century ere the light dawns. When it comes to lifting up the great army of No-Taste theatre-goers, I fear that some of us will ourselves be lifted up from this mundane sphere before we obtain an enlightened drama with an expository school of American acting. But here is the question: Are we going to do without cake because that great army headed by the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, prefers to eat bread? Shall we have no beauty which they cannot appreciate equally with us? Must we wait on their higher development before we can indulge the taste that is our heritage?

Shall we have no food for our hungry æstheticism because they have indigestion? Such a proposition seems to me as unfair as to claim that, because the majority of passengers on an ocean liner travel in the steerage, there need be no first cabin. The man of Bad Taste cares little for the plays of the No-Taste theatre; if one stops to reflect, why should not the man of Good Taste care equally little for them?

And this brings me to the only solution, as it seems to me, of the present situation. If we are to have higher dramatic art in this country, with all the advantages which the exposition of such art would bring, it must come through a plan of segregating the classes on the line of mental and æsthetic appreciation. There are a few who have a genuine interest in the drama as an art. In all seriousness they are asking for a higher aim and better standard of work in some theatre. The demand is legitimate, and the question arises, Why should not this class have its own theatre, just as the Bad Taste of the community has its two or three theatres in every large city? If Bad Taste supports its theatres and No Taste supports its theatres, why should not Good Taste show an equal loyalty to its ideals? Can there not be a theatre with this higher aim in at least one of our American cities? The city of Boston, for example, maintains eighteen theatres; in that long list is there not one theatre that may safely dare to cater to Good Taste rather than to popular mediocrity?

It is for the persons who can appreciate such a theatre to answer that question. Their support alone can make the plan feasible. Will they stand for their high ideals as loyally as the "ten-thirty" patrons now support their two or three theatres? Let us frankly admit that in the latter case there exists a more active demand for entertainment of this nature. Hard toil and daily worry crave the relaxation of amusement. Absence of cultivation greatly restricts the number of possible pleasures, and the play-house

of the people, with its heavy-handed ethics, becomes a very Godsend in a community where the bar-room and the lighted streets at night are the only enjoyable alternatives. It unites the members of the family in their pleasure-taking, and it preaches many a sermon in parable. Let us beware of "elevating" such drama above the easy grasp of its devoted admirers. It is all merely entertainment, and we welcome it without a word of regret.

But we have a right to demand that the drama which is offered to persons of cultivation shall be treated not as mere entertainment, but as an art. We require that literature, architecture, painting, music, and sculpture shall furnish us instruction and inspiration. Why should we insult the drama by treating it always as mere amusement? Why should not a sign of theatrical cultivation in the most prosperous nation of the world be as much in evidence as its Bad Taste? If the light could be kindled in but one American city, it might serve as an example and an inspiration to other communities.

And when that light is kindled, what shall we see? What will it reveal to us that we do not now enjoy? Let us be specific, that all may know where we stand. Just what, then, do we mean by "a higher aim and better standard of work" in the theatre? What is the end to be attained, and what must the loyal member of the Good-Taste class do as his share in the work of attaining it?

The answer cannot be epitomized, but I will try to reply briefly. First, we shall have acting that is not done by one star shining resplendent against a background of weak support. The plays will not be carefully chosen because they are one-part plays and give one performer a chance to show his or her unique gifts. They will not be excised so that no advantage—not even a "laugh," and certainly no applause—can possibly come to any but the star. The actors will not be driven down stage that the star

may always face the audience, or banished into corners so that the centre may be perpetually reserved for him. In short, the play and its presentation will not be cut and trimmed and fitted to the actor's gifts and the actor's vanity. Instead, there will be a well-balanced company, disciplined, and thoroughly in earnest. They will be in spirit with the work, or they will have no part in it. Personal whims, and the eccentricities of "temperament," will be tolerated only up to the point where every one is faithfully working for the whole success as distinguished from any mere personal triumph. There will be no hard-and-fast "lines" of business, but every play will be cast to the best advantage of the whole company, and every actor will "play as cast."

It will not be an easy task at first to induce the best actors to appear without featured head-lines, to submit to discipline of this sort, and to act as a company, for company glory, with true *esprit de corps*; but I know whereof I speak when I say that it can be done. I believe that such a company can be assembled, and under proper leadership I am confident that eventually it can be imbued with the right spirit. It is the old formula of team-play, and the results are the same whether it is an army in the field, an orchestra in the concert-room, a crew on the river, or a company of highly-organized, over-sensitive dramatic artists in a play.

So much for the acting; now as to the plays. It is a fact that there is a lamentable dearth of good *new* plays. But it is also true that, except in very rare instances, no play is given a chance of presentation unless presumably it will appeal to the average theatre-going person. That, as I said in the beginning, is an absolute requirement. The average theatre-goer likes humor, and so the number of laughs in the play is advertised in the papers; he abhors gloom, so there must be a happy ending, regardless of probability or consequences. It is to

this sort of human nature that our playwrights must hold up the mirror if they are to obtain a hearing.

Think of it! The great drama, of really great power, must "end prettily." I am glad to say that at times when our purse was not empty we dared to violate this rule. We presented the American adaptation of Beyerlein's *Zapfenstreich*, although for two years the repeated and urgent warnings of our agents and advisers were wholly against the play. "It never succeeds!" "They won't like it!" "It's over their heads!" "It ends badly!" — So said those who knew. But we gave Boston its first and only sight of *Taps*, and it played to crowded houses. Had we been operating the theatre merely for financial profit, we should not have dared to produce it. Yet, to our astonishment, we found in this one case that art paid! I could name a score of plays that come in this same class — dramas which the readers of this magazine would enjoy far more than the plays which labor through four acts to exploit some popular star. But no manager is giving them, because the theatre cannot rise higher than the level of its box-office support.

Some of these great plays we may hope to see to the accompaniment of powerful acting, if we will join earnestly in the demand for better dramatic art. But as every privilege carries with it some responsibility, so it will be the duty of each one of us to support such a theatre, when it does come, with something more than expressions of approval. We may not have funds to subscribe, yet surely we can do more than buy tickets to occasional performances. We must see to it that, so far as we can compel it, such a theatre shall not fail of hearty support from every intelligent person in the community. Interest, to be of value, must express itself at the ticket-window. Let it be our mission to awaken that interest.

The establishment of such a theatre, apart from the pleasure to those who

build it, will be a strong educational movement in dramatic art. Let us remember that education costs money, and that as a people we have endowed conservatories of music and museums of art without a question as to the necessity for doing so. Dramatic art, such as we are considering, cannot be wholly dependent on box-office receipts in New York or Boston, any more than it is today in Paris or Vienna. There it is the work of government; here it must be the work of private individuals — of those who care. I believe that we can have this better art as soon as we give evidence that we will support it with the same earnestness with which the theatre as an institution is supported by its less exacting patrons.

In other words, we must light what Ruskin calls the "lamp of sacrifice." Not by occasional support, not by merely visiting the theatre when we have nothing better to do, shall we become worthy of a nobler and more spiritual dramatic art. Loyalty to ideals demands sacrifice, and it is no sacrifice to attend a theatre when we want to see the play. We can afford to waive our demand that a particular play shall give us pleasure, if its presentation is true to the principles for which we plead. We must support our theatre through its failures, for they are inevitable, and despite its mistakes, for they are equally so, asking only that the effort as a whole shall foster and develop that higher dramatic art which we have at heart. We must be patient, and we must wait. Not to be blinded by popular approval nor disheartened by popular distaste, not to desire any success which is not built on true merit, and to be lenient with faulty details so long as the general conception and effect are right — these are parts of the price we must pay for an ennobled stage.

Already there are signs of the coming of such a theatre. The New Theatre in New York is an established fact, and its direction has been entrusted to a man of discriminating taste and imaginative

insight, who will not be satisfied with anything but the best. The experiment is not starting, however, under wholly ideal conditions, for the ambition of New York has found expression in a too large auditorium, and this same ambition will find it hard to admit later that the institutions of the old world cannot be duplicated in a comparatively short time. Not even the art of France could create a *Comédie Française* to-day if it did not exist. But nevertheless a most interesting experiment is being made, from which it may safely be inferred that some better art will result.

Looking beyond New York, we have had the suggestive, even if somewhat unfortunate, experiment for four months in the New Theatre, Chicago, under the management of Victor Mapes. San Francisco is reported as finding time, in the midst of her strenuous rebuilding, seriously to consider a movement along these lines. Philadelphia has been holding meetings and subscribing money. And here in Boston we have been trying to gain practical experience for such work by four years of theatre operation — serving an apprenticeship which will be found valuable if the time ever comes when its lessons can be applied to the larger problem.

I have said that such dramatic art as we are now considering must be independent, for a time at least, of box-office receipts. This is not because of a conceded lack of patronage, but because such art demands a very small theatre for its proper expression. Theatres to-day are constructed with a watchful eye to their seating capacity, regardless of the admitted fact that natural acting can never be brought to perfection in a playhouse where a part of the audience is very far from the stage. But the theatre of to-day is from first to last a money-making institution, and its gallery gods, six hundred or more, must be propitiated, for their dimes count. So the actors raise their voices and the stage manager broadens every effect, for both must carry

over the intervening distance up to the furthest curve of the dome.

We do not realize how this money-making attitude has steadily enlarged our theatres and wrought havoc to dramatic art, for the change has been gradual. Over a century ago, when the Haymarket Theatre in London was doomed to enlargement, Sarah Siddons complained that no longer would it be possible to have good acting in that theatre, for the increased size of the auditorium put a stop to it. Yet the old Haymarket in its enlarged size was smaller than any theatre in Europe to-day, and must have been ridiculously small compared to the modern American playhouse. And remember that this was tragedy which Mrs. Siddons was acting — not comedy.

It would seem to be a lamentable corollary, that as the number of seats is reduced the price per seat must advance. But the small theatre which I hope to see built some day, with a fine company of artists on its stage, will be able to maintain itself, if at all, upon the ordinary theatre price of one dollar and a half for the best orchestra seat. And I believe that the performances in this theatre, under proper management, will soon be able to justify the experiment of the reduced size, — an experiment which no theatre-manager who depends on box-office receipts can as yet regard with anything but horror.

And so we come back to the question with which we started, — who is to blame for the present deplorable condition of dramatic art? Is it the theatrical manager? Not if his first duty is to pay his bills. Who then? Behold, the very man who asks the question is himself the man who must answer it. Who is to blame? "Why, I am! I, who want good art, but am not willing to pay the price; I, who have ideals but no self-sacrifice, convictions but not courage, obligations without impulses."

And unfortunately, in a world constituted as ours is, if you will not pay the piper you cannot have the dance.

LIFE

BY EDITH WHARTON

NAY, lift me to thy lips, Life, and once more
Pour the wild music through me —

I quivered in the reed-bed with my kind,
Rooted in Lethe-bank, when at the dawn
There came a groping shape of mystery
Moving among us, that with random stroke
Severed, and rapt me from my silent tribe,
Pierced, fashioned, lipped me, sounding for a voice,
Laughing on Lethe-bank — and in my throat
I felt the wing-beat of the fledgeling notes,
The bubble of godlike laughter in my throat.

Such little songs she sang,
Pursing her lips to fit the tiny pipe,
They trickled from me like a slender spring
That strings frail wood-growths on its crystal thread,
Nor dreams of glassing cities, bearing ships.
She sang, and bore me through the April world
Matching the birds, doubling the insect-hum
In the meadows, under the low-moving airs,
And breathings of the scarce-articulate air
When it makes mouths of grasses — but when the sky
Burst into storm, and took great trees for pipes,
She thrust me in her breast, and warm beneath
Her cloudy vesture, on her terrible heart,
I shook, and heard the battle.

But more oft,
Those early days, we moved in charmed woods,
Where once, at dusk, she piped against a faun,
And one warm dawn a tree became a nymph
Listening; and trembled; and Life laughed and passed.
And once we came to a great stream that bore
The stars upon its bosom like a sea,
And ships like stars; so to the sea we came.
And there she raised me to her lips, and sent
One wild pang through me; then refrained her hand,
And whispered: "Hear —" and into my frail flanks,
Into my bursting veins, the whole sea poured
Its spaces and its thunder; and I feared.

We came to cities, and Life piped on me
Low calls to dreaming girls,
In counting-house windows, through the chink of gold,
Flung cries that fired the captive brain of youth,
And made the heavy merchant at his desk
Curse us for a cracked hurdy-gurdy; Life
Mimicked the hurdy-gurdy, and we passed.

We climbed the slopes of solitude, and there
Life met a god, who challenged her and said:
"Thy pipe against my lyre!" But "Wait!" she laughed,
And in my live flank dug a finger-hole,
And wrung new music from it. Ah, the pain!

We climbed and climbed, and left the god behind.
We saw the earth spread vaster than the sea,
With infinite surge of mountains surfed with snow,
And a silence that was louder than the deep;
But on the utmost pinnacle Life again
Hid me, and I heard the terror in her hair.

Safe in new vales, I ached for the old pang,
And clamoured "Play me against a god again!"
 "Poor Marsyas-mortal — he shall bleed thee yet,"
 She breathed and kissed me, stilling the dim need.
But evermore it woke, and stabbed my flank
With yearnings for new music and new pain.
"Another note against another god!"
I clamoured; and she answered: "Bide my time.
Of every heart-wound I will make a stop.
And drink thy life in music, pang by pang.
But first thou must yield the notes I stored in thee
At dawn beside the river. Take my lips."

She kissed me like a lover, but I wept,
Remembering that high song against the god,
And the old songs slept in me, and I was dumb.

We came to cavernous foul places, blind
With harpy-wings, and sulphurous with the glare
Of sinful furnaces — where hunger toiled,
And pleasure gathered in a starveling prey,
And death fed delicately on young bones.

"Now sing!" cried Life, and set her lips to me.
"Here are gods also. Wilt thou pipe for Dis?"

My cry was drowned beneath the furnace roar,
Choked by the sulphur-fumes; and beast-lipped gods
Laughed down on me, and mouthed the flutes of hell.

"Now sing!" said Life, reissuing to the stars;
And wrung a new note from my wounded side.

So came we to clear spaces, and the sea.
And now I felt its volume in my heart,
And my heart waxed with it, and Life played on me
The song of the Infinite. "Now the stars," she said.

Then from the utmost pinnacle again
She poured me on the wild sidereal stream,
And I grew with her great breathings, till we swept
The interstellar spaces like new worlds
Loosed from the fiery ruin of a star.

Cold, cold we rested on black peaks again,
Under black skies, under a groping wind;
And life, grown old, hugged me to a numb breast,
Pressing numb lips against me. Suddenly
A blade of silver severed the black peaks
From the black sky, and earth was born again,
Breathing and various, under a god's feet.
A god! A god! I felt the heart of Life
Leap under me, and my cold flanks shook again.
He bore no lyre, he rang no challenge out,
But Life warmed to him, warming me with her,
And as he neared I felt beneath her hands
The stab of a new wound that sucked my soul
Forth in a new song from my throbbing throat.

"His name — his name?" I whispered, but she poured
The music faster, and I grew with it,
Became a part of it, while Life and I
Clung lip to lip, and I from her wrung song
As she from me, one song, one ecstasy,
In indistinguishable union blent,
Till she became the flute and I the player.
And lo! the song I played on her was more
Than any she had drawn from me; it held
The stars, the peaks, the cities, and the sea,
The faun's catch, the nymph's tremor, and the heart
Of dreaming girls, of toilers at the desk,
Apollo's challenge on the sunrise slope,

And the hiss of the night-gods mouthing flutes of hell —
 All, to the dawn-wind's whisper in the reeds,
 When Life first came, a shape of mystery,
 Moving among us, and with random stroke
 Severed, and rapt me from my silent tribe.
 All this I wrung from her in that deep hour,
 While Love stood murmuring: "Play the god, poor grass!"

Now, by that hour, I am a mate to thee
 Forever, Life, however spent and clogged,
 And tossed back useless to my native mud!
 Yea, groping for new reeds to fashion thee
 New instruments of anguish and delight,
 Thy hand shall leap to me, thy broken reed,
 Thine ear remember me, thy bosom thrill
 With the old subjection, then when Love and I
 Held thee, and fashioned thee, and made thee dance
 Like a slave-girl to her pipers — yea, thou yet
 Shalt hear my call, and dropping all thy toys
 Thou'lt lift me to thy lips, Life, and once more
 Pour the wild music through me —

THE HEROINE

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

Miss Flora Belle Wickles was stenographer at Whiteside & Johnson's, the wholesale grocers; and her father was hostler at the Bon Ton Livery Stables; and Joe Kinney, who desired to marry her, and had been refused, worked in a repair shop, and his fingers were almost always black, and he was very "uncultured."

And as if here were not quite enough to crush out the hope Miss Wickles cherished of one day being a personage, an unkindly fate had denied her even the compensating charm of rare beauty. Flora Belle, or Florabel, or Flo Rabelle, or Flor-Abelle — you could find the name written in any of these ways, and I do not know how many besides, on the odd scraps of paper that floated about

her desk — was short and squarish; she had freckles, and, much against her will, she had to wear glasses, black-rimmed and bowed. But an unconquerable soul, such as Flora Belle's, may triumph over many obstacles.

Flora Belle had a way of telling herself, with a certain grim satisfaction, that if things had been different, she would not have had to be a stenographer at Whiteside & Johnson's. She was an unusual girl, and knew it. In school she had taken prizes over and over again for excellence in declamation; and that she had considerable dramatic talent had been made clear to every one when her graduating class in the Grammar School had presented *The Merchant of Venice* by Shakespeare. To Flora Belle had

been assigned a merely supernumerary part (just because she wore glasses — she knew it perfectly well — and her father was a hostler); but at the last minute the pink and white ninny who had studied the rôle of Portia was seized by a fit of nervous hysterics, and the whole performance was careening toward disaster. Then who but Flora Belle Wickles should step forth!

"I have got every line of the part," she announced simply, "and have often rehearsed it at home, just for my own pleasure."

Of course they let her try it; and she went through without a single slip; and afterwards several of those girls had kissed her; and the English teacher had said to her, —

"Miss Wickles, we shall hear from you again, some day, I am sure. You are truly gifted."

And Flora Belle had gone home to the tenement she lived in, over the livery stable, sternly resolved to be somebody some day.

But how? Six years had passed, and the question was still unanswered. Whiteside & Johnson's received her every morning, and every night she returned with a dull discontent to the tenement over the livery stable; and however eagerly she might peer into the future, she did not see anything ahead but the same stupid round, over and over. How was one to become a personage on such a pitiful stage as that? To be sure, there was Joe Kinney; but the very thought of marrying a repairist distressed her. Joe was allowed to come round to see her, and take her out for little times now and then, but only on the explicit understanding that his suit was hopeless.

To those who are well-read in such matters, that would have been one indication of the highly-colored imaginings that possessed her soul; and there was another, too: an inveterate habit she had of devoting herself, during every leisure minute of her office-day, to the

creation of some article or other of personal adornment. When spring was coming on, for example, it was likeliest to be an elaborate embroidery hat, kept by in a spare drawer of her desk, and brought out at the first moment of relaxation. The embroidery hat was far from becoming to Flora Belle. Indeed, it did but add a grim irony to the plainness of her features; and the same criticism must be passed upon her habit of wearing collars that were too high, belts that were too tight, shoes that were too small. By such means, the gracelessness of her stocky person was only enhanced.

Even that stupid, uncultured Joe Kinney had got some notion of this truth; and once he so little qualified his valor with discretion as to bring it to her notice. They had been starting out together, one summerlike Sunday afternoon in May, for a trip to Magnolia Park, a few miles outside the city.

"I dunno as I'm so turrible hot for it," observed the repairist dubiously. He gave a dogged shake to his head, and wrinkled up one side of his face, as he looked at her.

"Hot for what?" returned Flora Belle, somewhat superciliously, and by her tone providing the phrase with quotation marks of scorn, — for she did not approve of street-slang.

But she knew what he meant, and gave him no chance to answer her.

"Is it anybody's business what I choose to wear?" she demanded sharply. "Who's going to find fault?"

"Sure — that's all right," agreed Joe bluntly. "It's your own funeral."

"Look here, Joe Kinney," she directed. "I suppose it's my hat."

Joe nodded stolidly.

"Well, what's the matter with it?"

There were no disguises in Joe's habits of utterance. "Oh, there ain't nothing the matter with the hat, as I can see," he said, — "only I don't think you're made for them kind. You see — it ain't as if you was exactly —"

She cut him off with a whirlwind of

bitterness. "Oh, I know. You need n't trouble yourself to explain. You mean I'm not pretty, like some of your wax dolls that don't know enough to put on rubbers when it's wet. Well, if you prefer them so much, why don't you go and chase them? It won't offend me in the least, Mr. Kinney; and you need n't bother to come back again, — do you understand?"

That was a very unreasonable and ill-tempered speech, certainly, to have come from the lips of our Flora Belle, especially when it was clear that Joe had meant nothing but friendliness; but you see she had been touched in an excessively tender spot. For some reason or other, she could not bear to admit that she was plain-looking. Her glass was her most detested counselor; and she was always contriving to study her reflection there under special conditions, such as a subdued light, or an exceptionally favorable angle; and by these means she had almost cheated herself into the belief that Flo Rabelle was not altogether the baseless fabric of a vision.

Flo Rabelle — it was thus that she most commonly denominated her *alter ego* — was, indeed, strikingly beautiful. She was brilliant and witty; rapt circles of intelligent faces hung upon her words. And she was a performer of many startling and picturesque deeds of bravery.

Flo Rabelle was concerned almost daily with such scenes as the following:

"Suppose all of a sudden the cry, 'Fire, Fire!' should be heard — what would you do?" — And Miss Wickles would proceed to figure out a complete schedule of action. In imagination she even heard people telling about it later: "Then, in the midst of all the panic, the clear, low, self-contained voice of Flo Rabelle was heard, commanding order. The effect was electrical. Every one turned to her for directions. 'You attend to this,' she ordered, calm as a general, 'you, that.' A magnificent display of courage and brains!"

Or again, it would be a child caught

from the very muzzle of a runaway auto, and returned to its amazed and grateful parents. "Who was that striking-looking young girl," they would ask breathlessly, "that risked her life for our little one, and then disappeared, as mysteriously as she came?" — and the answer would be heard: "That is Flo Rabelle." — "What," they would exclaim, "the famous Flo Rabelle, who has done so many acts of daring! God bless her!" — And later —

Well, Miss Wickles had plenty of dreams, as you see, of a career brilliantly dramatic; and though there seemed small enough likelihood of their ever coming true, she cherished them jealously; and her picture hats, and her tight belts, and her despite for the crude overtures of that Joe Kinney, and her experiments in name-mintage were all of a piece.

Now it happened that on this very afternoon of the final rupture (as she termed it) with the uncultured repairist, she decided to take two of her small sisters for a little jaunt in the country — in fact, out to Magnolia Park. I think it was only benevolence that prompted her to this act. Probably the thought never occurred to her that perhaps she might encounter Joe there in the company of one of those wax dolls, and that this would be one way of letting him see for himself that she did not care. It does not matter greatly anyway, since, as the issue will show, Flora Belle was destined never to reach the park that day.

It was the first afternoon of real summer heat — one of those premature July days that come sometimes in mid-May, almost before the leaves are fully out, and which are the hardest of all to bear because no one is yet prepared for them. Crowds were fleeing out of the city. The trolley-cars were packed to capacity; and so suddenly had come the heat, that more than half the available traction was still by the regulation closed cars of winter.

It was in one of these latter that Flora Belle had secured a place, close to the

front window, with a small sister on either hand.' Though not excessively crowded, the car was frightfully uncomfortable: the upholstered seats, the low ceiling, the limited apertures, seemed to shut in the heat about one, oppressive, stifling beyond endurance. The majority of the passengers were women, and their gayly-decked, broad-brimmed hats were oddly out of keeping with the flaccid, heat-wilted faces underneath.

Flora Belle was listlessly observing the motorman through the dirty front glass. His face was very red, except for a mot-tling of white at the temple and behind his ear; and the sweat was running in little streams down his neck and cheeks.

"What if suddenly he should be overcome?" mused she; and at once she was all alertness and attention. A thrilling scene presented itself! Quick as thought she would be upon her feet, and with a gesture of confidence quiet the frenzied passengers; then she would step over the prostrate form of the motorman, and seizing the crank —

But the conductor! — She looked at him. No, he would jump. He was a soft, lily-faced thing.

She began to study the manner in which the motorman managed the car, — how the left-hand crank controlled the power: round to the right, clockwise, full current; to the left, shut off. Yes, she could do that. She watched the application of the brake, and the rapping of the gong with the right foot. The whole episode was taking substance in her imagination.

They were just reaching the first downward slope of a long hill at the foot of which was a railroad crossing at grade; and at this very instant a freight train of some sixty or more cars was crawling into sight from the west. It would be at the crossing in a few seconds.

Her heart gave a wild leap. The story was complete — if only — and she looked almost vindictively at the motorman, who was standing there so imperturbably at his post, just as if he were not, by that

very fact, shutting out Flo Rabelle from the chance of a lifetime.

And then — even as she looked — the thing she was dreaming of came suddenly to pass. Without a hint of a warning, without a turn of the head or a gesture or a cry, the motorman crumpled down, and lay in an unconscious heap on the floor of the car.

There was a shrill scream of fright from the passengers. The conductor disappeared. The car gave a reeling lurch as it took the slight turn at the head of the second incline; leaped forward; plunged down the hill at a speed that was appalling. Terror took hold of the occupants. A few started blindly to their feet, and staggered toward the rear door. Some covered their eyes.

The story had come true. Flora Belle Wickles gave one incredulous glance about her, scarce able to accept the evidence of her senses. But yes — it had come true. It was acting itself out — here — in real life. She was a part of it. She was the heroine.

The heroine leaped to her feet.

"Silence!" was the command, cutting, relentless, as a knife. "Keep your seats!"

The next instant, with the self-possession of life-long practice, she was at the front of the car — one hand on the power-lever, the other grasping the brake. The broad roadway flew toward her; on each side the fences slid past like thin strips of tape, dizzily unreeling. Below — still distant — she saw the grade crossing, which the engine had just reached.

But Flo Rabelle knew no fear. She was certain of her ability to stop the car; and she desired that no dramatic aspect of the situation be neglected.

Her first act was calmly to throw off the power. That was easily done — accomplished precisely as her observations had instructed her. It was almost too easy. Even at that moment of supreme action, Flo Rabelle longed for a greater task than merely to shove a crank in an anti-clockwise direction.

Then — not too violently — she gave a turn to the brake. She felt its first bite on the spinning wheels underneath. She did not hurry. There was still plenty of distance between her and the crossing. She would not jar or upset her human freight, — would not act clumsily. She pushed the thing through another wide arc. The car was slowing down comfortably. She remembered about the gong and put her foot to it. It made a magnificent clangor — over and over again — announcing to all the world that a control sure and efficient was at the helm.

The rest was only child's play. At a distance of some forty yards from the crossing — where the lazy freight was still trailing its slow length — the car came to a full stop.

Flo Rabelle meditated whether to turn and make a bow, or merely to stand quietly, unassumingly, where she was. But she had no chance to decide the matter, for at the same instant eager arms clutched her from every direction; she was pulled and patted and embraced and kissed and wept over. While three or four men removed the unconscious motorman to a neighboring shed, Flo Rabelle was dragged by a clamorous mob into the middle of the road.

"Who is she?" — "How did you do it?" — "Oh, you brave girlie! — you brave girlie!" — "How can we ever thank you?" — "Oh, was n't she simply wonderful?" — "What presence of mind!" — "Oh, the dear, brave little creature!" — "Who is she, anyway? Does *nobody* know?" —

Surely nothing could be more handsomely real than that; and yet it was just at this moment that, for the first time, there came to her a shock of unreality. What was it all about, anyway? She stared at the freight train, dragging its caboose across the highway. She stared at the motionless car in front of her, emptied now of all its human cargo. Something unbelievable, preposterous, nonsensical about the whole situation thrust itself into her mind, and she laughed out-

right — inappropriately enough, for that matter — in the face of her insatiate admirers.

Ah, but you should have seen the newspaper accounts that followed! The *Citizen* gave it a whole half-page, the next morning, with a four-by-five cut of the "Plucky Little Stenographer" who had saved fifty-five lives from annihilation. — "Thrilling Act of Heroism" blazoned the headlines. — "Amazing Coolness and Self-Command" — "Grateful Three-Score Raise Handsome Purse." — "'T will Educate Two Tiny Sisters,' Says Pretty Flora Belle Wickles."

The four-by-five cut was masterly. The likeness was idealized just enough for effective journalistic presentation. It included the embroidery hat. It excluded the black-bowed glasses. It penciled the eyebrows; arched the line of the mouth. It supplied a grace here, reduced a defect there, — offered, in short, a perfect portrait of Flo Rabelle.

The Wickleses, big and little, especially the Tiny Two, reveled in the sudden glory that had come upon their house. The story was repeated, and copies of the *Citizen* and the *News* brought forth for display a dozen times an afternoon. At Whiteside & Johnson's Flora Belle heard nothing else talked of for days. A reporter from the *News* came there to interview her, and the two were closeted together for a long time in Mr. Whiteside's private office, — while heads wagged on all sides.

Miss Miggs, whose desk was next to Miss Wickles, asserted that Flora Belle was receiving love-letters and offers in marriage every day from all over the country. She managed to read a part of one, she said, without Miss Wickles knowing she was looking, and it was just the most adorable thing you ever saw. It was from a palmist, and his picture was at the top; and he was the handsomest man! — "Though for that matter, I don't know as I'd want to marry a palmist, would you? — And Flora Belle would n't either, I guess, because she just tore

it up, like she was mad, and threw it in the waste-basket.

"What you so huffed about, Miss Wickles?" says I; and she says, 'The slush some people can write!' and not another word could I get out of her."

Miss Miggs thought Miss Wickles a little queer anyway; most girls that had a set of brains like hers were more or less that way. "I don't know 's I envy the man that marries her," said Miss Miggs. "Her ideas are so absolutely different from most folks'."

As for Flora Belle herself, she was involved, during these famous days, in a psychological maze of the most intricate and baffling nature. She could not possibly have explained to you the singular processes that were going forward steadily, silently, irresistibly, in the depths of her soul. She was not in control of them; they went of themselves, and brought her to the most unexpected of issues.

For a few hours — days, perhaps — she had stood on a pinnacle of dizzy joy. She had demonstrated Flo Rabelle. The confidence she had so long and so ardently cherished that there was something more in her than a mere office-drudge — it had been no delusion. She had become a personage.

But, oddly enough, that joy supported her only a brief time. She felt it begin to slip from her — struggled to hold it — and failed. The more people talked, gaped, and admired, the less she seemed to relish it. After all — she kept asking herself — what had she *really* done? Endowed with what Miss Miggs had termed "a set of brains," she was compelled to use them; and she could not help perceiving a discrepancy, and a rather disturbing one, between the actual occurrence and the newspaper romancing that had grown up about it in a night.

For hours, in the silence of her bedroom, after the little Wickleses were all asleep, she had pored over the four-by-five portrait — first with intense, unreasoning gratification; finally with a sort of fierce resentment. That was not *her*.

It looked no more like her than it did like the Duchess of Marlborough. They had not even had the decency to leave her her glasses. Not that she had any fancy for the abominable things; but for all that, they *were* a part of her. She was not good enough for them to present as she was. They must make her different; work her over; improve her.

How utterly foolish most people were, anyway, mused Flora Belle, as her cynicism grew more pronounced. Just because she had happened actually to do a thing she had always been perfectly capable of doing, now they would begin to cackle about her, and pat her on the back, and raise a purse, and send her slushy letters. As if she were not the identical Flora Belle of the older obscure days, no better, no worse, than when nobody had even so much as asked her name. Well, their notice had come too late to hood-wink or mislead her now!

Thus, long before the Wickleses had ceased to bring out copies of the *Citizen*, or the gossip at Whiteside & Johnson's had subsided, Flora Belle was stricken with a disenchantment such as she had never known before. Life had quite lost its zest for her. She wished that she had never done *that thing*; that she were still the simple, blithe-hearted, unknown girl she had always been until that accursed day. Once — long ago — friendship — admiration — love — had meant something.

Staunch, faithful Joe! She found herself thinking of him now with an odd tenderness, almost longing! How frank he had been; how outspoken; how honest, — taking her for what she was; not afraid to speak openly of her faults — and they were faults. She knew it; down in her heart of hearts she had always known it.

Ten days must have passed since the hideous Rescue of Three-Score; and she had not seen Joe once in all that time; and, what was more, she felt almost positive that she should never see him again unless she sent for him; for it was

clear that he had taken what she had said about a final rupture just as she had said it, — and she had not really meant it quite that way; at least — all she had meant was —

Impulsively, without stopping to find a justification for such precipitate action, — could it be some vague, inarticulate fear lest Joe be already casting his affections upon a wax doll? — she dashed him off a note:—

Would you feel like walking home with me to-night at half-past five?

F. B. W.

gave it into the custody of a special messenger, and waited, in a tumult of expectancy, for the close of the day.

Joe was there at the door. She gave her hand to him. Looking down with a kind of lurking defiance into her eyes, he squeezed it. She withdrew it with a clinging reluctance that tallied strangely with her rather non-committal "Good-evening—Mr. Kinney."

They turned down a quiet side street. There was a silence of perhaps a minute's duration. Flora Belle, who had rarely been embarrassed in her life, was painfully so just now. Joe appeared to be waiting for an explanation of her note; and she had none that she could offer with a very good grace. She had not supposed that it would be necessary to explain it. She had imagined he would be only too glad to come. But he was striding along with a stolid, almost sullen gait, his eyes directly ahead of him, his lips set in determined inexpressiveness. She gave him an inquiring glance; but he avoided it, and with increasing disquietude — even a little frightened, though she could not say why — she speechlessly kept pace with him.

Finally, with something like savage abruptness, he turned upon her.

"I read about what you done," he announced bluntly.

Flora Belle made no comment. She tried to smile, but failed utterly. Her features seemed fixed, as if cast in a

mould. All she could do was to wait helplessly for Joe to go on.

"I seen all about the fuss they made, too," he resumed.

Flora Belle nodded mechanically. She felt accused, somehow, and guilty. She counted the flagstones under her feet — twenty-two — till he spoke again.

"Of course they'd go an' do that," said Joe. "People are such blamed fools."

He gave her a look of dogged defiance, and brought out the thing he had been trying to prepare the way for. "I don't see as you done anything so wonderful."

Flora Belle experienced a sudden feeling of release, of expansion, of wild, uplifting joy. She breathed again — for the first time, it seemed to her, in years.

"Oh, Joe," she said shyly, "it's so nice of you to say that."

His face lifted with amazement. "Why!" he said. "I thought you'd be sore's a goat. Only all it was, I did n't want you to go an' think I was that perticular kind of a fool."

"You're just splendid, Joe," she murmured.

"Pooh!" asserted Joe protectingly, "you could a' done those sort o' things every day o' your life if you only wunst got the chance. Anybody who knowed *you* would a' knowed that."

Upon a quick impulse of gratitude, she rested her fingers lightly on his coat-sleeve; and he clapped his big left hand — black-stained for all its scrubbing — over them, with rude tenderness, and held it there an instant.

"Joe," she said softly, "I'm sorry about that other thing. I did n't mean it. I know I'm not so very pretty — at least not in a certain way — and I'm not sure embroidery hats are so awfully becoming to me; and perhaps I won't wear them very often, if you'd rather I would n't."

Joe patted her hand affectionately. "Now that's what I call a plucky little girl," he said; "but you can wear 'em as often as you want to, for all o' me."

There did not seem to be any need of saying very much more just then.

CURIOSITIES OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE

BY HERBERT H. D. PEIRCE

EVERY diplomatic officer encounters many appeals for advice and assistance of one sort or another, not only from his own compatriots but often from foreigners, sometimes simply curious, and sometimes pathetic and deeply appealing. The appeals which the American diplomat receives from his own nationals are perhaps more frequent than those made to similar officials of other nations, for the reason that it is generally understood by citizens of other countries who find themselves in distressed circumstances in foreign lands, that the medium of governmental relief, if such can be extended, is the consular, not the diplomatic, officer of their country.

Most governments permit their consular officers to extend some measure of relief to such of their nationals as become stranded in a foreign country and desire to return to their own homes. Our own principle of individual independence, a principle which has done much to foster that spirit of self-reliance which plays so large a part in the national character, is opposed to anything that might encourage citizens in the belief that in distress they can confidently apply to the government for relief; and, conformably to this spirit of our institutions, neither our diplomatic nor our consular officers are provided with means of pecuniary relief for American citizens who may become stranded abroad, however much they may desire to return to their own land, except, under certain circumstances, in the case of American seamen. As a consequence, both the diplomatic and the consular officers of the United States frequently find themselves confronted with cases of such an appealing nature that, in common charity, they cannot refrain from offering relief from their own pockets.

Take, for instance, the case of the American who by adverse circumstances is stranded abroad, longing for nothing so much as to return to his or (harder still) her native land; speaking at most but little of the language of the country; debarred both by nationality and by language from either earning a livelihood or seeking any but the most humiliating charity; willing but unable, in a foreign country, to exercise those means of bread-winning which in America might be reasonably relied upon for support. In the face of such an appeal, what can the diplomatic officer do but lend his aid to send the applicant home? Nor are such cases rare. They constitute a considerable tax upon the slender remuneration of the office. A generous charity toward his own nationals, tempered only by his personal means and due circumspection to provide against that imposition which is ever alert to impose on the unwary, becomes, therefore, one of the functions of the American diplomat.

It is, however, no part of the purpose of this article to rehearse the harrowing details of life's harsh discipline to the needy, but rather to relate some curious phases of those conditions which bring persons to an American legation for assistance by advice or for pecuniary aid.

That meanest of social parasites, the bogus-claim-agent, meanest because he preys, not upon the rich, but above all upon those struggling poor who strive to keep head above water in that sea of overwhelming expense, the imagined social requirements of a position which their means are inadequate to maintain, — this wretched bloodsucker plies his nefarious calling in every land.

One bitter winter's night in St. Petersburg, early in my first service as chargé

d'affaires, there came to me a poor colonel of infantry, whose meagre pay would hardly suffice to put bread in the mouths of his numerous family and maintain with decency his rank in the Russian army.

The well-brushed but threadbare uniform, the tarnished lace, the boots well polished but split, all proclaimed the struggle, while the thin hand he gave me and the sallow sunken cheek betrayed the physical privation. He had traveled from his post, some seven hundred miles distant, full of expectation, to ask information of me regarding the alleged fortune of a mythical millionaire in one of our southern states, by whose reputed death a claim-agent, to whom he had paid a hardly-spared bonus for the information, had told him, he had become his heir. Never shall I forget the fall of the poor gentleman's countenance as I explained to him the improbability of the truth of his information. Needless to say, my inquiries proved my predictions correct. How dastardly the act of the vampire who had sucked from him his poor savings and entailed upon him the expense of the long journey!

There is a story of a vast fortune, the existence of which an American, dying in a Spanish prison, revealed to a priest, which periodically comes to light, — always with a demand for a bonus before the secret can be divulged, — with such regularity of reappearance, though with slight differences in dress, that it is known in the Department of State as "the Spanish story."

Marital relations are a prolific cause of appeal to the American diplomat. It is dangerous ground, of course, but the diplomatic officer must patiently listen to the recital of rights and wrongs on both sides, and finally do what he best may to promote domestic harmony. The marriage laws of the different civilized countries differ materially, and indeed perhaps there is no question of so-called "private international law," unless it be that of citizenship, which plays

a larger part in the whole question of what is known as the international "conflict of laws." An American citizen married to a foreigner might, under certain circumstances, find his status in this regard quite different in his own country and in that of his wife.

A naturalized American of Russian birth who had, for sufficient reason, procured a divorce from his first wife, had married, as his second venture, a Russian lady of the Orthodox faith. Now, the Russian Church and State, while they grant divorce, do not easily recognize the remarriage of divorced people. Indeed, these two people certainly could not have been legally married in Russia. Both knowing the facts, they went to another country and there became man and wife by English law. Relations becoming strained, they both came to me, the husband to induce me to get the marriage dissolved, as invalid under Russian law, and the wife to insist upon her husband being held to his proper obligations under our laws. By dint of salutary advice, I brought matters to a satisfactory agreement, which however proved to be of brief duration; for, shortly afterwards, the wife appeared before me to request my good offices to get the marriage dissolved as invalid under Russian law; and she had hardly gone when the husband appeared to demand recognition of his marital rights under our laws, his wife having left him and being engaged in an attempt to remove the furniture from the house as her property.

Princess —, peace be to her and to her name, — a name associated with some of the highest dignities of the Empire, but which I will not repeat in this place, for obvious reasons, — held weekly a salon in St. Petersburg where one met the very elect of every walk in Russian life, and to which none might obtain access without the passport of culture and good breeding. She had long passed the period of feminine charm when I knew her, except that she remained *grande dame* in the highest acceptation of the phrase.

Her dress, though somewhat eccentric, was of a character to emphasize the dignity of a truly noble bearing. No one understands this better than the Russian lady of high birth; she can even smoke her ever-burning cigarette with an air of supreme dignity.

As I sat one evening at work in my study, my servant brought me the card of a gentleman, well known in the Imperial Court, who awaited me in the salon. My visitor handed me a note from Princess —, which requested me to come to see her at once, at a certain house, not her own, on a matter of great importance. Laying the note down upon the table near me, I begged my visitor to say to the Princess that I would go to her as quickly as I could make some necessary changes in my toilet. The moment I put it down he seized the note and tore it into a thousand pieces, which he crammed into his pocket, explaining with breathless haste that the matter would permit of no delay, and begging me to go with him at once. A short drive brought us to a house I frequently passed in my daily comings and goings, and here a sign to the concierge and an evident signal at the doorbell caused the door to be quickly opened. As it closed behind me, I found myself in an apartment filled with white-frocked monks of the Roman church, an unusual enough sight in Orthodox Russia, where, of all religions, that of Rome is looked upon with most suspicion. By a tortuous and narrow passage, my guide led me to a back room illuminated only by a single lamp, and this heavily shaded, except for a square opening in the lamp-shade emitting a comparatively brilliant stream of light in the darkened room in which sat my summoner, clothed in her habitual flowing black robe. Upon my entrance she rose and, still standing in the stream of light, introduced to me a young man of a well-known family who, she dramatically informed me, had committed what in Russia is regarded as a high political crime, though under our system it would

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be regarded as the exercise of a natural right. He had been concealed from the police for thirty days in that same apartment. Now an opportunity offered for sending him out of Russia through Finland, and her purpose in requesting my presence was to ask from me an American passport in his favor. Of course it was utterly impossible to comply with such a demand, and, very shortly after, my new acquaintance took his departure in company with a party of these Carmelite monks.

The penalty for the political crime of which he was confessedly guilty was deportation to Siberia for life. My sympathies were therefore keenly aroused, although it was quite impossible for me to assist him; and it was with no small feeling of anxiety that I saw him depart upon his journey, which might very likely be interrupted by the police with disastrous results. Very shortly afterward my friend the Princess was taken seriously ill and died. I never saw her again, and it was not until five years later that I learned, by chance, that the young political offender had escaped safely.

Some of the applicants in Russia presented interesting claims. One, a native of Vermont, told me that he had come so far from the home of his Yankee birth to play in the Roumanian gypsy orchestra in one of the restaurants in St. Petersburg. Another, who received each year a special form of recommendation to the authorities as a "ward of the United States," was a true Sioux Indian who had come to Russia in Buffalo Bill's "Wild West Show," and had been left behind owing to his love for Russian "fire-water." Physically, he was a fine specimen of the race of which his features and bearing were the very type; and, with the mass of coarse black hair hanging down on the massive shoulders from beneath the broad sombrero, it was curious to find him transplanted into Russian soil and speaking the language of that country about as well as he did English.

It is a just interpretation of our coun-

try's liberal laws, based upon the principle of the right of the individual to change his national allegiance at will, that abandonment of country and permanent residence in a foreign land, without intention to return to the United States to reside, and to perform there those duties of citizenship which should be performed for the state in return for the advantages and protection which citizenship confers, should be construed as indicating a purpose to abandon citizenship itself. For, that the mere claim of nationality, and demand for the national protection abroad, should give to the individual immunity from those claims upon him which the citizens or subjects of the country of his residence must meet, and that at the same time he should be enabled to avoid, by his absence, his duties and obligations to his own country, is a one-sided arrangement, out of consonance with the true and underlying principles of the mutual rights and obligations of communities and individuals. Moreover, there has been no little abuse of our naturalization laws by foreigners, who, desiring to escape military service in the country of their origin, emigrate to America just before they can, by their laws, be called upon for such service, and, remaining just long enough in our country to obtain their papers as American citizens, return to the land of their birth, with no intention of ever coming back to the United States, but demanding of our government immunity, by virtue of their newly acquired allegiance, from all of those obligations which the country of their residence requires of its nationals, while enjoying all the advantages of its social organization and escaping the performance of every duty to their new allegiance.

Such an abuse was, of course, never contemplated in framing our immigration laws, nor in defining the principle of the inalienable right of the individual to change his allegiance. It is a simple measure of self-protection for our government to say that, while it does not under-

take to deprive any citizen of his lawful rights, it is fair to assume that, when he abandons, permanently, his residence in this country, thereby avoiding all those duties of citizenship which the state may justly require, he has abandoned, in real truth, American allegiance.

Yet, as no general precept can meet every case, this just and equitable interpretation of our laws works hardships in some cases, which come with pathetic appeal to the attention of the American diplomat. A combination of untoward circumstances may leave a whole family stranded in a foreign country. The death of the parents may throw the children, altogether unprepared, upon their own resources, and, with the most earnest longing to return to America, they may be unable to find the means to do so. Each year cuts them off more entirely from home ties, and makes the possibility of their earning a living in America more remote, and yet there remains the same intense desire to claim and retain American citizenship. I remember several such families in Russia, who had come out with their parents at the time of the building, by American contractors, of the railway between Moscow and St. Petersburg, and who, their parents having died, leaving them penniless, had become Russian in everything but in name and in their intense sentiment of patriotism toward the country they could only dimly remember from childhood.

Of stranded Americans in Russia, I recall, among many others, the case of a troupe of eleven colored "vaudeville" performers, whose manager had left them in the lurch. To assist so many at one and the same time was quite beyond the means at my personal disposal, so I was obliged to have recourse to a benevolent society, to which I was a subscriber, to borrow aid for them. It is a pleasure to be able to recall that these people repaid the loan voluntarily and without any steps, on my part, to require it.

Needless to say, the diplomatic officer encounters his full share of impostors.

My last in this line was an amiable and adroit humbug, but he did a fair day's work for every krone I gave him, and, but for his final abuse of my confidence, I should feel that I had not suffered in anything but the imposition on my credulity, and this so cleverly done as to amuse rather than annoy me.

He came just as I was getting settled in my house in Christiania; my garden was full of the boxes in which my furniture had been packed, and which must be broken up and stored before the rapidly approaching winter set in. He represented himself to be a discharged American seaman, but without papers — as such sea-tramps often are — or other means of identification than his knowledge of City Point, South Boston, — which seemed accurate enough, — where he represented himself to have been born, although, as he said, he had been at sea most of his life. Curiously enough, though he knew City Point so well, he knew nothing about Boston or even South Boston. He could not tell me even where the State House stands, nor what it looks like. Yet he spoke English without other accent than that which is common enough in certain parts of our country, a slight Irish brogue. The sole wish of his heart was to get back once more to City Point, to his dear old mother, whom he would never, never leave again, once he was at her side. Giving him a crown for his supper and night's lodging, I told him to call on me the next day.

Meanwhile, I arranged with a steamship line to give my American sailor transportation to Boston, for a sum within my means, and engaged him to work for me at fair wages until sailing day. I never got better labor for the wages than this delightful humbug gave me. The day before the sailing of his steamer he disappeared, but the ship had hardly left port when he turned up again with a story of unavoidable detention. Two weeks later, another was to sail, and again I arranged for his passage, still employing his services about the place,

where his diligence and intelligent labor accomplished wonders in getting things to rights. Sailing day came again, and again my American was missing; but the following day up he bobbed with a story of a row and arrest by the police, — a story which, on investigation, proved to be pure fiction.

I yielded to his importunities to give him a little more work, and set him at splitting kindling in the cellar.

The next morning, my servant came to me, saying, "If the Minister pleases, the American is drunk." — "Well, send him away," said I. — "I can't, sir. He will not go; I did lock him in the wine-cellar." — "Why? Why did you lock a drunken man in my wine-cellar, drunk. He did get in with a false key. It is here," handing me a regular burglar's skeleton key. There was nothing to do but to hand him over to the police, who informed me that he was a Swede and "wanted" in Stockholm on a criminal charge.

There comes to me frequently, at this Legation, a poor demented old man, who fancies that he has some grievance against the Norwegian Government. He clearly is not an American citizen, but he alleges that he served in the Confederate Army. He carries always the same bundle of papers, which I have read many times, and which have no sort of bearing on the claim that he thinks they establish.

As I try to make him comprehend this, he dives down into all his pockets, fishing out other equally irrelevant scraps, until every chair is the repository for some of these poor worthless bits of paper. He stands and looks at them all with despairing eyes, then puts his hand to his head, saying, "There is something, but I can't remember. My head is bad." It is a sad and oft-repeated scene. All I can do is to give him a little charity and send him away.

These are but a few of the curiosities of diplomatic life, taken, at random, out

of my experience. Many others crowd in upon my memory, but the foregoing will serve to show how varied are the appeals for assistance, in one form and another, which come to the American diplomat.

Of the tragedies of life which one encounters, where often a few dollars would go so far to relieve distress, I have said but little. One often longs for means to dispense a more generous charity.

Our national government could hardly undertake to provide such means, and it is only a few of our diplomatic officials whose circumstances enable them adequately to meet all the calls upon them. But the relief of worthy Americans in distress abroad, through our embassies and legations, offers a wide field for private charity, which would be subject to but little if any imposition, in view of the ability of the officials to investigate.

COMPETITION

BY HENRY HOLT

THE public questions now receiving most attention in America — those of the labor trusts and the capital trusts — are at bottom questions of competition.

The topic is of peculiar importance to us, for it is universally admitted that competition, in both making money and spending it, is fiercer here than elsewhere. Our average man, and perhaps still more our average woman, wants to outdo her neighbor in clothes, housing, equipage, entertainment — everything that money can be wasted on; and the competition to make all that money is as fierce as the competition to spend it. This is largely because we are, as the *London Nation* justly calls us, “inordinately free from the conventions, restraints, distractions, and hypocrisies of the older civilizations.”

For comparison we need glance at English conditions alone: those in Europe generally are enough like them.

When an Englishman gets comfortably rich, he is apt to think of a place in the country, and a local magistracy, and a seat in Parliament; but in America wealth is seldom cared for as giving an opportunity to serve the community or to gain political honors.

Rank, too, — not merely the title that

a rich man may hope to gain, but rank derived through ancestry, and embedded in history and the system of things, — is a constant reminder that wealth is not for him the highest earthly good. The aristocratic conditions also carry much tradition and habit of culture and refinement, and, it does not seem fanciful to believe, thus afford the main attraction that keeps relatively so many more Englishmen than Americans away from wealth-seeking, and in pursuit of the things of the spirit.

The English church, too, has a great influence in this direction, not only because its endowments attract men from competitive pursuits, but also because of the leisure it gives for other pursuits.

The American attaches little honor to political position, because our democracy so frequently — is it too much to say so generally? — gives such position to men with small claim to honor; we have no established church; and though we have a real aristocracy, it is only in a derived sense, for it does not rule, and the general public knows nothing about it; the public knows only our sham aristocracy of wealth.

True, our unexampled diffusion of education fits more men than elsewhere to

enter into the competition above manual labor; but high ambition is the infirmity of only noble souls; not one man in a thousand cares for the triumphs of art, or letters, or politics, or even of war. Yet every man is a snob, and there is no American country paper now without its social column — even out in California and Oregon the papers copy the so-called society news from the New York papers; and in them our American democrat sees almost entirely the names of people he has heard of as rich, seldom the name of anybody he has heard of as anything else.

In short, wealth and its results are the only good yet conspicuous on the average American horizon. Hence our utterly unexampled rage of competition for it. The American view of the subject was well illustrated by the wife of one of the great captains of industry, who lately said, "My husband hesitated between taking his present position and going to the Senate. If he had gone to the Senate, it would have wrecked his career."

Now, in this fierce competition, the sentiments regarding it are paradoxical to a degree that is hardly short of amusing. Nearly everybody is half the time crying out against competition, and the other half demanding it. Workingmen try to suppress it in labor, and to enforce it in commerce; on the other hand, the leaders of the industrial world are trying to secure it in labor, and to get rid of it in commerce; while the leaders of the regulative or political world are trying heartily to maintain it in commerce, and are comparatively indifferent to it in labor.

Yet there is a consistency pervading all these seemingly paradoxical conditions: each man tries to get rid of competition in what he sells, and secure it in what he buys. The workingman sells labor, and wants no competition in it: so he forms his labor trust, and tolerates all the other labor trusts; he buys commodities, and wants all possible competition in them: so he attacks the capitalist trusts. The captain of industry buys

labor: so he wants all possible competition in it, and therefore disapproves the labor trusts; he sells commodities, and therefore wants no competition in them: so he forms his own trust, and tolerates the other capitalist trusts. The legislator, administrator, jurist, sells neither labor nor commodities, and buys both: so he favors competition in both, but tempers his advocacy of it in labor, by a tenderness for the labor vote.

But while the statesman, so far as he is a patriot, is above competition, so far as he is a politician he knows it in perhaps its widest and intensest form, and against it makes his political trusts: the great national parties have many features in common with the trusts — especially the Republican party in relation to the tariff; and though the state and county organizations do not generally control plunder enough to justify close trust organization, the city political gangs do, and generally are trusts, Tammany being one of the best organized trusts in the world.

Even the professional classes are not without organization against competition. The musicians' trusts are as selfish, and apparently as foolish, as the hod-carriers' trusts; and even the bar associations and the medical societies, while their real object is the intellectual and ethical advance of their professions, cannot entirely escape some incidental part in the virtually universal defenses against competition — cannot escape acting in some respects as trusts.

Outside of all these classes is the large one of exchangers of commodities, who generally deal in too great a variety of articles to be tempted into trusts of their own. Yet they are all interested in transportation, and therefore naturally object to railroad trusts and teamsters' trusts. To other trusts they are comparatively indifferent, but as individuals they compete as actively as anybody.

As competition is attempted everywhere, it must have its merits; but as it is also everywhere guarded against, it

must have its evils, and so distinct are these evils that Mr. S. A. Reeve, the author of the only book on its general aspects which I know of, apparently thinks that to them are to be attributed most of the sufferings that civilized humanity endures. With Henry George and Edward Bellamy, he belongs to a school — or section outside of the schools — which I am never sure that I understand, or that it does; but if I understand him, he holds that competition does not naturally inhere in production, but is bred solely by exchange and other activities not directly productive; and as a member of the noble army of panacea-makers, he offers, as his, the abolition of merchandizing, banking, and many other activities. But just how his panacea is to be administered, he shows no more clearly than do the other inventors of schemes for the millennium.

Competition is certainly not an invention of the devil, unless the whole order of nature is the invention of the devil: all educated people know that competition was ingrained in nature long before there was merchandizing, or manufacturing, or individual tinkering, or savage hunting and fishing, or savages, or beasts, or birds, or fishes, or gastropods, or amœbas. The very plants, when probably there were no living things but plants, competed fiercely, and they compete still, for light and heat and moisture. To-day they are even competing for territory, with streams and ponds, and actually filling them up and obliterating them. They compete with men for the possession of the tropic zone, and have often beaten them; and I know a case within a dozen miles of Chicago where they competed with an ice company for the possession of a stream, and forced it to use a little steamer with a sort of mowing machine attached. They limited the area of the company's activities, and, for all I know, drove it off altogether, though now a mightier competitor than either — the steel corporation — has taken possession of the territory.

When animal life began, the very amœbas, the lucky ones and lively ones and wise ones, floated into the best places, and kept the unlucky ones and lazy ones and stupid ones out. When tadpoles and fish were evolved, there began a mighty gobbling up of the weak by the strong; later, reptiles — big lizards with wings, and birds with teeth — kept up the game, and made it livelier, perhaps, than ever before or since, even down to the days of Standard Oil. Some time along there, began the most interesting of all competitions, — the one out of which has been evolved all that men most care for, and perhaps all that is most worth their caring for, — the competition because of sex. In the struggle of brutes for mates, it was often competition in mere force; but there was also higher competition, in the glowworm's light, and the bird's song and plumage. When man was evolved, it grew higher and higher, until the competition of love became subject for art, and now does more than anything else to fill the opera houses and picture galleries, and fiction and poetry, and the very souls of the world; and not only does art find in competition its mightiest theme, but art itself is a field of competition and struggle against competition, from rival primadonnas down to the musical unions already cited.

There is nothing, from the deepest mine to the tallest church, — or even the tallest skyscraper, — from the dollars a man pays his valet to the devotion he pays his lady-love, that is not informed through and through by competition. One is often tempted to regard it as the motive power of the world. But it is not: it is only an incident of the motive powers — often an exaggerated and destructive one, often not rising above the dignity of a foolish one.

Nevertheless, with the evolution of intelligence, there has appeared a new set of factors: sympathy, mercy, justice, have begun to restrain and narrow competition, to shape popular opinion, and even to express themselves in law. This new

stage of the matter to-day absorbs a wide share of men's interests and even of their enthusiasms; and these, like all new enthusiasms, reach many extremes. Of these, later.

With competition everywhere else, the idea of wiping it out of industry must, at best, be a counsel of perfection, and at worst the idea of making industry cease. Rarely, if at all, can there be an effort which is to be paid for, that does not tend to compete with every other effort which is to be paid for. Any man who heaves coal competes with every other man who heaves coal, and moreover he tends to lower the wages in coal-heaving, — so that coal-heavers will tend to leave that profession and compete in others.

These tendencies are not always realized in practice, because the individual effort is too small to overcome inertia and friction, or even to be measured by our currency and other instruments. But when such efforts "happen" to accumulate in any one direction, the effect of the aggregate is sometimes important.

As a rule, the only way to get rid of competition is, as already intimated, to get rid of work. Does not the most beneficent of inventions inevitably compete with all connected vested interests? Can the merchant who sells the best goods at the lowest prices, continue without competing with all others and getting the biggest business? Do not the men in the most unselfish pursuits inevitably compete for the best places in them? Does not the most self-sacrificing physician compete for the best practice? Does not even the most self-sacrificing clergyman compete for the best congregation? Neither may have the end in view, but if he puts forth the best in him, is not the end inevitably forced upon him?

So unescapable is competition, that we find it cropping up in spite of the best efforts to suppress it. For instance: the very able and philanthropic chairman of the United States Steel Corporation became impressed with the idea that steady

prices would be a good thing; in this idea he was correct — as correct, for instance, as anybody who thinks that a clear complexion is a good thing. But circumstances are frequent where a clear complexion cannot be had, and where efforts to suppress eruption must end in disaster. So in the economic world, the unevenness in men's judgments — their making too much of one commodity and too little of another — renders steadiness of price impossible, even the fixing of a normal price impossible except through competition.

The only rational price (if the versed reader will be patient with a little A B C) is that where the demand will just absorb the supply; and this price will be found only by buyers competing for product when demand is good, and by sellers competing for custom when demand is slack. This of course makes high prices in good times, and low prices in bad times; the only way to get rid of high prices and low prices is to get rid of good times and bad times; the only way to get rid of good times and bad times is to get rid of crazes and panics; and the only way to get rid of crazes and panics is to get rid of intemperance in both hope and fear. But temperance is as remarkable by its absence from sundry schools of philanthropists as from the community in general; nothing is more characteristic of that virtue than the ability to wait, and nothing is more characteristic of the philanthropists than to try to go faster than natural law.

Last fall, when competition began bubbling to raise the safety-valve of prices, the benevolent Steel Corporation smilingly seated itself upon the valve, and the competition had to break out somewhere else. Among other evil consequences, the company got many more orders at the prevailing prices than it could fill. If they had raised prices, and so lowered the demand to equal the supply, the customers least in need, or least able profitably to use steel, would have dropped out, and the neediest and ablest would

have been supplied; the most important demands would have been satisfied, and nobody would have felt a right to complain. Instead of this, each order was filled in part, the most important and necessary enterprises were left unfinished along with the least important and the mistaken ones; nobody was satisfied; complaints were loud; and some of the railroad companies met to devise their own rail-factories.

But in thus suppressing the natural and salutary effects of competition, the Steel Corporation itself entered into competition — and an injurious and unnatural competition, — with the weaker companies: for, as it would not raise prices, the weaker companies could not avail themselves of the good times to strengthen themselves against bad times, and against the natural tendency of any great competitor to gobble up little competitors in bad times. That such was the deliberate intention of the Steel Corporation, however, I do not believe: for I have faith in the philanthropic intentions of its chairman.

But the story is not ended: when the bad times came later last fall, in his desire to keep prices even, he exercised his wonderful powers of persuasion to prevent the other manufacturers from going into the natural competition of lowering prices, and so the steel industries were kept idle or partly idle for many months, until they could bear the strain no longer, and the steel company itself had to lower prices, right on top of a declaration, the last of many, that it was not going to.

This is the most recent, and perhaps the most remarkable, of the great illustrations of the utter impossibility, as men are now constituted and industries now organized, of avoiding competition.

It is plainly impossible that a feature so ingrained in nature and human nature should be wholly bad. Now, wherein is it good, and wherein is it bad? Like everything else — food, wine, money, even such ethereal things as literature,

art, or love, or religion itself — it is good within bounds, and bad in excess.

Where are the bounds? As in everything else, at waste — waste of strength, character, time, or resources.

Of course the problem of what is waste and what reasonable expenditure, is a difficult one, but that does not cancel the duty of solving it.

Everybody who reads these words knows that, within bounds, competition tends (if union leaders, or "wealthy male-factors," or philanthropists, will let it) to keep prices reasonable — where, as already said, they preserve the equation of supply and demand; to keep quality good, and supply abundant and accessible; that in advertising, it spreads a good deal of useful intelligence, though mixed with a good deal that is superfluous and even false; and that in drumming, it is a great convenience and saving to dealers generally, and keeps the country hotels and railroad accommodations a great deal better than they otherwise would be.

A benefit not as obvious as those, is its elimination of the unfit from industry. There are always hanging on to the outskirts of business, a lot of incapable men who are pestering and impeding the rest of the world with poor goods, poor service, unfulfilled engagements, bankruptcies, and prices broken by forced sales. The elimination of such people, and confining business to the more capable, is a good service to the community. And it is even a good service to the eliminated men: for they are much better off under the guidance of the capable than in enduring the responsibilities, anxieties, and privations inseparable from depending on the discharge of duties beyond them. Competition, then, so far as it regulates prices, increases products and services, and eliminates inefficiency, is an unmixed good.

And here we approach the other side. The competition which drives out the incapable is a very different matter from the competition which drives out the capable. Effective competition of course

destroys competition elsewhere, and so far as that is done by increasing goods and services, the good produced exceeds the good destroyed, and the world is still the gainer. But when the destruction through competition is an end in itself — when one man, without improving product or service, sacrifices values and efforts merely to destroy another man's competition, he wastes good for the sake of destroying still more good.

These facts are obscured because such competition may bring benefit — though probably only a specious benefit — to the aggressor; but it can at best bring the benefit only at the cost of his victims and the public, and at the sacrifice, in the aggressor himself, of that for which no money can compensate: for there is sure to be a moral waste. I know very directly of a capable and prosperous man in Pennsylvania who was driven out of business by the Standard Oil Company, and touching whom one of the Oil magnates remarked, "Oh, he was easy game." And this case is said to be one of many. It is generally understood that probably the most effective literary onslaught ever made on the Standard Oil Company was by an author whose father was one of the victims.

To continue with the unfavorable side: ruinous competition in prices still exists, though hardly to the extreme of fifty or sixty years ago, when frequently opposing stage lines carried their passengers free, and steamboats sometimes not only carried them free, but even threw in meals. We do not often hear of anything like that now, though in my own trade I occasionally hear rumors of schoolbooks given away, and ruinous prices paid prominent authors; and perhaps any man in any trade may hear similar rumors in it. But whatever foundation there may be for such rumors, there seems to have developed a sense of shame regarding such proceedings that makes men slower than they were a generation or two ago to indulge in them openly.

On its unfavorable side, too, competi-

tion, instead of stopping at cheapening by simpler processes and legitimate accounts, tends to inferior materials and labor. Though in ordering large works or large supplies, the practice is universal of trying to get the benefits of reasonable competition by seeking bids, people have of late grown so afraid of excessive competition that the right to reject the lowest bids is reserved, though not always exercised. Moreover, competition tends frightfully to run to waste, and, later, paying for this waste tends to make prices high, quality inferior, and commodities scant and inaccessible.

One of the worst wastes is in advertising: everybody uses soap, and no amount of advertising can make people use materially more; and yet those who use the finer kinds probably pay more for having it dinned into them to use a certain brand, than they pay for the soap itself.

I want to use another illustration from my own trade. No apology should be needed for a writer thus illustrating from his own trade, if he happens to have one; and the more I see of the conditions, the more I incline to believe that he should have one, and that writing should not be a trade. If it ever ceases to be one, however, it will be when trades are less infested by foolish competition. But the interesting question of literature being a trade is "another story," and possibly may be the subject of another essay. But one would hardly be required to justify the writer who has a trade, in illustrating from it: for there he is surer than anywhere else of the first essential of good writing — knowing what he is writing about. The second illustration I want to make from my trade is in the fact that the country probably pays more for having its elementary schoolbooks argued and cajoled and bribed into use, than for the books themselves. Leaving the bribery out, the same is probably true of high-school books; and the increasing amount of interviewing, explanation, comparison, and argument regarding col-

lege books, is rapidly making it true of them.

But excessive expenses in competition are worse than wasteful and demoralizing: they are aggressive, and provoke retaliations equally objectionable. The competition in economized production, faithful service, reasonable prices, and reasonable and truthful publicity, is simply incidental to each man's doing his best for himself; but beyond this point it begins to mean each man's doing his worst for his neighbor. Incidental competition contains what truth there is in the aphorism that competition is the life of trade; but aggressive competition means war, waste, and death.

Perhaps the most trying paradox in competition is that it forces the wise man to play the fool when his competitors do, or suffer for his wisdom. When he is thus between Scylla and Charybdis, what ought he to do? I knew a man who, in a peculiar condition of his business, when a collateral business was making inroads on it, was often met by the proposition from those whose custom he needed, "If you won't concede so and so, I know a man who will." His answer was, "That if I don't make a fool of myself, some competitor will, is not a convincing argument. I'll wait till he does, and the fools put themselves out of the race." And wait he did, and his example prevented many other men from making fools of *themselves*, and did much to relieve his trade from a peculiarly unfair and abnormal competition.

In competition, the call to do the brave thing arises because competition is war. But in war it is often braver not to fight than to fight, and the bravest fighting has not been in aggression, but in self-defense — little Holland against gigantic Spain. And where is the bully now? Though non-resistance is ideal ethics, it should be fundamentally understood that ideal ethics apply only to an ideal world, and that often the attempt to introduce them into a practical world is not only futile, but wasteful and destructive.

As already hinted, the point at which competition becomes abnormal, forced, and aggressive, is when it is wasteful — when the cost of feeding it reduces profits below the average rate. But it is superficial to estimate profits as money alone: social considerations and the gratification of personal predilection are all profits in the broad sense. For "profits" substitute *satisfactions*, and the general proposition holds.

This seems to hark forward to an ideal — that it is for the greatest good of the greatest number that all men's fortunes, estimated in satisfactions, should be equal; and perhaps the most pronounced individualist would not object to that *as an ideal*, but his contention would be that it is only by the freest opportunity for individual development that men's fortunes *can* become equal; and individual development is competition.

The wastes of exaggerated competition of course prompt the question whether men would not be better off if, instead of competing, they were coöperating — if instead of fighting each other, even incidentally, they were helping each other. As far as human nature has yet been evolved, the change is not possible to any great extent, and the question is too complicated to admit of an answer in the present state of human intelligence. Yet there are some little bits of experience in the coöperation of small groups, and also in occasional middle conditions where purposed competition has ceased, though coöperation has hardly begun. But they are conditions of unstable equilibrium which must soon disappear.

I would illustrate this point, too, from my own trade, despite my having done so already in the *Atlantic*.¹ Such a condition prevailed in the upper walks of the publishing business from about 1865 to 1875, and contained several features that may not be altogether uninteresting.

In the first place, it was a brief realization of the ideals of philosophical

¹ November, 1905, p. 589.

anarchism — self-regulation without law. There was no international copyright to protect an American publisher's property in an English book; yet an intelligent self-interest, among a perhaps exceptional body of men, performed the functions of law. By mutual consent, when a publisher had a contract with an English author for a book, or even in the absence of a contract, when a publisher made the first announcement of an intention to print an English book, no other American publisher of standing would print it in opposition. This usage was called the courtesy of the trade, and for about ten years that courtesy was seldom violated. Moreover, the courtesy was extended to the relations of publishers with American authors. During that period, no publisher of standing would any more try to get away another's client than a lawyer of standing would try to get away another's client, or a physician another's patient. And under those conditions the trade prospered more, on the whole, than it has under contrary conditions.

If that absence of direct purposeful competition could have been maintained, the prosperity could have been maintained. But it depended, as I have intimated, upon the trade happening to be, at that time, in the hands of men of exceptional character; and the results of peaceful ways were, as has been the case in all history, tempting to the outside barbarian. If the Harpers were making money for the author and themselves out of a book by George Eliot, the Appletons or the Scribners would not print it; but soon an enterprising printer in the West awoke to the fact that there was no law to prevent *his* printing it in a cheaper edition, or to compel him to pay royalty to the author; and print he did, right and left. His example was soon followed by others, and the peaceful and profitable conditions of philosophical anarchism were once more demonstrated impossible of duration in the present state of human nature. As always when men have tried

to get along without law, law had to be resorted to, and the International Copyright Law of 1891 was the result.

It is interesting further to note that the spirit of aggressive competition which grew up after the period of philosophical anarchy filled the business with waste in advertising, over-bidding for authors, and over-concession of discounts and credits to customers; until, a few years ago, the competition reached extremes which were at last realized to be wasteful and ruinous, and are gradually being curtailed. But the curtailments have made almost as great demands on courage, and on the capacity to see future advantages in present sacrifices, as were required to make possible the decade of philosophical anarchism; and the evolution of another period of non-competitive peace, economy, and mutual courtesy will probably be as slow as the evolution of human nature.

And yet during that Arcadian period, or rather at about its falling away, there were many to claim that the established publishers were in a combine or trust (though the actual word was not then current), and that the only way a man could enter the business was the predatory way. Yet in a libel suit instituted by one of the predatory people against the *Evening Post*, for calling him a pirate, I heard a successful publisher on the witness stand declare that he had entered the business about the beginning of the period referred to, had never reprinted another publisher's book, and had never been the object of aggression by another publisher, but on the contrary had always been treated by the others with courtesy, and often had the benefit of their experienced advice.

It should be further observed that during this absence of purposeful competition, incidental competition was inevitably going on all the while. At no time under my observation was there more emulation in economy of method and quality of product. During that period was established the great advance in the

quality of bookmaking which distinguishes the American books of to-day from our crude products before the middle sixties.

So far, then, as inferences regarding the whole industrial field can be drawn from a brief and exceptional experience in a relatively insignificant portion of it, and that a portion with some strong characteristics outside of pure industrialism, it would be a fair inference to conjecture that all forms of industry will gain in peace and prosperity from such advances in human nature as will do away with purposeful and aggressive competition, and that the incidental competition of emulation in methods and product will still be great enough to develop the effort on which progress must depend.

These truths regarding the industrial world were long since realized by the superior minds in the professional world. The high-class medical practitioner does not try to get away his colleagues' patients; does not make his charges lower than those of other physicians; derives no profit from his discoveries, but throws them open to the world; does not tout for practice, and make his customers pay the expenses of the touting; never disregards the call of mercy; and tempers his fees to the shorn lamb, or rather lets the lamb go unshorn. High-class lawyers, too, have restricted their competition to rendering the best service they know how, and have refrained from direct efforts to get each others' clients, and even from advertising for clients. Now it could not have been merely what are usually termed moral considerations that long ago evolved these codes of professional ethics. These men have been intelligent enough to realize that undue competition must in the long run be no more productive than dog eating dog, and that peace and dignity are better worth having than superfluous money.

The commercial world may be slowly feeling its way toward such conditions, but even in the professional world they are as yet but conditions of unstable

equilibrium; lately our terrible American commercialism, and love of ostentation and luxury and apparent equality, have been doing much to send professional ethics to the dogs. This, however, should not be laid entirely to the mere spirit of competition; it must be laid largely to the moral breakdown that has followed the weakening of the old religious sanctions, and that will last until we get some new sanctions from our increasing knowledge of nature.

But the professional world and the publishing world have not been alone in attempts to avoid the evils of competition. For some years past, people in trade after trade have found that they were competing until they were making no money. Everywhere excessive enterprise or excessive avarice, and excessive lack of foresight and character, were defeating themselves. At last, many of the leaders of the respective trades began to meet to agree upon prices, discounts, sometimes number of drummers, and, for all I know, amount of advertising. But there was too much "enterprise," or too little character, to make the agreements last: honest men held up prices while knaves undersold them.

It was at length realized that the only effective plan was to put a whole industry under a central control. Hence the trust. This tended not only to stop waste, but to economize management and office administration; and it was urged that part of these great economies could be given to the public through reductions in prices.

This was the view of people who had things for sale. But the vast majority who had nothing for sale, and the demagogues who sought the votes of this majority, called these agreements schemes to benefit each particular trade at the expense of the community — and said that, competition being destroyed, the public would be, in the matter of price, at the mercy of the combine. And, despite the wise and economical features of such arrangements, the Sherman law

and its progeny have made them illegal. The crude new legislation has seldom attempted to attack the evils in such a way as to leave room for the possible benefits; and has been largely futile and destructive. As a sample, it is now promoting the destruction of the bookstores: I am just mourning the fall of one of the oldest and best, in my little university town in Vermont. The department stores are killing the booksellers by selling the most popular new books at cost, and less than cost, for the sake of attracting custom for other things. When the publishers got together and tried to stop this, their counsel told them that the Sherman law would not permit them to do it by limiting competition among themselves, but would permit them to try to limit it among others, by refusing to sell to dealers who cut prices. But the courts have recently decided that even this aid to the merchandizing of culture has been restricted by our sapient lawmakers to copyright books: Homer and Shakespeare are beyond the pale of their assistance.

The law of Illinois exempts day-laborers from the tutelage it imposes on the book-trade. In other words, it has exempted from its provisions the trust whose actions have been the most extreme, and have been most enforced by extreme methods—such as withholding the general supplies of food and fuel; obstructing transportation; and boycott, violence, and murder. Moreover, the demagogues are agitating for the labor trust's exemption from the United States Trust laws; and since the Supreme Court has pronounced against the boycott, the labor trusts are also agitating for legislation to make them superior to the effect of the decision,—superior to everybody else,—to permit them to restrict competition by unlimited coercion.

And for some of this legislation there is not the excuse of difficulty. The Illinois law is probably as bad a case of demagoguery and class legislation as was ever enacted.

My writing of that paragraph was interrupted by the sneezing of one of my boys who has hay fever. The growing paternalization of our government, as illustrated in some features of the pure food act, has prevented my obtaining for him the medicine which cured one of his parents and one of his grandparents.

Will people ever learn that legislation is the most difficult and dangerous of the arts, and that it is best, where not clearly impracticable, to leave the cure of social ills to the courts? There, not only is the experience of the race digested and applied by learning and training, but it is applied only to the case in hand, instead of (to give the metaphor a twist or two) being sent out crude and unbroken to run amuck.

There can be little doubt that men could make more by helping one another than by fighting one another; but, as already said, in any state of human nature that we can foresee, the application of non-competitive or coöperative policies to the commercial world cannot in strictness be a practical question. When we imagine Utopias, as always when we try to go very far beyond our experience, we land in paradoxes and contradictions; and when we try to realize Utopias in the present state of morality, we class ourselves with the ignorant or the purblind. Attempts to realize ideals that are merely imagined have probably been the most wasteful and destructive of all human efforts.

Yet often, as in mathematics, much is gained for practical questions by reasoning from impossible hypotheses, so long as we regard them as impossible. We can at least ask a more or less skeptical question or two regarding Utopia. For instance, if no time is to be wasted in competition, what are the advertisers, drummers, revenue officers excluding foreign products, and other people now performing waste labor, going to do for a living? It seems reasonable to assume

that they will simply produce two-fold — four-fold — useful things that the world is now doing without. And perhaps something even wiser than that — there may not, after all, be produced so many more things: for in Utopia competition in *consuming* useless things will have disappeared. Nobody will have useless clothes, food, wines, jewels, equipages, servants, simply because his competitors have them — each man will be content with what he reasonably needs; and in a co-operative world, he will spend his then superfluous powers in coöperating with the efforts of his less able neighbors to get needed things.

Yet more — in Utopia men will have time to devote their efforts to the industry we now most conspicuously neglect — saving our souls: there will be time for geniuses to write their best, and restore literature, instead of hurrying and overworking for superfluous and even harmful things; and time for ordinary men to read and think; to listen to music, and make it; to look at pictures, and do a little with cameras and water-colors on our own account; to enjoy architecture,

and learn enough of it to have some intelligent say about making our own homes; time to potter over our gardens; time to travel; and even time to go fishing, at least with Isaak. A woman to whom I read this said, "And we'll have time to have time." It is needless to say that she lived in New York.

More important still, in the non-competitive Utopia, there will be time to keep well, time to die at a decent old age, and time to go decently to each other's funerals. But before that, and most important of all, there will be time to prevent our having to feel, when we do go to funerals, perhaps the bitterest regret of all: "If I only had had more of that friend while he was here!"

But all this is Utopia. Each man has his own way to Utopia, and wise men know that they will not in one lifetime get far on any way. But they also know, and know it better each day, that there *are* ways in that direction; and that, while the competition incidental to honest emulation tends to keep those ways open, the competition born of greed and envy tends to keep them closed.

THE NEW NATIONALIST MOVEMENT IN INDIA

BY JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND

THE Nationalist Movement in India may well interest Americans. Lovers of progress and humanity cannot become acquainted with it without discovering that it has large significance, not only to India and Great Britain, but to the world. That the movement is attracting much attention in England (as well as awakening some anxiety there, because of England's connection with India) is well known to all who read the British periodical press, or follow the debates of Parliament, or note the public utterances from time to time of Mr. John Morley (now

Lord Morley), the British Secretary of State for India.

What is this new Indian movement? What has brought it into existence? What is its justification, if it has a justification? What does it portend as to the future of India, and the future relations between India and Great Britain?

In order to find answers to these questions we must first of all get clearly in mind the fact that India is a subject land. She is a dependency of Great Britain, not a colony. Britain has both colonies and dependencies. Many persons suppose

them to be identical; but they are not. Britain's free colonies, like Canada and Australia, though nominally governed by the mother country, are really self-ruling in everything except their relations to foreign powers. Not so with dependencies like India. These are granted no self-government, no representation; they are ruled absolutely by Great Britain, which is not their "mother" country, but their conqueror and master.

As the result of a pretty wide acquaintance in England, and a residence of some years in Canada, I am disposed to believe that nowhere in the world can be found governments that are more free, that better embody the intelligent will of their people, or that better serve their people's many-sided interests and wants, than those of the self-ruling colonies of Great Britain. I do not see but that these colonies are in every essential way as free as if they were full republics. Probably they are not any more free than the people of the United States, but it is no exaggeration to say that they are as free. Their connection with England, their mother country, is not one of coercion; it is one of choice; it is one of reverence and affection. That the British Government insures such liberty in its colonies, is a matter for congratulation and honorable pride. In this respect it stands on a moral elevation certainly equal to that of any government in the world.

Turn now from Britain's colonies to her dependencies. Here we find something for which there does not seem to be a natural place among British political institutions. Britons call their flag the flag of freedom. They speak of the British Constitution, largely unwritten though it is, as a constitution which guarantees freedom to every British subject in the world. *Magna Charta* meant self-government for the English people. Cromwell wrote on the statute books of the English Parliament, "All just powers under God are derived from the consent of the people." Since Cromwell's day this principle has been fundamental,

central, undisputed, in British home politics. It took a little longer to get it recognized in colonial matters. The American Colonies in 1776 took their stand upon it. "Just government must be based on the consent of the governed." "There should be no taxation without representation." These were their affirmations. Burke and Pitt and Fox and the broader-minded leaders of public opinion in England were in sympathy with their American brethren. If Britain had been true to her principle of freedom and self-rule she would have kept her American colonies. But she was not true to it, and so she lost them. Later she came very near losing Canada in the same way. But her eyes were opened in time, and she gave Canada freedom and self-government. This prevented revolt, and fastened Canada to her with hooks of steel. Since this experience with Canada it has been a settled principle in connection with British colonial as well as home politics, that there is no just power except that which is based upon the consent of the governed.

But what are we to do with this principle when we come to dependencies? Is another and different principle to be adopted here? Are there peoples whom it is just to rule without their consent? Is justice one thing in England and Canada, and another in India? It was the belief that what is justice in England and Canada is justice everywhere that made Froude declare, "Free nations cannot govern subject provinces."

Why is England in India at all? Why did she go there at first, and why does she remain? If India had been a comparatively empty land, as America was when it was discovered, so that Englishmen had wanted to settle there and make homes, the reason would have been plain. But it was a full land; and, as a fact, no British emigrants have ever gone to India to settle and make homes. If the Indian people had been savages or barbarians, there might have seemed more reason for England's conquering and ruling them. But they were peoples with

highly organized governments far older than that of Great Britain, and with a civilization that had risen to a splendid height before England's was born. Said Lord Curzon, the late Viceroy of India, in an address delivered at the great Delhi Durbar in 1901: "Powerful Empires existed and flourished here [in India] while Englishmen were still wandering painted in the woods, and while the British Colonies were a wilderness and a jungle. India has left a deeper mark upon the history, the philosophy, and the religion of mankind, than any other terrestrial unit in the universe." It is such a land that England has conquered and is holding as a dependency. It is such a people that she is ruling without giving them any voice whatever in the shaping of their own destiny. The honored Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfred Laurier, at the Colonial Conference held in London in connection with the coronation of King Edward, declared, "The Empire of Rome was composed of slave states; the British Empire is a galaxy of free nations." But is India a free nation? At that London Colonial Conference which was called together for consultation about the interests of the entire Empire, was any representative invited to be present from India? Not one. Yet Lord Curzon declared in his Durbar address in Delhi, that the "principal condition of the strength of the British throne is the possession of the Indian Empire, and the faithful attachment and service of the Indian people." British statesmen never tire of boasting of "our Indian Empire;" and of speaking of India as "the brightest jewel in the British crown." Do they reflect that it is virtually a slave empire of which they are so proud; and that this so-called brightest jewel reflects no light of political freedom?

Perhaps there is nothing so dangerous, or so evil in its effects, as irresponsible power. That is what Great Britain exercises in connection with India — absolute power, with no one to call her to account. I do not think any nation is able

to endure such an ordeal better than Britain, but it is an ordeal to which neither rulers of nations nor private men should ever be subjected; the risks are too great. England avoids it in connection with her own rulers by making them strictly responsible to the English people. Canada avoids it in connection with hers by making them responsible to the Canadian people. Every free nation safeguards alike its people and its rulers by making its rulers in everything answerable to those whom they govern. Here is the anomaly of the British rule of India. Britain through her Indian government rules India, but she does not acknowledge responsibility in any degree whatever to the Indian people.

What is the result? Are the interests and the rights of India protected? Is it possible for the rights of any people to be protected without self-rule? I invite my readers to go with me to India and see. What we find will go far toward furnishing us a key to the meaning of the present Indian Nationalist Movement.

Crossing over from this side to London, we sail from there to India in a magnificent steamer. On board is a most interesting company of people, made up of merchants, travelers, and especially Englishmen who are either officials connected with the Indian Government or officers in the Indian army, who have been home on furlough with their families and are now returning. We land in Bombay, a city that reminds us of Paris or London or New York or Washington. Our hotel is conducted in English style. We go to the railway station, one of the most magnificent buildings of the kind in the world, to take the train for Calcutta, the capital, some fifteen hundred miles away. Arrived at Calcutta we hear it called the City of Palaces; nor do we wonder at the name. Who owns the steamship line by which we came to India? The British. Who built that splendid railway station in Bombay? The British. Who built the railway on which we rode to Calcutta? The British.

To whom do these palatial buildings belong? Mostly to the British. We find that Calcutta and Bombay have a large commerce. To whom does it belong? Mainly to the British. We find that the Indian Government, that is, British rule in India, has directly or indirectly built in the land some 29,000 miles of railway; has created good postal and telegraph systems, reaching nearly everywhere; has established or assisted in establishing many schools, colleges, hospitals, and other institutions of public benefit; has promoted sanitation, founded law courts after the English pattern, and done much else to bring India into line with the civilization of Europe. It is not strange if we soon begin to exclaim, "How much are the British doing for India! How great a benefit to the Indian people is British rule!" And in an important degree we are right in what we say. British rule has done much for India, and much for which India itself is profoundly grateful.

But have we seen all? Is there no other side? Have we discovered the deepest and most important that exists? If there are signs of prosperity, is it the prosperity of the Indian people, or only of their English masters? If the English are living in ease and luxury, how are the people of the land living? If there are railways and splendid buildings, who pay for them? and who get profits out of them? Have we been away from the beaten tracks of travel? Have we been out among the Indian people themselves, in country as well as in city? Nearly nine-tenths of the people are ryots, or small farmers, who derive their sustenance directly from the land. Have we found out how they live? Do we know whether they are growing better off, or poorer? Especially have we looked into the causes of those famines, the most terrible known to the modern world, which have swept like a besom of death over the land year after year, and which drag after them another scourge scarcely less dreadful, the plague, their black shadow, their

hideous child? Here is a side of India which we must acquaint ourselves with, as well as the other, if we would understand the real Indian situation.

The great, disturbing, portentous, all-overshadowing fact connected with the history of India in recent years is the succession of famines. What do these famines mean? Here is a picture from a recent book, written by a distinguished British civilian who has had long service in India and knows the Indian situation from the inside. Since he is an Englishman we may safely count upon his prejudices, if he has any, being not upon the side of the Indian people, but upon that of his own countrymen. Mr. W. S. Lilly, in his *India and Its Problems*, writes as follows:—

"During the first eighty years of the nineteenth century, 18,000,000 of people perished of famine. In one year alone—the year when her late Majesty assumed the title of Empress—5,000,000 of the people in Southern India were starved to death. In the District of Bellary, with which I am personally acquainted,—a region twice the size of Wales,—one-fourth of the population perished in the famine of 1876–77. I shall never forget my own famine experiences: how, as I rode out on horseback, morning after morning, I passed crowds of wandering skeletons, and saw human corpses by the roadside, unburied, uncared for, and half devoured by dogs and vultures; how, sadder sight still, children, 'the joy of the world,' as the old Greeks deemed, had become its ineffable sorrow, and were forsaken by the very women who had borne them, wolfish hunger killing even the maternal instinct. Those children, their bright eyes shining from hollow sockets, their flesh utterly wasted away, and only gristle and sinew and cold shivering skin remaining, their heads mere skulls, their puny frames full of loathsome diseases, engendered by the starvation in which they had been conceived and born and nurtured—they haunt me still." Every one who has gone much about India in

famine times knows how true to life is this picture.

Mr. Lilly estimates the number of deaths in the first eight decades of the last century at 18,000,000. This is nothing less than appalling, — within a little more than two generations as many persons perishing by starvation in a single country as the whole population of Canada, New England, and the city and state of New York, or nearly half as many as the total population of France! But the most startling aspect of the case appears in the fact that the famines increased in number and severity as the century went on. Suppose we divide the past century into quarters, or periods of twenty-five years each. In the first quarter there were five famines, with an estimated loss of life of 1,000,000. During the second quarter of the century there were two famines, with an estimated mortality of 500,000. During the third quarter there were six famines, with a recorded loss of life of 5,000,000. During the last quarter of the century, what? Eighteen famines, with an estimated mortality reaching the awful totals of from 15,000,000 to 26,000,000. And this does not include the many more millions (over 6,000,000 in a single year) barely kept alive by government doles.

What is the cause of these famines, and this appalling increase in their number and destructiveness? The common answer is, the failure of the rains. But there seems to be no evidence that the rains fail worse now than they did a hundred years ago. Moreover, why should failure of rains bring famine? The rains have never failed over areas so extensive as to prevent the raising of enough food in the land to supply the needs of the entire population. Why then have people starved? Not because there was lack of food. Not because there was lack of food in the famine areas, brought by railways or otherwise within easy reach of all. There has always been plenty of food, even in the worst famine years, for those who have had money to buy it with, and

generally food at moderate prices. Why, then, have all these millions of people perished? Because they were so indescribably poor. All candid and thorough investigation into the causes of the famines of India has shown that the chief and fundamental cause has been and is the poverty of the people, — a poverty so severe and terrible that it keeps the majority of the entire population on the very verge of starvation even in years of greatest plenty, prevents them from laying up anything against times of extremity, and hence leaves them, when their crops fail, absolutely undone — with nothing between them and death, unless some form of charity comes to their aid. Says Sir Charles Elliott, long the Chief Commissioner of Assam, "Half the agricultural population do not know from one half-year's end to another what it is to have a full meal." Says the Honorable G. K. Gokhale, of the Viceroy's Council, "From 60,000,000 to 70,000,000 of the people of India do not know what it is to have their hunger satisfied even once in a year."

And the people are growing poorer and poorer. The late Mr. William Digby, of London, long an Indian resident, in his recent book entitled "*Prosperous India*", shows from official estimates and Parliamentary and Indian Blue Books, that, whereas the average daily income of the people of India in the year 1850 was estimated as four cents per person (a pittance on which one wonders that any human being can live), in 1882 it had fallen to three cents per person, and in 1900 actually to less than two cents per person. Is it any wonder that people reduced to such extremities as this can lay up nothing? Is it any wonder that when the rains do not come, and the crops of a single season fail, they are lost? And where is this to end? If the impoverishment of the people is to go on, what is there before them but growing hardship, multiplying famines, and increasing loss of life?

Here we get a glimpse of the real India.

It is not the India which the traveler sees, following the usual routes of travel, stopping at the leading hotels conducted after the manner of London or Paris, and mingling with the English lords of the country. It is not the India which the British "point to with pride," and tell us about in their books of description and their official reports. This is India from the inside, the India of the people, of the men, women, and children, who were born there and die there, who bear the burdens and pay the taxes, and support the costly government carried on by foreigners, and do the starving when the famines come.

What causes this awful and growing impoverishment of the Indian people? Said John Bright, "If a country be found possessing a most fertile soil, and capable of bearing every variety of production, and, notwithstanding, the people are in a state of extreme destitution and suffering, the chances are there is some fundamental error in the government of that country."

One cause of India's impoverishment is heavy taxation. Taxation in England and Scotland is high, so high that Englishmen and Scotchmen complain bitterly. But the people of India are taxed more than twice as heavily as the people of England and three times as heavily as those of Scotland. According to the latest statistics at hand, those of 1905, the annual average income per person in India is about \$6.00, and the annual tax per person about \$2.00. Think of taxing the American people to the extent of one-third their total income! Yet such taxation here, unbearable as it would be, would not create a tithe of the suffering that it does in India, because incomes here are so immensely larger than there. Here it would cause great hardship, there it creates starvation.

Notice the single item of salt-taxation. Salt is an absolute necessity to the people, to the very poorest; they must have it or die. But the tax upon it which for many years they have been compelled to pay

has been much greater than the cost value of the salt. Under this taxation the quantity of salt consumed has been reduced actually to one-half the quantity declared by medical authorities to be absolutely necessary for health. The mere suggestion in England of a tax on wheat sufficient to raise the price of bread by even a half-penny on the loaf, creates such a protest as to threaten the overthrow of ministries. Lately the salt-tax in India has been reduced, but it still remains well-nigh prohibitive to the poorer classes. With such facts as these before us, we do not wonder at Herbert Spencer's indignant protest against the "grievous salt-monopoly" of the Indian Government, and "the pitiless taxation which wrings from poor ryots nearly half the products of the soil."

Another cause of India's impoverishment is the destruction of her manufactures, as the result of British rule. When the British first appeared on the scene, India was one of the richest countries of the world; indeed it was her great riches that attracted the British to her shores. The source of her wealth was largely her splendid manufactures. Her cotton goods, silk goods, shawls, muslins of Dacca, brocades of Ahmedabad, rugs, pottery of Scind, jewelry, metal work, lapidary work, were famed not only all over Asia but in all the leading markets of Northern Africa and of Europe. What has become of those manufactures? For the most part they are gone, destroyed. Hundreds of villages and towns of India in which they were carried on are now largely or wholly depopulated, and millions of the people who were supported by them have been scattered and driven back on the land, to share the already too scanty living of the poor ryot. What is the explanation? Great Britain wanted India's markets. She could not find entrance for British manufactures so long as India was supplied with manufactures of her own. So those of India must be sacrificed. England had all power in her hands, and so she proceeded to pass tariff

and excise laws that ruined the manufactures of India and secured the market for her own goods. India would have protected herself if she had been able, by enacting tariff laws favorable to Indian interests, but she had no power, she was at the mercy of her conqueror.

A third cause of India's impoverishment is the enormous and wholly unnecessary cost of her government. Writers in discussing the financial situation in India have often pointed out the fact that her government is the most expensive in the world. Of course the reason why is plain: it is because it is a government carried on not by the people of the soil, but by men from a distant country. These foreigners, having all power in their own hands, including power to create such offices as they choose and to attach to them such salaries and pensions as they see fit, naturally do not err on the side of making the offices too few or the salaries and pensions too small. Nearly all the higher officials throughout India are British. To be sure, the Civil Service is nominally open to Indians. But it is hedged about with so many restrictions (among others, Indian young men being required to make the journey of seven thousand miles from India to London to take their examinations) that they are able for the most part to secure only the lowest and poorest places. The amount of money which the Indian people are required to pay as salaries to this great army of foreign civil servants and appointed higher officials, and then, later, as pensions for the same, after they have served a given number of years in India, is very large. That in three-fourths if not nine-tenths of the positions quite as good service could be obtained for the government at a fraction of the present cost, by employing educated and competent Indians, who much better understand the wants of the country, is quite true. But that would not serve the purpose of England, who wants these lucrative offices for her sons. Hence poor Indian ryots must sweat and go hungry, and if need be

starve, that an ever-growing army of foreign officials may have large salaries and fat pensions. And of course much of the money paid for these salaries, and practically all paid for the pensions, goes permanently out of India.

Another burden upon the people of India which they ought not to be compelled to bear, and which does much to increase their poverty, is the enormously heavy military expenses of the government. I am not complaining of the maintenance of such an army as may be necessary for the defense of the country. But the Indian army is kept at a strength much beyond what the defense of the country requires. India is made a sort of general rendezvous and training camp for the Empire, from which soldiers may at any time be drawn for service in distant lands. If such an imperial training-camp and rendezvous is needed, a part at least of the heavy expense of it ought to come out of the Imperial Treasury. But no, India is helpless, she can be compelled to pay it, she is compelled to pay it. Many English statesmen recognize this as wrong, and condemn it; yet it goes right on. Said the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman: "Justice demands that England should pay a portion of the cost of the great Indian army maintained in India for Imperial rather than Indian purposes. This has not yet been done, and famine-stricken India is being bled for the maintenance of England's world-wide empire." But there is still worse than this. Numerous wars and campaigns are carried on outside of India, the expenses of which, wholly or in part, India is compelled to bear. For such foreign wars and campaigns — campaigns and wars in which the Indian people had no concern, and for which they received no benefit, the aim of which was solely conquest and the extension of British power — India was required to pay during the last century the enormous total of more than \$450,000,000. How many such burdens as these can the millions of India, who live on the

average income of \$6 a year, bear without being crushed?

Perhaps the greatest of all the causes of the impoverishment of the Indian people is the steady and enormous drain of wealth from India to England, which has been going on ever since the East India Company first set foot in the land, three hundred years ago, and is going on still with steadily increasing volume. England claims that India pays her no "tribute." Technically, this is true; but, really, it is very far from true. In the form of salaries spent in England, pensions sent to England, interest drawn in England on investments made in India, business profits made in India and sent to England, and various kinds of exploitation carried on in India for England's benefit, a vast stream of wealth ("tribute" in effect) is constantly pouring into England from India. Says Mr. R. C. Dutt, author of the *Economic History of India* (and there is no higher authority), "A sum reckoned at twenty millions of English money, or a hundred millions of American money [some other authorities put it much higher], which it should be borne in mind is equal to half the net revenues of India, is remitted annually from this country [India] to England, without a direct equivalent. Think of it! One-half of what we [in India] pay as taxes goes out of the country, and does not come back to the people. No other country on earth suffers like this at the present day; and no country on earth could bear such an annual drain without increasing impoverishment and repeated famines. We denounce ancient Rome for impoverishing Gaul and Egypt, Sicily and Palestine, to enrich herself. We denounce Spain for robbing the New World and the Netherlands to amass wealth. England is following exactly the same practice in India. Is it strange that she is converting India into a land of poverty and famine?"

But it is only a part of the wrong done to India that she is impoverished. Quite as great an injustice is her loss of liberty,

— the fact that she is allowed no part in shaping her own political destiny. As we have seen, Canada and Australia are free and self-governing. India is kept in absolute subjection. Yet her people are largely of Aryan blood, the finest race in Asia. There are not wanting men among them, men in numbers, who are the equals of their British masters, in knowledge, in ability, in trustworthiness, in every high quality. It is not strange that many Englishmen are waking up to the fact that such treatment of such a people, of any people, is tyranny: it is a violation of those ideals of freedom and justice which have been England's greatest glory. It is also short-sighted as regards Britain's own interests. It is the kind of policy which cost her her American Colonies, and later came near costing her Canada. If persisted in, it may cost her India.

What is the remedy for the evils and burdens under which the Indian people are suffering? How may the people be relieved from their abject and growing poverty? How can they be given prosperity, happiness, and content?

Many answers are suggested. One is, make the taxes lighter. This is doubtless important. But how can it be effected so long as the people have no voice in their own government? Another is, enact such legislation and set on foot such measures as may be found necessary to restore as far as possible the native industries which have been destroyed. This is good; but will an alien government, and one which has itself destroyed these industries for its own advantage, ever do this? Another is, reduce the unnecessary and illegitimate military expenses. This is easy to say, and it is most reasonable. But how can it be brought about, so long as the government favors such expenses, and the people have no power? Another thing urged is, stop the drain of wealth to England. But what steps can be taken looking in this direction so long as India has no power to protect herself? It all comes back to this: the

fundamental difficulty, the fundamental evil, the fundamental wrong, lies in the fact that the Indian people are permitted to have no voice in their own government. Thus they are unable to guard their own interests, unable to protect themselves against unjust laws, unable to inaugurate those measures for their own advancement which must always come from those immediately concerned.

It is hard to conceive of a government farther removed from the people in spirit or sympathy than is that of India. There has been a marked change for the worse in this respect within the past twenty-five years, since the vice-regal term of Lord Ripon. The whole spirit of the government has become reactionary, increasingly so, reaching its culmination in the recent administration of Lord Curzon. The present Indian Secretary, Lord Morley, has promised improvement; but, so far, the promise has had no realization. Instead of improvement, the situation has been made in important respects worse. There have been tyrannies within the past two years, within the past three months, which even Lord Curzon would have shrunk from. There is no space here to enumerate them.

Fifty years ago the people were consulted and conciliated in ways that would not now be thought of. Then the government did not hesitate to hold before the people the ideal of increasing political privileges, responsibilities, and advantages. It was freely given out that the purpose of the government was to prepare the people for self-rule. Now no promise or intimation of anything of the kind is ever heard from any one in authority. Everywhere in India one finds Englishmen — officials and others — with few exceptions — regarding this kind of talk as little better than treason. The Civil Service of India is reasonably efficient, and to a gratifying degree free from speculation and corruption. But the government is as complete a bureaucracy as that of Russia. Indeed it is no exaggeration to say that, as a bureaucracy, it is as

autocratic, as arbitrary in its methods, as reactionary in its spirit, as far removed from sympathy with the people, as determined to keep all power in its own hands, as unwilling to consult the popular wishes, or to listen to the voice of the most enlightened portion of the nation, even when expressed through the great and widely representative Indian National Congress, as is the Russian bureaucracy. Proof of this can be furnished to any amount.

It is said that India is incapable of ruling herself. If so, what an indictment is this against England! She was not incapable of ruling herself before England came. Have one hundred and fifty years of English tutelage produced in her such deterioration? As we have seen, she was possessed of a high civilization and of developed governments long before England or any part of Europe had emerged from barbarism. For three thousand years before England's arrival, Indian kingdoms and empires had held leading places in Asia. Some of the ablest rulers, statesmen, and financiers of the world have been of India's production. How is it, then, that she loses her ability to govern herself as soon as England appears upon the scene? To be sure, at that time she was in a peculiarly disorganized and unsettled state; for it should be remembered that the Mogul Empire was just breaking up, and new political adjustments were everywhere just being made, — a fact which accounts for England's being able to gain a political foothold in India. But everything indicates that if India had not been interfered with by European powers, she would soon have been under competent governments of her own again.

A further answer to the assertion that India cannot govern herself — and surely one that should be conclusive — is the fact that, in parts, she is governing herself now, and governing herself well. It is notorious that the very best government in India to-day is not that carried on by the British, but that of several of

the native states, notably Baroda and Mysore. In these states, particularly Baroda, the people are more free, more prosperous, more contented, and are making more progress, than in any other part of India. Note the superiority of both these states in the important matter of popular education. Mysore is spending on education more than three times as much per capita as is British India, while Baroda has made her education free and compulsory. Both of these states, but especially Baroda, which has thus placed herself in line with the leading nations of Europe and America by making provision for the education of all her children, may well be contrasted with British India, which provides education, even of the poorest kind, for only one boy in ten and one girl in one hundred and forty-four.

The truth is, not one single fact can be cited that goes to show that India cannot govern herself, — reasonably well at first, excellently well later, — if only given a chance. It would not be difficult to form an Indian Parliament to-day, composed of men as able and of as high character as those that constitute the fine Parliament of Japan, or as those that will be certain to constitute the not less able national Parliament of China when the new constitutional government of that nation comes into operation. This is only another way of saying that among the leaders in the various states and provinces of India there is abundance of material to form an Indian National Parliament not inferior in intellectual ability or in moral worth to the parliaments of the Western world.

We have now before us the data for

understanding, at least in a measure, the meaning of the "New National Movement in India." It is the awakening and the protest of a subject people. It is the effort of a nation, once illustrious, and still conscious of its inherent superiority, to rise from the dust, to stand once more on its feet, to shake off fetters which have become unendurable. It is the effort of the Indian people to get for themselves again a country which shall be in some true sense their own, instead of remaining, as for a century and a half it has been, a mere preserve of a foreign power, — in John Stuart Mill's words, England's "cattle farm." The people of India want the freedom which is their right, — freedom to shape their own institutions, their own industries, their own national life. This does not necessarily mean separation from Great Britain; but it does mean, if retaining a connection with the British Empire, becoming *citizens*, and not remaining forever *helpless subjects* in the hands of irresponsible masters. It does mean a demand that India shall be given a place in the Empire *essentially like that of Canada or Australia*, with such autonomy and home rule as are enjoyed by these free, self-governing colonies. Is not this demand just? Not only the people of India, but many of the best Englishmen, answer unequivocally, Yes! In the arduous struggle upon which India has entered to attain this end (arduous indeed her struggle must be, for holders of autocratic and irresponsible power seldom in this world surrender their power without being compelled) surely she should have the sympathy of the enlightened and liberty-loving men and women of all nations.

THE CLOSED DOOR

BY MARY BURT MESSER

How you have known her and not known her: in the midst of love unutterably
sweet, how you have believed her yours.
She is yours, so much — no more!
Have you never seen that look of hers as she stood poised for a moment, — rapt,
inscrutable, saying to love — love even — whither I go you cannot come?
— Unfathomable human soul,
Yielding its tenderness, its pity,
Its perfect and exquisite companionship,
Yielding to the dear ties of earth —
But now as you turn to her,
Touching her brown familiar hair,
Far off — so far that the sound is almost inaudible —
A door is faintly closed.

THE HEART OF A BLUE STOCKING

BY LUCY MARTIN DONNELLY

Of all the pleasures, I do not know a sweeter than the sense that comes to me so poignantly a few times in the year, of the charm of my own way of life. On such occasions the round of Every Day takes to itself all the airs of romance, and the sun sets above my little quiet world with dramatic importance.

My round is an academic one. College bells ring me up in the morning in my room, tiny as a nun's cell; the first sight out of my windows is of gray halls and towers; my dress is the black stuff gown that students have worn beyond memory, and for *insignia* I put on their tri-cornered hood; my way lies all day long through lecture-rooms and cloisters; my occupation is with ink and pens and books and papers. The evening overtakes me in my study, and on many a night I have burned the oil low in my

lamp as I read a folio or quarto to its end. For I have no pleasure in your modern ways and little books. I would read in the great tradition — by candles — if I could, and I think a huge tome none too big an armful for a student. Yellowed pages, oddities in spelling, bindings embrowned by time and lettered crookedly in a gilt somewhat bedimmed and rubbed out at the corners, all weave for me illusions of scholarship.

I am so old-fashioned, perhaps, because I am a woman, permitted very late in the ages to partake of "the sweet food of academic tuition." It has for me, I daresay, a flavor not sensible to manly palates. They have tasted too often and too greedily of the figurative apple, any longer to be very conscious of its deliciousness.

Not that I am uninformed, deprecating

ory Reader, — if such you be, — of the very antique origin of Blue Stockings. The little girl in the old library is of course legendary, bending over mouldering books and teaching herself difficult alphabets with a sweet ardor for learning. So, too, is the Queen who loved a Greek tragedy well enough to rise in an early Tudor dawn to read; the Great Lady of an hundred or two years later who prized a Latin history as a first gift from a lover of pedantic humor; and yet the third, who understood the Platonic and Epicurean philosophy — “judging very well of the defects of the latter” — and was thoroughly versed in the Seven Errors of Hobbes.

I feel all the sentiment in the world (let me parenthesize) for Stella's philosophy; indeed, I impugn the learning of no lady; but for nicety of argument I must pronounce these great examples of bookishness, one and all, “Reading Ladies,” and not, in the honorable old phrase, “Ladies Collegiate.” The distinction I know to be essential. The Reading Lady loves a book; the Lady Collegiate loves a university. A strange passion for a lady! To forswear gardens and parlors for mere grassy quads and academic porticoes; to exchange silks for the never-changing fashion of a scholar's rusty serge, and trinkets for goose-quills and inkpots; to prefer the bookish scent of libraries to roses, perhaps; to devote her days to learned discourse, and her evenings to the solitary meditation recommended the student; this, in a word, is the discipline to which the Lady Collegiate vows herself. Its harshnesses Reading Ladies have not the heart for; I have met gentlewomen fleeing in dismay beyond academic bounds, and have come upon piles of their abandoned books. These, I take it, are the due prize of a militant Blue Stocking.

For I know her well, gentle Reader. I have stood her friend. As you have already guessed, I am of her race and sympathies. In fact, from the tender age

when first I crept to school, carrying my satchel of books like my brother, my destiny has been written with hers in some not-too-learned configuration; and I have often reflected that, in happy metaphor, I should be said to have lived my life in the schoolroom. By an easy logic, then, I am no friend to those who mark a mere dozen years or so spent there with glances at clock and calendar, and mockery of Dry-as-Dust and Sums and Grammar. For my part, I like the swing of a fine old conjugation — it often echoes me as far as Alexandria; and though I am not by temperament mathematically inclined, I have lived my time under the ferule and ciphered a black-board full of figures — and the like fantasies — with pleasurable self-respect.

If, however, I have an academic vanity, it is to see the whole world hang round me day after day on parti-colored maps, and on important occasion to turn about a globe of the heavens, following with my finger the celestial paths of suns and planets. I love, too, the proud talk of the schoolroom. Nowhere else does the converse fall so frequently on heroes, gods, and emperors. Nowhere else, moreover, are their renowned tasks and wearinesses so much one's own. Memorable to me at least is the labor I endured as a slim schoolgirl in the building of Cæsar's bridge; the fatigue of Cyrus's forced marches; the temptation, not yielded to in the heroic season of youth, to march down comfortably and gorgeously to the sea with the hosts of Xerxes.

But the school — the college — that raised my imagination to these great ideas, did not, to my mind and according to popular fallacy, prepare me for “life in the world.” On the contrary! They taught me to live with the great and to enjoy an adventure every day. After my taste to bite the dust in Homeric warfare, practice a mediæval courtesy, or live hours long enlightened in “The Age of Reason.” Through the schoolroom, in a word, history and mythology parade;

on its tables the whole feast of experience is spread. There you are offered no single portion of homely fare; there no shallow goblet; but you drink, like an old-world god, from inexhaustible cups.

There is a dignity, I think, in thus imbibing knowledge; and pedantry itself is but the sweet intoxication of the student's mind. I would not, if I could, unlearn the name of Anchises' nurse, or of Archemon's stepmother, or forget how long Acestes lived, or how much wine he gave the Phrygians. In all of which, it seems, the greatest spirits have been at one with me, and kings themselves, when they could no longer be scholars, have wished to turn schoolmasters: Alexander the Great, and James of both Scotland and England, and, I daresay, many another, had he but taken occasion to confess his royal will.

So it is that I choose to linger my life away — in fancy or reality — in a dozen universities. (For from old habit and with no more than the *principia* — the rudiments — of philosophy, I can hale myself from the wide campus of a western world to an Athenian garden, or take my place on the bench of an old English classroom.) I have too long inhaled learning to breathe, though myself not learned, in unscholarly atmosphere. I could not find it in my heart to jostle strangers in the street when I might walk out with important professor or gay student; nor, after all the years, humble my mind to dwell in a house instead of a hall. Custom has bred me to pace daily corridors bordered by effigies of the Cæsars, and to hear my hours rung out by bells swung in a high gray tower. With changing mood I drink in the peace of a cloister garden, or affect the bustle and flurry of examinations. Academic platitudes are become familiar and comfortable to me; academic wit is more elegant to my taste than is worldly. I love a *mot* with a pedantic point to it, a humor not unburdened by the weight of authority. Even a university bulletin-board has

for me the official charm of a great tradition, and names lightly subscribed to notices fluttering there often, as on the crabbed paper before me, live to become immortal.

"The following students have registered for a course in practical philosophy and ethics to be given in the winter semester of this year.

"I. KANT.

"Koenigsberg, Oct. 3, 1773."

I should add that I never see a student sitting at a window without remembering how Erasmus would bend over his book in the old quad at Queen's; nor ever mount the platform of my lecture-room without an emotion, because of Galileo's that I know to be rotting away in Padua.

Sometimes, I confess, the walls of my college seem to be narrowing round me. My affections would stretch beyond, would sun themselves a little in the warmth outside. Of a night I have been haunted by a student's terrors: I have dreamed that scholars were jugglers playing a game with ideas instead of balls; or have figured, with all the lively horror of a vision, as the absurd Latin-prating pedant in an old comedy I was reading when I fell asleep. So on waking I have imaged myself — not without awkwardness — on an adventure unacademic.

O 't is not fit

That all the sweetness of the world in one,
The youth and virtue that would tame wild
tigers

And wilder people that have known no manners,

Should live thus cloistered up.

I have felt, too, the wish for a world that is not forever fleeting — vanishing from me through a Gothic archway to let in a troop of strange young smiling creatures. For they, I know, in their turn, will pass through the same cycle, and in their turn will leave me to shiver a little in my cloister under a cold moon.

Not that I would follow the endless

procession out through the gate! I have ventured abroad in my time, only to make haste back under collegiate shelter. While the old strongholds of the World of Ideas, the "Homes of Wisdom," are

to be maintained against the assaults of the World of Affairs, it is not for a militant Blue Stocking, faint though her strength may be, to surrender an antique loyalty.

THE PROGRESS OF EGYPT

BY JAMES MASCARENE HUBBARD

"EGYPT contains more marvelous things than any other country, things too strange for words." This statement of Herodotus is as true in some respects to-day as when he made it, more than two thousand years ago. Compare the present condition of the land with that which existed in 1876. Then Ismail Pasha, a pinchbeck Pharaoh, as he has been aptly termed, was the ruler. The main characteristic of his reign and the cause of his deposition, namely, his extravagant expenditure, was due, strange though the statement may seem, to our Civil War. When he ascended the throne in 1863, the value of the annual crop of Egyptian cotton, of which the greater part was the Khedive's personal property, had suddenly increased five-fold; that is, was worth, instead of twenty-five million, one hundred and twenty-five million dollars. It should be added that it fell back within two years to the old value as suddenly as it rose.

There can be little doubt that this extraordinary increase of Ismail's riches turned his head and occasioned his financial crimes and follies. The fact is, that the debt of Egypt, which in 1863 was in round numbers fifteen million dollars, in 1876 was five hundred million. For all practical purposes, with the exception of eighty millions spent on the Suez Canal, this vast sum was squandered. Ismail's private funds and the resources of his subjects being alike exhausted, Egypt was declared bankrupt,

and the dual control of France and England began.

What was the condition of his people at that time? It is probably true that, as regards natural conditions, there is no people in the world more favorably situated than the Egyptian peasants or fellaheen. They live in an equable climate, and have a soil of inexhaustible fertility, which is tilled with extraordinary ease. Yet to secure a harvest requires, at certain seasons of the year, such constant labor and watchfulness that the fellah, with this healthy spur to active exertion, has never sunk to the condition of the tropical savage, from whom all anxiety for food is taken by a too-indulgent Nature. The desert which hems in his fields is his safeguard and protection. Without hostile neighbors or foreign foes, therefore, he is peaceful, and free from restless ambitions for conquest. A still more important factor of his happiness is the fact that the vast majority of the fellaheen are of one race and religion. He does not suffer from those ceaseless disturbances arising from the mutual hatred of people of different nationality and belief, such as have made the villages of Macedonia and Armenia the scenes of fratricidal strife for centuries. His wants are few and simple, and do not extend beyond what his fields and flocks, and above all his bounteous river, can give him in abundance. The purely natural conditions, then, are more nearly perfect than

can be found in any other part of the world. Given a wise, just, and humane government, and there is no peasant's lot so enviable as that of the Egyptian fellah.

How then was he affected in the matter of taxation by his Khedive's extravagant expenditures and ever-pressing need of money? In addition to the land-tax, the fellah himself was taxed, his wife and children, his crop and cattle in the field and again at the market, his license as tradesman or workman, and the product of his work, his cart, his boat, — even the loan which he had contracted to pay his taxes, was taxed. When Lord Cromer,¹ then Sir Evelyn Baring, came to Egypt in 1877 as English Commissioner of the Debt, he made a list of thirty-seven such petty taxes of the most harassing nature, and doubted if the list was complete. This would not be unendurable provided a certain fixed sum had to be paid. But when the claims of the treasury, the governor of the province, the head of the village, and the tax-collector, had been satisfied, the unfortunate fellah had paid perhaps three times as much as could be rightly demanded of him. The fiscal history of Ismail's reign is simply a record of increased taxation, forced loans, and arbitrary requisitions. Shortly after his accession, twenty-five per cent was added to the land-tax; and four times at least in the next twelve years this tax was raised by amounts varying from ten to fifty per cent.

Nor was this increase of the regular taxes all. "Every day some new tax," writes Lady Duff-Gordon in 1868. A decree is issued, for instance, that every artisan shall immediately pay twenty-five piastres for the privilege of continuing his work at his trade. As there was no fixed amount, so there was no regular time for collecting the taxes. The collector might appear during the harvest when the cultivator presumably had

money, or at any other time of the year. If in the summer, the growing corn was sold at perhaps half its value, and there were recorded cases of corn sold for fifty piastres an ardeb (five and a half bushels) "which was delivered in a month's time, when it was worth one hundred and twenty piastres an ardeb." If the tax collector appeared in the winter or spring, the peasant was obliged to have recourse to the village money-lender, from whom he borrowed, often at the rate of sixty per cent per annum.

Toward the close of these dark days, as the needs of the Khedive became more pressing, all pretense of lawful methods of raising money was cast aside. "The taxes are now being collected in advance," writes a resident. "The people are being terribly beaten to get next year's taxes out of them," writes another. For the ordinary methods of extorting payment under these circumstances were imprisonment, — that is, being chained neck, hands, and feet with a string of malefactors; or being beaten with a rhinoceros-hide whip, the courbash, on the soles of the feet, until the money was produced. It was the common boast of the fellah that he received so many lashes before he paid.

There was still more that Ismail could take from the poor taxpayer when his last piastre had gone — his labor. The *corvée*, or system of forced labor at the demand of the government, in itself is neither new, nor confined to Egypt, nor necessarily unjust. In its simplest form it is represented by the New England farmer working on the highways. This work corresponds in Egypt to the strengthening of the embankments, the cleaning of canals and digging of ditches to secure the proper flooding of the fields during the high Nile, and their drainage when the river falls. From time immemorial the rural population has been called out to do this work, which is absolutely essential to the existence of the country. As late as 1885, two hundred and thirty-four thousand men were called out

¹ *Modern Egypt*. By the EARL OF CROMER [SIR EVELYN BARING]. Two vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

to work for one hundred days in the year.

But, in addition to the *corvée* for labor upon the irrigation works, there were innumerable requisitions for labor for other things. Unlimited numbers of the fellaheen might be dragged away from their villages at any time for any purpose, public or private, legitimate or illegitimate, upon which the Khedive chose to employ them. His private estates, representing about one-fifth of the arable land, were cultivated to a great extent by forced labor. "At one time there were one hundred and fifty thousand men, women, and children driven forth with whips from their villages to perform wageless work on the Khedive's roads through his property to the cotton-fields and sugar plantations." In one of her "Letters from Egypt," Lady Duff-Gordon writes, "All this week the people have been working night and day cutting their *unripe* corn, because three hundred and ten men (a third of the male population) are to go to-morrow to work on the railway below Siout. This green corn, of course, is valueless to sell and unwholesome to eat. So the magnificent harvest of this year is turned to bitterness at the last moment. From the whole province twenty-five thousand men were taken on this occasion to work for sixty days without food or pay."

But the poor fellaheen dreaded the conscription far more than the *corvée*. The conscript was led away in chains under the blows of the *courbash*, and amid precisely the same violent expressions of grief on the part of his relatives as usually attend a funeral. If he ever returned to his home (which was doubtful in any case, for there were no laws regulating military service, and impossible if he was sent to the Sudan, which was equivalent to perpetual exile), he was generally mutilated or smitten with some fatal disease. No wonder, then, that, even in childhood, multitudes of the people maimed or blinded themselves that they might escape the conscription.

Justice, as we understand the word, was absolutely unknown to the Egyptian peasant in those dark days. In the time of the flood, the canals were first tapped for the estates of the Khedive, then for the pashas and village sheikhs, and last of all for the peasants. Times innumerable did they return to their villages from their month-long labor on the *corvée*, to find that their fields had been neglected and their hopes of a harvest ruined. Bribery was universal. Each grade in the public service gave "*bakhshish*" to the one above, and recouped itself with interest from the one below. The miserable fellah, being at the bottom of the scale, had in the end, therefore, to bear the whole burden.

At the close of Ismail's reign, two-thirds of the cultivated land had passed out of the possession of the peasant proprietor. The Khedive had acquired, in great part by arbitrary seizure, one million acres. Most of the remainder, through forced sales and expropriations, had become the property of the foreign usurers. Stripped of his possessions, then, subject to be chained, whipped, and sent far away from his home to dig canals and build roads, or to serve in the army at the pleasure of the Khedive, such was the condition of the fellah under Ismail. And though of all peasants, probably, he is the most attached to his home, yet to escape his cruel oppressor he did not hesitate to abandon his hut on the river-bank and to take refuge in the neighboring Sahara. "Whole villages are deserted," writes Lady Duff-Gordon, "and thousands have run away into the desert between this and Assouan. The hands of the government are awfully heavy on them."

I might multiply indefinitely these instances of the wretchedness and misery of this people, suffering not from war, famine, or pestilence, or the deserved penalty for rebellion, but simply from evil rulers. One more will be sufficient; and is the condition of a people better indicated than in the songs of the child-

ren? Listen then to the Egyptian boys and girls of thirty years ago, at work in the fields and singing in responsive chorus:—

Boys—They starve us, they starve us.

Girls—They beat us, they beat us.

Boys—But there 's Some One above.

Girls—Who will punish them well.

The Egypt of to-day, what is its condition? As regards its financial situation, its public debt remains about the same in amount, but with a much smaller interest charge. The annual deficit lasted till 1888; but from that time the revenue has exceeded the expenditure, and in 1906 the aggregate surplus amounted to one hundred and thirty-seven million five hundred thousand dollars, although eighty million dollars had been spent on railways, irrigation, and public buildings. A general reserve fund of over fifty-five million dollars has been created. All this has been accomplished, and at the same time the direct taxation has been decreased by a little less than ten million dollars a year. The nation which was bankrupt in 1876 has now a financial standing in the world "only second to that of France and England." The cultivated area has nearly doubled in extent, while the value of the irrigation works is shown by the fact that the introduction of perennial irrigation into a tract of four hundred thousand acres in Middle Egypt, by means of the Assouan Dam, has increased its selling value one hundred and fifty million dollars. More than a million peasants own farms of less than five acres, and to maintain them in their holdings, as well as to enable them to purchase seed and manure, an Agricultural Bank has been established which has loaned forty-five million dollars in small sums to the fellahen. To spread a knowledge of scientific cultivation, agricultural and horticultural societies have been formed.

We have seen that the amount of the fellah's taxes has been decreased. But this is not all. "The poorest peasant in the country," says Lord Mil-

ner, "is now annually furnished with a tax-paper, which shows him exactly what he has to pay to the government, and at what seasons the installments are due. The dates of these installments, moreover, which vary in different provinces, have been arranged so as to correspond as nearly as possible with the seasons when the cultivator realizes his produce, and is therefore in the best position to discharge his debt to the State."

But a better and more concise description of the changed condition of the Egyptian cannot be found than that given by the one who of all men knows him best, Lord Cromer. "A new spirit has been instilled into the population of Egypt. Even the peasant has learned to scan his rights. Even the Pasha has learned that others beside himself have rights which must be respected. The courbash may hang on the walls of the Moudirieh, but the Moudir no longer dares to employ it on the backs of the fellahen. For all practical purposes, it may be said that the hateful corvée system has disappeared. Slavery has virtually ceased to exist. The halcyon days of the adventurer and the usurer are past. Fiscal burthens have been greatly relieved. Everywhere law reigns supreme. Justice is no longer bought and sold. Nature, instead of being spurned and neglected, has been wooed to bestow her gifts on mankind. She has responded to the appeal. The waters of the Nile are now utilized in an intelligent manner. Means of locomotion have been improved and extended. The soldier has acquired some pride in the uniform which he wears. He has fought as he never fought before. The sick man can be nursed in a well-managed hospital. The lunatic is no longer treated like a wild beast. The punishment awarded to the worst criminal is no longer barbarous. Lastly, the school-master is abroad, with results which are as yet uncertain, but which cannot fail to be important."

This transformation of the bankrupt,

impoverished Egypt, with a rapidity without a parallel in history, into one of the most prosperous regions of the world, and of the wretched fellah into a man, — to quote the testimony of Mustapha Fehmy Pasha, the Egyptian premier, given at the great farewell demonstration to Lord Cromer in Cairo, — “who enjoys happy days owing to the improvement in his moral and material condition,” to what is it due? Again, history will be searched in vain for anything similar to the way in which the country has been governed for the past twenty-five years. The dual control of the finances by France and England, necessitated by Ismail’s suspension of payments of treasury bills, lasted till the Arabi Pasha rebellion, which England alone crushed, France refusing to take any part in the military operations. Since the battle of Tel-el-Kebir in 1882, England has exercised sovereign power. But it is not a sovereignty like that over India. It is rather a “power behind the throne.” The Khedive, with a native ministry and legislative council, still rules; and the Sultan is his supreme lord, to whom he pays annual tribute. The one new and significant thing is the presence of English troops. But they number only four thousand six hundred and sixty, while the well-equipped and efficient native army, a product of the British rule, is twenty thousand strong. The situation is due to the fact that the Great Powers consented to the British occupation only on the understanding that it was temporary, and that there should be no organic changes in the government. Hence the British were forced to adopt their Indian policy of ruling through the existing institutions and forms of administration. The way in which this sovereignty was to be exercised is definitely stated by Lord Granville, in a memorable dispatch addressed to the Great Powers on January 3, 1883: —

“Although, for the present, a British force remains in Egypt for the preservation of public tranquillity, her Majesty’s

Government are desirous of withdrawing it as soon as the state of the country, and the organization of proper means for the maintenance of the Khedive’s authority, will admit of it. In the mean time, the position in which her Majesty’s Government is placed towards his Highness, imposes upon them the duty of giving advice with the object of securing that the order of things to be established shall be of a satisfactory character, and shall possess the elements of stability and progress.”

It is true of course that it was distinctly understood that on important matters the advice given must be followed, and the presence of the English troops is intended to ensure this. But the unprecedented fact remains that, from the beginning, the English exercised their sovereignty by advice-giving or, as Lord Milner puts it, through influence.

It is certainly very remarkable that the man on whom the chief burden of giving advice lay for nearly twenty-four years, and to whom belongs the chief credit for what has been accomplished, has been able to tell the story of the regeneration of the country. Lord Cromer’s *Modern Egypt* not only is one of the most noteworthy books of the time from a literary and historical point of view, but it is a contribution of inestimable value to the science of statesmanship. In this “accurate narrative of some of the principal events which have occurred in Egypt and in the Soudan since the year 1876,” he shows in a most graphic manner the difficulties with which he and the British “advisers” attached to the different departments of the government had to contend. These difficulties fall into two classes, of which the first arose from the fact that “one alien race, the English, have had to control and guide a second alien race, the Turks, by whom they are disliked, in the government of a third race, the Egyptians. To these latter, both the paramount races are to a certain extent unsympathetic.” These difficulties, however, are not peculiar to Egypt, as

are those of the other class, which arise from the diplomatic obligations under which the country is governed. These obligations are founded upon treaties, known as the "Capitulations," the earliest of which dates back to the sixteenth century. They were primarily intended to make it possible for Christians to reside and trade in the territories of the Porte, by protecting them against the ill-usage to which, as defenseless strangers of an alien faith, they would otherwise have been exposed. They are of such a comprehensive nature, and are so far-reaching in their application in Egypt, that "all its most important laws are passed, not by any of its inhabitants or by any institutions existing within its own confines, but by the governments and legislative institutions of sixteen foreign Powers. It has also to be borne in mind that unanimity amongst all the foreign Powers is necessary before any law can come into force." It is impossible to describe in a few words the obstacle to reform and progress created by this fact. "Hampered at every turn by the privileges" are Lord Cromer's words describing the situation, and they must suffice. Nor can I do better than let him describe the various duties and responsibilities which fell to his lot:—

"I never received any general instructions for my guidance during the time I held the post of British Consul-General in Egypt, and I never asked for any such instructions, for I knew that it was useless for me to do so. My course of action was decided according to the merits of each case with which I had to deal. Sometimes I spurred the unwilling Egyptian along the path of reform. At other times, I curbed the impatience of the British reformer. Sometimes I had to explain to the old-world Mohammedan the elementary differences between the principles of government in vogue in the seventh and in the nineteenth centuries. At other times, I had to explain to the young Gallicised Egyptian that the principles of an ultra-Republican Govern-

ment were not applicable in their entirety to the existing phase of Egyptian society, and that, when we speak of the rights of man, some distinction has necessarily to be made in practice between a European spouting nonsense through the medium of a fifth-rate newspaper in his own country, and man in the person of a ragged fellah, possessed of a sole garment, and who is unable to read a newspaper in any language whatsoever. I had to support the reformer sufficiently to prevent him from being discouraged, and sufficiently also to enable him to carry into execution all that was essential in his reforming policy. I had to check the reformer when he wished to push his reforms so far as to shake the whole political fabric in his endeavor to overcome the tiresome and, to his eyes, often trumpery obstacles in his path. I had to support the supremacy of the Sultan and, at the same time, to oppose any practical Turkish interference in the administration, which necessarily connoted a relapse into barbarism. I had at times to retire into my diplomatic shell, and to pose as one amongst many representatives of foreign Powers. At other times, I had to step forward as the representative of the Sovereign whose soldiers held Egypt in their grip. I had to maintain British authority and, at the same time, to hide as much as possible the fact that I was maintaining it. I had to avoid any step which might involve the creation of European difficulties by reason of local troubles. I had to keep the Egyptian question simmering, and to avoid any action which might tend to force on its premature consideration, and I had to do this at one time when all, and at another time when some, of the most important Powers were more or less opposed to the British policy. . . . To sum up the situation in a few words, I had not, indeed, to govern Egypt, but to assist in the government of the country without the appearance of doing so and without any legitimate authority over the agents with whom I had to deal."

His success was, of course, largely due to his diplomatic tact and great ability. But there were two other things of greater importance which contributed to it. One of these was his making the welfare of Egypt the one absorbing aim of his official life. The significance of this was far greater to the Egyptian than to the European, for it was almost impossible for the Egyptian to conceive "that any foreigner would do otherwise than push the presumed interests of his own countrymen." So when Lord Cromer at the outset of his career showed that he sought not English, but Egyptian, interests, a confidence was inspired in him which was never shaken. The other secret of his success was that which has contributed most to his countrymen's success in the East, character. Here again it will be better to let him state the fact in a passage which deserves immortality:—

"It always appeared to me that the first and most important duty of the British representative in Egypt was, by example and precept, to set up a high standard of morality, both in his public and private life, and thus endeavor to raise the standard of those around him. If I have in any way succeeded in this endeavor; if I have helped to purge Egyptian administration of corruption; if it is gradually dawning on the Egyptian mind that honesty is not only the most honorable but also the most paying policy, and that lying and intrigue curse the liar and intriguer as well as his victim, — I owe the success, in so far as public matters are concerned, to the coöperation of

a body of high-minded British officials, who have persistently held up to all with whom they have been brought in contact a standard of probity heretofore unknown in Egypt; and, in so far as social life is concerned, I owed it, until cruel death intervened to sever the tie which bound us together, mainly to the gentle yet commanding influence of her who first instigated me to write this book."

A most important thing which the recent history of Egypt teaches is that the establishment of a high standard of morality among the rulers of the non-Christian peoples is one of the surest guarantees of prosperity and peace. The dishonesty of Ismail ruined his people and brought Europe to the verge of war. With an honest government came prosperity and the universal peace-making, an *entente cordiale* between France and England. The Christian and the non-Christian nations are now drawing so close to one another, and such intimate commercial and diplomatic relations are being cemented between them, that it is evident there must be one common moral standard. Surely it is the grandest privilege as well as the highest duty of the Christian nations to bring this about by example and influence. This is what England's representative in Egypt strove to do. In his farewell speech — which was translated into Arabic, and sold by thousands in the streets of Cairo the day it was delivered, making a profound impression on the people — he emphasized this fact. "My policy," he said, "may be summed up in very few words. It has been to tell the truth."

THE OLD RÉGIME

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

It was the opening day of the Millers-town school, already two weeks after the usual time. The Virginia creeper along the pike was scarlet, the tall corn in the Weygandt fields — tree-high, it seemed to the youngest children — rustled in the cool September wind, and above, the blue sky arched, immeasurably distant. It seemed good to be getting back to winter tasks. The fields and hills were not quite so friendly as they had been a week before.

For generations there had been a wild scramble for seats on the first day of school. The earliest comers had first choice, and the triumph of having secured a "back seat" was not entirely shattered by the later and punitive shifting which befell them.

No one but the teacher could unlock the front door. There was another way to get in, however, through the dark cellar, where at recess Oliver Kuhns played "Bosco, the Wild Man, Eats 'em Alive," as his father had done before him, then up through a trap-door to the schoolroom. Lithe, swarthy Oliver was usually first, then the two Fackenthals and Billy Knerr and Jimmie Weygandt and Coonie Schnable. Coonie might be found bartering his seat to a later comer on as good terms as he could make.

This morning, as usual, it was the rear seats which were at a premium. Ollie Kuhns flung himself into one, and the next three boys followed. Then there were no more "back seats." A wail arose. Coonie Schnable, the stingy, offered five cents and was jeered at; Jimmie Weygandt offered five cents and a new knife and was more courteously denied.

"You don't need a back seat," Oliver assured Jimmie. "But if Coonie sits

where Teacher can see him, he gets licked like sixty."

Coonie grew pale under his summer's tan.

"He don't like my Pop, nor none of my family," he said.

"My Pop says he used to lick them till they could n't stand," offered Ollie cheerfully. "But he learned them. My Pop would 'a' had him back this long time if the others would."

The older of the Fackenthals took from his pocket a short tin tube. Plastered on it was a ball of putty.

Little Ollie laughed. He threw himself back in his seat, his feet on the desk. It was only seven o'clock and the teacher would not be there till eight.

"You just try once a putty-blower!" he warned. "You will easy see what you will get!"

Twenty years before, the children's fathers and mothers had gone to "pay-school." It was before the establishment of the public-school system, and the pay-school was kept by Jonathan Appleton, of New England origin and Harvard training. Why he had come to Millers-town no one knew. It never occurred to Millerstown that he might have displayed his learning to better advantage in a larger and more cultivated town. They regarded the thirty dollars a month which he was able to earn, as a princely salary for a man who spent his summers in idleness and knew nothing about farming. Jonathan seemed to like Millerstown, — at least he stayed for twenty years, and married a Millerstown girl, little Annie Weiser, who adored him.

"You might 'a' had Weygandt," her mother mourned. "For what do you take up with a school-teacher?"

Little Annie only smiled rapturously.

To her Jonathan was almost divine, and her marriage a beatitude. Like most perfect things, it was also short-lived. Two years after they were married, Annie died.

In another year, Jonathan lost his position. By that time the Millerstown school was free, and to the minds of many Millerstonians there was good reason for changing.

"Here is Jonas Moser," said William Knerr. "He is a Millerstown boy. He has gone for three years already to the Normal. He has all the new ways. They have there such a model school, where they learn them all kinds of teaching. The Normal gets money from the state. We pay our taxes. I think we should have some good of this tax-paying. We did n't pay nothing for Teacher's schooling. And he is pretty near a outlander."

"Boston is n't outland!" said Oliver Kuhns. "And Teacher" (Appleton was to retain the title, if not the position, till the day of his death) "Teacher is a good teacher. He learned all of us."

"He whips too much."

Oliver laughed. "I bet he whipped me more than all the rest put together, and it never did me no harm. I am for having an English teacher like him. Jonas Moser don't talk right yet, if he is a Normal. I don't want my children taught Dutch in the school."

Appleton laughed when he heard they were talking of electing Jonas Moser.

"Nonsense!" he said. "Why, Jonas Moser can't teach. His idioms are as German as when he left, his constructions abominable, his accent execrable."

"But they say he has methods," said Oliver uneasily. "They taught him in such a model school."

"Methods!" mocked Appleton. "A true teacher needs no methods."

"Yes, but — but —" Oliver stammered. Jonas Moser was leaving no stone unturned to win votes. It was as though he had learned electioneering also at the Normal. "But could n't you say you had anyhow *one* method? He has books

about it. He brought them to the school-board."

"Nonsense!" said Appleton.

When he found that they had elected Moser, he was at first incredulous, then scornful. He said that he was going away. But he did not go. Perhaps he was too old or too tired to find another position. It might have been Annie's grave which kept him there.

When, at the end of the year, Jonas Moser resigned, half of Millerstown wanted Appleton back. But there was another Millerstown boy ready to graduate at the normal school, who claimed his turn and got it. He resigned at the end of a month, giving his health as an excuse. It was true that he looked white and worn. Unfortunately for the children's disciplining, he did not tell what anarchy had reigned. It might have been, however, that the school-board suspected it.

"We will now try a Normal from away," said William Knerr. "These children know those what we have had too well."

Presently Appleton's scorn was succeeded by humility. He applied for his old position and was refused. It would have been an acknowledgment of defeat to take him back. He grew excited, finally almost vituperative.

"Your school is a pandemonium," he shouted, his black eyes gleaming above his long, white beard. "The children are utterly undisciplined. They learn nothing. They are allowed to speak your bastard German in the schoolroom. They have no manners. You have tried seven teachers. Each one has been worse than the last."

"Well, anyhow, the children ain't beaten black and blue," said William Knerr sullenly.

"Beaten black and blue!" repeated the old man. "Oliver Kuhns, did I ever beat you black and blue?"

"No, sir," answered Oliver heartily.

"Or you, James Fackenthal?"

"No, sir." James Fackenthal was

burgess and he sometimes consulted with Appleton about the interpretation of the borough ordinances.

"Or you, Caleb?"

"No, sir."

Then he whirled round upon Knerr.

"And you I never whipped half enough."

It was, to say the least, not conciliatory. The eighth "Normal" was elected.

After the ninth had come and gone, they engaged a tenth, who was to come in September. On the opening day, he did not appear. Instead came a letter. He had decided to give up teaching and go into the life-insurance business. Oliver Kuhns pointed out the fact that the letter was dated from the town whither the last teacher had gone.

"I guess he could n't recommend Millerstown," Oliver said.

"I know another one," said William Knerr. "He lives at Kutztown. I am going to-morrow to see whether I can get him."

Oliver Kuhns rose to his feet.

"I make a move that we have Teacher come back to open the school, and stay anyhow till the Normal comes," he said.

Ten minutes later, he was rapping at Appleton's door.

Appleton had been reading by candle-light and his eyes blinked dully.

"The school board wants you to come back," said Oliver tremulously. "You shall open school in the morning. We are tired of the Normals. We want you shall learn our children again."

The old man took off his spectacles with a wide sweep of his arm. Oliver seemed to see the ferrule in his hand.

"I shall be there. But I do not *learn* the children, Oliver, I *teach* them. Write it on your slate, Oliver, twenty times."

Oliver went off, grinning. The old man could joke. He had expected him to cry.

The teacher was up as early as the children the next morning. He dressed with care, looking carefully at one shirt after the other. Finally he chose one

whose rents would be hidden by his coat and waistcoat. Then he donned his high hat.

All Millerstown saw him go, his coat-tails flying in the breeze, his hat lifted whenever he caught the eye of curious watcher behind house-corner or syringabush.

"Good-morning, Miss Kuhns! — How do you do, Miss Kurtz? — Not coming to school, Miss Neuweiler?" Such ridiculous affectation had always been his. He had called the girls "Miss" before they were out of short dresses.

The children, too, saw him coming; not Oliver and the Fackenthals or Billy Knerr, because they did not dare to leave the seats they had chosen, but the rest of the boys and all the girls.

"His coat-tails go flipperty-flop in the wind," giggled little Katy Gaumer. "We never had no teacher with a beard before."

"He looks like a Belsnickle," laughed Louisa Kuhns. "I ain't going to learn nothing from such a teacher."

Thus had they been accustomed to discuss the various "Normals."

Ollie bade Louisa sharply to be still.

"You ain't going to behave that way for this teacher," he said. Then he swung his feet down to the floor, describing a wide arc through the air. The other three boys did the same, and there ensued a wild scramble from window to seat.

"This is my seat!"

"No, my things are already on it."

"My books are in that there desk."

"It don't belong to neither of you."

"Give me my pencil-box."

"This is my slate!"

The roar of sound had not lessened when the door opened behind them. They did not hear him come in, they would probably not have heeded if they had. Then, suddenly, Coonie Schnable, quarreling with a little girl over a pencil-box, was bumped firmly into a seat, and Daniel Wenner into another. By that time, after a moment of wild rushing

about, peace reigned. Each seat was occupied by a child, every voice was silent, every eye fixed upon the front of the room.

This was a new way of opening school! Usually the Normals had said gently, "Now, children, come to order." They had never begun by seizing pupils by the collar!

Teacher walked to the front of the room, and laid his hat on his desk. He was smiling pleasantly, and though he trembled a little, the light of battle was in his eye.

"Good-morning, children."

With one accord, they responded politely. None of them had been taught the manners which he had "learned" their parents, but perhaps they had inherited them.

Teacher did not allow a minute for the respectful silence to be broken.

"We will have the opening exercises. We shall sing,—

"Oh, the joys of childhood, roaming through the wildwood,
Running o'er the meadows, happy and free.

"And remember to say *joys*, *j-o-y-s*, not '*choys*.' Who starts the tune?"

"We did n't sing last year because the boys always yelled so," volunteered Louisa Kuhns, anxious to be even with Oliver.

"To the corner, Louisa," said Teacher grimly. "Next time you want to speak, raise your hand."

It was a long time since a pupil had obeyed such an order as that. Nevertheless, Louisa found her way without difficulty.

"Now, who can start this tune?"

A hand went up timidly.

"I guess I can, Teacher."

"Very well, then, Katy. Ready."

Teacher stood and watched them while they sang. Then he read a chapter from the Bible. His predecessors, having respect for Holy Writ, had long since omitted that part of the opening exercises. There was not a sound till he had finished.

"Oliver Kuhns, are you in the first class?"

Ollie raised a respectful hand.

"Please, Teacher, my Pop is Oliver. I am Ollie. Yes, I am in the first class."

"In what reader are you?"

"We are nearly through the Sixth Reader."

"We will go back to the beginning. Second class, where are you?"

Katy Gaumer lifted her hand.

"We are in the middle of the Fourth."

"You also will go back to the beginning. Third class, come up to the recitation benches and take a spelling lesson."

Teacher opened the third-class spelling book at random.

"Elephant," he began. "Tiger." He laid the book down. "Why don't you write?"

The class sat as though paralyzed.

"We are n't that far," ventured Katy.

"It is the second lesson in the book," said the teacher. "Go to your seats and prepare it."

It was a sad morning for the Millers-town school. In the bottoms of their haughty hearts the children still cherished a faint desire to do well. Appleton's angry amazement at their ignorance mortified them. They felt dimly, also, that he was grieved, not, like the Normalites, because he had to teach such unruly children, but for the sake of the children themselves. There was not a sound in the room, except the impatient movement of a foot when the correct answer would not come.

After recess Katy Gaumer raised her ever-ready hand.

"Please, Teacher, I think we know our lesson."

"Lesson, Katy. You may come out."

A diligent scratching responded to "elephant" and "tiger."

"Jagu—" began the teacher, then suddenly paused, his face pale. At the door stood a strange young man. Behind him came William Knerr and Oliver Kuhns. William advanced bravely into the room, Oliver remained miserably at

the door. If he had only told Teacher that he was only engaged temporarily! But he had not dreamed that William Knerr would find a teacher so soon.

Appleton saw that resistance was useless. At William Knerr's first word, he passed the spelling-book politely to the young man, and walked toward the door.

"I could n't help it, Teacher," said Oliver, as he and William Knerr went out.

Teacher turned to look back. He seemed to take the measure of the Normal with a glance of his keen black eyes.

"May I stay and visit your school?" he asked humbly.

"Certainly," said the young man, jauntily. What an unprogressive school-board this must be, who would tolerate such a teacher, even as a substitute! "Do you teach Phonetic Spelling?"

"No," answered Teacher, as he sat down. "Just plain spelling."

"Oh!" said the young man. He saw also that the copy had been put on the board in a fine Spencerian hand. That would have to be corrected. His Model School taught the vertical system.

"Elephant," he began.

"We have already spelled elephant," said Katy Gaumer saucily. "And tiger."

The Normal smiled at Katy. He had determined to make the children love him.

"Jagu —" he began. But it seemed that jaguar was not to be pronounced. A ball of something soft and wet sailed past the Normal's head. He pretended not to see. Inwardly he was debating whether the moral suasion recommended by his text-book was the proper method to apply. He decided to ignore this manifestation.

"Jagu —" There was a wild clatter from the corner of the room. A pencil-box had fallen to the floor.

"Jagu —" began the Normal again.

There was another crash. The Normal saw with mingled relief and regret

that the old white-bearded man had slipped out.

"Boys!" he cried nervously.

"Boys!" mocked some one in the room.

The Normal started down the aisle, realizing, not without some fright, that the time for moral suasion was past. He thought it was Oliver Kuhns who had dropped one of the pencil-boxes.

"Go home," he commanded sternly.

The children were startled into absolute silence. Hitherto, even the Normals had tried to keep their inability to control the school from the knowledge of Millerstown. This one would send them out to publish his shame. Billy Knerr laughed.

"Go home with him," commanded the teacher.

There was a wild roar of sound. Every child was shouting, the little girls and all. Oliver and Billy sat firmly in their seats. They did not propose to be cheated of any sport.

"Boys!" began the Normal. Then he became desperate, incoherent. "If you don't go out, I'll get somebody in here who will go out."

There was another shout, and the boys sat still.

"Well, stay where you are, then," the Normal commanded. "But you must obey me."

He wished that the old man would come back. There was something about the stern glitter in his eye which made it seem impossible that he could ever have tolerated such wild uproar as this. He did not guess that the old man was still within call. If he had walked to the window, he might have seen him, sitting on a low limb of the apple-tree, grimly waiting.

It is not necessary, and it would be painful, to describe the last half-hour of the morning session of the Millerstown school. Those who have plied putty-blowers and thrown paper wads and dropped pencil-boxes and given cat-calls will be able to picture the scene for them-

selves. Others will not credit the most accurate description. When the Normal went down the path at noon, he was consulting a time-table. Unfortunately for any plans of escape, William Knerr met him, and instead of going to the station, he went over to the hotel for his dinner.

"He is coming back," said Ollie Kuhns.

As Ollie prophesied, the Normal did come back. But he did not come alone. William Knerr was with him, and the burgess and Danny Koser and Caleb Stemmel, all members of the school board, and, all but William, bachelors, ignorant of the ways of children.

The Millerstown school was not to be thus overawed. Billy Knerr behaved well enough, for his father's eye was upon him; but a frenzy seemed to possess the others. What did Oliver Kuhns care for the burgess and Danny Koser? They were neither his mother nor his father. What did Katy Gaumer care for Caleb Stemmel? There was a chuckle from the back of the room, and a quick turning of Directors' heads. Every eye was upon a book. Perhaps, thought the Directors, they had imagined the chuckle.

The Normal announced that they

would continue the lesson of the morning.

"Elephunt," he began, forgetting his normal-school training.

"It is el-e-phant," corrected Katy Gaumer.

"Tiger," said the Normal in a terrible voice. There came a howl from the back of the room. It sounded as though the beast himself had broken loose.

The Normal laid down the book.

"Learn your own children," he said hotly. "I resign."

He walked down the aisle and out the door.

The laughing children looked at one another.

"He walked in one piece away," squealed Katy Gaumer, in delightful Pennsylvania German idiom, so long unforbidden in the Millerstown school. Then Katy looked up at the Directors, who gaped at one another. Perhaps she wanted to show how quickly feminine decision can cut the knot of a masculine tangle, or perhaps, woman-like, she welcomed a firm hand after months of liberty.

"Teacher's setting in the apple-tree," she said. "I can see his coat-tails go flipperty-flop."

THE BEATITUDES OF A SUBURBANITE

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE

To begin with, I *am* a Suburbanite. "A Commuter" is the idiom in New York. How and why I became such does not matter. Let it suffice to say that my home is ten miles from the city, a two-and-a-half-story house on eleven thousand feet of land, which includes a duodecimo edition of a garden. And to Madame I said one day, —

"I mean to keep bees."

Now, be it known that I never had been intimately acquainted with a beehive in my life. "Hives" of another sort I had known, and disapproved of, in toto. But a beehive from earliest youth had been associated with an idea of opulence: its product a luxury not unattainable, but an extravagance; its ways a mystery. In the little mountain village of my early days, no friend kept bees. There was a hive or two: square-looking white monuments rising marmot-like above a sea of orchard grass, which helped to keep intact the orchard fruits. "Beware the Bee" was written largely there, and to this day I know not whether the apples in those particular orchards were sweet or sour.

At certain times, farmers from beyond the circling hills drove sedately into town and sold honey to the village folk: large, rounded, pale-looking slabs of comb, deliciously sweet, with now and then a cell filled with pungent pollen that stung the tongue. Occasionally, too, a dead bee, like a fly in amber. And the rareness of their coming placed their ware at once a degree above the ordinary, and thus began the creation of the sentiment of the unattainable that in later years hung around it still. So, after I had added to my small estate raspberries, blackberries, strawberries, cherries, imperial gages, grafted pears, and had gathered a couple of bushels of Niagara grapes, I looked

about me for other worlds to conquer; and thus began the obsession of the bee. That would be the crowning luxury of all.

For a year or two I thought of it, but silently. No — once each year I did express the wish that it might be done, then relapsed into silence. Eleven thousand feet of land with a house on it and no fence or hedge to divide it from neighbors was not best suited to the plan. Also, the village was a veritable nursery of children: the house with only one was rare; twenty rods away was one with nine. So, after I made that definite statement to Madame it developed that she did not regard it seriously. But that came later. Meanwhile, I had been reading up: namely, John Burroughs, Root's A B C of Bee-Keeping, *et cetera*, but skipping Maeterlinck. That, I inferred, meant the poetry of the thing, and just now I wanted a shorthand version of prose; and thus equipped, I hied me to a bee-man.

Where? Why, right in the busiest heart of the city! Two stories up, with a swarm of carpenter-shops, blacksmith-shops, and other mechanics round about, there was a line of hives on a ledge outside the open windows, from which a steady stream of bees poured across the housetops toward the distant country; while the shop itself was piled ceiling-high with hives, finished and unfinished, and a couple of them full of bees ready for shipment, bumping behind a wire net. Here and there, aimlessly, a bee of golden hue wandered about the room above the heads of workmen, salesmen, customers, and no one gave him thought. To a beginner that was distinctly encouraging. It had such a friendly, comradeship aspect, in that busy hive of

workers, to see the harmony between them. So I explained my plans, received approval, and bought a swarm of Italians with a wing-clipped queen. Also a "smoker," and some other things. Then I went home gleefully and told the household — and Madame was struck dumb! However, 't was an accomplished fact.

In due time, the hive appeared, by express, and was carried up into the front attic. The expressman seemed unusually glad to make delivery. He had no faith. I had, in abundance; and with a bit and brace I bored a line of holes through the house-wall, level with the floor of the hive when on the attic floor. My thought was, to fit in a short wooden tunnel from holes to hive-entrance, shove the hive up to it, rip off the wire net that was nailed over the front of the hive, and with another shove make swift connection.

This tunnel was indeed an important feature of the scheme. Being in an attic, the housewall had no inner line of boarding, and of course the bare joists jutted out in rows from the outer wall for their whole width. The space between them was too narrow to permit the hive to be shoved clear in against the wall, and it would be a convenience often to have some free space all around the hive in any case. The alternative was a covered way, leading from the entrance holes in the wall back to the front door of my hive. Now, that front door, as is the case in modern hives, was as wide as the hive itself, and perhaps three-fourths of an inch high. I never accurately measured the latter dimension. If I found a stranger thus measuring my front door unauthorized I should be apt to make pointed inquiries, and I respected the dignity of my bees. Thus, by guess-work I had built a wooden box as wide as the hive-front, several inches high, and tapering some inches, enough to pass in between the joists to the wall, and thereby establish communication between the hive and the outer air. The bees could pass freely in and out at their honey-gathering, and —

theoretically — could not get out into the attic where I was. But even an electric wire sometimes fails of insulation, much to the shocking of the unwary.

All went well with the installation up to a certain stage. Then — the wire net refused to rip. I had taken the precaution to don a home-made veil of mosquito-netting, and with wire-cutter and nippers I worked at that net till at last I got it slashed across and at least partly crumpled up. Then that hive just boiled over! Out of the gash in the net, which also in its obstinacy prevented close connection, a thousand bees poured in a yellow stream. Some made toward the light of the window, others made toward me; and as I was then gloveless, 't was a difficult moment. Hundreds of young bees were running over the front of the hive, and congesting against the wall of the house along the rough studding, and what could be done must be done quickly. With swift hands I clutched that wire net and crushed it down, and at last got the hive close enough to the tunnel to stop the overflow. Then I rested a minute, and took thought. Those in the hive still had found their way to outer air, and so knew the way back to hive. The rest would be taught by them.

The older bees in plenty were about the window, and were getting out properly via the little "bee-escape" which I had inserted in the netting of the screen. The younger ones were huddling together on the wall; they must be saved. So, still in faith of booklore, I went for them barehanded, armed with a pasteboard scoop hastily made from a box, and with that I shoveled them up by scores, carried them to the window, and shook them off, to find their way with the rest. It was now sundown, and I had fully twenty thousand bees, perhaps a quarter of which had thus been handled by me barehanded, and at last I received my first sting. One of my ears impinged against my head-net for a minute. An old bee impinged right there at the psychological moment. Possibly my ears are perceptibly longer than my

estimate of them. The result was painful. I concluded to call the job done, for the day.

On the whole, the hive settled down quietly to work. But there was a leak in the fitting, somewhere. At intervals, a bee would appear, dazed from wandering under the floor of the room, would rise through a crack and make for the window. It was disconcerting, especially if one was feminine. There was no telling which particular crack or part of a crack in the flooring might not at any moment erupt a bee. So the room became unpopular save to the enthusiast responsible. That tunnel was to blame, and back of that, the crumpled net of the original bee-man, which evidently had caused an undiscovered aperture somewhere below. Eventually I ripped out the whole tunnel and built it over again. Then things were on a peace footing for a while.

They swarmed, one day, — an abortive swarm. I discovered them high up in the lofty maple in front of the house, just as I was starting off in the dusk of early morn, on my bicycle, for a fishing trip. Confident in the fact that the queen was wing-clipped and so not present, I kept on. The cluster of bees was still there early the next morning, but much smaller; and presently it melted away as they gave it up and returned to the hive. It was a warning, however, of what might be, so once more I donned my armor of head-net, sweater, rubber gloves; and with a little preliminary smoking and waiting, à la book, I lifted off the upper part of the hive — where the comb honey is made, (technically called the "super") — and proceeded to lift out the brood-combs, one by one, while the bees hummed angrily around my head, thousands remaining, however, clinging fast to the combs. Then, with scissors, I cut out the queen-cells, and thus nipped in the bud any real swarming for some time to come, and restored the hive to its usual condition. The bees in the room, of course, found their way back to hive via the bee-escape in

the window, as before. Three of them first found the way to my left ear.

This was on Saturday. On Sunday friends came up from another city in their auto, for a visit. As we sat on the piazza that ear of mine was a local attraction, a landmark. To the hand, it felt as big as a dinner-plate, and an inch thick. Covered with wet plaster, it was a whited sepulchre giving no indication of the burning wrath within. Then down from the hive above came one of those elder bees and drove straight at my head. I dodged, and smote him, and he curled up on the floor. But soon came another, and another, till I found it expedient to put on my head-net; for those bees were the honey-gatherers, and not to be regarded lightly. And there I sat for an hour or more, with from two to a dozen angry bees poised on a level with my eyes, now and then making a dash and buzzing away in futile rage; while, back on the piazza, my friends sat and laughed and laughed. The bees never went near them! I was the centre of their enmity; though they did take time to attack our little girl once or twice, driving her into the house. They kept up their feud with me for several weeks, till I lost all patience, armed myself with a narrow shingle, and swatted the next bee that came within reach. In a day or two I thus ended the careers of a dozen or more, and with them the feud ended.

Winter came, and with a hint from the paper wasp I cased the hive in newspapers, an inch thick, leaving the entrance open to the outer air. What honey they had made was in the main hive, although a comb or two had been started in the super. So they thus wintered, a long, cold winter, often zero in that room. It still was doubtful whether my fad was not a failure, and Madame was still disapproving. Then summer came.

With the first flowers the bees became in evidence. To forestall matters a little, never before did we have such a splendid crop of plums and crab-apples as we had that summer; due, I became convinced,

to the fertilizing visits of those bees from flower to flower; and I failed not to remind Madame of that as she gazed contentedly at her hundreds of jars of preserves and apple-jelly, in the fall. But she still was scornful of bees and all their ways.

In June, in fact, they swarmed in earnest. In a stream they poured out and massed on a limb fifty feet up from the ground, a swarm as large as a bushel measure. I was ill that day, and in any case thought I had no use for another swarm (I'm wiser now!), so sent a message to a neighbor that he might have it if he could get it. Madame, meanwhile, was utterly scandalized at such immoral conduct. She regarded it, through some oblique train of reasoning, as a family disgrace to have bees that would swarm in the front yard, above the public street. It was unheard of in her annals. It would make our name a byword and reproach! And she refused to be comforted.

The man came, by proxy, his chauffeur whizzing up in a hurry in an auto, and for the next hour or two we had as interesting a view from our screened piazza as one might care to see. The chauffeur was more eager than wise. Instead of clipping the limb and lowering the mass with a cord he shook the bees off, and down they came slithering through the twigs, thus breaking the formation, and back they all went to the limb again. Twenty times at least he did this, descending each time clear to the ground to learn results — that witless wight! till at last a lucky shake sent down the queen, and that was the beginning of the end. A hive was set over her, and most of the bees in due time went in to her and were carried away. Then the rest settled down to work; but first, I went through the hive again for queen-cells. One swarm they must have. After that, it was my turn.

Under the wire-net cap of the hive I could see the bees were busy in the super.

Vague reports of possible honey in the fall judiciously were allowed to filter out. "Speech sweeter than honey in the comb" became a figure of speech in daily rhetoric. Finally I brought home another super and slipped it on under the first one. The bees still went up to the top one, and had not finished work there in the fall. Long since I had slid in a sheet of zinc, full of holes too small for drone or queen to pass through, thus letting into the comb-boxes only workers. Now I slipped in between the supers a board with a bee-escape in it, and next day there was not a bee left in the upper super. Then I opened the hive.

With an air of unconcern, as of everyday affairs, I came downstairs and placed on the dining-table a pound of honey, filled to the very edge, not one empty cell therein. The finished result!

There was admiration, of course. Due praise was becomingly received; but it was veiled with a certain household air of reserve, as of suspended judgment. The very air conveyed the subtle suggestion — "one pound of honey is all very well; but was it worth while?" Next week I produced another. Like wax before the fire, the reserve began to melt. We have now finished the sixteenth pound; and many weeks ago all hints that we would better give away that hive came to a sudden end. It is now March, and I lately opened the top of the hive to see how matters were therein. A bee promptly came up to look into the matter from her point of view. Her attitude was energetic, and she wore an aspect of being hasty-minded. I made a snap-judgment that all was well, and closed the hive without delay — and carried down the seventeenth box for the Sunday's dinner.

So much for bees in an attic.

And as a curious commentary on the absorption of humanity in its own affairs, I will add that not six families in the town are even now aware that I am keeping bees at all.

IN ENGLAND'S PENNSYLVANIA

BY ARTHUR GRANT

"Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle." — *Evangeline*.

I

PENN VILLAGE, STOKE POGIS, AND CHALFONT

WHEN Charles the Second insisted on William Penn's new territory of Sylvania on the virgin shores of America being called Pennsylvania, he coined one of the sweetest place-names in colonial history. Unlike Boston and Plymouth, and many other historic names common to both countries, the name of Pennsylvania may not be found on the map of England; but I love to think of the little tableland of beechen woods in South Buckinghamshire, extending, say, from Penn Village to Jordans and the Chalfonts and from Amersham to Stoke Pogis, as the Pennsylvania of England. It is a stretch of thickly wooded country, dear to every lover of English history and literature, associated with Milton, Hampden, Gray, Waller, Burke, Isaac Disraeli, and, in our own time, Lord Beaconsfield. Above all, this particular district is revered by every American as the ancestral home of the Penns, and as containing the sacred soil in which the great Founder of Pennsylvania was laid to rest after his labors.

From the windows of my home in Scotland I daily look across the Water of Leith to the Pentland Hills, while "the river at my garden's end" flows on past Scotia's capital, only to rest when it reaches the waters of the misty Forth. But

There are hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth,
to the south as well as to the north, and thus it was during a glorious September holiday that I feasted my eyes every morning on the sunlit Chiltern Hills of

Buckinghamshire beyond the tiny Thame that flowed so gently on to meet the greater river of a still greater capital. From an old seventeenth-century farmhouse, around which the golden grain had been garnered, I rambled into a land of beech-crowned hills, storied churches, and ancient Elizabethan manor-houses. Just over yon sleepy down-like hills to the southeast, where at nightfall one can sometimes see the gleam of distant lamp-lit London, lies the Penn-land of England. To me it had all the charm of an undiscovered country over the hills and far away. For my Penn-land rambles I always started from Amersham, sometimes over the hills to Penn itself, now by way of Beaconsfield to Stoke Pogis, or at another time by Chalfont St. Giles to Jordans. Amersham, I may add, was practically more distant to me at my remote farmhouse among the hills than it is to the literary pilgrim who starts from London.

I have frequently praised the lanes of Hertfordshire, but they do not surpass those of South Buckinghamshire. The road from Amersham to Penn winds through beech woods, within which there are signs of violets and wood-sorrel, reminiscent of spring. The dog-rose, the bracken, and the gorse are always present, and here and there clumps of pines add strength to the character of the landscape. On the border of a wood I passed the church of the village of Penn Street, a modern church with a steeple, unusual in a locality where square embattled towers are the rule. It is a picturesque village with its little alehouse, "The Squirrel," suggestive of beechnuts, and another that bears the suggestive name of the "Hit or Miss." My path leads me past Penn

House, a red brick mansion-house, all ivy-clad gables and chimneys, one gable bearing the date 1536. One of the delights connected with rambles in England is that in the most out-of-the-way places you stumble across manor-houses that, in themselves or on account of the families with which they are associated, have become famous in England's history. So it is with this old manor-house. The Penns became extinct in the elder branch by the death of Roger Penn in 1735, when the estate passed by the marriage of his sister and heir to Sir Nathaniel Curzon, Baronet. Later still, a Curzon married the daughter of Admiral Howe, and to this circumstance the present family owes its triple name, representing the Penns, Curzons, and Howes. With the Penns we are more immediately interested. The Howes not only link Penn House with the admiral, but also with General Howe, who was with Wolfe at Quebec, and who is still better known in connection with the War of Independence. In our own time the alliance of a daughter of America with the brilliant cadet of the Curzon family, who became vice-roy and his wife vice-reine of India, occurs to one's mind as with reverent foot we tread this interesting corner of England's Pennsylvania.

From Penn Bottom the path ascends to the weather-beaten village of Penn itself, on the top of the hill. Penn Church is a plain old structure of rubble and flint, originally early English in style and dating from 1213. The chancel added in 1736 contains the only stained-glass window, filled in during the following year. This parish church, however, is interesting in other memorials of the dead, mural monuments by Chantoy, old hatchments, and ancient brasses. The pilgrim who has no access to family archives can here muse over the historic names of Penn, Howe, and Curzon. It should be stated that William Penn's father, Admiral Penn, belonged to a branch of the Penn family which removed to Wiltshire. They had hived off from the old stock. Ad-

miral Penn himself was buried at St. Mary Redclyffe, Bristol. But the old district had a magnetic attraction for his family, and thus it happens that some of the grandchildren of William Penn are buried here, while his son, Thomas Penn of Stoke Pogis, and his descendants are buried in the church of the famous Elegy. In the south chancel chapel at Penn still remain splendid brasses fixed on blue stone. One is a finely cut brass to the memory of John Pen of Pen who died in 1597, aged 63. He and his lady are dressed in Elizabethan court dress. Other brasses are dedicated to the memory of a later John Pen, his wife Sarah, five sons and five daughters, dating from 1641, and to a William Pen and Martha his wife, a son, and two daughters, also of the seventeenth century.

From Penn to Stoke Pogis is only some seven or eight miles, — nine, perhaps, if you follow the windings of the highways and byways of this sylvan country. The church and churchyard of Stoke Pogis can never be described too often. Throughout the length and breadth of England there are many more beautiful shrines. One thinks, for example, of the noble chancel of the Holy Trinity Church at Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare lies: the great and beautiful church of St. Mary Redclyffe, in which Admiral Penn was interred; and the parish church of Berkhamstead just across the border into Hertfordshire, where the poet Cowper's father was rector, and in the pastoral house of which the gentle bard was born. But Gray has thrown around this old parish church a spell that is all its own. Stoke Pogis has no long-drawn isles, nor fretted vaults, where pealing anthems swell the note of praise. Rather has it old-fashioned pews in which the Sir Roger de Coverleys of the eighteenth century might gently slumber while the eighteenth-century divines, as Gray puts it, were "chopping logic." Such a delightful nook is Gray's own pew in the southwest corner of the church.† Such, too, is the great pew of the Penn family,

with its rows of Queen Anne chairs — the Penn chairs they are called — and its modern Gothic corridor leading to Stoke Park. It was while I was seated in Gray's pew that I observed a slab recording the fact that in a vault in this church are deposited the remains of Thomas Penn of Stoke Park, son of William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania. Thomas Penn, it appeared, had returned to the bosom of the Church of England. He visited Pennsylvania in 1732, and was presented with an address by the Assembly. In 1760 he purchased Stoke Park. The classic modern mansion was built by John Penn, grandson of the great governor, and it was he also who erected the monument to Gray in the meadow beyond the churchyard. The last of the Penns of Stoke was buried at Stoke Pogis in 1869. It is pleasing to think that Thomas Penn spent his declining years only some six miles distant from the sacred spot where rests his illustrious father, beside the old Quaker meeting-house among the beechen woods of Jordans.

Situated as I was in North Buckinghamshire, I preferred to visit Jordans, not from Stoke Pogis, but by way of Chalfont St. Giles, so that I might pass Milton's cottage; for was not John Milton one of the links in the chain that bound William Penn to this corner of Buckinghamshire? My practice in making these literary pilgrimages is to find out "the foot-path way," and stick to it. In Scotland these paths are practically non-existent, and so I appreciate the more the luxury of wandering from village to village through the fields. From Amersham to Chalfont the foot-path is parallel to the King's highway, following the course of a lowland stream, a gently-flowing, clear-bottomed chalk-stream, called the Misbourne, lined with water-cress and sedge. Near Stratton Chase I passed a mill whose mill-stream was alive with white ducks, and from there I obtained my first glimpse of the square embattled church tower of Chalfont St. Giles. The village consists of a single street of old-timbered, green-

lichened cottages, old-fashioned ale-houses and signposts, with the inevitable duck-pond. A great elm halfway down the village street looked as if it had been an ancient tree even in Milton's time. At the church I was so shadowed by an old verger that I have but a dim impression of its features, dim as the faded frescoes on its walls. In visiting such churches the indefinable charm, the holy calm, the awe-inspiring beauty vanish entirely when an officious official turns the building into a mediæval museum; but when the door of the porch is open, or when I have only to lift the latch of the wire screen intended to keep the birds from entering and building their nests in the sanctuaries of the Lord, when I may step silently and alone to the altar-rails, then I bless the vicar of the parish for this sweet solitude, this haven of rest, this "haunt of ancient peace." Yet Charles Lamb, in that most sympathetic essay on the Quakers, would have it that theirs was the greater peace, the silence of communion, spirit with spirit, seated together at their meeting-house. "To pace alone," he says, "to pace alone in the cloisters, or side aisles of some cathedral, time-stricken . . . is but a vulgar luxury compared with that which those enjoy, who come together for the purposes of more complete, abstracted solitude." I shall return to this charming paper when I come to record my visit to Jordans.

Leaving the churchyard on his way to Jordans, the pilgrim must needs pass Milton's cottage on his left at the south end of the village of Chalfont St. Giles. One room only is open to the public, but in that room I could sit undisturbed and think of him who was the great Puritan poet of England, and at the same time the poet, next to Shakespeare and Spenser, whose works glow with all the richness of the Elizabethans, fifty years after their time. There is little to distinguish Milton's cottage from many another in the district, but it must have been a delightful retreat from the plague-haunted metropolis. Milton knew the lanes of Buck-

inghamshire. They had already inspired his verse when, as a young man at Horton some thirteen miles distant, he wrote his "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso;" and so when Ellwood the Quaker took the "pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont," Milton was doubtless revisiting familiar ground in the best of company, familiar, and yet with this terrible difference, that to him, like his own Samson, the sun was now "dark and silent as the Moon when she deserts the night." The faithful Ellwood lived close at hand, the Penningtons occupied Chalfont Grange, and with them dwelt the beautiful Gulielma Maria Springett, daughter of Sir William Springett, whose widow had married Isaac Pennington. It was this charming circle that young William Penn entered and there met his future wife. Hepworth Dixon in his picturesque way has happily described the scene in his biography of Penn.

"Guli was fond of music. Music was Milton's second passion. In the cottage of the poet, in the Grange of the philosopher, how one can fancy the hours flying past, between psalms of love, high converse from the lips of the inspired bard, old stories of the Revolution in which the elder people had each had a prominent share, and probably the recitation of favorite passages from that stupendous work which was to crown the blind and aged poet, and become one of the grandest heirlooms of mankind! It was to these favored friends that Milton first made known that he had been engaged in writing 'Paradise Lost;' and it was also in their society that Ellwood suggested to him the theme of his 'Paradise Regained.' Immortal Chalfont!"

As you enter the low-roofed room with its great cross-beam, you wonder how much of the old atmosphere is left, the atmosphere of the dainty Priscilla, for Guli belonged to the same charming sisterhood as Longfellow's ancestress. The porch has gone, but you can look out from Milton's latticed window into the little garden beyond. At the back of the

iron grate in the great open fireplace, a Scottish thistle, oddly enough, is the chief ornament. A few Chippendale chairs, small oak stools, a table and bookcase containing various editions of Milton's works, and other Miltoniana, constitute the furnishings of the Poet's Room at the present day. A small book-closet off this room, with its tiny window and shelves contemporary with the age of the cottage, seems somehow to suggest more of the poet than the well-kept little museum. What books were stored on those shelves would be an interesting speculation. How eagerly we would scan their titles if we could, just as in a later age the literary pilgrim to Abbotsford, in passing through the library and study, loves to run his or her eyes along the screened bookshelves and to identify here and there the old "classics" from which in his "Notes" the good Sir Walter used to quote so copiously. But to return. One loves to think that Guli (or should we not say "Miss Springett"?) sometimes sat in this room, waiting perhaps until young William Penn called to escort her back to the Grange. All this is so delightfully English that we would fain forget the other side of the story, the cruel persecutions that were helping to drain Old England of its best blood and to build up a New England across the Atlantic. Leaving the cottage, I lingered for a moment in the little garden in which grapes and tomatoes ripened in the warm September sunshine, amid the resplendent autumnal glories of sunflowers, asters, and dahlias.

II

JORDANS AND WILLIAM PENN: AN APPRECIATION

To the memories of Penn, Stoke Pogis, and Chalfont, I was now to add that of Jordans, the innermost sanctuary, shall I say, of England's Pennsylvania. The earlier Penns are sleeping beneath their Elizabethan memorials in old Penn Church; the later Penns, Squires of Stoke

Park, built themselves a lordly manor-house and sought to share with the poet Gray the immortality of Stoke Pogis; but Jordans differs from either. As a shrine, it is unique in its simplicity, this little meeting-house and burying-ground with its plain headstones. Yet here rests William Penn, "the apostle," as Longfellow lovingly calls him; here too rest Guli Penn, the gentle Ellwood to whom the Friends owe this burying-ground, the persecuted Penningtons, and all that goodly company of heroes and heroines, martyrs in the cause of truth and peace.

Leaving Chalfont St. Giles, the road winds past old farm-houses whose roofs, in relief against the sky, curve like switchbacks. These wonderful lanes with their high hedges are still my companions. Here is one of holly, gay with clusters of berries, reminding one in these late autumn days that Christmastide is not so very far off; and now the road widens out into sun-bathed grassy open spaces decked with bracken and with the last of the trailing bridal-like garlands of wild clematis, so happily named "traveler's joy." Beyond the hedgerows, as usual in this pleasant land, the landscape is bounded by the glorious vista of woods.

Suddenly, on my left, as I descended into a cuplike hollow in this tableland. I came upon the historic meeting-house. There was no mistaking it, a plain old-fashioned building embosomed in beech woods, lonely save for Jordans farm-house, which I had just passed. Owing to the fall in the ground, there was ample stabling accommodation underneath the meeting-house for the Friends, who, in those seventeenth and eighteenth-century days, must perforce ride many a long mile before they could reach this secluded spot. It was not so long since there was not a single headstone in this primitive burying-ground. From 1671 the Quakers slept in nameless graves. Penn's biographer, Dixon, says that when he visited Jordans in 1851 with Granville Penn, the great grandson of the state-founder, they had some difficulty in identifying the par-

ticular spot "where heaves the turf" over his sacred remains. Mr. Dixon adds that Granville Penn "is disposed to mark the spot by some simple but durable record, — a plain stone or block of granite; and if this be not done, the neglect will only hasten the day on which his ancestor's remains will be carried off to America — their proper and inevitable home!" Twelve years later, at the heads of such graves as had been identified were placed the simple memorial stones, with name and date of burial only, that we see to-day. Penn still rests at Jordans. Made welcome by the kindly caretaker, I lingered long in the old meeting-room, poring over the old-world names recorded on its walls. These names included a list of some 385 burials between 1671 and 1845. The first entry I looked for read as follows: —

"Penn, William, Esquire, 1718, the illustrious founder of Pennsylvania, died at his residence at Ruscombe, near Twyford, Berks, 4th day [Wednesday] 30th of 5th mo. [July] 1718 aged 74, buried at Jordans, 3rd day [Tuesday] 5th of 6th mo. [August] 1718 when some 30 Quaker ministers attended the funeral including Thomas Story and a vast concourse of Friends and others."

Story was the faithful friend of his later years. Gulielma's name was recorded under date 1693. Our gentle Guli had died at the age of 50, "one of ten thousand," broken in spirit. Weary and heavy-laden, the sorrows of her husband, which she insisted in sharing, had brought her to a premature grave. At least two other Gulielmas are inscribed on this roll, one a daughter who died in 1689, and the other a Gulielma Pitt who died in 1746. The names of the Penningtons and the Ellwoods complete the revered circle that sat around John Milton in the old Chalfont days. Less-known names are the Zacharys and the Lovelaces, surely more Cavalier than Quaker; and as illustrating the seventeenth and eighteenth-century fashion of adopting the old Hebrew nomenclature, I could not refrain

from noting the record of the burials of the Sutterfield family, of Abraham and Rebecca Sutterfield, whose children had been named respectively Josuah, Luke, Abiah, Kezia, Jacob, and Luke (the second of the name). Rebecca Sutterfield! How Hawthorne could have woven a Puritan romance around such a name!

"Every Quakeress," says Charles Lamb, "is a lily; and when they come up in bands to their Whitsun-conferences, whitening the easterly streets of the Metropolis, from all parts of the United Kingdom, they show like troops of the Shining Ones." So thought our most beloved of English essayists as he met them amid the bustle of London; but Jordans, though so near the metropolis, reckoned by miles, — some twenty or thereabout, — is yet "far from the madding crowd," and, as you rest on one of the homely benches of the meeting-house, you cannot but feel how charmingly Lamb interpreted the undefinable glamourie of this place. "You go away with a sermon not made with hands . . . you have bathed with stillness. O when the spirit is sore fretted, even tired to sickness of the janglings, and nonsense-noises of the world, what a balm and a solace it is, to go and seat yourself, for a quiet half-hour, upon some undisputed corner of a bench, among the gentle Quakers!" Reader, if thou wouldst experience this peace, a peace that truly and literally passeth understanding, make a pilgrimage to Jordans.

Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the career of William Penn and this his last resting-place. The story of his life is, to a great extent, the history of the later Stuart period. It was full of contrasts. Penn played many parts. He combined the man of thought, the idealist, the poet, with the man of action. The son of one of England's greatest admirals (for Sir William Penn's services to his country have never had full justice done to them), the founder of a great colony, the patrician, courtier, personal friend of King James the Second,

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William Penn was yet withal a man who, through all his long career as leader and protector of the Quakers, never ceased to be persecuted for righteousness' sake, a man who often had no certain dwelling-place save the prison-house. How very human were the relations between father and son. Admiral Sir William Penn (we cannot call him the old admiral, for he died after a full and strenuous life at the age of forty-nine) had built up hopes of a brilliant future for his son. William, however, was a serious-minded youth, somewhat of a visionary. At fifteen, he was entered as a gentleman commoner at Christ Church, Oxford; but the spell fell upon him early in life, and when Charles the Second in 1660 ordered that surplices should once more be worn at divine service, young Penn, joined by some kindred spirits, attacked the surpliced students, and tore the prelatie vestments over their heads. Oxford, however, was not Edinburgh, nor Penn a Jenny Geddes, and so, instead of another revolution, all that happened was that the admiral's young hopeful was expelled from college. A mere matter of temperament, some will say, but it hurt Sir William to the quick. Contrast the feeling of Sir Thomas Browne, for example, who rejoiced "to see the return of the comely Anglican order in old Episcopal Norwich."

Sir William next sent his son to France. He returned, 't is true, with the polished manners of a gentleman, but his mind was made up, and, to his father's great grief, it was not long before young Penn decided to throw preferment to the winds and to link his fortunes with that humble sect, the Quakers. Notwithstanding his ultra-Puritanism, he retained the distinguished manners of a cavalier, or of what was then called "a gentleman of quality." Samuel Pepys thus notes his return from France: "Mr. Pen, Sir William's son, is come back from France, and come to visit my wife; a most modish person grown, she says, a fine gentleman." Pepys, who missed nothing, noticed that there was something wrong between the

admiral and his son. "All things, I fear, do not go well with them. They look discontentedly, but I know not what ails them." Later, he understood that these were religious differences "which I now perceive is one thing that hath put Sir William so long off the hookes." At last the secret is out. Writing in his diary under date December 29, 1667, Pepys says, "At night comes Mrs. Turner to see us; and there, among other talk, she tells me that Mr. William Pen, who is lately come from Ireland, is a Quaker again, or some very melancholy thing; that he cares for no company, nor comes into any, which is a pleasant thing, after his being abroad so long." It was said that the admiral was to have been raised to the peerage, and well he deserved the honor, but William was his heir, and the Quaker would have no such "worldly title or patent."

We are glad to know that father and son were reconciled before Sir William's death, and that, knowing the perils with which young Penn would be beset in an age that could not tolerate dissent, the admiral on his deathbed asked the Duke of York to protect his son so far as he consistently could. The duke, it will be remembered, was Lord High Admiral, while Sir William was Vice-Admiral of England; hence the bond of friendship between these two men, that never was broken. How faithfully James carried out the dying man's request is now a matter of history. Indeed, the intimacy between Charles II, James II, and the Penns, father and son, is one of the most pleasing episodes in their annals. No one can say that William Penn had not the courage of his convictions. What he said, he said; and to know that the last of the Stuart kings were faithful friends of Penn the Quaker reveals a trait of character in these two men that should not be forgotten. But while Penn's access to the royal presence enabled him to do much towards softening the sufferings of the persecuted Quakers, it was the cause of his own later troubles, when over and

over again the cry arose that Penn was a Papist and Jesuit.

I have already referred to the naming of Pennsylvania by Charles II, after the admiral. More interesting, too, than any romance is the history of that settlement. Well might Penn exclaim, as he does, in one of his letters, "Oh, how sweet is the quiet of these parts, freed from the anxious and troublesome solicitations, hurries, and perplexities of woeful Europe!" Sweet indeed! to be away from the bigotry of the old world, a world that could not distinguish between Quakers and Papists, a world that could accuse the man who tore the surplices at Oxford of being a Jesuit! Nothing illustrates more strikingly Penn's extraordinary versatility and manifold gifts, than his wonderful letter to the Free Society of Traders of Pennsylvania, dated August 16, 1683, in which he describes the fertility of his province, the serenity of its climate, its natural resources, its fauna, and the nobility of its aboriginal inhabitants. When he leaves again for England in 1684, it is thus he apostrophizes Philadelphia: —

"And thou Philadelphia, the virgin settlement of this province, named before thou wert born, what love, what care, what service, and what travail, has there been to bring thee forth and preserve thee from such as would abuse and defile thee!

"Oh, that thou mayest be kept from the evil that would overwhelm thee; that faithful to the God of thy mercies, in the life of righteousness thou mayest be preserved to the end! My soul prays to God for thee, that thou mayest stand in the day of trial, that thy children may be blessed of the Lord, and thy people saved by his power. My love to thee has been great, and the remembrance of thee affects my heart and mine eye. — The God of eternal strength keep and preserve thee to His glory and peace."

How we seem to see in these lines the workings of Penn's mind. In seeking to give written expression to his feelings towards Philadelphia, Penn models his

apostrophe on the words of the Master Himself. Knowing the character of the man, there can be no doubt as to his sincerity.

Over and over again the great colonist longed to return to his retreat at Pennsbury, Pennsylvania, and was as often prevented by arrestments on the old charges, and so it was not until 1699 that he made his second voyage. He returned to England in 1701, in connection with proposed changes in the government of North America. Penn never saw his colony again. Troubles at home, that told on his health, showered fast upon him. In 1712 he was seized with apoplectic fits, and on July 30, 1718, he died, as the memorial on the wall there shows, and left behind him an imperishable name.

But I have lingered all too long at Jordans, too long at least for a September day, if I wish to be home before night-fall. In the gloaming, as I pass through Amersham once more, a single bell is tolling for evensong, and very impressive the parish church looks with its chancel only alight. I cannot remain to the service, for I have still to retrace my steps to the distant farmhouse among the hills. It was a peaceful impression that I car-

ried away with me. The song of the aged Simeon, so appropriately incorporated in the Order for Evening Prayer in that time-hallowed liturgy, seemed somehow to become associated in my mind with the passing of William Penn. During his lifetime the Quakers had experienced their *de profundis*. They had sounded the depths. They had passed through the valley. They were now climbing the sunny side of the hill, on whose slopes Charles Lamb saw "the Shining Ones;" and so in 1718 their apostle also might now depart in peace, for his eyes had seen their salvation "prepared before the face of all people."

Since these thoughts and memories prompted this paper, I have returned to my home in Scotland; but sometimes, when the half-moon dimly lights the southern horizon and brings out in relief a row of beeches whose tapering branches point towards the sky; sometimes, at such an hour, I fancy that these Pentland Hills of mine are the distant Chilterns, and that my beeches are akin to those that shelter the graves of the Penns and Penningtons, the beeches that Thomas Gray loved so well, "dreaming out their old stories to the winds."

EVENING IN LOUDOUN

BY JAMES BRANNIN

THE day is late:
One bird is on the tree.
The breezes wait,
And then, half-silently,
Make tremble the young leaves; can you still see
Some fading gold about the western gate?

Outside is dark,
A foul and wasted world.
The last pale spark
Of beauty dead; the curled
Black flag of greed, and all those banners furled
Men died for otherwhiles! — Hush! — hush — and hark!

Our little soul
Of vernal music sings!
Where is the goal
Whither so soon he wings?
Let him go bathing in his happy springs;
There in the east is Dian's aureole!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

A PLEA FOR THE UNACTED DRAMA

AN article by an eminent scholar in a recent number of the *Atlantic*, in which the closet-drama is assailed with a vigor characteristic of the writer and a severity peculiar to the times, moves me to say a word in defense of that most hapless and friendless of discredited types.

If we define a drama as a composition intended for performance at a theatre, it is easy to draw the inference that a composition not so designed is no genuine drama; but the chain of reasoning does

nothing more than lead us, through a narrow and vicious circle, to a conclusion as worthless as it is incontestable. The propriety of the dialogue-form — by which I mean the virtual restriction of the text to a succession of speeches with the speakers' names prefixed — in non-theatrical and non-dramatic literature is established by the *Gorgias*, the *De Senectute*, the *Imaginary Conversations*, and the *Ethics of the Dust*; no one could think of withholding from the closet-drama a privilege which is conceded without question to things so infinitely farther removed from the stage as philosophy, criticism,

politics, and science. The right to divide a closet-drama into sections and subsections can hardly be impugned, when the same right is granted to the novel and the history; and the right to call these divisions acts and scenes, though perhaps a little less evident, is a matter of verbal propriety rather than of literary conduct, and is strongly countenanced, moreover, by the analogy of words like lyric, canto, tragedy, comedy, in which musical terms are confidently applied to poems whose connection with music is obsolete or nominal.

When we have put on one side what is unimportant or indisputable, the real question may be stated thus: Is the summary and vital portrayal of action and passion, familiar to all upon the stage, legitimate and proper in a work designed merely for the study? Or, in other words, Is it proper for a work to possess the psychological quality and the literary technique of a stage-play without possessing also its theatrical technique? The presumption is clearly in favor of the affirmative decision. Morality apart, the right of literature to adopt any form or material which it can render interesting to its readers is incontestable. In writing for the closet, moreover, the dramatist is appealing to no sequestered or specialized audience; he addresses the common, the conceded, the universal audience, the audience that is open to everything and everybody, the audience sought by historians and journalists and novelists and philosophers. Why should one man forfeit his normal and inherent right of writing for the study only, because another man chooses to write for the stage instead of the study, and a third man chooses to write for the stage and the study alike? Why assert that a thing is unauthorized to perform one function because it is incompetent to perform another? Why claim that a work is unlawful in the closet because it is useless on the stage? What really invites question, though I myself do not question it, is the propriety of adapting a literary work, not to the established

literary audience and literary practice, but to a medley of men two-thirds of whom stand outside of the proper constituency of literature, and to a form of presentation under which the materials are certain to be narrowed and liable to be deprived.

A dramatic performance, like the cuts in a book, is nothing more than a means of interpreting and illustrating a written composition; and it is just as illogical to limit the portrayal of action and passion in literature to those forms which are susceptible of reproduction on the stage as it would be to limit its portrayal of landscape to those forms which are capable of reproduction by drawing. Shall we affirm that nothing is right in one art which is incapable of effective translation into another? Because all poetry was originally sung, and because "Sweet and Low" and "Crossing the Bar" have been felicitously set to music, shall we declare that no poetry shall be written which is insusceptible of conversion into song? As well say that no English shall be written which is incapable of adequate translation into French.

I have defined the essence of dramatic work to consist in the summary and vital portrayal of action and passion. One is prompted to ask if there is anything in these qualities of compression and vigor, or anything in the choice of action and passion as materials, which is inconsistent with the ends or spirit of pure or "mere" literature, anything which pure or "mere" literature, in other forms of work than the drama, has not often sought to its credit, and found to its advantage. I do not hesitate to record my belief that if by some unkindness of destiny—say, for instance, the inability of the human voice to be heard farther than a dozen feet—the theatre had become impossible, the pressure of human nature and the evolution of literature along its own lines, would have developed a form corresponding in essentials to the existent literary drama. Would any one have questioned

the propriety of a form so developed? Would any one have contended that the transformation of narrative into literary drama was the result of anything more, or anything worse, than the lawful exercise of that faculty of exclusion and selection which is the condition and foundation of literature? There remains only the plain question, Does the existence of the stage render unlawful a form which, in the absence of the stage, would be legitimate?

If any one supposes that the literary technique of the drama is of no value aside from its theatrical technique, — in other words, if he fancies that the dramatist who does not write for the stage might as well write novels, — I have only to ask him to make a simple experiment: let him imagine the shudder with which he would recoil from the proposition to transform into novels the great plays which he has never seen, never expects to see, and perhaps does not even want to see, represented behind footlights.

The opponents of the closet-drama would probably contend that the reader is as much interested as the spectator in the suppression of the obnoxious form; in other words, that adaptation to the stage is the condition of adaptation to the study. How far is such a contention valid? The stage excludes what is dull and flat; and if it excluded only what was dull and flat, the obligation to conform to its will might be a wholesome, though I should still hold that it was an arrogant and arbitrary, restraint on the liberty of authorship. But the stage is not satisfied with rejecting the tedious and the pointless. It must shut out everything, interesting or dull, powerful or weak, which cannot be instantly comprehended by a person of average or less than average intelligence; it must shut out everything, interesting or dull, powerful or weak, which cannot be expressed in words or action; and it must shut out everything, of any grade of force or interest, which runs counter to the prejudices of an unreasoning audience. Standards of this kind necessitate the rejection of matter

that is interesting and powerful; and the extinction of this interest and power is the consequence and the penalty of the dictum that nothing is fit for the library which is not also fit for the theatre. If the standards of dramatic effectiveness for the study and the stage are diverse, if each has its peculiar power and beauty, why should not each have its own plays, its own public, and its own writers? From this point of view, the closet-drama becomes no longer a licensed bystander or tolerated supernumerary, but an active and needful coadjutor in the rounding out of a complete psychology and literature, a necessary supplement and counterpoise to the rigid and remorseless exclusiveness of an institution as hostile to some forms of stimulus and power as to every form of feebleness and torpor.

There are persons, no doubt, who will refuse to believe that a play unfit for the stage can possess any real dramatic virtue. It may be good narrative, good poetry, good pleasantry, good philosophy; but it cannot be a drama if it will not act. Let us look at one or two instances. *Le Gendre de M. Poirier* — I am indebted for this illustration to the learned article which inspired this protest — failed in England and America; *The Duchess of Malfi* and *The Silent Woman* are no longer successful upon the English stage. No one, I imagine, would deny the dramatic quality to any one of these eminent productions; they were all successful in the right environment. The source of the failures has been in the first case a local, in the second and third a temporal, disability; that is, a want of adaptation to place or time. Now if a *local* or *temporal* disability may prevent the success, in certain quarters or periods, of a genuine and powerful drama, why may not a *technical* disability operate to the same effect, without restriction of time or place, on a drama equally genuine and powerful?

The stage asks for so much besides dramatic power that the absence of dramatic power cannot reasonably be inferred from the failure of a work to suit the

stage. The theatre demands that a work shall occupy so many hours, that it shall contain so many acts, that it shall be adapted to a stage of given size and shape, that its action shall be straitened to fit the poverty, or stretched to meet the affluence, of the costumer's or scene-painter's resources, that comic relief shall be provided, that a dozen or score of requirements shall be met which have no connection with the real dramatic virtue of the work. Does the possession of the faculty of dramatic insight, or the gift of racy dialogue, presuppose a willingness to comply with these requirements? May there not exist a class of authors endowed with the dramatic faculty, by which I mean the instinct which seizes and records the stronger emotions evoked by the interaction of human beings, to whom the overcoming of such technical disabilities may seem an office at once too laborious and too trifling to attract or to require the bestowal of their power? Do such men cease to be dramatists in refusing to become playwrights?

I have left myself no space for the discussion with which a treatment of the subject should properly close, — a review of the actual value and achievement of the closet-drama. There is only room to remark that, drawing examples from English literature alone, a list of plays beginning with *Comus* and ending with *Atalanta in Calydon* would afford some employment to the objector.

LO! THE POOR ADJECTIVE

In the old happy days of barbarism, when the rude pioneers of American literature, Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, and the others of that unrestrained, inartistic generation, were turning out their rough-hewn tales and essays, we used to be taught that the parts of speech were nine in number, and that they all had their part to play in language. It is different now. To be sure the parts of speech, though somewhat changed in definition and arrangement, are still with

us, but the old equality is gone. One class of words the subtle rhetoricians of our day have exalted with rapturous adulation, another they have made a by-word and a reproach.

What have the poor adjectives done, I wonder, that our sophisticated literati should shudder at their mention, and speak of them with stinging words like these: —

"The worst feature of all inexperienced writers is their abominable adjectivity." "Use the adjective sparingly if at all. It is not the 'Word of Power.' A thing is better described by a statement of what it does than by the attribution to it of qualities. Speak in verbs, that is, rather than in adjectives. Examine the works of the writers who move you. You will find that they write in words of motion, in verbs."

This is the spirit of the time: on all sides, in the school composition and rhetoric, as well as in the authoritative journal of criticism, this reiterated exhortation is being dinned into the ears of the growing generation of authors. "Use the adjective sparingly *if at all*. Speak in verbs!" and the typical magazine hack-writer, trying desperately to break into the man-of-letters class, exterminates as vermin the chance attributive that strays into his first rough draft. But was it always so? Has the adjective always been too soft in temper for the master's fine, sure hand, — the tool of none but bungling 'prentices? I remember some lines by a poet of considerable importance in his day: —

Him the almighty power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal
sky
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
In adamant chains and penal fire.
Here there are one or two adjectives used
not without effect. Or again (I quote
from an even better-known poet), —

Ere the bat hath flown
His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's
summons
The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy
hums,

Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall
be done
A deed of dreadful note.

It seems almost as if the poets had rather a fancy for the adjective, as if they believed that its careful but liberal use brought to their verse an added fullness of sound, a richness of association. But this is hardly fair. Classics though they are, Milton and Shakespeare are not the models to be copied by a pupil in the art of writing, for the phrases that swell in harmony with the majesty of a great argument, in lesser hands, when the surge of genius is lacking, ring false and hollow.

Let us turn then to the modern masters of style, whom the half-scoffing poet has characterized as men, "who, having nothing much to say, said it supremely well." The description is inadequate, for some of them rub elbows with the immortals, but it is not unsuggestive, for however much we may marvel at the beauty and finish of their work, we never doubt that they like us are men, — men whom we may try to equal, not without hope of success. They are our true models in technique; let us see how they have treated the adjective.

Foreigner though he was, De Maupassant may justly be called the literary father of many of our cleverest workmen. Note his "scanty use of the adjective" in this description:—

"Les crapauds à tout instant jetaient par l'espace leur note courte et métallique, et des rossignols lointains mêlaient leur musique égrenée qui fait rêver sans faire penser, leur musique légère et vibrante, faite pour les baisers, à la séduction du clair de lune."

No one can call the prose of Mr. Henry James slipshod or Corinthian. Here is a characteristic passage from *The Ambassadors*:—

"The place itself was a great impression — a small pavilion, clear-faced and sequestered, an effect of polished parquet, of fine white panel and spare sallow gilt, of decoration delicate and rare, in the

heart of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and on the edge of a cluster of gardens attached to old noble houses."

Mr. James could not possibly have overlooked all those adjectives in the proofs. No more could Mr. Walter Pater when he revised this sentence:—

"In him first appears the taste for what is bizarre or recherché in landscape; hollow places full of the green shadow of bituminous rocks, ridged reefs of trap-rock which cut the water into quaint sheets of light; all the solemn effects of moving water; you may follow it springing from its distant source among the rocks on the heath of the Madonna of the Balances, passing as a little fall into the treacherous calm of the Madonna of the Lake, next, as a goodly river, below the cliffs of the Madonna of the Rocks, washing the white walls of its distant villages, stealing out in a network of divided streams in La Gioconda to the seashore of Saint Anne — that delicate place, where the wind passes like the hand of some fine etcher over the surface, and the untorn shells are lying thick upon the sand, and the tops of the rocks, to which the waves never rise, are green with grass grown fine as hair."

No! Those adjectives cannot have been left there by mistake, and I fancy that each author, as he read his passage over, allowed himself the vanity of thinking it not so bad. Perhaps he had never been taught the necessity of using adjectives "sparingly if at all." Perhaps in his own blundering way, ignorant of our worthy professors of rhetoric, he studied the problem of diction in experiment after experiment, and came to the conclusion that all parts of speech become abominable in incompetent hands, yet each has its peculiar excellence and all are essential to balanced prose.

Surely the truth of the matter is not that the adjective is in itself a thing of evil, but that it has come into discredit through the fascination it exercises over the beginner. He has but one resource whenever he thinks it necessary to color

the tedious flatness of his style: he slaps in an adjective; and it is the reaction from his reckless misuse that lies behind the general suspicion of this class of words. It is well to advise the schoolboy to use fewer adjectives (for he generally dumps them on his page by the barrow-load); it is well to tell him to use more verbs (for that is where he is sure to be weak). But such advice is too sweeping for even the least experienced of mature writers, and even the schoolboy should be told that adjectives have their virtues, and verbs themselves have drawbacks. The schoolgirl composition, sodden with "verys," "sweets," and "nices," is a terrible thing, but is it any worse than the New Narrative, monotonous for all its sound and fury, which runs from beginning to end at about this level. —

"Beverly raged into the café and flung himself into the seat opposite Mme. Blanc. He glimpsed the menu, then flashed a glance around the room. A waiter rushed forward. 'Coffee and rolls!' he bellowed. The waiter cowered against a side table, shattering the glassware. Beverly guffawed, then, shooting a look at his vis-à-vis, 'Madame,' he insinuated. She brightened. 'Garçon!' She hesitated. 'Garçon! — bring me,' — she took the plunge, — 'bring me also coffee and rolls!'"

MONEY AND THE MAN

THE following is the result of an investigation undertaken in consequence of a conversation between the writer and the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* some five years ago. It was on the perennial question of the relative compensation of college professors and other people. The irreducible element in many such comparisons is the personal equation — the kind of men who take up the different callings. This can be brought to a minimum if you can compare men who have been classified together as of the same intellectual ability, by some severe and extended test.

The writer has had exceptional opportunities to get the facts concerning the ten per cent who stood highest at graduation of a large class at one of our largest universities. The surviving members of this contingent can be grouped, at approximately twenty years after graduation, into three classes, which, after eliminating one or two exceptional cases, are exactly equal in number. The first group have taught continuously since graduation, except for some time spent in post-graduate study. The second group never taught, except temporarily as a pot-boiler in a few cases, but studied and began the practice of some other activity which they have followed ever since.¹ The third group all began teaching, but changed to some other occupation. It also happens that exactly the same number of men in the class (none of whom were in the first tenth in scholarship) studied for the ministry and followed that profession to the time in question. The writer was well enough acquainted with all of these men to ask them in confidence, with the understanding that nothing should be published which could disclose anything concerning any individual, the exact figures regarding their income. The teachers and clergymen were asked (a) the amount of salaries, including estimated rental of residence which formed part of the compensation in some cases; (b) the amount earned by outside teaching, writing, wedding-fees, and the like. The others were asked for the net income, reduced as far as possible to the same basis as that of the salaried men.

All answered cheerfully except three. One of these, a clergyman, died just at the time, but his salary was published in the obituary. The others are in well-known positions of which the salary is a matter of common report, so that the possibility of error will not affect the averages as they are given below in round hundreds.

All of group 1, consisting of those who

¹ One journalist, one manufacturer, the rest physicians and lawyers.

have taught all their lives, are, or were at the time, college professors. All held what are considered first-class positions — some full professors at small colleges, some assistant professors at universities, and one even holds one of those \$5000 positions which the Philistine mind associates with college professors in general, but of which there are really perhaps fifty in the United States. All are well-known men in their lines, who have done sound and successful work. All have their names in *Who's Who*, except one who happens never to have published a book.

Including our \$5000 man (whose ability might be bringing him several times that in some other line), the average salary is \$2700. The average for the others is \$2300. An interesting fact which appears from the reports is that all but one of these (who was appointed just before a cut in salary at his institution which would have brought him to the same figure) had for some years, just at the time they were "raising" their families, if they had any, exactly the same sum — \$2000. This would thus appear to be the normal for a first-class man (without any "lime-light" qualities) through the years of his best work.

The average earned outside of this salary by all but one man — who in a special way, which may be regarded as exceptional, has earned more than all of the others together — is \$200; in the majority of cases obtained by marketing at reduced rates more or less of the time of that much-envied summer vacation.

The average for group 2, consisting mainly of doctors and lawyers, is almost exactly \$6000. The variations are not excessive in either direction; no one reporting more than \$10,000, or less than \$3500.

The third group is necessarily somewhat miscellaneous, and there are some cases made abnormal by such things as ill-health and school-board politics, and two of them are teaching again now; but those who made a square "about-face,"

and stuck to it, averaged \$2100 before the change, and at the time of reporting were not far behind group 2; the average was \$5300. The clergymen show the greatest variations (details of which could not be given without revealing the individuals), but the average for salaries (including rent of parsonages) was \$3300, and of outside earnings \$300. This may help to correct the popular impression that educators are better paid than clergymen. Let any one compare in any community, from New York City to the country village, the annual income of the best-paid clergyman with that of the best-paid educator, or those of the best-paid two or three, or half-dozen, of each class.

During the long incubation of this matter, the writer has discussed it with a large number of men, from many of whom he has had confidential statements of their income, and he is convinced that the figures shown are fairly representative. He has plenty of theories as to why things are as they are, but these have no place in an article which is necessarily anonymous. The results are given for what they are worth, and the reader can draw his own conclusions.

A SPEED LIMIT FOR LOVE

I OFTEN wonder what the loving parents of our land would do in the way of lamentation if facts could be adduced in their own families to prove the reasonableness of fiction. In modern magazine literature the short-story form, which was never intended to trace the rough and tortuous course of love, is consecrated wholly to that difficult service. The result is — if I may refer without malice to the plots of a few late stories — that all our love-making arises suddenly out of nowhere, and runs to its consummation at marvelous speed. A lady of family, and presumably of sense, is stranded in mid-desert by her extinct automobile. Whereupon (the author allows himself one brave touch of naturalism) she sits down to weep. The form of a solitary

man appears out of the waste. They walk together toward the settlements for the matter of two days, saying little, but thinking much, — though we are not let into the matter of their thought, — as subsequent events go to prove. Arrived within sight of habitation, the rescuer submits to the fate reserved for all heroes in fiction, and makes the inevitable proposal. She accedes with an alacrity that would be expressed outside a sentimental piece only by the boys' exclamation, "You bet!"

The movement of the story ends here, and with it our intoxication. Reason begins to clamor. And so we are told in a final sentence that the man is not a tramp of the desert, but, like the woman he has won, the flower of fashion, and the pole of an enormous system of wealth.

In short, fiction would have us believe not only that love springs into full bloom at first sight, but that marriage usually follows before dew-fall. And since our heroes and heroines are always men and women of quality, — wealthy, cultured, self-possessed, — the dangerous and unseemly haste represented by their actions must be the prevalent style of courtship in the very best circles of our society. How then, oh how, must it be with the chambermaid and the serving-man? Biddy, the cook, is precipitately wooed, won, and married, all in the course of a minute! Were I a father, and thought such things could be, and if my children had only a modest endowment of discretion, I know I should keep them under surveillance day and night; and like Tristram Shandy's father, pass my natural lifetime composing a system of education for them.

The trouble begins, as I said, with the misuse of the short-story form. It reminds me of the mediæval painting, which knew not the use of perspective, and so represented a scene that in nature would occupy three dimensions, by images which, frown and squint as you will, can be seen only as in two. Now love, as I understand it (though I confess it is one poor

weak intelligence against the many), is a thing of three dimensions, and a fourth, and many others subtly felt, and needing to be subtly indicated by the artist. Instead of being rendered flat, in a panel, it should be let loose in space and be bathed round with air, — to use the painter's terms, — or, in terms of narrative, be subject to the free circulation of time. The art does, indeed, provide a simple medium for this in the introductory paragraph, which aims to include what is there at the beginning of the story. But readers are impatient of these delays and require that they be held down to a minimum. In consequence, the product is an enormity from the standpoint of truth, but a grand success judged from its result, — excitement. Like mediæval saints, we gaze and adore, our imagination supplying all that lacks. And so we shall, I suppose, until the coming of the new renaissance, when old things shall pass away, and the short story shall be reformed.

It occurs to me that life must be a sad and dismal discipline alike for the writers who create this kind of love-affair, and for the folk who take their ideas of the tender passion from such masters. I myself confess to a feeling of tedium in the perusal of a three-volume novel. But I would willingly resort to one for the treat of a good old-fashioned courtship as they are said actually to have occurred when our grandmothers were of marriageable age; and as they did — if personal bias must come out at last — when I went a-sparkin'. Then John would "drop in" from the neighboring farm and sit with the family on the front porch, talking of crops and markets, births, deaths, and marriages, until a late bedtime; although the new polish on his boots made all disguise of no avail, and proclaimed that he had come for a very different purpose.

At last all would retire but Katie. And then John's boots, that had erst been tucked somewhat awkwardly beneath his chair, would produce themselves, dramatically, and begin to flash in the moon-

light. They two would then withdraw to the front gate, so convenient to lean upon, or to the kitchen: and what they said only the moon heard, or the cat, yawning beneath the stove.

Perhaps they were so dull in the business that what they said was not worth hearing, — nothing at all to the point. Indeed it would seem so, for the same performance, so far as we can follow it (to the *coup d'amour*, when the boots began to flash, and they sauntered toward the gate), was repeated night after night for a year; until, sometimes, only the advances of a rival would occasion a perceptible change in their relations, and bring behind it the long-expected announcement. Be it so. They had the ampler opportunity to think. At all events, we may be sure they did nothing hasty and rash. And if the modern lover who, according to the stories, finishes the whole experience in a day, is still unable to see the advantage of this protraction, let him recall the thoughts of his one day, and reflect how it would be to enjoy such thoughts for a year!

I think I should protest with the loudest against old-fogysm. But if our short-story literature of love is a true transcription of the love of real life, then I am happy to be ranked among the ancients, knowing that my superannuation insures me against this dreadful kind of mortality, — the crowding of years into a day, and of all the joys we have worth remembering into an hour.

THE SPIRIT OF LEISURE

THE interpretation of leisure, it may be submitted, is very particularly an individual affair, and the capacity to create and enjoy it must exist, like a sense of humor, in one's self.

But humor can be taken on the fly; and leisure, that state of arrested energy, seems a province set aside from the dusty highways — a castle in Spain far above the plains and foothills, where we hope some day to sit at ease like the high gods

and look back at the paths our tired feet found so hard to climb. We mean to conquer — finally to reach it, and oh, the preparation we spend ourselves in making! We travel heavily, breathlessly; for there is nothing more strenuous than the pursuit of the thing which pursuit kills. It is like a bird whose incomparable voice, faintly heard, lures one on, whose wings flash an invitation from a sweeping flight, and which, after the long chase, snared and netted, finally lies in one's hand, a little pulseless bunch of feathers, forever mute.

The bird, you see, is singing in your own heart, and if you wish a willing captive whose wings will never beat about the bars, it is crumbs you must give it and — with all tenderness and sympathy — companionship.

But it is hard to do this, hard to take the time! It means losing some of the "march movement," some of the eventful rush; falling out of the procession and burning one's candle in the search for a primrose, say, when orchids flutter their amazing beauty for the allure and effort of the pilgrim.

For orchids spell so much that the primrose does n't to other people, if not to one's self; and we can always go back to the primroses another day. We really think we will! It is the promise we give ourselves as we go "roundabout" to our goal.

It may be advanced that the age we live in is n't a contemplative one. One need not fight, perhaps, for the spoils of war, but one *must* go with the throng — caught in as an atom, if that pleases better, rather than as a struggling unit. If one stands aside for a moment or two, the threads are lost and the task of picking them up again becomes almost impossible. And we want — the most of us — to understand the web of the day's weaving; to be, if we can, one of those who bring their gifts to make the pattern. It is born in us, this desire to be one's self; but so is the impulse to travel on the "thousand lines," sharing the common-

places, the ambitions, the experiences, which are the common heritage, and from which no absolute divorce is possible.

And why should we wish it? The complexity of life could offer, if one chose, the surest refuge for one's self, the most epicurean distillation of fragrances and singing, rising, if we listen with a finer ear, from the dust and perplexity of daily life. Perhaps only the hundredth person feels and hears it. For we are very apt, in communing with our beloved ego, to celebrate ourselves as Maurice Barrès did, leaning from a tower to overlook "swarming barbarians" happy in their turbulence and mediocrity. "I will dream no more of you," says Barrès, "and you shall haunt me no longer. I mean to live with the part of myself that is untainted by ignoble occupations. . . . Delicious to comprehend, to develop one's self, to vibrate, to create a harmony between the ego and the world, to fill one's self with images vague and profound."

"To create a harmony between the ego and the world" — it is the riddle of the Sphinx, the keystone of the arch; and this task of delicate adjustment, of subtle resolvment, is what makes "no day . . . uneventful save in ourselves alone." If we stop at home, in the house that is not rented, but is ours alone, the moment of insight comes and stills the voice that has so insistently whispered, "Round-about!"

Wordsworth, of all the poets, has most, as Watson has said in one of his exquisite quatrains, —

— for weary feet the gift of rest.

Does n't it come to you when you read his sonnets, like the unhurrying ripple of water flowing smoothly to the sea? You catch the note that you long to echo for yourself.

And it is not for sadness that the contemplative spirit makes. It is rather for a refinement of ego — a spiritualizing touch that, in the quiet moment, lifts one to some individual peak of Darien and gives the fleeting view of life and thought

as through a spectrum, transfused and transfigured.

Very few of us "possess our soul;" but to invite it, is a different matter, and there are so many ways! Not always — or, rather, not to all temperaments — rest is the requirement, the other name for leisure. One can find, and envy, the repose, the real leisure, of an invited soul more frequently in people performing some task with the fingers that leaves the mind free, than in that *dolce far niente* state of indolence that spells leisure to the uninitiated. A woman in a low chair by a window opening on garden greenness, sewing a long seam with steady stitches of her needle in and out, can seem to one's fancy as measuring a rhythm of her own thoughts — the inner music of a leisure to which her occupation attunes her. And in the same way a gardener among his flowers, digging the soil, planting the seed, is often, one can imagine, pervaded in spirit by the very essence of the thing that the idle man, watching him, never attains.

One may say that all this is a matter of temperament. Leisure may come, also, by way of quiescence. Amiel's words, "Reverie is the Sunday of thought," indicate such a process — the sublimation of unregarded hours for this rare moment of fruition. It comes and it goes, and we long to recreate it, just as we long for spring; for, like spring, it vivifies and vitalizes impulses and desires, and gives courage to the long *Wanderjahre* of life.

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,
Shy to illumine —

There are those who do not seek it — painfully many! People in the grip of great wealth, or greater poverty; in the equally strong and demanding grasp of a dominating genius.

"Why don't you rest sometimes?" a friend said to the French philosopher Arnauld. "Rest," said the tireless Frenchman, "why should I rest here? Have n't I an eternity to rest in?"

With so stern a creed few of us would

agree, for to most of us — even if we deny ourselves the moment of leisure, fragmentary and snatched from busy hours — there exists a hope as we build our tower, “of some eventual rest a-top of it.”

It is the lure that makes us keep on building, though each tale of bricks we cement into place dwarfs and starves a little longer the soul we are willing — later — to give its chance. It is the tragedy of our country and its people that the chance the builder works for never comes, and the tower becomes too often one of silence; an immolation of spirit and body hideously complete.

All of us know the cry, — it is sordid and sad; sadder than the tears they have n't shed: “I wanted to make good, to finish my work and then enjoy life; to be at leisure to be happy; but the time has never come!”

“The slumber of the body,” says Sir Thomas Browne, “seems to be but the waking of the soul,” and no student of psychology can controvert the possibility. There are moments when one may indeed become aware of “the voice below the voice,” articulate and entreating for its own. And so, a study now and then of one's self, of one's starving overman — or underman! — is not to be counted as selfish. Does it not tend rather, in the last analysis, to make us understand with more charity the vagaries of others? does it not reveal abysses of weakness in ourselves, and perhaps point the steadfast shining of some great star by which we may steer our way?

And in this leisure what a vista of treasure silence offers — as subtly communicable in its profound and voiceless medium as speech. It is a cathedral stillness of the soul, and has its own anthem of harmony.

Such fleeting moments, pauses in the rush of life, crystallize to those who experience them, far more than the sequence of crowded days. They are the green spots of the desert where one may have

— a momentary taste

Of Being from the well amid the Waste.

All who have experienced it know the feeling, intangible, elusive, like the presence of a rare guest whose spell lingers on the “inner eye” and whose voice echoes, —

I, too, once lived in Arcady!

THE NEW ART HEROINE

WHO that walks abroad does not know her, the not always beautiful but altogether fascinating young person to whom this epithet applies? None but the blind escape the fair! She smiles at you alike from posters in the streets, and from the walls of this season's Academy; she beckons you with alluring grace toward the newest vaudeville, and with more modest garb, and demure and downcast face, plays the saint in stone over a church door. Her sinuous arms hold out your electric-light bulb, and hold up your new art mantelpiece; she languishes upon the covers of your magazines, and curls with the nonchalance of petted indulgence about your cold-cream jar or your inkwell or your soup-tureen. *Humani nihil a se alienum!* Indeed, you cannot avoid her, except in a desert, for though you take the wings of the morning, and flee to the uttermost parts, where you think the new art is not known, even there Anglo-Saxon enterprise will be before you, — and the New Art Heroine, its priestess and avatar, will offer you a box of Quattro-Cento Breakfast Food, or tell you that she uses only the Rossetti Hair Restorer.

What a disproportionate, radiantly impossible creature she is! An exotic, an anachronism, she is as far removed from the actual modern girl we know, of level gaze, healthy bloom, and merry heart, as she is from the classic ideal of perfect proportions and high serenity, — which is very far indeed. She is wholly inconsistent, all contradiction, belonging to no country, but drawing upon all ages and all climes for her charms. English Burne-

Jones gave her her slender height, Italian Botticelli her dreamy sensuous face, German Overbeck clad her forever in mediæval costume. She has Titian hair, a Leonardo smile, and the gray-green eyes that Rossetti loved. In disposition, too, she seems to have something of French subtlety and of English bluntness, of the languorous warmth of the South countries and the cold fierceness of the North, — a combination that gives her, to say the least, the charm of the unexpected.

In my youth I adored the New Art Heroine, partly because of these incongruous attractions, and partly because of the air of mystery and unsatisfied longing that hung about her. At that fast-becoming-remote period, too, she was not often to be met with, and then only in the most exclusive society, so that my vanity was flattered by the acquaintance. Never to be found, in those days, in anything so open to the vulgar admiration as the magazines, she lurked evasively in poetry and unpopular paintings and unsuccessful novels. Occasionally my worshipful eyes chanced upon her in a picture-gallery or a stray print; and the hope of meeting with her inspired excursions into all sorts of poetry-books and romances. Her story was never a happy, and often not a creditable one; but what more glorious destiny for a heroine than to be endowed with lofty lineage, strange beauty, and a scornful disposition, to be wildly beloved and loving, and doomed to suffer!

A hint of her charms was sufficient reward for hours of arid reading, and placed the author at once on my index of immortals. It was really on her account that I first read Tennyson; for she was Guinevere and Enid and Elaine the fair, and no less the wily lissome Vivien, and Iseult of the fair hands; Mariana, the Lady of Shalott, Maud — ah, but all of Tennyson! His landscapes are settings for her, — his groves of straight-stemmed trees, his castles and pleasaunces, the isle of the lotseaters, the little walled gardens, all suggest her presence, whether she is actually

there or not. And I became for a while a devotee of William Morris, because he was hers. He made her his Guinevere and his Brunhilde; for her he dyed wool into strange tints, and wrought strange tapestries and built strange furniture. It was not his fault, — poor idealizing artist! — if the people who bought his stuffs and sat in his chairs were plump and smug Philistines. The "inexpressive She" was their mistress in the spirit.

Somehow, I preferred adoration from a distance to a closer intimacy, and I perversely refused allegiance to the especial divinity of Rossetti and his brethren. It was their exaggeration of the distinguishing traits of the type that cooled me from rhapsody to analysis. A freakish whisper of common sense checks me on the verge of enthusiasm, and I see in the Pre-Raphaelite girl

"A creature quite too fair and good
For human nature's daily food."

She is something too long and limber, a hint too full-lipped and honey-feminine, to be companionable in one's hours of ease. One might be expected to live up to her attitudes; and at best she makes a wearisome demand upon one's admiration. Can you imagine a lover to match with her? Certainly no earth-born man with a business; and I confess, the Pre-Raphaelite man is beyond my flights! Rossetti's is a manless world. I have my private doubts, too, as to the goodness of the Blessed Damosel. Her divine melancholy looks not a little like the sulks, and the unsympathetic might pronounce her devout abstraction to be laziness.

From the obscure but fervent worship of the few to the easy admiration of the many, is not a far cry, provided the few have lusty lungs. With Maeterlinck and Maurice Hewlett to lead the literary cheering, she has reached the top of the vogue. Curious, that the heroine of subtle delights should have become the art-fashion of this materialistic age! Yet is it not characteristic of our seething, cross-current, much-alive time? We are cosmopolitan; the type of our cosmopolitan-

ism is this polyglot creature, at home everywhere and calling no place home. We have conquered the material world; she stands as our confession of the inadequacy of material well-being, yearning for the unattainable, and restless under the goad of "almost." The modern imagination, weary with the succession of normal experiences rich enough in themselves, craves the union of them all in one maddening whirl of sensation. The fastidious and pampered modern taste scorns healthy moderation and demands a flavor of olives in everything. Like the Roman emperor who demanded hot ice, it strives to bring extremes together in embrace, — to create a novel and undreamed-of loveliness by touching beauty with a suggestion of blight. Sweet and tender piety is infected and made irrational by a morbid, though picturesque, introspection. Having achieved all things in the range of sublunar ambition, we revert to our childish grievance, and cry for the moon. Yet in glorifying this same type we pass judgment on ourselves; for the level eyes and lurking smile must be read as disillusionment and self-distaste.

When a fashion is artistic, there's beauty in civilization; but when art is the fashion, I tremble for both! The slang of trade and the jargon of art become confused and indistinguishable, — and signs are not lacking that art and trade are, by the same token, mixed. A dry-goods clerk not long ago urged, almost commanded, me to buy buttons of a particular pattern, because "they're exactly what you want, madam. That's the Last Novoo design, the very latest!" And I have heard more than one craftsman express his pride in his work with the

phrase, "Now I call that a stylish thing. New arty, don't you know!"

But for the present at least, the New Art Heroine is having it all her own way, from pictures to door-knobs. The New Art of design looks to her for inspiration and method as well; its key is the dainty parallelism of her slender form, curve answering to long curve. She is its type and symbol, and the ideal for whom all deeds are done. "Art is long," — and our wall-papers grow flowers seven feet tall. If you are led by the truly informed, you will build a new art house and lay out a new art garden, regardless of your age or sex, height or weight, or previous condition of culture. You will sit at a new art table and dine off new art china; read the newest ideas in interior decoration from the new art magazines, and at last, reposing under eiderdown puffs of new art design, close your weary eyes upon the new art appointments of your room.

Some of us, I fancy, would cut a sorry picture if our staid and respectable personalities should be set in the midst of new art surroundings. Or, and it is within the possibilities, the surroundings might perhaps look a trifle affected and prettyfied. Certain it is that the new art house is not homelike. In their efforts to escape conventionality, some have fallen into the grasp of a conventionality that is yet worse, for it is both unnatural and uncomfortable. Is there not a little smack of Philistinism in such hatred of it, such eagerness to avoid it? It is rather cheering, in this tyranny of the artisan-craftsman, to reflect that there is a minority of good souls still living, who with perfect amiability cling to the cozy, unaspiring ugliness of their early days.

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EXECUTIVE AGGRESSION

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

THERE is no present fact in the actual workings of American governmental machinery which is more obvious than the great increase in power and influence of executive authority, and the corresponding decline of that of the law-maker. This involves a great change from the conditions which existed when our national life began. The colonial governor was the hated representative of the Crown. His every act was watched with suspicion and jealousy by the legislatures which represented the people, and stood between them and royal tyranny. This attitude continued long after the freedom of our country had been established, and the governor had become the elect of the people rather than the choice of the Crown. The authority of the governor was limited not only by law, but by public opinion, because the old fear of executive despotism still continued and died hard.

In our national life the historians tell us that the very existence of a federal executive, separate and uncontrolled by Congress, was due to a mistake, to a then current misconception of the British Constitution, and to the adoption by us of what Mr. Bagehot describes as the "literary theory" of that Constitution, rather than its fact. Roger Sherman, in the Constitutional Convention, suggested that "the executive magistracy is nothing more than an institution for carrying the will of the legislature into effect; that the person or persons occupying that office ought to be appointed by, and to be accountable to, the legislature only, which was the depository of the supreme will of the people. As they were the best judges

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of the business which ought to be done by the executive department, he wished the number might not be fixed, but that the legislature should be at liberty to appoint one or more as experience might dictate." Roughly speaking, this was and is the English system, under which there is no separation of executive and legislative functions, but the government is responsible for the enactment of new laws and the enforcement of old ones.

Owing to a misapprehension of what the English system was, Sherman's suggestion was not followed; but the failure to accept his proposition was not due to any dissent in the convention from Sherman's notion of what were the essential functions of the executive, and the relatively greater importance of the legislative branch of government.

It is quite the fashion to-day to look back to the era of such opinions, to consider the jealously limited authority of the early colonial governors and the original concept of the functions of the federal executive, as expressed by Sherman, and contrast them with the current practice and opinions as to these offices to-day.

There has been a great increase in the power and influence of executive officers since the days when the memory of the crown governors was fresh in the minds of people, when the first president was suspected of a desire to be a king. In the past decade that growth of power has been most marked. Governors are taking in state matters positions of authority which would have been impossible a century ago. The president exercises a power to-day over the affairs of the nation which

neither Congress nor the people would have tolerated in George Washington.

These changes, these developments of executive power, have been made without any substantial change in our state constitutions and with none in that of the nation. The letter of the law remains. Nominally, the system is as our fathers made it. In practice, it is essentially a different thing. This variance between our principles and our practice has not developed unnoticed. It has been observed and has been often discussed. This growth of executive authority has not taken place without opposition from minds familiar with the history of our Constitution.

Critics whose voices have at times been raised in protest against it have described it as executive aggression. The phrase itself implies hostility. It implies usurpation of ungranted power. Presumably what those who use the phrase mean is that, notwithstanding the clear language of state and national constitutions which describe and define the power of executive, legislative, and judicial officers; despite the power of the legislatures to assert and to maintain their own prerogatives; despite the great and peculiar power of our courts to declare the constitutional limitations of executive authority, the governor in the state and the president in the nation are exercising power in excess of that conferred by the constitutions made by the people.

If this charge related solely to some one person, if it were merely that some one particular governor had succumbed to the itch for power, if it were only that the President now in office had been guilty, as his opponents have often charged, of dictating legislation, of domineering over Congress, and of talking about his policies and purposes with a directness and frankness which would have made the early congresses gasp and stare, it would be less important. But it is a common and general charge, and has been made in recent years against almost every governor who has accomplished anything and

who has left office with a record of public service.

Within certain narrow limits, this matter of executive aggression is a legal question. Again and again, in solemn conclave, the Bar has discussed it, and asserted and reasserted the constitutional requirements that executive, legislative, and judicial functions must be kept separate. Learned lawyers familiar with the letter of the law and with the ancient theory of the division of governmental power, have sounded a dignified note of warning against executive poachings of power. Many addresses on specific instances of such alleged usurpations have been made by distinguished jurists, but for some reason these protests seem to have had little effect either on executive conduct or upon the public mind.

The cases of executive aggression, however, involving an actual overstepping of constitutional boundaries, have been few, and when they have occurred their seriousness has often been exaggerated. What we have to consider is not so much a matter of law as one of public opinion. It is the change in the attitude of the people toward the executive office, and the enormous increase in the power of the executive which has resulted from it.

The criticisms from the jurists have considered rather the letter of the law than the spirit of the people, and have generally taken the form of a more or less acrimonious arraignment of some particular executive for some particular act of alleged transgression, as though in him and his reachings for power lay the whole source and origin of the supposed offense. Some of these critics are distinguished statesmen and well-known lawyers, and it is with considerable hesitation that I venture to suggest that such criticisms fail to take into consideration the real cause of the conditions against which they protest, a cause which seems apparent on taking a broader field of observation.

The pith of this executive aggression business is in the fact that the people have come to expect something to-day of the

executive, which a quarter of a century ago they did not expect or require. Consider our actual practice. When we elect a president, we elect a man whom the majority believes to be wise enough, and strong enough, to rule the nation. We expect him to carry into effect policies which he deems advantageous to the common weal, by causing Congress to pass his measures, using upon Congress such compulsion as may be necessary to have it accept his purposes. We expect the president and his officers to initiate constructive legislation, and to attend to getting it made into law. We even expect him to decide what particular laws are to be enforced by his law officers.

Because we expect that when he is elected he will do all these things, we are before election interested in knowing his ideas, what policies he has, and what laws he proposes to enforce. If, after election, he fails to accomplish the things he has told us about before election, if Congress rejects his measures, if he does not put his policies into law, if he enforces unpopular law, he need not try to shift the blame to others. It is he, not Congress, who has failed us. If he fails to get congressional support, he has simply shown himself inefficient. We may elect senators and representatives, but it is the tendency to hold the president responsible for what they do. We expect him to exercise dominion, not only over Congress, but over the law itself. We expect him to use executive wisdom in selecting what laws shall be enforced, and in deciding not to enforce bad laws. We make much the same kind of demand upon our governors in the states.

Does this statement of our expectations seem exaggerated? Does it represent only the demands of the foolish or of those unfamiliar with our institutions and ignorant of the exact legal limitations of executive authority? Is it too much to say, for example, that we expect the president or the governor to decide what laws shall be enforced and what let alone, although his oath of office gives him no such discre-

tion? Take a practical illustration of the spirit which demands this form of executive aggression, an expression coming not from an ignorant source, but from one of the most conservative and law-wise of New York papers, one famous for printing all the news that is fit to print.

In an editorial calling the President to task for what it describes as his "ill-judged zeal" in enforcing the Sherman Anti-Trust act, it said recently, "He is the only public man who has declared that he would enforce the law although he was aware of its defects. How much better would have been his position, and the country's position, if he had asked indulgence in the non-enforcement of the law until it was fit to be enforced." What the paper wants the President to do is to commit what it describes as "a technical neglect of his official oath," by refusing to enforce a law which the newspaper, the President himself, and a great many other people think is hopelessly crude and illogical, but which thousands of fervent souls consider an enactment paralleled only by the Ten Commandments. Any newspaper reader would have little difficulty in finding editorials similar in spirit to the one just quoted.

The theory of responsibility which puts upon the executive the duty to exercise executive common sense in selecting the laws which "deserve to be enforced," is not unrecognized even in quarters from which strenuous opposition would seem most to be expected: that is, the legislature itself. A rather bleak, elderly little lawyer with heavy glasses was addressing one of the committees of the New York Legislature some six years ago. He was complaining bitterly about the hardships of a factory law, whose provisions he assured the much bored committee pressed heavily upon a certain large Buffalo plant which he represented. In the midst of his argument one of the senators interrupted him. "Let me ask you a question. Has the Commissioner of Labor been unreasonable in the way he has enforced it on you?" The lawyer wiped his glasses and

smiled deprecatingly. "Why, he has n't prosecuted us, sir." "Has he prosecuted anybody so far as you know?" persisted his questioner. "Why, no, not so far as I know, but the law is there, and —" "Do you mean to tell me," interrupted the senator, in a voice swelling with indignation, "that you have been wasting half an hour of this committee's time on a statute which has occasioned you absolutely no grievance — which, so far as you know, has n't been unreasonably or unjustly enforced against anybody?"

This question to all practical purposes closed the debate. The little man with the glasses endeavored to stem the tide running strongly against him by futile remarks about the law being on the statute books, that it might be enforced, and so forth, until the chairman mercifully finished him by intimating that they had a long calendar and must now take up Senate Bill No. 263.

Into my sympathetic ears the little man later poured his opinion of the committee. A few of his phrases were quite choice, and I retailed some of them later to the Socratic senator who had been the subject of them. He listened good-humoredly. "Theoretically he was right," he admitted, "but where should we be if we spent our time repealing all the dead-letter statutes?"

The senator who saw no special reason for repealing a bad law provided it was not enforced, doubtlessly considered himself a practical man. He expected the governor's representative, the commissioner of labor, to use common sense in enforcing the laws which were his to enforce. If the law proved to be an unreasonable one and not "practical," he expected the executive through this commissioner to use discretion and common sense again by letting it alone. If this common sense was being used, — if no one was being prosecuted, — then there was no urgent need that the law should be repealed. Hence, while in theory it ought to be repealed, practically there was no need that a busy legislature, struggling

with a long calendar of proposed new laws, should be troubled with it. The senator was expressing the new political theory, which slowly but certainly is growing up in this country, and which is in direct conflict with the old constitutional theory of divided and coördinate powers. It may be described as the theory of executive common sense, a theory the application of which doubles the responsibility of the executive by diminishing that of the legislature almost to the vanishing point.

When the legislature itself recognizes this theory, and in instances like this affirms the right and duty of the executive to select the laws which ought to be enforced; when the people demand from the executive that he use a strong hand upon the makers of laws to compel them to enact such new laws as he desires; when the public in almost every controversy between the state governor and the legislature, or between the president and Congress, is to be found lined up in support of the executive and clamorous for the submission of the legislative branch to the will of the executive, what does it all mean? What has brought this change about?

To a very marked extent this change is due to our American methods of legislation. We are a practical people, and have confronting us a distinctly practical problem which presents itself to us in about this fashion. Our legislatures, most of which have bi-annual sessions, pass every two years some 25,000 separate laws. In 1906-07, for example, there were passed by Congress and state legislatures 25,446 acts and 1576 resolutions. At a conservative estimate, twenty thousand of these were local laws, affecting separate cities and towns and having no general scope whatever, or were special bills relating to private interests only. In England in the entire nineteenth century there were enacted some twenty-one thousand special and local bills. In America our legislatures pass as many of these laws every two years. In 1906

and 1907, while our American legislatures were turning out these twenty-five thousand laws and fifteen hundred resolutions, the attention of the British Parliament was concentrated upon 114 public acts and general laws.

Sixty years ago England laid the foundations of a scientific plan for handling local and private bills. There had been political corruption in the granting of franchises in England, as well as in our own country, in the early days of railroad development. The unscrupulous who sought unjust advantages and special privileges through legislation, applied to Parliament then, much as they apply to our state legislatures now. The Standing Orders adopted in 1847 in England afford a method of dealing with local and private measures, by which an investigation closely akin to a judicial trial by a parliamentary tribunal is made of each of these bills, on fullest advance notice to every public and private interest which its enactment might affect. Under this plan, corruption has lost the secrecy which gives it its main opportunity, and the undivided time of Parliament itself is devoted to more important public matters. In 1907, substantially the entire law-making work of Parliament itself is embodied in 56 general public acts, contained in 293 printed pages. In the same year, the State of New York enacted 754 laws, occupying 2500 pages.

The legislative methods of that state are characteristic American methods. Every municipality in New York, for example, goes to the legislature for every amendment to its local charter. When Buffalo wants a Polish interpreter for a police court, when Yonkers wants to raise the salary of its city judge, when Cohoes wants to build a bridge, or Dunkirk to build sewers, when Fulton wants some new fire-hose for its fire department, or Little Falls wants to raise the pay of its police, when Albany wants to fix the salary of a deputy superintendent of an almshouse, they go to the legislature of the state and ask for a law.

What does an assemblyman or senator from New York City know about the necessity for a Polish interpreter in a Buffalo police court, or for hose in the fire department of Fulton? Why should he know anything about such remote matters? The prevailing American method of legislation, however, expects him to vote upon such things. In American legislatures, not only bills of this kind, but bills creating franchises for corporations, granting special privileges, establishing private interests, are introduced by the hundred and passed by the score, without advance publicity of any kind or a semblance of careful investigation. Is it extraordinary that, with their legislatures constantly occupying themselves with matters which are no part of the real business of the public, the public look elsewhere when seeking to have that business performed? that they look to the governor and his advisers, rather than to the legislature itself; and look to him, not only to initiate needed general laws, but by his personal authority and his veto to dam the swelling flood of special and local bills as well?

The constant complaint of the reformer is, that the people pay too little attention to the doings of the representatives who make the laws. Is it possible for the people of a state to follow, with interest or with profit, the work of a legislature occupied for the most part with bills of this kind? Is it to be wondered at that the public recognizes its inability to focus its mind on these things, and turns the whole matter of legislation over to the supervision of the governor? It has been said, not without a show of reason, that unless there be a return to the old principle of local self-government, the only practical alternative for the people is a benevolent despotism by the governor, — an elective despot.

Among the forgotten books of political philosophy, there is one which, perhaps more than any other, should be remembered in America — because it is the philosophy which stood at the beginning

of the American Revolution; a philosophy, the attempt to apply which was one of the great causes of that Revolution. This book was Bolingbroke's *The Idea of a Patriot King*. In that work, written at a time when parliamentary government was at its lowest ebb, and English politics a sink of corruption; when rotten boroughs flourished and the votes of unrepresentative representatives had to be bought on every important measure; Bolingbroke advocated the control of Parliament, and of the legislative affairs both of England and her colonies, by the strong hand of a patriot king. Bolingbroke believed that the vigorous use of the royal prerogative by a patriot king ruling with wisdom, and controlling by a strong hand Parliament and the affairs of the nation, would afford a practical solution for the evils created by a corrupt, inefficient, unrepresentative, and factional parliament. America did not accept this doctrine then. The idea of a patriot king collapsed under George III. His attempt to put this philosophy into effect was among the causes of the Revolution which separated us from Great Britain.

One of the great contributions of America to British freedom came through our refusal to accept this new political doctrine. The patriot-king theory disappeared in England after the Revolution. A cure for the conditions which the patriot king and his prerogative proposed to cure, was found in a reformed Parliament and a better system of representation. Those who seek a practical solution for our present legislative difficulties in an extraordinary increase of the influence of the executive over the affairs of the state and the nation, are offering us the patriot-king theory in a new form. If we do not really want it, we must recognize the reasons which give that theory an apparent justification in America to-day, and destroy the doctrine by destroying the causes which have brought it into existence.

Unconsciously, by instinct rather than by direct reasoning, the people are realiz-

ing that our law-making machinery has broken down; that, in their methods of legislation, our legislatures are to-day struggling with the impossible. The American voter realizes moreover the absolute impossibility that any average citizen who has any business of his own to attend to, can know anything about these special and local bills which, under prevalent crude and clumsy methods, clog the calendars of the legislatures. We realize that in our respective states the greater part of the time of our legislators is engrossed in mulling over these bills and passing them by the score, when on the final vote not one legislator in ten has any real understanding of either the propriety or the necessity of their enactment. We realize that the time misspent upon these measures is necessarily taken away from the consideration of general public acts dealing with the common interests of all of us; and that, because of this enormous volume of special legislation, the statute books tend to get filled with bad laws, bad because ill-considered and hastily passed, — because in this confused muddle of hasty law-making, the law-makers themselves lose the sense of responsibility. It is physically impossible for us to watch all these bills, or to watch the men who make a business of passing them. What are we to do?

The answer which we make perhaps unconsciously is this: Let us put it all up to the governor or president. Let us elect a good governor. Let us elect a president we can trust, and turn over to him the whole business of managing this machinery of law-making in our behalf.

In this way and for this reason, consciously or unconsciously, we are remoulding our institutions. In spite of our American Constitution, in spite of our traditions of divided powers, we are to a large extent trying, in practice, the established English principle by which, as that best of foreign-born Americans, Mr. Bryce, puts it, "The Executive is primarily responsible for legislation and, to use a colloquial expression, 'runs the whole

show,'—the selection of topics, the preparation of bills, their piloting and their passage through Parliament." The English system recognizes no theoretical separation between executive and legislative functions. The Government is at once the source of the country's general legislative plans, its law-maker, and its enforcer of law. We, in turn, are in practice tending toward a similar scheme of actual government. In practice, we have reversed the theoretical course of legislation. We expect the president and the governor to initiate legislation to meet general public requirements, and that those general public acts shall come, not from the legislature, but from the executive and his advisers. We expect in the enforcement of law, moreover, that the executive will ignore laws which are not fit to be enforced. We have adopted this plan because we realize that the thing which stands between us and legislative chaos is executive aggression. That which to-day protects us from legislatures as good as we deserve is an executive better than we deserve. We have asked for that executive aggression, and we cannot consistently complain when we get it. Until the method and scope of our legislation changes, we shall need it.

The condition which makes executive aggression has other phases not less important. Certain conservative minds are complaining, for example, of what is called "federal aggression." With our state legislatures struggling with bills regulating the local affairs of cities and towns, there has been and can be no general progress toward uniformity of laws among the states, a uniformity absolutely necessary for the success of interstate business, which yearly increases enormously in volume. Because there is no progress toward uniformity of state law, the people are asking that the federal Constitution be stretched so that we may get that uniformity through national law. What hostile critics describe to-day as federal aggression is in a large measure the attempt by federal law to meet that

demand for uniformity of law which the state legislatures have neglected and ignored.

The continuance of inefficient methods of law-making is moreover one of the most conspicuous sources of a certain lawlessness which, we can but admit, characterizes us as a people. In a country where laws are made on the wholesale plan by bad methods, in enormous quantities, in great haste, the respect of the people for law as law is bound to diminish and at times to disappear.

The same cause which tends to promote executive aggression tends moreover to make that aggression increase, rather than decrease, in scope and function, by making the individual legislator a cipher, by taking from his work dignity and importance, and thereby causing the office itself to be filled by third-rate men.

As I was conversing some time ago with two intelligent, well-educated voters, residents of a county adjoining the city of New York, one of them expressed regret at the failure of his party to reelect a local assemblyman. To my suggestion that the man had proved himself stupid in office, and that his failure to be re-elected was no great loss to the Assembly, they replied, "He knew enough to vote 'Yes' for what the governor wanted, and that was all he had to know." That was what the office of assemblyman for their district meant to them.

This point of view has many adherents. The legislature tends to become a body whose functions, so far as the public generally is concerned, are to pass local bills, and on public measures to register the policies and legislative plans of the executive. To find intelligent and independent men who will care to accept legislative office under such conditions is growing harder each year, a fact which adds still more to the importance of the executive as the real source from which constructive legislation is to emanate.

The English Constitution, as some one has said, consists not of documents but of certain ideas on political principles

shared by the vast majority of thinking Britons. On our own side of the water, we have written constitutions perfectly clear in their general scheme, which declare the separation of powers, executive, legislative, and judicial. But instead of this distribution being one of our fixed political ideas, there are now cross currents of conflicting opinions. Those who believe in practicing the theory of the Constitution at any cost to the country, are at war with those who believe in getting the right thing done at any cost to the theory and regardless of possible future consequences. The chief executives in the state and nation stand at a point where these cross currents meet. No more embarrassing position can be imagined than that of the president or governor who tries to keep a clear course between those who think that he should be nothing but a business manager, and those who insist that he should be the general executive officer and a working majority of the board of directors as well.

A still further embarrassment comes to him from the empirical standards of the press. For the newspapers, plainly reflecting public opinion, ally themselves at times with one school and at times with the other, and make the whole matter of executive conduct one, not of law, but of good taste. The newspaper which to-day scolds the President for refusing to usurp the function of Congress by practically repealing the Sherman law "until it is fit to be enforced," presumably would see nothing illogical to-morrow in calling him an arrogant despot in case he should declare the Pure Food act, for example, unfit to be enforced, and should notify Congress that the law would remain a dead letter until a better one was enacted. Judged either by law or by logic, the executive aggression involved would be no greater in one case than in the other. The

mere fact that one course of conduct would please the newspaper, and the other would not, is but a suggestion of a government by newspaper, — a different form of aggression, which, however, does not lack advocates.

Those who talk about executive aggression as though its origin were the mere itch for power of individuals placed in temporary positions of authority, would do well to study the real source of the tendency by which they are sometimes justly alarmed. Public opinion, tired of legislative inefficiency and irresponsibility, has developed a fancy for despotism in its demand upon the executive to get things done. Until we reform our methods of legislation, this seems likely to continue. So long as our present methods remain in vogue, executive interference in legislative matters bids fair to continue, not in defiance of public opinion, but with its very general assent, approval, and support.

There are those who desire a return to the theory of the Constitution, but who do not see that any appreciable progress can be made by mere general abuse of executive officers for so-called aggression, while ignoring the present reason and practical justification of that aggression. The return to the theory can be accomplished when common sense has been restored to the purposes and methods of legislation. When that has been done, executive usurpation will disappear. The public opinion which now supports and encourages it will then refuse even to tolerate it. The return to the Constitution, the old American theory of divided powers and duties, is desirable, but it can be accomplished in no other way; for we are a practical people, and if we are to have theories, we insist that they shall be theories which work.

ON BEING A DOCTRINAIRE

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

THE question is sometimes asked by those who devise tests of literary taste, "If you were cast upon a desert island and were allowed but one book, what book would you choose?"

If I were in such a predicament I should say to the pirate chief who was about to maroon me, "My dear sir, as this island seems, for the time being, to have been overlooked by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, I must ask the loan of a volume from your private library. And if it is convenient for you to allow me but one volume at a time, I pray that it may be the Unabridged Dictionary."

I should choose the Unabridged Dictionary, not only because it is big, but because it is mentally filling. One has the sense of rude plenty such as one gets from looking at the huge wheat-elevators in Minneapolis. Here are the harvests of innumerable fields stored up in little space. There are not only a vast number of words, but each word means something, and each has a history of its own, and a family relation which it is interesting to trace.

But that which I should value most on my desert island would be the opportunity of acquainting myself with the fine distinctions which are made between different human qualities. It would seem that the aggregate mind which made the language is much cleverer than we usually suppose. The most minute differences are infallibly registered in telltale words. There are not only words denoting the obvious differences between the good and the bad, the false and the true, the beautiful and the ugly, but there are words which indicate the delicate shades of goodness and truth and beauty as they are curiously blended with variable quantities of badness and falseness and ugliness.

There are not only words which tell what you are, but words which tell what you think you are, and what other people think you are, and what you think they are when you discover that they are thinking that you are something which you think you are not.

In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as "fail," but the dictionary makes up for this deficiency. It is particularly rich in words descriptive of our failures. As the procession of the virtues passes by, there are pseudo-virtues that tag on like the small boys who follow the circus. After Goodness come Goodness and Goody-goodness; we see Sanctity and Sanctimoniousness, Piety and Pietism, Grandeur and Grandiosity, Sentiment and Sentimentality. When we try to show off we invariably deceive ourselves, but usually we deceive nobody else. Everybody knows we are showing off, and if we do it well they give us credit for that.

A scholar has a considerable amount of sound learning, and he is afraid that his fellow-citizens may not fully appreciate it. So in his conversation he allows his erudition to leak out, with the intent that the stranger should say, "What a modest, learned man he is, and what a pleasure it is to meet him." Only the stranger does not express himself in that way, but says, "What an admirable pedant he is, to be sure." Pedantry is a well-recognized compound: two-thirds sound learning and one-third harmless vanity.

Sometimes on the street you see a man whom you take for an old acquaintance. You approach with outstretched hand and expectant countenance, but his stony glare of non-recognition gives you pause. The fact that he does not know you gives you time to perceive that you do not

know him and have never seen him before. A superficial resemblance has deceived you. In the dictionary you may find many instances of such mistakes in the moral realm.

One of the most common of these mistakes in identity is the confusion of the Idealist and the Doctrinaire. An idealist is defined as "one who pursues and dwells upon the ideal, a seeker after the highest beauty and good." A doctrinaire may do this also, but he is differentiated as "one who theorizes without sufficient regard for practical considerations, one who undertakes to explain things by a narrow theory or group of theories."

The Idealist is the kind of man we need. He is not satisfied with things as they are. He is one

Whose soul sees the perfect
Which his eyes seek in vain.

If a more perfect society is to come, it must be through the efforts of persons capable of such visions. Our schools, churches, and all the institutions of a higher civilization have as their chief aim the production of just such personalities. But why are they not more successful? What becomes of the thousands of young idealists who each year set forth on the quest for the highest beauty and truth?

The answer is that many persons who set out to be idealists end by becoming doctrinaires. They identify the highest beauty and truth with their own theories. After that they make no further excursions into the unexplored regions of reality, for fear that they may discover their identification to have been incomplete.

The Doctrinaire is like a mason who has mixed his cement before he is ready to use it. When he is ready the cement has set, and he can't use it. It sticks together, but it won't stick to anything else. George Eliot describes such a predicament in her sketch of the Reverend Amos Barton. Mr. Barton's plans, she says, were, like his sermons, "admirably well conceived, had the state of the case been otherwise."

By eliminating the "state of the case," the Doctrinaire is enabled to live the simple life — intellectually and ethically. The trouble is that it is too simple. To his mind the question, "Is it true?" is never a disturbing one, nor does it lead to a troublesome investigation of matters of fact. His definition of truth has the virtue of perfect simplicity: "A truth is that which has got itself believed by me." His thoughts form an exclusive club, and when a new idea applies for admission it is placed on the waiting list. A single black-ball from an old member is sufficient permanently to exclude it. When an idea is once in, it has a very pleasant time of it. All the opinions it meets with are clubable, and on good terms with one another. Whether any of them are related to any reality outside their own little circle is a question that it would be impolite to ask. It would be like asking a correctly attired member who was punctilious in paying his club dues, whether he had also paid his tailor. To the Doctrinaire there seems something sordid and vulgar in the anxiety to make the two ends — theory and practice — meet. It seems to indicate that one is not intellectually in comfortable circumstances.

The Doctrinaire, when he has conceived certain ideals, is not content that they should be cast upon the actual world, to take their chances in the rough-and-tumble struggle for existence, proving their right to the kingdom by actually conquering it, inch by inch. He cannot endure such tedious delays. He must have the satisfaction of seeing his ideals instantly realized. The ideal life must be lived under ideal conditions. And so, for his private satisfaction, he creates for himself such a world, into which he retires.

It is a world of natural law, as he understands natural law. There are no exceptions, no deviation from general principles, no shadings-off, no fascinating obscurities, no rude practical jokes, no undignified by-play, no "east windows of

divine surprise," no dark unfathomable abysses. He would not allow such things. In his world the unexpected never happens. The endless chain of causation runs smoothly. Every event has a cause, and the cause is never tangled up with the effect, so that you can't tell where one begins and the other ends. He is intellectually tidy, and everything must be in its place. If something turns up for which he can't find a place, he sends it to the junk shop.

When the Doctrinaire descends from the homogeneous world which he has constructed, into the actual world which, in the attempt to get itself made, is becoming more amazingly heterogeneous all the time, he is in high dudgeon. The existence of these varied contradictorinesses seems to him a personal affront.

It is just as if a person had lived in a natural-history museum, where every stuffed animal knew his place, and had his scientific name painted on the glass case. He is suddenly dropped into a tropical jungle where the wild animals act quite differently. The tigers won't "stay put," and are liable to turn up just when he does n't want to see them.

I should not object to his unpreparedness for the actual state of things if the Doctrinaire did not assume the airs of a superior person. He lays all the blame for the discrepancy between himself and the universe on the universe. He has the right key, only the miserable locks won't fit it. Having formed a very clear conception of the best possible world, he looks down patronizingly upon the commonplace people who are trying to make the best out of this imperfect world. Having large possessions in Utopia, he lives the care-free life of an absentee landlord. His praise is always for the dead, or for the yet unborn; when he looks on his contemporaries he takes a gloomy view. That any great man should be now alive, he considers a preposterous assumption. He treats greatness as if it were a disease to be determined only by post-mortem examination.

One of the earliest satires on the character of the Doctrinaire is to be found in the book of Jonah. Jonah was a prophet by profession. He received a call to preach in the city of Nineveh, which he accepted after some hesitation. He denounced civic corruption and declared that in forty days the city would be destroyed. Having performed this professional duty, Jonah felt that there was nothing left for him but to await with pious resignation the fulfillment of his prophecy. But in this case the unexpected happened: the city repented and was saved. This was gall and wormwood to Jonah. His orderly mind was offended by this disarrangement of his schedule. What was the use of being a prophet if things did not turn out as he said? So we are told "it displeased Jonah exceedingly and he was very angry." Still he clung to the hope that, in the end, things might turn out badly enough to justify his public utterances. "So Jonah went out of the city, and sat on the east side of the city, and there made him a booth, and sat under it in the shadow, till he might see what would become of the city."

Poor grumpy old Jonah. Have we not sat under his preaching, and read his editorials, and pondered his books, full of solemn warnings of what will happen to us if we do not mend our ways? We have been deeply impressed, and in a great many respects we have mended our ways, and things have begun to go better. But Jonah takes no heed of our repentance. He is only thinking of those prophecies of his. Just in proportion as things begin to look up morally, he gets low in his mind and begins to despair of the Republic.

The trouble with Jonah is that he can see but one thing at a time, and see that only in one way. He cannot be made to appreciate the fact that "the world is full of a number of things," and that some of them are not half bad. When he sees a dangerous tendency he thinks that it will necessarily go on to its logical conclusion. He forgets that there is such a thing as

the logic of events, which is different from the logical processes of a person who sits outside and prognosticates. There is one tendency which all tendencies have in common, — that is, to develop counter tendencies.

There is, for example, a tendency on the part of the gypsy-moth caterpillar to destroy utterly the forests of the United States. But were I addressing a thoughtful company of these caterpillars I should urge them to look upon their own future with modest self-distrust. However well their programme looks upon paper, it cannot be carried out without opposition. Long before the last tree has been vanquished, the last of the gypsy moths may be fighting for its life against the enemies it has made.

The Doctrinaire is very quick at generalizing. This is greatly to his credit. One of the powers of the human mind on which we set great store is that of entertaining general ideas. This is where we think we have the advantage of the members of the brute creation. They have particular experiences which at the time are very exciting to them, but they have no abstract notions — or at least no way of expressing them to us. We argue that if they really had these ideas they would have invented language long ago, and by this time would have had Unabridged Dictionaries of their own. But we humans do not have to be content with this hand-to-mouth way of thinking and feeling. When we see a hundred things that strike us as being more or less alike, we squeeze them together into one mental package, and give a single name to the whole lot. This is a great convenience, and enables us to do thinking on a large scale. By organizing various impressions into a union, and inducing them to work together, we are enabled to do collective bargaining with the universe.

If, for example, I were asked to tell what I think of the individuals inhabiting the United States, I should have to give it up. Assuming a round eighty million persons, all of whom it would be a pleasure

to meet, there must be, at the lowest computation, seventy-nine million, nine hundred thousand, three hundred and seventy-five people of whose characters I do not know enough to make my opinion of any value. Of the remaining fragment of the population, my knowledge is not so perfect as I would wish. As for the whole eighty million, suppose I had to give a single thought to each person: I have n't enough cogitations to go around.

What we do is to stop the ruinous struggle of competing thoughts by recognizing a community of interests and forming a merger, under the collective term "American." Then all difficulties are minimized. Almost all our theorizing about human affairs is carried on by means of these symbols. Millions of different personalities are merged in one mental picture. We talk of a class even more readily than we talk of an individual.

This is all very well so long as we do not take these generalizations too seriously. The mistake of the Doctrinaire lies, not in classifying people, but in treating an individual as if he could belong to only one class at a time. The fact is that each one of us belongs to a thousand classes. There are a great many ways of classifying human beings, and as in the case of the construction of tribal lays, "every single one of them is right," so far as it goes. You may classify people according to race, color, previous condition of servitude, height, weight, shape of their skulls, their incomes, or their ability to write Latin verse. You may inquire whether they belong to the class that goes to church on Sunday, whether they are vaccinationists or anti-vaccinationists, whether they like Bernard Shaw, whether they are able to read a short passage from the Constitution of the United States, whether they have dyspepsia or nervous prostration or only think they have, or, if you will, you make one sweeping division between the sheep and the goats, and divide mankind according to location, as did the good

Boston lady who was accustomed to speak of those who lived out of sight of the Massachusetts State House as "New Yorkers and that kind of people."

Such divisions do no harm so long as you make enough of them. Those who are classed with the goats on one test question will turn up among the sheep when you change the subject. Your neighbor is a wild radical in theology and you look upon him as a dangerous character. Try him on the tariff and you find him conservative to a fault.

I have listened, of a Monday morning, to the essay in a ministers' meeting on the problem of the "Unchurched." The picture presented to the imagination was a painful one. In the discussion that followed, the class of the unchurched was not clearly differentiated from the other unfortunate class of the unwashed. In the evening I attended a lecture by a learned professor who, as I happened to know, was not as regular in church attendance as he should be. As I listened to him, I said to myself, "Who would have suspected that he is one of the Unchurched?"

Fortunately all the disabilities pertaining to the Unwashed and Unchurched and Uncultivated and Unvaccinated and Unskilled and Unbaptized and Unemployed, do not necessarily rest upon the same person. Usually there are palliating circumstances and compensating advantages that are to be taken into account. In a free country there is a career for all sorts of talent, and if one fails in one direction he may reach great dignity in another. I may be a mere nobody, so far as having had ancestors in the Colonial Wars is concerned, and yet I may be high up in the Knights of Pythias. A good lady who goes to the art class is able to talk of Botticelli. But she has no right to look down upon her husband as an inferior creature because he supposes that Botticelli is one of Mr. Heinz's fifty-seven kinds of pickles. He may have some things which she has not, and they may be fully as important.

The great abuse of the generalizing faculty comes in arraying class against class. Among the University Statutes of Oxford in the Middle Ages was one directed against this evil. Dire academic punishments were threatened to students who made "odious comparisons of country to country, nobility to ignobility, Faculty to Faculty." I sympathize deeply with rules against such "unhonest garbularities." It is a pity they cannot be enforced.

The mischief comes in reducing all differences to the categories of the Inferior and Superior. The fallacy of such division appears when we ask, Superior in what? Inferior in what? Anybody can be a superior person if he can only choose his ground and stick to it. That is the trick that royal personages have understood. It is etiquette for kings to lead the conversation always. One must be a very stupid person not to shine under such circumstances.

Suppose you have to give an audience to a distinguished archæologist who has spent his life in Babylonian excavations. Fifteen minutes before his arrival you take up his book and glance through it till you find an easy page that you can understand. You master page 142. Here you are secure. You pour into the astonished ear of your guest your views upon the subject. Such ripe erudition in one whose chief interests lie elsewhere seems to him almost superhuman. Your views on page 142 are so sound that he longs to continue the conversation into what had before seemed the more important matter contained on 143. But etiquette forbids. It is your royal prerogative to confine yourself to the safe precincts of page 142, and you leave it to his imagination to conceive the wisdom which might have been given to the world had it been your pleasure to expound the whole subject of archæology.

I had myself, in a very humble way, an experience of this kind. In a domestic crisis it was necessary to placate a newly arrived and apparently homesick

cook. I am unskilled in diplomacy, but it was a case where the comfort of an innocent family depended on diplomatic action. I learned that the young woman came from Prince Edward Island. Up to that moment I confess that Prince Edward Island had been a mere geographical expression. All my ideas about it were wrong, I having mixed it up with Cape Breton, which as I now know is quite different. But instantly Prince Edward Island became a matter of intense interest. Our daily bread was dependent on it. I entered my study and with atlas and encyclopedia sought to atone for the negligence of years. I learned how Prince Edward Island lay in relation to Nova Scotia, what were its principal towns, its climate, its railroad and steamboat connections, and acquired enough miscellaneous information to adorn a five-minutes personally conducted conversation. Thus freshly furnished forth, I adventured into the kitchen.

Did she take the boat from Georgetown to Pictou? She did. Is n't it too bad that the strait is sometimes frozen over in winter? It is. Some people come across on ice boats from Cape Traverse; that must be exciting and rather cold. She thought so too. Did she come from Charlottetown? No. Out Tignish way? Yes; half way from Charlottetown to Tignish. Queen's County? Good apple country? Yes, she never saw such good apples as they raise in Queen's County. When I volunteered the opinion that the weather on Prince Edward is fine, but changeable, I was received on the footing of an old inhabitant.

I did not find it necessary to go to the limits of my knowledge. I had still several reserve facts, classified in the Encyclopedia under the heads, Geology, Administration, and Finance. I had established my position as a superior person with an intuitive knowledge of Prince Edward Island. If the Encyclopedia itself had walked into the kitchen arm in arm with the Classical Dictionary, she

could not have been more impressed. At least, that is the way I like to think she felt. It is the way I feel under similar circumstances.

One watches the Superior Person leading a conversation with the admiration due to Browning's Hervé Riel, when, As its inch of way were the wide sea's profound,

he steered the ship in the narrow channel. It is well, however, for one who undertakes such feats to make sure that he really has an inch of way; it is none too much.

In these days it is so easy for one to get a supply of ready-made knowledge that it is hard to keep from applying it indiscriminately. We make incursions into our neighbor's affairs and straighten them out with a ruthless righteousness which is very disconcerting to him, especially when he has never had the pleasure of our acquaintance till we came to set him right. There is a certain modesty of conscience which would perhaps be more becoming. It comes only with the realization of practical difficulties. I like the remark of Sir Fulke Greville in his account of his friend, Sir Philip Sidney: "Since my declining age it is true I had for some years more leisure to discover their imperfections than care and industry to mend them, finding in myself what all men complain of: that it is more easy to find fault, excuse, or tolerate, than to examine or reform."

The idea that we know what a person ought to do and especially what he ought not to do, before we know the person or how he is situated, is one dear to the mind of the Doctrinaire. If his mind did n't naturally work that way he would n't be a Doctrinaire. He is always inclined to put duty before the pleasure of finding out what it is all about. In this way, he becomes overstocked with a lot of unrelated duties for which there is no home consumption, and which he endeavors to dump on the foreign market. This makes him unpopular.

I am not one of those who insist that

everybody should mind his own business; that is too harsh a doctrine. One of the rights and privileges of a good neighbor is to give neighborly advice. But there is a corresponding right on the part of the advisee, and that is to take no more of the advice than he thinks is good for him. There is one thing that a man knows about his own business better than any outsider, and that is how hard it is for him to do it. The adviser is always telling him how to do it in the finest possible way, while he, poor fellow, knows that the paramount issue is whether he can do it at all. It requires some grace on the part of a person who is doing the best he can under extremely difficult circumstances to accept cheerfully the remarks of the intelligent critic.

Persons who write about the wild animals they have known are likely to be contradicted by persons who have been acquainted with other wild animals, or with the same wild animals under other circumstances. How much more difficult is it to give a correct and exhaustive account of that wonderfully complex creature, man.

One whose business requires him to meet large numbers of persons who are all in the same predicament, is in danger of generalizing from a too narrow experience. The teacher, the charity-worker, the preacher, the physician, the man of business, each has his method of professional classification. Each is tempted to forget that he is not in a position from which he can survey human nature in its entirety. He sees only one phase endlessly repeated. The dentist, for example, has special advantages for character-study, but he should remember that the least heroic of his patients has moments when he is more blithe and debonair than he has ever seen him.

It takes an unusually philosophical mind to make the necessary allowances for its own limitations. If you were to earn your daily bread at the Brooklyn Bridge, and your sole duty was to exhort your fellow men to "step lively," you

would doubtless soon come to divide mankind into three classes, namely, those who step lively, those who do not step lively, and those who step too lively. If Aristotle himself were to cross the bridge, you would see nothing in the Peripatetic Philosopher but a reprehensible lack of agility.

At the railway terminus there is an office which bears the inscription, "Lost Articles." In the midst of the busy traffic it stands as a perpetual denial of the utilitarian theory that all men are governed by enlightened self-interest. A very considerable proportion of the traveling public can be trusted regularly to forget its portable property.

The gentleman who presides over the lost articles has had long experience as an alienist. He is skeptical as to the reality of what is called mind. So far as his clients are concerned, it is notable for its absence. To be confronted day after day by the absent-minded, and to listen to their monotonous tale of woe, is disenchanting. It is difficult to observe all the amenities of life when one is dealing with the defective and delinquent classes.

When first I inquired at the Lost Article window, I was received as a man and brother. There was even an attempt to show the respect due to one who may have seen better days. I had the feeling that both myself and my lost article were receiving individual attention. I left without any sense of humiliation. But the third time I appeared I was conscious of a change in the atmosphere. A single glance at the Restorer of Lost Articles showed me that I was no longer in his eyes a citizen who was in temporary misfortune. I was classified. He recognized me as a rounder. "There he is again," he said to himself. "Last time it was at Rockingham Junction, this time it is probably on the Saugus Branch; but it is the same old story, and the same old umbrella."

What hurt my feelings was that nothing I could say would do any good. It would not help matters to explain that losing

articles was not my steady occupation, and that I had other interests in life. He would only wearily note the fact as another indication of my condition. "That's the way they all talk. These defectives can never be made to see their conduct in its true light. They always explain their misfortunes by pretending that their thoughts were on higher things."

The Doctrinaire when he gets hold of a good thing never lets up on it. His favorite idea is produced on all occasions. It may be excellent in its way, but he sings its praises till we turn against it as we used to do in the Fourth Reader Class, when we all with one accord turned against "Teacher's Pet." Teacher's Pet might be dowered with all the virtues, but we of the commonalty would have none of them. We chose to scoff at an excellence that insulted us.

The King in *Hamlet* remarked, —

"There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too-much."

The Doctrinaire can never realize the fatal nature of the "too-much." If a little does good, he is sure that more will do better. He will not allow of any abatements or alleviations; we must, if we are to keep on good terms with him, be doing the whole duty of man all the time. He will take our own most cherished principles and turn them against us in such an offensive manner that we forget that they are ours. He argues on the right side with such uncompromising energy that we have to take the wrong side to maintain our self-respect.

If there is one thing I believe in, it is fresh air. I like to keep my window open at night, or, better still, to sleep under the stars. And I was glad to learn from the doctors that this is good for us. But the other day I started on a railway journey with premonitory signs of catching cold. An icy blast blew upon me. I closed the car window. A lady instantly opened it. I looked to see what manner of person she

was. Was she one who could be touched by an illogical appeal? or was she wholly devoted to a cause?

It needed but a glance to assure me that she was a Doctrinaire, and capable only of seeing the large public side of the question. What would it avail for me to say, "Madam, I am catching cold, may I close the window?"

"Apostate man!" she would reply, "did I not hear you on the platform of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association plead for free and unlimited ventilation without waiting for the consent of other nations? Did you not appear as one who stood four square 'gainst every wind that blows, and asked for more? And now, just because you are personally inconvenienced, you prove recreant to the Cause. Do you know how many cubic feet of fresh air are necessary to this car?"

I could only answer feebly, "When it comes to cubic feet I am perfectly sound. I wish there were more of them. What troubles me is only a trifling matter of two linear inches on the back of my neck. Your general principle, Madam, is admirable. I merely plead for a slight relaxation of the rule. I ask only for a mere pittance of warmed-over air."

Perhaps the most discouraging thing about the Doctrinaire is that while he insists upon a high ideal, he is intolerant of the somewhat tedious ways and means by which the ideal is to be reached. With his eye fixed on the Perfect, he makes no allowance for the imperfectness of those who are struggling toward it. There is a pleasant passage in Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* in which I find great comfort: "That which the Gospel of Christ requireth is the perpetuity of virtuous duties, not the perpetuity of exercise or action, but disposition perpetual, and practise as often as times and opportunities require. Just, valiant, liberal, temperate and holy men, are they which *can* whensoever they will, and will whensoever they *ought*, execute whatever their several perfections impart. If virtues did

always cease when they cease to work, there would be nothing more pernicious to virtue than sleep."

The judicious Hooker was never more judicious than in making this observation. It is a great relief to be assured that in this world, where there are such incessant calls upon the moral nature, it is possible to be a just, valiant, liberal, temperate, and holy man, and yet get a good night's sleep.

But your Doctrinaire will not have it so. His hero retains his position only during good behavior, which means behaving all the time in an obviously heroic manner. It is not enough that he should be to "true occasion true," he must make occasions to show himself off.

Now it happens that in the actual world it is not possible for the best of men to satisfy all the demands of their fidgety followers. In the picture of the battle between St. George and the dragon, the attitude of St. George is all that could be desired. There is an easy grace in the way in which he deals with the dragon that is greatly to his credit. There is a mingling of knightly pride and Christian resignation over his own inevitable victory, that is charming.

St. George was fortunate in the moment when he had his picture taken. He had the dragon just where he wanted him. But it is to be feared that if some one had followed him with a kodak, some of the snap-shots might have been less satisfactory. Let us suppose a moment when the dragon

Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

It is a way that dragons have when they are excited. And what if at that moment St. George dodged? Would you criticise him harshly for such an action? Would it not be better to take into consideration the fact that under such circumstances his first duty might not be to be statuesque?

When in the stern conflict we have found a champion, I think we owe him some little encouragement. When he is doing the best he can in a very difficult

situation, we ought not to blame him because he does not act as he would if there were no difficulties at all. "Life," said Marcus Aurelius, "is more like wrestling than dancing." When we get that point of view we may see that some attitudes that are not graceful may be quite effective. It is a fine thing to say

Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare to stand alone,
Dare to have a purpose true
And dare to make it known.

But if I had been a Daniel, and as the result of my independent action had been cast into the den of lions, I should feel as if I had done enough in the way of heroism for one day, and I should let other people take their turn. If I found the lions inclined to be amiable, I should encourage them in it. I should say, "I beg your pardon. I do not mean to intrude. If it's the time for your afternoon nap, don't pay any attention to me. After the excitement that I've had where I came from, I should like nothing better than to sit down by myself in the shade and have a nice quiet day of it."

And if the lions were agreeable, I should be glad. I should hate to have at this moment a bland Doctrinaire look down and say, "That was a great thing you did up there, Daniel. People are wondering whether you can keep it up. Your friends are getting a mite impatient. They expected to hear by this time that there was something doing down there. Stir 'em up, Daniel! Stir 'em up!"

Perhaps at this point some fair-minded reader may say, "Is there not something to be said in favor of the Doctrinaire? Is he not, after all, a very useful character? How could any great reform be pushed through without his assistance?"

Yes, dear reader, a great deal may be said in his favor. He is often very useful. So is a snow-plough, in mid-winter, although I prefer a more flexible implement when it comes to cultivating my early peas.

There is something worse than to be a

Doctrinaire who pursues an ideal without regard to practical consideration; it is worse to be a Philistine so immersed in practical considerations that he does not know an ideal when he sees it. If the choice were between these two I should say, "Keep on being a Doctrinaire. You have chosen the better part." But fortunately there is a still more excellent way. It is possible to be a practical idealist pursuing the ideal with full regard for practical considerations. There is some-

thing better than the conscience that moves with undeviating rectitude through a moral vacuum. It is the conscience that is "to true occasion true." It is a moral force operating continuously on the infinitely diversified materials of human life. It feels its way onward. It takes advantage of every incident, with a noble opportunism. It is the conscience that belongs to the patient, keen-witted, open-minded, cheery "men of good will," who are doing the hard work of the world.

MRS. DIXON'S CULTURE COURSE

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

MISS RUTH HUTTON, editor of *The Woman's Friend*, surveyed the card with the strong disfavor which an untimely interruption awakens in an exceedingly busy person. Wholly unawed by this atmosphere of disapproval, Tim, her small office-boy, stood awaiting her decision, gazing noncommittally into space the while.

"Go 'n ter see 'er?" he finally inquired, when the silence and inaction seemed to call for a dispassionate jog. "She says 't ain't business; it's only personal. I'd see 'er," he added helpfully. "I would!"

Advice from Tim was unusual, but Miss Hutton was too absorbed to notice this surprising departure from his wonted professional indifference. She looked sadly at the pile of manuscripts on her desk, then through the windows at the heavy rain which had held out such false promise of a long day of uninterrupted reading, glanced at the card once more, and let her gaze return to her newly constituted advisory counsel.

"I suppose I'll have to," she conceded, reluctantly, "since she has come in this downpour. Tell her I'm very busy; but that I can give her a few minutes."

He was gone before she had finished, and Miss Hutton returned to her manuscripts with the grim determination to make use of every odd moment the fates accorded. She had hardly come to the end of a paragraph, however, before the boy was back, and close behind him was a little figure, so quaint, so unexpected, and withal so appealing, that Miss Hutton's eyes brightened as she rose to greet it. Even Tim showed an appreciation of the unusual quality of the caller, to which he testified by offering her a chair — a courtesy which no amount of training had made habitual with him. Then he lingeringly departed, with several backward glances.

That the visitor was shy, badly dressed, and awkward in her carriage, were the editor's first impressions. But her face was so striking, so exquisite, that it won the other's interest before a word had been spoken. She was clad in black, so recently donned that she might have put it on for the first time just before entering. The black veil she pushed back from her forehead was covered with large, round, shiny spots. Her black gloves were new, and the unfilled kid tips drooped accusingly at the ends of

her fingers. Her black gown testified too eloquently to the provincial hands that had made it. As its wearer deprecatingly seated herself, after a hesitating little bow, Miss Hutton observed that her narrow shoulders were bent forward, as if many burdens, borne for years, had rounded them. Her thin, soft hair was almost white.

As she took in these details with the quick appraisal natural to her profession, Miss Hutton's glance rested again with interested wonder on her caller's face. It was too worn, too old, too deeply-lined to be beautiful, as it had evidently once been. But its expression and withered charm largely redeemed the bad taste of the woman's garments, the lack of grace in her carriage, even the *gaucherie* of her address.

"You are the editor, ain't you?" The voice of the caller was the voice of the far West, branded, as it were, with that section's rolling r's. "I got to be sure before I say another word, for my business is private."

She looked into Miss Hutton's eyes as she spoke, with a wistful, childlike appeal that, clashing as it did with her evident force of character and usual independence, touched the editor oddly. She herself was but thirty; her visitor seemed fifty, at least. Yet the younger woman was dimly conscious of a flattering trust and dependence in the other's attitude toward her, offered not through personal humility, but as a tribute to her work, her experience, and her standing in her profession. The caller's next words confirmed this impression.

"I am one of them 'constant readers' your magazine talks about," she continued, ingratiatingly. "I'm Mrs. Joel Dixon. I've read your stories, too — lots of 'em, an'" (this last with uncompromising directness) "I like some of 'em! I seen in your magazine how many women write to you for advice, and what good advice you give 'em; so when my turn come an' I had to have advice, I come straight to you. I said to

myself, 'She knows, 'n' she 'll help me. I'd ruther go to her than to anybody else.' So here I am."

Miss Hutton was touched.

"Thank you. I hope I can help," she said, gently. "You may be sure I will try."

The black-gloved hand of her visitor dropped on her own for a moment in quick recognition of the promise, and was then withdrawn shyly, in sudden, acute self-consciousness.

"I knew you would," she said quietly, but with a sort of proud delight. "An' I knew you 'd look jest like you do, from your stories. I come three thousand miles to talk to you, an' it's goin' to be worth while."

Miss Hutton experienced a sudden disheartening sense of responsibility.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, trying to pass the matter off lightly; "*that* sounds rather serious. I hope I'll be up to it. But if I'm not, I can at least tell you who is, I think."

The other woman nodded.

"That's it," she corroborated. "I don't want nothing from you except advice. I want you to tell me who to go to an' what to do, an' that's all. I'm a woman that don't know a thing. I got to know everything, an' I got to know it quick. How 'll I begin?"

Miss Hutton's sense of responsibility deepened, while her interest increased. Moreover, though it seemed heresy to doubt those eyes, that maternal face, she was not yet wholly certain of her caller's sincerity. She leaned back in her chair and regarded the speaker searchingly and in silence, while the latter looked at her eagerly, expectantly, like a hopeful child waiting to enter a pleasant garden whose key was in the hand of a kindly custodian. It was a full minute before Miss Hutton spoke. Then she said sympathetically, —

"Do you mind telling me a little more — going somewhat into detail? I'm afraid I don't grasp the situation fully, and I can't advise you until I do."

The visitor's vivid eyes brightened. She leaned forward eagerly, brushing aside the manuscripts on the desk to make place for her thin elbows, and resting her chin on her hands. Then she began to speak rapidly, looking straight before her into space. It was as if she was saying something she had rehearsed many times. Possibly she was.

"That's just what I want t' do," she cried urgently — "tell you everything. That's what I come for. I could n't write it all in letters. It's just this way. We was poor, me an' my husband, an' now we're rich. That don't count for much, I know. Riches makes their own excuses for mistakes; 'nd then we've lived in little places, too, so nothin' mattered. But my husband went into politics, an' now we're comin' to Washington in November to live there. That's different. There's style there. I got to make myself all over, an' I ain't got but seven months to do it in. I can't afford to lose a minute. What must I do? 'Nd how do I begin?"

Miss Hutton smiled with some amused relief. After all, it was not a tragedy, as she had feared, but a not uncommon American condition, which many American women have faced with varying degrees of victory. When she spoke her voice showed her alleviated mood. It had something of the cajoling quality one uses to quiet an impatient child.

"You must n't hope to do it all at once, of course," she said, with a little shake of the head. "It can be done, but it's not an affair of weeks, or months. You can make a good start —"

But Mrs. Joel Dixon had dropped her arms on the desk and had thrust forward a face transfigured by excitement.

"I tell you, *I got to*," she cried, hoarsely. "*Now*. In seven months. That's what I come to you for. Don't I know I could read an' study an' work if I had years to do it in? It's got to be done before November. Everything depends on it." She stopped, gulped, and ended desperately, throwing her cards on the

table, as it were. "My home depends on it. My — my husband depends on it. He's gettin' ashamed of me. I got to keep up with him. I *got* to have culture!"

Miss Hutton sat up and stared at her. "You mean —" She hesitated.

The other woman nodded. Then suddenly, uncontrollably, she began to cry. She was too proud to hide her face. For a moment the big drops rolled down her cheeks, as she fumbled vaguely in her pocket for her handkerchief.

"I'm ashamed of myself," she sobbed at last. "I don't often make a fool of myself like this. But he thinks I don't know nothing. He thinks I ain't educated. An' I ain't — that's the truth. And he says I ain't got manners for society — an' that's true, too. He's read about women that makes mistakes an' gets laughed at, an' hurts their husbands. He says men get along somehow, but women makes the trouble. He thinks I ought 'a stay home. But I can't. We ain't got no children an' I'd — I'd die away from Joe. Besides, — well — there's a woman in Washington he knows —"

She had found her handkerchief, and now sobbed into it. Miss Hutton felt sick at heart. It *was* a tragedy, after all, and something in the nature of a miracle must be worked to save the happiness of this woman. It was not necessary to ask any more questions. She had the whole story, told and untold, and she looked with a grotesque awe into the heart that held just Joel Dixon. No other thing, or person, in all this wide, selfish world. She thought with great concentration.

"How much money have you?" she asked abruptly. "I mean, how much of your own, to spend on this experiment?"

Mrs. Joel Dixon gave her eyes a conclusive dab with her handkerchief.

"He give me five thousand dollars when I come," she replied, "an' said to get clo's, an' send for more if I wanted it. He says I can go to Yurup if I want to."

"He does n't know what you are after? what you wish to get in other directions?"

"No, he don't. I'll get what I want first. Then I'll tell him."

"Can you stay in New York all the time, from now until November? And work every minute?"

Mrs. Dixon's wet eyes began to shine again.

"I can," she remarked with quiet fierceness. "I expect to."

Miss Hutton sat up and drew her papers together with an air of swift decision.

"Then you shall begin," she said. "I'll turn you over to a corps of dress-makers, beauty specialists, masseurs, educators, and etiquette authorities that would make Mr. Dixon's head swim if he knew of them. I won't promise that all worldly wisdom will have been taken up by you at the end of seven months, but I give you my word that you will be so transformed in dress, manner, carriage, and general information, that Mr. Dixon will never get by that to anything else. Tim, bring me the telephone book."

Mrs. Joel Dixon drew a deep breath.

"I knew you would," she cried, elatedly. "I knew you could do *anything!*"

Miss Hutton laughed.

"I'm not going to do it," she said cheerfully. "You are. And you'll find it's not so easy. You will get discouraged very often, but you must stand to your guns. You've two things to keep you at it. Your husband and that Washington woman. You must n't give up."

Mrs. Dixon's lips set in a straight line.

"I'll keep at it, fast enough," she remarked poignantly. "But I dunno what I can ever do to pay you back," she added.

Miss Hutton turned in her office-chair and regarded her.

"You can never do anything to pay me back," she said, coolly and crisply. "That must be distinctly understood. This is not a financial arrangement. I'll do my best because I'm interested and want to see you win; and because, as you say, you are one of our 'constant readers.' All I have to do is to put you

into the hands of the right people, and make bargains which will prevent them from robbing you. For the rest," — she smiled as a sudden thought struck her, — "if you want to do something for me you may ask me to dinner the first evening Mr. Dixon spends with you here in New York. I would like to see him trying to live up to you!"

The following weeks were weeks of such feverish activity in the life of Mrs. Joel Dixon that she confided to Miss Hutton, at moments, as she made her way through the complicated maze of society ways and manners, her conviction that she and her mundane aspirations would soon find rest in an uncritical grave in her native state.

On the whole, however, she remained fairly cheerful and undaunted, — a condition which testified eloquently to the strength of her nervous system and the intrepidity of her soul. She was in the hands of six specialists, each unaware of her identity, each believing that only a social bee was buzzing in her plain little bonnet, and each pleasantly convinced that in her own individual efforts lay eventual success or failure. She was comfortably but unostentatiously established in an apartment in a small uptown family hotel; and here Miss Hutton, whose interest in her deepened as time passed, dropped in once or twice a week, to put her through her paces, and to offer congratulations, sympathy, or support, as her action and form demanded. To this first friend, still her only disinterested one, Mrs. Dixon clung with a devotion and dependence that contrasted oddly with the grim determination with which she met all the other interests of her temporarily complicated life. To Miss Hutton, too, she still brought all her problems, and it amused and touched that astute young person to discover that her lightest word on any subject carried more weight with her protégée than the combined decisions of all her teachers. "Teachers," Mrs. Dixon called them indiscriminately, whether their instruction

had to do with the elemental rules of English grammar, as in the case of Miss Virginia Jefferson, or the correct placing of a new puff on a head which was rapidly becoming a model example of the coiffeur's art. Sometimes her questions, like those of a child, were not easy to answer. Once, when Miss Hutton had come upon her unexpectedly in a Fifth Avenue manicure establishment, she broached one of these.

"I went to Sherry's yesterday for afternoon tea," she confided, as she lent her hands to the manicure's efforts and her ears to Miss Jefferson's possible pounce upon a malapropism. Miss Jefferson was a nice girl, whose task was to be with Mrs. Dixon night and day, listening to her grammar with the interested attention of one whose livelihood depended upon detecting and correcting its lapses. It may be added that Miss Jefferson's occupation was somewhat strenuous.

"Mrs. Dean took me," continued the victim, "and I seen —"

"Saw!" said Miss Jefferson, who seemed prepared for this lapse.

"Saw," repeated Mrs. Dixon thoughtfully. "I saw lots of the women put their elbows on the tables. Why were they doin' that? Mrs. Dean won't let me do it, and I ain't —"

"Have n't," from Miss Jefferson.

"Have n't had 'em on for weeks. But if it was wrong like she says —"

"As she said."

"As she said" (a trifle emphatically), "why was —"

"Were, were."

"Were, were they doin' it?"

Miss Hutton explained feebly that possibly the assemblage represented those unfortunates not favored with knowledge of Mrs. Dean's high standards, but here she was promptly set right. Through frequent attendance at concerts, theatres, and tea-rooms, in the care of Miss Jefferson or the indefatigable Mrs. Dean, who had her social graces under cultivation, their victim had learned to know by sight

many of society's prominent belles and matrons.

"Mrs. Mayo talked so loud at the theatre last night," Mrs. Dixon resumed, "that the folks in her box could n't hear the play. The folks in the next box was just as bad. Now, Mrs. Dean don't let me say a word except between the acts. An' mighty few then — she's so busy talking herself. Miss Eva Twombly had her knees crossed all through the Symphony Concert last Saturday, an' she swung her foot the hull time, for I watched. If I crossed my knees and swung my feet in public any more, I guess Mrs. Dean would drop dead. What do you s'pose she'd say?"

Miss Hutton endeavored to rise to the occasion, though without enthusiasm.

"I suppose she'd say," she hazarded frankly, "that you had n't yet reached the point where you can do anything you please, and that those other women have."

Miss Jefferson, who was hovering about her victim with an interest almost painfully acute, came to Miss Hutton's assistance.

"It really does n't do to use one's manners all at once," she contributed. "Why," she went on reflectively, "when I graduated at the convent I had the most perfect manners of any girl in my set, but I had to drop most of them the first year. They embarrassed people too much."

Mrs. Joel Dixon looked dazed, as well she might.

"Wh — why did they?" she stammered.

Miss Jefferson explained.

"Nobody else had any, you see," she observed affably, "and the contrast worried them. They felt that they had to live up to me, and I could see it was a strain. So I came down to them, and we were all more comfortable."

She strolled away to pay the bill after this oracular utterance, leaving Mrs. Dixon in a mental fog which Miss Hutton did not attempt to dissipate. She did her best, however, to respond to the

look of grieved inquiry in her protégée's eyes.

"Why do I have to learn things, then, if no one does 'em?" Mrs. Dixon inquired trenchantly, and with considerable point.

"Do exactly as Mrs. Dean tells you," Miss Hutton advised, sympathetically. "Then you will be prepared for any occasion and — er — later, you can use your own judgment as to whether you will use your manners every day, or put them away in camphor balls occasionally, like the rest."

She was glad to be interrupted here by the cheerful shrieks of two young buds, who, seated at opposite ends of the room, were carrying on a private conversation regardless of this handicap. She observed, however, that though Mrs. Dixon lent herself politely to a change of topic, the thoughtful expression did not materially lift from her brow.

As the weeks passed, it became plain that, however confused her mental processes might be, Mrs. Dixon was making astonishing progress. Her new dressmaker had done all that was expected of her, and the physical-culture instructor had so ably supplemented her efforts that Mrs. Dixon not only had beautiful clothes, but had learned how to wear them. Miss Hutton hardly recognized in the slender, exquisitely gowned and coiffured woman who called at her office one day in May, the pathetic little pilgrim of two months before. As usual, Mrs. Dixon had her problem. One whose destiny lies temporarily in the hands of specialists is frequently pained by marked differences of opinion among these ultimate arbiters. In Mrs. Dixon's case these differences concerned many things.

"You see," she explained to Miss Hutton after greetings had been exchanged, "Mrs. Dean an' Mrs. Harwood are mixin' me all up. Mrs. Dean told me I mus' read *Alice-for-Short* this week, so 's I could converse about it, an' Mrs. Harwood said I must read *The Care of the Teeth*, so I'd learn how to take better

care of what I got left. I ain't got time for both, so I'm readin' *The Teeth* because that 's really important, as Mrs. Harwood says; an' Mrs. Dean was so hurt I thought she was goin' to leave. Now, which was the one to read?"

Miss Hutton hesitated, then effected a masterly compromise.

"I'd read some of each, if I were you," she advised, "and finish them next week. For purposes of conversation it's really better to be half through a novel. That gives the person you are talking to a glorious chance to tell you all the rest and spoil the plot."

Mrs. Dixon brooded darkly over this.

"An' how 'm I goin' to know," she demanded gloomily, "when you folks are serious and when you ain't? Of course," she added quickly, "I can tell when you laff; but when you say things that sound queer and *don't* laff, how can I tell?"

Miss Hutton dodged this esoteric problem.

"What else are you doing?" she asked with interest. "How do you divide your days to get into them all you have to do?"

Her protégée reflected. Seated in her high-backed chair and holding herself with dignity and erectness, her bent shoulders straightened, her head well up, her complexion clear, her wrinkles disappearing, her gown the work of the clever hands of Fifth Avenue's most audacious filcher of Parisian ideas for her "confections," her lavender hat breathing of the Rue de la Paix, she was transformed and she knew it. The consciousness gave her a new dignity and self-possession, quaint but pleasing.

"Mrs. Dean has me read a leadin' New York newspaper every morning," she began thoughtfully, "so I do that in bed after my bath, an' while I'm havin' breakfast. Then Mrs. Dean comes an' we talk over the news an' happenens. She certainly does tell me th' most interestin' things about society an' whut 's goin' on. It's a noo world. Then the massoose comes an' the manicure, an' the hair-

dresser, an' when they 're gone it's dinner-time — I mean luncheon. After lunch I take a nap to gain flesh. Mrs. Harwood says I got to gain fifteen pounds to make my figger right. Then we go for a drive in the Park an' look at the other women. Of course Miss Jefferson is with me the hull time, an' whenever I open my mouth she just about jumps down it, correctin' my mistakes."

Mrs. Dixon paused and sighed heavily. It was plain that in Miss Jefferson and her efforts were combined the severest ordeal and the slowest progress of the experience. Miss Hutton's silence was sympathetic.

"That's *very* important, you know," she remarked at last.

Mrs. Dixon's bright eyes flashed.

"Well, I *guess* I know it," she corroborated. "You don't think I'd stand it a minute if 't wan't important. But I do stand it. I got to." Her voice fell into silence, and her eyes took on a far-away look. "I *got* to have culture," she then said, with bitter doggedness.

Miss Hutton hastened to divert her mind from a too trying sense of responsibility.

"When do you read?" she asked.

With another sigh Mrs. Joel Dixon took up the chronicle of the daily routine of a strenuous life.

"When we get back from our drive," she resumed dully, "I read till five o'clock with Mrs. Dean. She comes again then, an' she stays till after dinner. She gives me my lessons then, on the Elements."

Miss Hutton looked puzzled.

"The Elements?" she queried, knitting her brows.

"The Elements, yes — the Elements of Knowledge, Mrs. Dean calls 'em. Who are our best authors, an' what have they written, an' bridge, an' our fav'rite composers, an' Wagner, an' the modern drama, an' does it mean anything. We talk about them all through supper — dinner I mean, when she ain't telling me which fork an' how to keep my shoulders

up, an' not to forget my napkin, an' to eat slow as if I was n't hungry. Then at night we go to see a play, or hear a concert or something. I certainly would enjoy that if the woman would leave me alone to listen to the music an' — an' — think of home."

The cheery voice faltered a little, and Mrs. Dixon's eyes dropped under the other's quick look of inquiry. Then she rushed on rapidly. "But she don't. It's 'Strauss wrote' this, and 'Wagner wrote' that, an' 'pronounce Debussy again,' till I'm just about sick."

Miss Hutton regarded her with reproachful eyes.

"I believe you're weakening," she cried, subtly. "I believe you're getting ready to throw it all up. Is that what you came to say?"

With a supreme effort, the little woman pulled herself together.

"No, it ain't," she said, bringing her teeth together with a decisive click. "It ain't nothin' of the sort. I just come to have the satisfaction of speakin' right out plain to some one for once, without getting stopped an' corrected. I just want to say that I'm so sick of that parcel of women up to my rooms that I have horrid dreams about 'em at night. I feel better now since I've said it. But I ain't goin' to give up, now nor never. I'm agoin' to do what I started to do, if it kills me."

Miss Hutton applauded this Spartan standpoint. "And really you like some of it; you know you do," she reminded her caller, with vivacious sympathy. "The drives, the theatres, the music, the new life, the excitement — it's all worth while. And think of how you are improving. For you are."

Mrs. Joel Dixon leaned forward and looked searchingly into the eyes which sustained this arraignment without a flicker.

"Am I?" she asked, almost under her breath, as if afraid to pronounce the words. "Honest, now? That's what I *really* come to ask. *Am* I? I know you'd

tell me the truth. I know I *know* more, but *does it show*? That's what I want to know. Have I got any culture? Do I act as if I had?"

Miss Hutton gave her back a look as straight as her own.

"Mrs. Dixon," she said steadily, "I have just told you that you have improved tremendously. In looks, in dress, in carriage, you are a very different woman, and it has all been done in less than three months. The other things, — the reading, the general knowledge, take more time. People spend their lives acquiring culture. You must not be too impatient. I told you that in the beginning."

Mrs. Dixon rose, droopingly, and then, in quick remembrance, straightened her slender shoulders and lifted her head high. Until she spoke she had quite the air of a well-set-up woman of the world.

"Well," she said lingeringly, "I guess I'll go home now an' take my physical culture exercises. I forgot 'em this morning. And it's real good of you to take so much int'rest."

Then, with a sudden complete change of manner and tone, she raised her hand in languid farewell greeting. "Good-by," she drawled. "Thanks so much. Such a nice chat;" and with a swish of silk petticoats she was gone, leaving Miss Hutton gasping. The thing was a trifle exaggerated, and the twinkle in Mrs. Dixon's brilliant bird-like eyes, which she could not quite control, showed that she knew it was. But it was Mrs. Dean to the life, the superior and elegant Mrs. Dean, as all her friends knew her.

Another month brought another crisis in Mrs. Dixon's life. Mrs. Dean was to take her to a dinner — a small but elegant affair, given by a family lingering late in town and sufficiently devoted to Mrs. Dean to give her "pupil" an evening, a meal, and an object lesson. In high excitement Mrs. Dixon sought Miss Hutton on the eve of this festivity. As to clothes and conduct she had been sufficiently, almost exhaustively, coached by

Mrs. Dean, who was also, of course, to grace the festive board. It was a more difficult problem she had for Miss Hutton's solution. Her speech, in the interval, had acquired that improvement which is indicated by instantaneous correction of errors.

"When I meet 'em — them," she asked pathetically, "shall I act as if I knew everything and then let 'em — them find out I don't, or shall I *tell* 'em — them I don't, and let 'em — them get over it?"

"Don't say a word that you don't have to say," cautioned Miss Hutton candidly. "Act your best, listen intelligently, talk very little, and don't speak at all unless you are sure of what you say. Fill in the pauses with smiles. Your smile is charming."

Mrs. Dixon walked over to the office mirror, grinned into it, and regarded the result with unlifted gloom.

"Mrs. Dean knows the men I'm going to set — sit between," she remarked drearily, when she returned to her friend after this grotesque moment of self-communion. "One of 'em — them is western. We can talk about home. He's a mining man, an' I guess I ain't — have not listened to Joe Dixon talking mines at every meal I've et — eaten for twenty-five years without learning something about mines, too. Him an' me — he and I will get on all right. But the other man is a nauthor, an' why they put him next to me," ended Mrs. Dixon with a wail, "I'm sure I dunno — I can't guess."

It was plain that she was in a panic over the prospect of her first formal dinner "in society," but Miss Hutton finally succeeded in soothing her agitation.

"They's — there's to be music right after dinner," she remarked at last, cheering perceptibly at the thought, "so we won't have to talk none — any then."

Miss Hutton sailed for Europe ten days later, not, however, without having learned that the little dinner was a success and that already there was talk of another, at which Mrs. Dixon herself was

to preside as hostess. Such rapid and dashing plunges into the social maelstrom seemed hardly wise, but she realized that time was limited, and that Mrs. Dixon was undoubtedly pressing matters forward with characteristic impatience. She was gone three months, and when she returned, her first caller, quite appropriately, was Mrs. Joel Dixon. She was superbly gowned, and she swept into the office with an easy grace and an assurance which made Miss Hutton open her eyes. Then she looked at her caller's face and they widened still more, for it was radiant, glowing, blushing, ecstatic, love-lit — the face of a girl-bride. Close behind her slender figure, with eyes in which astonished admiration was still the principal element, loomed a huge, ungainly masculine bulk, with a certain rugged strength in the massive head and square jaw, but loose-jointed, rather awkward, and wholly ill at ease. With a little delighted gurgle and flutter Mrs. Dixon ushered this half-Caliban into the office.

"Oh, Miss Hutton," she exclaimed, "this is my husband. This is Joel — Mr. Dixon. I want you to meet him, and there's only to-day, because we're going back West to-night. And oh, Miss Hutton," — this last in a rapt staccato of rapture, of gratitude, — "we've lost all our money. We're *poor* again. We don't *have* to live in Washington. We don't *have* to go into society. *We're going back home!*"

So might those last four words be

spoken by the exile from Italy after a lifetime in the desert; nay, even so by the Christian seeing the peace of the Eternal City before him at the end of life's long wait. Unexpected, unbidden, the tears rushed to Miss Hutton's eyes. Still full, they turned toward Mr. Dixon. Slowly he nodded as he shook hands, and then, as if feeling that the situation demanded something more from him, he said quietly, —

"We got to begin all over. Takes it well, don't she? That's pluck."

Miss Hutton shook her head.

"I should call it by a bigger name," she answered softly.

Mr. Dixon regarded his wife, the look of dazed wonder and admiration deepening in his eyes. It was plain that he found it difficult to keep them off her.

"It's pretty tough," he said slowly, "after her developing this way, to have to take it all out home and bury it. Tough, I call it," he repeated, with much firmness. "She ought to shine in society."

His wife, who had been regarding him adoringly, spoke up at this.

"Joel Dixon," she said crisply, "any shining I'd have done anywhere would have been for you. I guess it won't be lost on you, if it's all done now in our own home; will it? That," she added shyly, "is the way *I'd* rather have it."

Her look and her bearing as she spoke were things she had not learned from Mrs. Dean — but that lady might have been proud to claim them.

THE COLLEGE OF DISCIPLINE AND THE COLLEGE OF FREEDOM

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

THE college, as distinguished from the university, is America's most distinctive educational institution. It is unusual in educational organization in the fact that it receives young men at an age when in most countries professional training is almost in sight, and for four years retains them in a school which confessedly does not train for a profession or for a specific calling, but aims at the general development of character and intellect. The German youth enters the university on the average only one year older than the American boy of to-day enters the college.

Until thirty years ago, the college was not only our most distinctive school of learning, but it was the crown of our educational organization. Professional schools of law and medicine and theology existed, but in most cases independently of the college, and were not articulated with it even when controlled by the college board of trustees. The college was the school which stood for scholarly ideals and methods.

A great change has come in three decades. With the establishment of the Johns Hopkins University, the growth of the state universities, and the increasing influence in education of Americans who had enjoyed European study, the university idea was transplanted to America. It has shown in three decades an extraordinary growth, measured by the number of universities and the facilities for study and research. One of the most significant results is the influence of the university idea upon the American college, and the growing need for a more consistent educational organization which shall coördinate secondary school, college, and university. Sir W. H. Preece, in a recent address before the Royal Society of Arts,

says, "In America a national coördinated system will be evolved which will make the United States the best secularly educated country in the world, and its educational policy thoroughly organized." I believe that these hopeful words are likely to come true, but it is evident that, before that time, much must be done to clarify the present educational confusion. This is the educational problem of the next twenty years, and we are just now squarely facing it.

In the course of that examination and reorganization, that which we have come to know as the American college is to be subjected to a sharper scrutiny than it has ever been called upon to undergo. It will be necessary to show clearly just what the college undertakes to do, and what its efficiency is in the doing of it. Next, it will be necessary to show in just what way the college shall relate itself to the secondary school on the one hand, and to the university on the other. The university has been grafted on the college without very thorough consideration of its influence on the college, or the influence of the college on it. In the same way the college has exacted admission requirements with little regard to the interests of the secondary schools. This may have been an almost unavoidable phase of the growth of education in a new country. It cannot remain indefinitely. The college not only must know what it seeks to do and show a fair coefficient of efficiency, but it must relate itself to the general system of education of the state and of the nation.

Furthermore, it is misleading to speak of one set of colleges as private institutions, and of another set as public ones. There are no private colleges or universities. Harvard, Yale, and Columbia are

as truly public institutions as are Wisconsin, California, and Michigan. The first group is sustained by tuition fees and the income from endowments; the second group, mainly by taxation. All are public institutions in the sense of common responsibility to the general educational effort of state and nation. All colleges alike must face the questions: What is the function of the college? Is it discharging that function efficiently? Does it fit consistently into one general educational organization?

It is interesting to note that the reasons which now press for answers to these questions arise out of economic and administrative considerations. In these thirty years the cost of conducting a college has risen enormously, but the cost of maintaining a university is out of all proportion to the estimates of a generation ago. Somehow we must decide what is a college and what a university, for economic reasons if for no other.

The administrative reason has only recently begun to make itself felt. Colleges have, for a large part of our educational history, been conducted as isolated enterprises. That day has gone by. The college must for the future find its place in a general system of education.

While these considerations are those which produced the present scrutiny of the college, the final settlement of its place in American education is not likely to rest wholly on economic or administrative grounds, although these influences will have increasing effect upon its future. In the college one finds more clearly expressed than elsewhere certain fundamental theories concerning the education and training of human beings, and the final place of the college in an educational organization will rest mainly on the weight given to one or another of these fundamental educational theories.

All schools of general culture which, like the American college, have looked both to the development of character and to the training of the mind, have been evolved under the influence of two dis-

tinct educational ideals — one the ideal of discipline, the other that of freedom.

The first conception is the older. Men learned early in the history of civilization that every human being born into this world must first learn to obey, if later he is to command; must first control himself, if later he is to lead others. The conception of discipline as a means to education is universal; it has existed since schools began; it will always exist, because it is rooted in our universal human experience.

The ideal of freedom was a later development of educational experience. Long after men were familiar with the educational value of discipline, they came to realize that in the education of men, as in the development of nations, the highest type of character, like the finest order of citizenship, is developed under conditions of freedom; that the virtue which blossoms under the clear sky has a finer fragrance than that which develops in the cloister; that the finest efforts of education, like the ripest fruits of civilization, are to be sought where the realization of human freedom is most perfect.

For two thousand years, from the schools of Athens and Rome to those of Berlin and Boston, schools which seek to deal with the general training of youth have differentiated in accordance with their adherence to one or another of these fundamental ideals, or in accordance with their effort to combine the two. The differences which exist to-day among the stronger American colleges as to what the college ought to do, as well as the reasons which are advanced for a separation of the college from the high school on one side and from the university on the other, rest on the relative weight which is attached to the educational ideal of discipline or to the educational ideal of freedom. And the place which the college is ultimately to have will be fixed by the decision whether it is to represent squarely the ideal of discipline, the ideal of freedom, or both.

It is also to be remembered that each

of these educational ideals has its relations to the development both of character and of intellect, and each may be interpreted differently according as one views it from the standpoint of the individual, or from the standpoint of the social order in which he moves. Personal discipline and social discipline, individual freedom and the freedom which can be had only by social organization, are all involved in the scheme of general education, but it is rare to have all of these phases simultaneously under the view of the same eyes. Specializing in education began at the beginning in the very conceptions of the fundamental processes by which education was to be effected.

In actual practice, American colleges represent to-day all the combinations and the compromises of these two conceptions. At one extreme are colleges organized to prescribe fixed lines of conduct and specified courses of study; at the other are colleges so planned as to spread out before the eyes of the eighteen-year-old boy an almost endless variety of sports and of studies from which he may choose at will. In the first group, the ideal of discipline is paramount, with the emphasis on the interests of organized society; in the second, the ideal of freedom is dominant, and the interests and development of the individual direct the line of vision.

There are perhaps no better illustrations of the consistent working out of the ideals of discipline and freedom than the two great colleges, West Point and Harvard, for each of which I have an unusual admiration and a sincere affection (having sent a boy through each). They represent more consistently than most colleges distinct educational policies, and for this reason, as well as for their nationwide influence, they furnish unusual lessons for the guidance of other colleges. The one is a college of discipline by virtue of a policy largely fixed by the traditions of army service; the other a college of freedom — a response in large measure to the leadership of a great man.

In the one are assembled some four hundred and fifty boys; in the other, some two thousand three hundred. The two groups of students enter their respective institutions at practically the same age, and are widely representative of alert American youth. The student in the one case becomes part of an organization whose ideal is discipline; the other enters a régime whose watchword is individual freedom. In the one, the boy of eighteen is ordered to comply with a rigid régime which for four years undertakes to arrange for each day, and almost for each hour, his work and his play, and the amount of money he may spend; in the second, he is invited to choose from a numerous list of studies and of sports as he will.

The strict discipline of the one, no less than the perfect freedom of the other, is, of course, tempered by the cross currents which run in all human affairs. The West Point plebe soon discovers that the austere economy of cadet life is mitigated by an underground arrangement through which New York tradesmen extend a practically unlimited credit, to be harvested on the far distant graduation day — a process which makes the problem of how to live on your income not materially different at the two colleges.

On the other hand, the Harvard freshman who, with the aid of an anxious parent, undertakes to select five courses from an apparently inexhaustible supply, finds his freedom seriously limited at the outset by a certain evident tendency on the part of teachers and students to crowd the most desirable courses into the hours between nine and one. Moreover, if the boy has athletic tastes, he is likely to get a warning from the coach to avoid afternoon classes and laboratory exercises, a consideration which may limit the freedom of choice in a surprising manner, and sometimes turns the honest freshman from a course in elementary chemistry to one on the history of the Fine Arts.

The West Point cadet, once entered upon his work, finds his studies absolute-

ly determined for him. Whether he will or not, he must take an assigned measure of mathematics, science, modern languages, drawing, history, and dancing (this last is a good required study in any college). He becomes a member of a section of perhaps ten. The assigned lesson will cover each day certain pages of a text-book. At the call of the instructor he must rise, put his heels together, begin with the formula, "I am required to recite, etc.," and is most successful when he repeats the exact language of the text-book which is his guide. He must be ready every day, and his standing in comparison with every other man in his class is posted at the end of each week, made out to the fractional part of a per cent. The hours for work and play are fixed, and he may not go beyond the limits of the West Point reservation. Through the whole four-year course runs consistently the ideal of personal discipline.

His courses once chosen, the Harvard freshman finds himself one of a group of twenty or five hundred, according to the subject. If he occupies his place with fair regularity, he may work earnestly or very little. There is no day-by-day demand upon him such as the West Point cadet must expect. With occasional tests during the term — generally not difficult — and an examination at the end, which a mark of sixty per cent will pass, the subject is credited to him as a completed study. Meanwhile the opportunities for reading, for individual study, for fellowship, and for amusement, are unlimited. Individual freedom is the keynote of his college life.

It is sometimes urged that West Point exists to train men for a particular profession, and that, therefore, its work as a college is not comparable with that of other colleges. There is a measure of truth in this statement, but it is very easy to overestimate the significance which should be given it. West Point is not a school aiming to fit men for a given technical calling. It aims to give, along with a certain military training, a general edu-

cation which shall count both for character and for intellect. In the essential things which they seek to accomplish, West Point and Harvard strive toward the same ends. Whether a man enter the life of the army or some calling in civil life, success will depend in each case upon moral and intellectual efficiency. Each college seeks to develop in its students moral purpose and the ability to think straight. The difference is that, in seeking to attain these ends, one institution proceeds under the dominating ideal of discipline, the other under that of freedom.

West Point has never been a strictly technical school, and it would be a misfortune for the academy and for the country if this should come about. It has been in fact a military college, in which men are fitted successfully for many stations both in military and civil life. It has lived more consistently than most institutions in conformity to the particular ideal in education for which it stands, although until the last thirty years all colleges shared to a large extent the disciplinary conception of education. The general likeness of the educational results at the academy to those of other good colleges is shown in the history of its graduates. Deductions concerning the efficiency of colleges, as determined by a roll of distinguished graduates, are to be received with extreme caution. In any such survey we are strongly inclined to that side of the argument which pictures the American college as the regenerator of our social order. We count the successes, but not the failures. We point to Mr. Roosevelt of Harvard, Mr. Taft of Yale, and Mr. Hughes of Brown, as examples of college leadership in public life, but we rarely strike a balance by charging to the college such leaders as Mr. Boies Penrose of Harvard, Mr. Thomas C. Platt of Yale, or Mr. Abraham Ruef of California. All that one can say is that, taken by and large, the work of the graduates of West Point, in all the walks of life during the last hundred years, has compared well in

civic worth with that of the men of other colleges.

There was one critical epoch in our national life which furnished a very interesting comparison, and which has always seemed to me to speak well for that feature of West Point education which arises out of the close community life and the bringing together of boys from all parts of the Union. In the troubled days which marked the first efforts at reconstruction after the Civil War, three West Point graduates, Grant, Sherman, and Schofield, by virtue of their military commands, took definite positions as to the methods by which the seceded states were to be brought back into the Union. Eventually the matter went to Congress, and the plan which finally prevailed was due mainly to two college graduates, one in the Senate, the other in the House—Charles Sumner of Harvard, and Thaddeus Stevens of Dartmouth. I think it is fair to say that, looking back after forty years, the general judgment of thinking men is that the reconstruction policy of the West Point graduates was not only more just and merciful, but also politically wiser, than that of Sumner and Stevens.

Both of these colleges are noble agencies for the education of men; both have sent into our national life graduates who have done honor alike to their institutions and to their country. The remembrance of this fact ought to help toward educational liberality. It serves to remind us that, after all, we have no specifics in education; that men come into a larger usefulness, and into a finer intellectual and spiritual life, by many paths. Discipline and freedom both play their parts in the evolution of the best human character, and we may therefore not wonder that institutions varying so widely in ideals and in methods have alike achieved a high measure of success, and have won a place of singular honor and regard in the nation's estimate.

Colleges, like all human organisms designed for moral and spiritual training, stand between the tendency to take the

color of their environment, both good and bad, and the conscious duty to stand against certain tendencies of the society in which they exist. This is only another way of saying that colleges have a duty both to society and to the individual student and teacher. In the college of discipline, the tendency is to emphasize the duty to society, as represented by the organization, at the expense of the individual; in the college of freedom, the tendency is to emphasize the rights of the individual at the expense of social organization. The one view loses sight of the fact that discipline, to be effective, must in the long run be self-discipline; the other tends to overlook the truth that, in civilization, freedom for the individual is a function of the observance of social restraints. As a result, both the college of discipline and the college of freedom are peculiarly exposed to the prevailing American tendency to superficiality, but for exactly opposite reasons: the first on account of the multiplicity of standards, and the latter on account of the lack of definite standards.

In the college of discipline, the standards tend to become so numerous that the process of living up to them becomes disciplinary rather than educational. This arises out of the qualities of human nature. Once give to a group of men the power to select the things which other men ought to do or ought to learn, and the difficulties of moderation are great. In government, over-legislation, and in education, an overcrowded curriculum, is the almost universal result.

In nearly all schools with prescribed courses there has gone on for years a process of adding to the list of studies until the student is asked to absorb more in four years than he can possibly digest in that time. This régime is intensified at West Point by two facts peculiar to its organization—the low entrance requirements, and the lack of instructors who are masters of their subjects, able not only to hear recitations, but to impart intellectual enthusiasm.

The West Point plebe enters at practically the same age as the Harvard freshman, but under much lower entrance requirements. Consequently, the students in the first year are in nearly all cases repeating studies they have already had. This fact plays an important part in the process, for it enables the poor plebe to catch his breath and adapt himself in the course of his first year to the system of recitations, under which huge text-books are devoured with little regard to the element of time as a factor in intellectual digestion.

West Point is also at a disadvantage in comparison with other good colleges in the lack of trained teachers. Instructors are chosen more generally than formerly from young commissioned officers, themselves graduates — a system of intellectual inbreeding from which all American colleges suffer in greater or less degree. They serve only a few years, and have in many cases only a superficial knowledge of the subjects they teach, however energetically they may bend to their tasks. There is no more pathetic sight in education than that afforded by the army or navy officer who burns the midnight oil in the effort to keep one day ahead of the lesson which his class is to recite. The instruction given by such a teacher is necessarily of the routine and text-book sort, with little of the inspiration gained under a true teacher. All these factors — the overcrowding of the curriculum, the lack of experienced teachers, the extreme devotion to details — unite to make the exercises formal and academic, and to banish opportunities for individual cultivation in laboratories, in books, or in conference with a cultivated mind. The process tends strongly toward intellectual superficiality, for in such teaching the fundamental concepts and principles are sacrificed for details which do not linger in the mind long after examination time. And no human being is quicker than the college boy to appropriate to himself the lesson involved in the teaching of a subject by one who is not a master of it. The

deduction which he makes is that if a man is ordered to do a thing, he can do it whether he understands it or not. This process may be disciplinary, but it is scarcely educational.

Every American will sympathize with the idea that the national military college should have the closest possible touch with the army, and should breathe the spirit of the service. It will be, however, a misfortune, alike for the army and for education, if the theory is once accepted that this contact cannot be maintained consistently with high educational ideals and scholarly leadership.

There are two aspects of army service which have hitherto received in our country small consideration. The first is, that modern warfare is an applied science and those who undertake it successfully are members of a learned scientific profession. Secondly, the habits and routine of army life in time of peace are precisely those which tend to impair the professional efficiency of officers, to destroy initiative and the capacity to take responsibility.

These facts require that the members of the military profession shall be first of all trained men, and secondly that the tendencies to inefficiency shall be counteracted by some intellectual and professional stimulus. The traditions of discipline are so ingrained in the military service that in time of peace the disposition to regulate every detail, giving to subordinate officers little opportunity for independent action, becomes inexorable. The military profession is at a disadvantage in comparison with other great professions in the fact that, in the ordinary duties of army service, there is little to stimulate study or to develop interest in military science. In these respects the naval service has advantages. Only experts can enter it, and ships at least go to sea and manœuvre in squadrons, if they do not fight.

The essential problem, therefore, with modern nations in the maintenance of an army is to train a body of efficient men to

the military profession, and having done this, to preserve their alertness, initiative, and efficiency in time of peace, in the face of the system of minute regulations and infinite detail which inevitably envelops the service. This problem is fundamental, for it is the man who thinks straight, and who has the initiative to take responsibility, who wins battles.

It seems clear that the greatest factor in the solution of this problem is the stimulus to intellectual activity which officers receive in their education. The establishment of the general staff and the staff colleges is an effort in this direction, but the basis of the officer's professional efficiency as a member of a learned profession lies in the intellectual inspiration and the interest in his profession which his West Point education gives him. In this stimulus is to be found the most effective antidote for the deadening effect of routine, and the demoralizing influence of minute regulations. There is, therefore, no college in which the inspiration of good teaching, and the preservation of scholarly enthusiasm, mean more than in the national military college. And these are in no wise inconsistent with the traditions and ideals of military science. In the Military Academy of forty years ago were a number of the great teachers of America. The intellectual side of the West Point education should always be under the leadership of such men.

If the currents which run toward superficiality in the college of discipline are sometimes strong, it is certain that those which flow in this direction in the college of freedom are sometimes even swifter.

The fundamental objection to a régime of complete freedom for eighteen-year-old boys, independent of some test of their capacity to use it, lies to my thinking in the lack of standards which under these conditions prevail among students, and the exaggerated tendencies toward superficiality which are thereby not only invited, but practically assured. Two features of the college of to-day are specially significant of the practical outcome

of these tendencies in the undergraduate college under the conditions of free election. These are the decadence of scholarly ideals, and the growth of secondary agencies for getting boys through college with a minimum of study.

If the college is to serve as a means for the general education of men, it is of course unlikely that any large percentage of college youths should turn out to be scholars. But so long as the college stands primarily for 'scholarly ideals, the conditions in it should be such that the ninety per cent who are not scholars should respect and admire the ten per cent who are. Such a condition holds in Oxford and Cambridge. To say that it does not exist in our larger American colleges is to put the case mildly. The captain of the football team has more honor in the college community than any scholar may hope for. It is a serious indictment of the standards of any organization when the conditions within it are such that success in the things for which the organization stands no longer appeal effectively to the imaginations of those in it.

The old-time college conception of culture was narrow. It has rightly given way before the enlarging intelligence of mankind. Nevertheless it did furnish standards by which not only teachers and scholars were able to orient themselves with respect to intellectual ideals, but society as well. Is not the time perhaps ripe for a broader and truer definition of culture in education?

So few standards are to-day left in the college which gives itself completely to the régime of individual freedom that the world has but scant data to judge of its educational efficiency. The minimum intellectual equipment which a college education ought to furnish to a youth should enable him to do two things: first, to turn his mind fully and efficiently to the solution of a given problem. In the second place, it should give him the analytic point of view, the ability to discriminate. Whether, judged on this basis, our colleges show to-day a fair coefficient of edu-

cational efficiency, I do not undertake to say, but I should like to see some estimate of it attempted.

The by-products of an organization are sometimes the most distinctive tests of its efficiency. There is, to my thinking, no more striking evidence of the tendencies to superficiality which have developed in our larger colleges than the agencies which have grown up about them for getting boys into college, and for passing them through it with the minimum amount of work. By the more successful and profitable coaching agencies, this process has been reduced to an art. Such parasites weaken the character-making and the scholarly side of college life, and have to the legitimate work of a college much the same relation that a lobby has to a legislative body.

It is a delicate thing to determine how much freedom is good for an individual or a nation. We must also admit that freedom means the right to be weak as well as the right to be strong; the ability to be foolish as well as to be wise. In education, as in government, moderation becomes difficult once a group of men undertakes to set bounds to freedom. There is probably no attribute of the Almighty which men find so difficult to understand, or to imitate, as the ability to let things alone, the power not to interfere.

And yet it is perfectly clear that some individuals, and some nations, have had more freedom than they knew what to do with, and such individuals and such nations have generally ended by becoming not only less efficient, but less free. I have not been able to persuade myself that the eighteen-year-old American boy has yet demonstrated his fitness for so large a measure of freedom as is involved in the free elective system. Groups of boys whom I have studied under such conditions have generally recalled Wordsworth's phrase:—

Some souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much
liberty.

The special function of the college seems to me to be, not to hold up exclusively the ideal of discipline or of freedom, but to serve as a transition school in which the boy grows out of one into the other. This conception of the college seems to me justified on the grounds of individual rights, social interest, and the efficiency of educational organization.

The process of transition from the tutelage of the boy to the freedom of the man is one of the difficult questions in civilized life. No method of solving it is perfect, or is adapted to every boy. German boys go from the strict régime of the gymnasium to the freedom of the university. They are older than the boys who enter American colleges, and are far better educated than they. The cost of the process is reflected in the saying current in the universities, that one-third of the students fail, one-third go to the devil, but the remaining third govern Europe. It seems clear that, under any system which makes the transition from discipline to freedom abrupt, many are taken. The special function of the college would seem to be to make this transition less expensive. Otherwise there seems little reason for departing from the German plan of a strong secondary school leading directly to the university.

It seems clear that a college must take account of its duty to the social order in which it exists, as well as to the individual. It is not enough for the college to reflect indiscriminately the strength and the weakness of the nation. It must stand against the current of superficiality and commercialism which are our national weaknesses. It is difficult to see how this duty to society is to be carried out by the college unless there be admitted some relation between the amount of freedom accorded to a boy and his ability to use it.

Until very recently, the college was at the top of our educational fabric. It had no direct relation to professional education. So long as this was true, the change in our standards operated simply to raise

the college standards. So long as there was nothing beyond it, this went on without much questioning. For the future, the college is to be a part of a general system of education; and the university, with its professional schools and its schools of research, is to rest upon it. In no other form of educational organization is the college likely permanently to survive.

If the college is to be a school of free choice, it can scarcely take its students earlier than the present age, eighteen and a half. This brings the youth too late to the university. The picture of the university resting on a four-year college, which in turns rests on a four-year high school, reminds one forcibly of Chicago in the early days when the houses were boosted up on posts. The arrangement fitted a passing phase of municipal growth.

The pressure of economic, no less than educational, influences will demand a solution of American educational organization more efficient, better proportioned, and less wasteful of time, than that involved in a régime which delivers men to the university at the age of twenty-three.

In the reorganization which will sooner or later come, the college years seem to me likely to be those between sixteen and twenty, rather than between eighteen and twenty-two. Under such an arrangement the college will take account both of discipline and of freedom. Its professors will be, first of all, teachers, and its function will be to lead boys out of the rule of the school into the freedom of the university; out of the tutelage of boyhood into the liberty of men. If the college does not fill this function, it will in the end be squeezed out between the reorganized secondary school and the fully developed university.

Meantime we may well be grateful both for the college of discipline and for the college of freedom. These are great words, and each stands for an idea in education which we cannot afford to forget. Perhaps it might be well to inscribe over the gate of the college of discipline and that of the college of freedom the sentence which surmounts the Worcester Courts: "In Obedience to the Law is Liberty" — in the first case the emphasis to be laid on one part of the sentence, and in the other case on another part.

DEMOCRACY AND THE EXPERT

BY JOSEPH LEE

THE giving of a course of popular lectures at the Harvard Medical School is a matter of public importance, and marks, as I believe, a new era, not only in the history of medicine, but in the history of democracy. In giving these lectures, the School has definitely adopted the policy of educating the people on the subject of disease, and has thereby taken a radical departure from the traditional attitude of the medical profession. The main service that the school has thus rendered has not been in the

saving of lives of persons who might otherwise have resorted to the popular American expedient of consulting the fence or the newspaper for revelations concerning their physical welfare, nor even in setting the example of an effective way of such saving of life and health. I believe that the great, and what I think will some time be called epoch-making, service that the Harvard Medical School has performed by becoming a pioneer in this new direction is in the fact that such a proceeding on their part means the taking of a long

first step in making up the old standing quarrel between democracy and the expert.

That such a quarrel exists is sufficiently recognized. Unwillingness to trust and adequately reward the expert is one of the standing reproaches against democracy. It is more than a mere shortcoming; it seems often to amount to a positive enmity, to a dislike of fitness as such, to a perverse preference for the incompetent. We sometimes seem to delight in humiliating true accomplishment, and in entrusting our business to quacks.

Especially is this the case in public affairs, as to which democracy has its fullest swing. If a man has devoted years to special study of a matter that comes before a legislative committee, that very fact goes far to disqualify him as a witness. Successful appeal will be very apt to be made from him to "common sense," or to "the judgment of business men," which phrases are among the ordinary pet names for ignorant prejudice and incompetence. Genuine achievement is habitually passed over in favor of something "equally as good,"—pure gold for tinsel. We have made ourselves the laughing-stock of the world by our easy credulity toward any political quack who will take the trouble to flatter our conceit. We are more easily, and more contentedly, fleeced by sharpers, poisoned by quacks, and ruined by shyster lawyers, than any people on earth. We allow ourselves to be governed by dishonest and impudent pretenders, and sometimes to be led in war by braggart and not always courageous charlatans. Our unwillingness to pay our judges such salaries as will command the highest legal ability costs us millions of dollars every month, through the preposterous length of court proceedings, the not infrequent perversion of justice, and the general lowering of standard in the whole administration of the law which inevitably results.

And the worst of it all is that our fault is not merely a mental one: it has a moral

quality in it, and the loss accordingly is not merely a material but a moral one. Our easy victimizing results not wholly from mental incapacity to distinguish between the true and the counterfeit. It arises partly from a certain meanness in which democracy is seen at its very worst; from jealousy, from the sneaking envy of the incapable or uneducated man toward those of better training or greater ability than himself. That a mountebank like General Butler came to be chosen representative of a Massachusetts district in Congress, in preference to a citizen of the known worth and capacity of Judge Hoar, was not because anybody was deceived as to the comparative merits of the men, but partly because Hoar was no flatterer, and partly because of the very fact that every voter felt in his bones that he was the superior man. No man felt uneasy in the presence of Butler's virtue.

Democracy's attitude toward the expert is a mean and foolish attitude. No greater service can be rendered to the democratic cause than that which shall cleanse it of this fault. Generous, wholehearted, enthusiastic recognition of superior ability and training, a reverent appreciation of high character and high attainment, and a capacity to trust and value these as they deserve: these are virtues which democracy cannot set itself too resolutely to attain, nor can it value too highly any lesson that will assist it in their cultivation.

But the need of such enlightenment has, as I have said, been long and clearly recognized. What has not been recognized is the fact that the fault has not been altogether upon one side, that for the making up of the quarrel it is necessary, not only that democracy should experience a change of heart, but that the expert should recognize that he also has something to learn and to amend. Indeed the bottom fact of all, and one which has hitherto received no recognition whatever, is that the fault of the expert has been the deeper and the more respons-

ible of the two. If democracy has sinned against the expert, the expert has sinned more deeply against democracy; and his sin has been of such a nature as to constitute an offense not only against democracy, but also against good manners and good sense, and against the eternal principles of truth. It is primarily from this fault on the part of the expert that the whole quarrel has arisen, and no fundamental and lasting reconciliation can take place until this fault is cured.

What has been through all the ages the expert's attitude toward the common people? What has been the customary answer of the lawyer, the doctor, the man of science, when asked for proofs or explanations, when questioned as to the sources of his knowledge or the basis of his claim to public confidence? What is at the present time, or at least what has been until very recently, the answer of our railroad presidents when the surviving members of the public have inquired as to the reasons for the slaughter of their friends and relatives, or the ruin of their business through illegal favoritism? Has not the expert's answer in all ages been practically the same? "Keep off, ye profane." "Seek not to penetrate mysteries too high for you." "Meddle not with matters above your sphere." "Aspire not beyond thy goose, O tailor." "Shoemaker, stick to your last." "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

No layman, we are assured, can hope to understand the secrets of the railroad business. One great specialist has asserted that few even of the railroad men themselves can understand it. Any attempt on the part of the public to penetrate the causes of these slaughters and discriminations is presumptuous interference. It is better to pay with a thankful heart our annual tribute of killed and maimed and burned, of ruined business, than to unsettle by unskillful interference such mighty and such delicate concerns. Just so were the military snobs in Thackeray's time, with the greatest military expert then living, the Iron Duke, at their

head, assuring everybody that flogging, even to the death, was a necessary incident to the maintenance of an army, and that the lay intellect had best not meddle with things beyond its depth. "Go your way and be thankful that there are those who know better than you, whose business it is to deal with matters such as these." And as we retreat, dumbfounded, abashed, some Kipling or Carlyle rushes out from beneath the shrine and barks at us, shrieking that we are "mostly fools," and rendering other expert opinions as to our mental capacity, mingled with assertions that any man with sufficient impudence to make the claim, and master of the more brutal arts of leadership, is our natural king.

To such an attitude, what ought the people to respond? Assuming that we on our side keep our temper, what, in all meekness and humility, and with every desire to recognize the expert's real superiority, is it possible for us to answer? You say that democracy does not appreciate the expert, does not trust him as he deserves. But how can we trust him if the only ground on which human confidence can be based — if all opportunity of understanding — is taken from us? How can we properly appreciate those who declare that appreciation — the setting of a price — as to the things in which they deal is a feat beyond our strength? Our very attempt to appreciate or to understand is, we are made to feel, presumptuous and profane. Is democracy so greatly to be blamed if it has replied, —

"Great sir, exalted brother of the Sun and Moon, I salute and bow to thee. Far be it from such as I to assume to penetrate these mysteries or to set a price on them. They are, as thou hast said, far beyond the humble comprehension of thy servant. And as touching this matter of the disputed toll, or of my wife that thou hast slain, I now will trouble thee no more; but I will place in charge of these my railroads — for in truth they are mine as being created under my franchise,

built largely by my money, and as my life and fortune are daily entrusted to them — I will put in charge of these, I say, and also of other interests hitherto entrusted to other great magicians like thyself, certain humble men whose words and whose dealings I can understand, leaving to thee and to thy august fraternity the untroubled pursuit of those loftier studies for which, by your sublime attainments, ye are fitted.”

In this, or in some such way, democracy, it would seem, is constrained to answer if it is to accept the expert's own interpretation of the nature of his acquirements and of the people's capacity for valuing these. In the way of the only alternative — that of humble acceptance of the expert on his own terms — certain difficulties arise. In the first place, there is a practical difficulty. Democracy — the world, in fact — is not altogether without experience of experts, and of those claiming to be such. And this experience has not in all instances been reassuring. Time was when the specialist was met with the sort of faith that he requires of us. For many centuries men submitted to the bandage over their eyes when they approached the *sanctum* or the laboratory. But more recently it has come to light, at first by slow degrees, but now fully and conclusively, that something of the supposed necessity for such observance arose, not from respect for sacred mysteries, but rather from a tender regard for the frail constitution and delicate susceptibilities of humbug. The augurs have been seen snickering to one another too often, and sound reasons for their doing so have been too frequently revealed, to admit of a continuance of our earlier and more childlike faith.

Nor has disillusion affected our opinion only of the quacks. Certain experiences have raised inevitable question even of the soundness of the sound. It has sometimes turned out that even the genuine, instructed, sincere practitioner has not been leading us upon the right road, as tested by the mere human crite-

riion of results. It has sometimes even seemed as though it were inevitably the man who is not an expert — the outsider, the amateur — to whom we have to look for the larger achievements, so far at least as the great steps of progress are concerned.

The common people have seen with interest the country gentleman, Oliver Cromwell, largely self-taught so far as military knowledge was concerned, give the professionals some lessons in the art of war. They have seen legal procedure remodeled by the layman Bentham, and medicine revolutionized by the biologist Pasteur. And they have seen the experts in these two latter instances kicking and struggling in a very panic of professional resentment against any acceptance of the newer light. More recently they have seen the crusade for the prevention of tuberculosis — indeed, a great part of the advance of preventive medicine — led by laymen, and have witnessed the slow and reluctant acceptance by the medical profession of the teachings of outsiders in regard to the mental element in disease. They have seen reason even to suspect that, in the highest profession of all, the very priesthood has not always furnished such safe guidance in spiritual affairs as have the prophets, always from among the laity, to whom they are so invariably opposed.

The doctrine of the expert in government — the ancient faith that wisdom in affairs of state is definitely imparted to the king, or, as Plato taught, is the especial possession of the trained and intellectual classes — has suffered in popular esteem by comparison of the old régime in Europe with the new. It has been further shaken by the exhibition recently afforded by Russia, the extremest example of what unreserved trust in the governmental expert, not merely trained from childhood to his business, but especially bred and selected for it, is able to accomplish. Nor is it possible to remain uninfluenced by contemplation of the effects that the King of Bel-

gium has been able to produce in those portions of his dominions along the Congo River whose fortune it has been to be left wholly to his expert guidance and control. What town meeting, what assembly of a primeval horde, — nay, what herd of buffalo or pack of wolves, — ever mismanaged its affairs as these most supreme and fully trained and trusted of experts have mismanaged theirs?

The expert himself, it will be seen, has placed certain obstacles in the way of the faith which he demands. And then, supposing us possessed of such faith, to whom does it attach? How can we tell the true expert from the counterfeit? Even supernatural guidance presupposes a capacity in the believer for recognizing a miracle when he sees one. Clearly the professing expert's claim is not sufficient. In the absence of a sign from Heaven, the sign over your door does not suffice.

Plato has well stated the expert's view of the matter in saying that when you want to take ship for Delos you hire, not a shoemaker or some other amiable citizen, but a pilot; to which the democrat is constrained to answer, "Most true, O Plato; but forgive me if I suggest that it is I that am going to Delos, and that the necessity is thereby placed upon me to judge of the pilot's capacity to take me there; that I am therefore, by this necessity, constrained to seek such evidence as may be convincing to my own humble and limited intelligence, both, upon the one hand, as to whether the pilot is a pilot in truth, and also, upon the other, as to whether he intends to take me to Delos and to no other place. You will, perhaps, remember my cousin who took ship, indeed, for Delos, but was landed in Crete, and my aunt who, having made a similar arrangement, was never landed at all. Forgive me, therefore, if, with your kind permission, I make a few trifling inquiries, such as in this matter seem to me to be necessary, before I go aboard."

It is not because of perversity, but by necessity, that democracy refuses to be blindfolded, that it objects to the notice,

"Leave your brains in the umbrella stand when you come in." — "Excuse me, sir, but they are the only brains I have. If I am not to use my mind, whose shall I use, and by the use of whose judgment shall I decide to use it?"

But the practical difficulties in the way of the blind faith that the expert requires of us are as nothing compared to those raised by the terms in which the demand itself is put. In the last analysis, the expert's claim is a claim to the exemption of himself, and the subjects with which he deals, from the ordinary jurisdiction of the human mind. His attitude toward the common people has been not merely that they do not understand because they have not had time to give to his particular subject, but that they are constitutionally incapable of understanding it. It has been not merely, "You do not know," but, "You cannot know. The things I deal with are of a sort from the comprehension of which you are by nature excluded. No amount of study on your part, no explanation on mine, would be of any use."

Explanation, indeed, has consistently been regarded as worse than useless. According to the tradition of the learned, the common people are still profane. "Neither meddle nor meddle with things above your sphere." "The belly and its members: — it is yours to be hands and feet; seek not either to govern or digest."

And any knowledge of the inner mysteries that the layman may seem to acquire is necessarily false and spurious. What looked to you like knowledge is, by a reversal of the fable of the fairy gold, turned to dross when once you cross the threshold of the sanctuary.

To the anxious inquirer, being no expert but a mere stockholder troubled in his conscience about the source of the dividends he receives, the mill treasurer responds, "Your question is a vain and foolish one. We have no machines made low for the use of children; the idea is preposterous and absurd." — "But, most wise, august, and financially respectable Sir, I have seen such machines. They cer-

tainly are machines; they are too low for grown people to use; they are used by children; and the superintendent told me that they were intended for such use. You see my difficulty." To this the expert, "The things you saw may have looked to you like machines, and the creatures using them like children; and you may have thought the machines were low ones. But we who are learned in this business know that you could not have seen these things. What you really saw, indeed, it is not permitted, nor even possible, to reveal. At least know this: mill management is a mystery, deep and dangerous, whose whole structure would be imperiled by the touch, even by the approach, of the profane."

In fact, the essence of the expert's position, in the final analysis, is that expert knowledge is of a different kind from other knowledge: that it is peculiar, esoteric; that it partakes, in short, of the miraculous. It is regarded, not as the product of the purely human faculties, but as revealed, conferred by some sort of initiation or laying on of hands which has raised the acolyte into a sphere which the outsider can never hope to penetrate. The plea is a plea to the jurisdiction. It is a denial of the catholicity and sovereignty of the human mind.

This attitude, indeed, is not deliberately assumed. It is unconsciously accepted by the expert of to-day as he finds it embodied in time-honored tradition. It descends from the days when all learning savored in the popular imagination something of magic and the black art, and when the scholar himself was not quite sure whether the matters he was dealing with were lawful; from the time when the chemist was the alchemist, when it was considered only the normal accompaniment of scientific attainment that the Devil and Doctor Faustus should be on such intimate terms, and when even the craftsman's skill was called his mystery. It comes down, indeed, from a time anterior even to that, from a time when all experts were assumed as a matter of

course to be possessed of inspiration of some sort, either from below or from above, whether as king or judge or oracle or priest or wizard or medicine man.

Of this traditional expert attitude the doctor may, I think, be taken as the typical exponent. He is the expert of the experts. He appears, to the present day, with the tall cap still visible above his brows and the long pictured robe trailing behind, as immortalized by Molière. He comes before us not quite in the daylight of ordinary ascertainable truth, but still something in the manner of the Ghost in *Hamlet*, trailing clouds of mystery suggestive of some superhuman association. It is perhaps natural that the doctor especially should derive his traditions from the sorcerer and the medicine man; that there should, accordingly, still linger about him something of the atmosphere of magic, of necromancy, a flavor of incantation, "of charm, of lamen, sigil, talisman, spell, crystal, pentacle, magic mirror, and geomantic figure; of periapts, and abracadabras; of mayfern and vervain;" a reminiscence of

Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your panther,

Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your adrop,

Your Lato, Azoch, Zernich, Chibrit, Heautarit,
With all your broths, your menstrues, your materials,

Would burst a man to name.

The doctor has, in its intensest form, the traditional contempt of the specialist for the layman's knowledge and capacity. "A little knowledge dangerous? It is all but fatal." "Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and I'll give you something to make you — better; wise you cannot hope to be." Even the plainest-facts of medicine are perilous stuff, too heavily charged with potentialities for the layman to be permitted to deal with them. A woman who is trusted to look in her children's faces, to see whether they look heavy-eyed, seem listless, whether their color is clear and their temper what it ought to be, is often, even to the present day, discouraged from using a clinical

thermometer. Of course, there are excellent reasons. A mother must not be too fussy. She will begin to worry about the children if she is permitted to take their temperature. She may, it is true, be safely allowed to observe those other more subtle symptoms about which a person might well imagine things; but when it comes to seeing which scratch on a glass-tube a column of mercury has got opposite to, then the danger signal is hung out. That is too difficult a task for her mere maternal mind to cope with.

There are, as I have said, excellent reasons for such warning off. There is also a real reason, though one not conscious on the doctor's part, namely, that there still lingers in the medical mind a feeling that a medical instrument is an instrument of art, with a little of the quality of enchantment still clinging to it, not to be handled by laymen without incurring the punishment of those who approach forbidden secrets. What if, by her unskillful use, she should unwittingly raise the genie of the thermometer? Or what if, by using it at all, she should find that there is nothing magic about it, and so should come to doubt the talismanic character of other instruments, to question the supernatural element in the whole of medical science and therapeutics? If it were a man, the case would not be quite so bad, but woman is the last and most persistent of believers. In her, illusion still survives. Let us not unsettle her belief.

The dissent on the part of democracy from the traditional expert attitude is, as I have indicated, deeper than a question of manners, or even than one of common sense. The issue is not superficial; it is not the result of misunderstanding; nor does it arise from practical considerations alone. It is radical, fundamental, and inevitable.

The cardinal doctrine of democracy — the thing for which it stands, on its intellectual side — is faith in the human mind. Democracy believes that the thing to be forever trusted and followed in this world

is the human reason; that guidance in human affairs is to be sought not primarily in tradition, in special revelation, or in any mysteries, or from any sources whatsoever, that are not germane to the human intellect, and that do not hold their credentials from it. This is the democratic principle of equality, the fundamental article of the democratic faith. Not, as glib and superficial critics so readily assume, equality in virtue, or in ability, in fortune, in strength or weight, in stature or in color; not equality in any outward or measurable respect; not an arithmetical equality at all, not quantitative; not a question of amount, but of kind.

The democratic belief in equality is the belief that all men alike are subject to the moral law of obedience to their own best thought, that the supreme authority declares itself, not from the outside but from within. Theologically expressed, it is the belief that God speaks in every human soul, and that it is not in the power of man to overrule his word or supersede his authority. It is the faith announced by Elijah when he declared that God spoke not in the wind nor in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still small voice; the faith whose greater prophet proclaimed that the kingdom of Heaven is within you. This faith in the inner voice — faith in equality in the sense that all men are equally, because absolutely, responsible to the best thought of their own unbribed intelligence — is democracy on its intellectual side; just as fraternity, or the love and reverence for the divine element in every man, is the sentiment of democracy, and as the pursuit of liberty, the striving that the divine nature in each may have its way — make ye smooth the way of the Lord — is its active expression.

Democracy cannot recognize limits to the jurisdiction of the human mind not prescribed by the nature of the mind itself. It believes in the authority, and in the obligation, of the human intellect to read the universe unexpurgated, as

it stands, unterrified by the notices of "private way, dangerous," that individuals, however august, may have taken upon themselves the liberty to set up.

And the thing to be forever recognized in this matter is, that democracy is eternally in the right and the expert in the wrong. The attitude of the expert is essentially a false attitude. It is false with the most irreconcilable kind of falseness. It is contrary not only to particular truths but to the nature of truth itself. There are not two kinds of knowledge in this world, but only one; and there is, correspondingly, but one way in which knowledge can be attained. One man may have more mind than another or a better mind, or he may put his mind to a better use. But no man has a different kind of mind. There is in human acquirement no jumping-off place where the jurisdiction of the human intellect comes to an end and some other jurisdiction takes its place. Columbus sails farther than others, but it is upon the same ocean and by grace of the same wind. Democracy's dissent from the traditional expert position is based upon the eternal principles of truth, and from that dissent no man who has received the democratic faith can ever truthfully recede.

This democratic creed of ours does not preclude trust in the expert. On the contrary, it is the only creed that makes truly possible that or any other kind of trust. What it does prescribe is the basis of our faith. It requires that whatever trust we place in the expert, or in any other source, shall result from our trust in our own reason and shall derive whatever strength it has from that. Whomever else you hold of, you hold ultimately of the king. If the expert is to have a standing in the world as it really is, it must be through discarding all pretensions to esoteric knowledge and appealing solely to that common human intelligence which he has hitherto despised.

And with the making of such appeal the expert's ancient quarrel with democracy

will disappear. Democracy has no antipathy to specialization as such, no inherent unwillingness to accept the fact that, as we cannot all do everything, we must recognize the superiority of each in his own domain; that, when you keep a dog to bark, you should not bark yourself.

It is true that the function of the expert will always be a subordinate function; that, though he can help you to carry out your purpose, the purpose must be forever, intimately and concretely, your own. His employment must always be to specific ends which you have prescribed, and not for general purposes; and even within the specific end the trust is always revocable. The one act of sovereignty that the mind cannot perform is to abdicate.

There are, also, certain rules of evidence, not technical, nor arbitrarily assumed, but such as are imposed by the nature of the mind itself. As a rule, we prefer to judge of your performance by its fruits, that being the method by which, as it happens, the human mind is most susceptible of being perfectly convinced. Whistler, with characteristic petulance, repudiates all judgment of the artist but by his fellow-artists. We have no quarrel with such judging; on the contrary, there is much that is commendable in a professional standard, and we outsiders can, when necessary, permit ourselves to be guided by it. But such reliance is not always safe. You cannot always choose your architect by the standard of architects, your messenger boy by the standard of messenger boys, your cook by the standard of cooks. Opinion, like the building which the architect erects, cannot wholly support itself; it must rest at some point on the solid ground. Do the buildings actually stand up? Do the messages get delivered? Are the puddings, after all, such as one can eat? It has, unfortunately, sometimes happened that a whole profession has got off upon a side track, each one calling to his neighbor that, as all are traveling together, all must still be on the road. Let the artists

by all means judge of one another's work. But if the picture does not restore my soul, of what use is it to me?

But, whatever the rules of evidence, the main question is not of the rules, but of the tribunal for whose use, and by whose authority, the rules are made.

Let the expert and all others remember that, whatever the rules, it is for me and not for you to make them. It is I who am making the judgment, and the evidence must be such as to satisfy the court. We of the democratic faith hold ourselves responsible, and utterly responsible, not only for the ends we seek, but for our choice of means. Not that we shall choose right, but that we shall choose in accordance with the only guide we have; that we shall trust, and utterly trust, the judgment of the one supreme tribunal, and shall permit no divided jurisdiction. It may be difficult for me to understand the matter, but except so far as I do understand I cannot judge, and therefore am not at liberty to follow.

And in all this question of when and how to trust, and whom to follow, though judging may in any given case be difficult, there is one comparatively simple test, and one that democracy very generally applies. Does he recognize the jurisdiction of the court? Does he appeal to your intelligence or against it? Does he say, "Use your mind, enter, examine, test, and draw your own conclusions"? or does he say, "This is a great mystery; keep out. Seek not to understand"? According to this test the expert has been tried, and has been found wanting. He is, so far, in contempt of court; and it is this contempt that is the cause of his quarrel with democracy.

It has been this false attitude on the part of the real expert that has given the quack his opportunity; and he has been quick to see and take advantage of it. Just where the honest practitioner has made his one false step, the charlatan has put forward his single claim to stand on solid ground. He has won what share he possesses of the public confidence by

appealing, or at least pretending to appeal, to the only thing there is in this world to which an honest appeal can be made, — the natural, unbiased judgment of the human mind. "Magnetism explained." "The mysteries of medical science laid bare." "Come and examine our processes." "Read our testimonials." "Send for a booklet." "If I could take you over my factory." The quack does, it is true, make use of mystery and of the fascination of the unknown. Indeed, he uses such means to the utmost. But through it all he pretends always to appeal to reason. He never denies the people's right to judge, but on the contrary affirms and seems to rely upon it. His constant profession is eagerness to instruct, implying at least a potential ability in the public to understand. People have turned from the true physician to the quack, not wholly from love of quackery and humbug, but because of his apparent truth in this one respect; because in this important matter of trusting or not trusting the human intelligence, the true doctor has been the quack, and the quack has assumed to occupy the true position.

Let the expert once frankly submit himself to the judgment of the lay intelligence and he will not find us exacting as to the sort of testimony he presents. We will put ourselves in his hands, relying on hearsay evidence, or on the opinion of the profession if need be, provided only that our faith is not inhibited by pretensions that we must regard as false. The people permit Lincoln, in a supreme crisis of their affairs, to spend their money as to him seems best, and accept the fact that Grant must sometimes act as he finds necessary without taking them into his confidence. They can even trust against the evidence, as their pathetic faith in the cook, the steamboat captain, even in railroad management, — a faith that no experience seems able to overthrow, — sufficiently attests. Let us once be assured that the solid ground on which we are accustomed to walk extends unbroken into your sanctum, without pitfall or jump-

ing-off place, and our faith will go forth to you unchecked.

Especially may a profession possessing a standard for its own members that will lead some of them to face death rather than suffer an unverified conclusion as to the cause of a disease, confidently entrust its fortunes to the verdict of the public heart.

And now, if there is anything of truth in my diagnosis of the underlying cause of the estrangement between the expert and democracy, is it not evident that these popular lectures at the Harvard Medical School do constitute in truth an epoch-making event? Here we have the specialist in his most specialized form, the expert of experts and magician of magicians, the high priest and guardian of the innermost circle, the very medicine man himself, drawing aside the curtain, throwing wide the portals of the sanctuary, haranguing in the very market place, expounding sacred mysteries in language that the people can understand, appealing to, seeking to convince, the lay intelligence. Here, at last and indeed, is Saul among the prophets. And notable, in my opinion, will be the order of the prophesying which it will henceforth be our privilege to hear. If a little learning is in truth a dangerous thing, we are now going to find it out. For learning in smallest doses, and upon the most immediately dangerous of all subjects, is henceforward to be administered broadcast and by those as coming from whose hands it is bound to have its maximum effect.

And is it not evident also what the result must be? Is it not clear that the effect on the expert of such a change of attitude must be, not his deposition but his inauguration, his coming into his own? He is now to stand before the world, for the first time in history, in a true and not a false position. With the withdrawal of the old false claim to an imaginary

superiority, based on the possession of a kind of knowledge that does not exist, there will flow out to him for the first time the full sustaining tide of genuine public confidence and recognition. In place of the pious supposition that as he pretends so much he must probably know something of the subject with which he deals, he will now receive, as has never been permitted to him before, that real spontaneous appreciation of which wages are the sacrament and symbol. It is such true mutual relations, reaching freely and in reality from mind to mind, that constitute the expert's true character and position, that make his function possible. Compared with those that have hitherto existed, the experts that we are to see will be what grass grown in the open field is to that raised in a cellar or under a board-walk.

But in this matter it is the greater, the spiritual, values that we are mainly dealing with. And among these the greatest arise from what we are permitted to give, not from what we receive. To the expert the greatest gain will be, not from the increased respect in which he will be held, but in his new respect for his fellow citizens, both as customers from whose free assessment of his services his true standing is derived, and as fellow servants whose claims, so far as they render true service, through mastery each in his particular line, are precisely similar to his own. While the greatest gain of all will be that of the common citizen of the democracy, a gain of which the disappearance of the quacks — of the Hearsts and Morans in politics, the Butlers and Bankes in war, and all the rest of the motley company — will be but a symptom or by-product; the gain in being permitted heartily to reverence high attainment without being, or fearing to be, untrue to democracy's abiding conviction of the authority and integrity of the human mind.

THE SOUL OF NIPPON¹

A MEDIEVAL LEGEND OF JAPAN

BY JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE

At winter dusk upon the hillside cold,
While shivering trees made moan,
Went Hojo Tokiyori all alone.
Free of his Regent robes and zone of gold,
Free of all trappings of imperial state,
Plain garbed as Buddhist priest, he bent his head
Before the icy winds that beat
Upon him as he upward strode.
Rough and stony was the road;
Across the rim of waters Fuji's crest
Rose dim and blue against the paling West.
Bare lay the frosted valley at his feet,
And faint and far upon the plain below,
The lights of Kamakura shed their glow.
He turned and gazed and grimly said, —

“No royal palace is the home of truth,
So now I dare what every mortal fears —
The judgment of a man by his compeers —
The test that men still flinch from till they die.
For if I'd still hold rule supreme, be great
Of deed and mind,
Myself must learn what man 't is guards my gate;
Must learn what man am I.
And haply in the hollows of the wind,
The mighty soul of Nippon I shall find.”

Closer he drew his robe of ashen gray,
And faced once more the darkening, upward way.
On, on he trod 'neath cloud-veiled stars till dawn,
His spirit to the soul's high levels drawn,
And begged for food or sleeping place
From poor and rich, from good and base.

¹ Under the title *Trees in Jars*, this legend forms the basis of a chant used in the classic Japanese No dance, which, with its Chorus, robed actors and musicians, strikingly suggests the beginnings of the Greek drama. Tokiyori was a Shikkin, or Regent, of the Hojo family, real rulers of Japan under the sacred but secluded and powerless Mikado. They flourished in the thirteenth century A. D. The Regent was Shogun, or chief general, as well, unless he delegated that power.

And ever learned he more from friend and foe
The subtle things that dynasts seek to know
Of wit or warning against overthrow.
Often in lordly hall or peasant's cot,
In words of praise or slight,
With deepened shadows or excess of light,
Saw his own picture drawn, and knew it not.
"Yea, words are plenty: wisdom rare," said he.
"My name of common tongues the sport,
The shuttlecock of good and ill report;
Yet in it all no sunrise-ray there be.
O Soul of Nippon, speak thou unto me!"

From fruitless searchings by the Eastern strands,
Through winter days, and toiling sore,
Back by Shinano's wild volcanic lands
The weary Tokiyori bore,
Till lost in Kozeki on an eve of storm,
It seemed he could no farther go.

The night had fall'n, and with it came the snow,
In blinding flakes and dancing whirls of white,
And numb his hands and feet began to grow,
When, as through tattered shojis, came a gleam —
Dim as a blurred star in a dream —
And groping toward it painfully,
He paused, and cried, "Pray shelter me."

Back slid the shoji, and a gaunt old man
Came out, and looked upon the farer's face.
His smile of welcome died, and in its place
Came awe and shame; then, halting, he began, —
"Most reverend — and noble — we are poor;
A famine-hut that dogs would not endure.
Cross yonder hill, and richer folk you'll find."

And Tokiyori silent faced the wind.

Now came the aged good wife raging forth,
Her anger rising more and more.
"Sano gan Zymo," said she, "where's the worth
Of being born a samurai,
Thus to debase the honor of your door?
On night like this to turn a man away
When we should open to a beast?"

"Before him, wife, a lordlike priest,"
Old Sano muttered, "we should die of shame."

"Were he the Regent," cried the dame,
"You should not let him go
To die amid the wind and snow.
Who knows but this our life of bitter need
Comes from God's finger, pointing to no deed
Of godlike charity to light our path?
We little have: the strange priest nothing hath.
Run: bid him back, my lord, to warmth and rest.
Say: 'Come, most reverend, we'll share our best!'"

Within the hut around the little fire,
Sat Tokiyori with the man and wife,
Sharing their scanty millet dish,
And, ever as the embers 'gan expire,
A little tree flung on them gave them life —
Three little trees with large and fair good-wish.

First 't was a dwarfish pine tree long of days,
And next a tiny plum tree kings would praise,
And last a dainty cherry fed the blaze.

Said Tokiyori, "You are poor indeed,
Yet you are burning trees you've grown in jars,
Which only rich ones can afford."
And Sano, stooping still the flames to feed,
Made answer smiling, "Truly, Reverend lord,
Not with my low estate do they accord:
But in these scarecrow tatters you behold
One brave among the samurai of old,
And one from whom, while in the Shogun's wars,
His tyrant neighbors took his lands by force
And left him but this hut, his battle-horse,
And these three little trees.
Yet grieve not, priest, their tender beauty fled,
For where can costly wood the better burn
Than on the hearth where warms man's love for man?
And flower and leaf return to God the best
In lighting up the welcome of a guest;
Yea, since it is the gift of God to live,
The greatest joy in living is to give."

"The greatest joy is giving," Tokiyori said.

"And love is giving all," said Sano's dame.

"Love," smiled old Sano, "is life's fire and flame,
And evermore my heart grows warm and light
That when I bade you forth in wind and snow,
My goodwife breathed the voice of Bushido,
That teaches when a stranger's at the door
The face that looks thereout should aye be bright,
Nor poor need be the welcome of the poor.
'Were he the Regent, take him in,' she cried."

"And if he were?" asked Tokiyori low.

"Ah, for the Shogun," Sano cried aloud,
"I hold my life when all is lost beside.
My old white horse still lives to bear me proud
To battle at my lord the Shogun's call.
My two-hand sword, tho' rusty, hangs him there,
Ready when forth my horse and I shall fare
For Tokiyori, greatest lord of all."

And Tokiyori smiled: — "Lo, now I know."

From Kamakura soon came call to war,
The war-drums rattling loud through all the ways.
And warriors trooped from near and far —
Veterans many from old fields hard-won,
And youths who yet no shining deed had done.
And all in clanking panoply of fight,
From cot and castle, and from field and town,
Came lightfoot o'er the hills before the night,
And poured through all the valleys to the plain,
With cries and cheers,
Till morning flared its red-gold arrows down
Upon a hundred thousand swaying spears.

Sat Tokiyori on his battle-steed,
His great soul shining in his searching eyes.
About him daimios, armed and spurred,
And shomios ready or to strike or bleed,
Or challenge death in any noble guise,
All watchful waiting for his word.

Then, as the silent waters break
With sudden wind-stroke into weltering sound,
He spake: —

"Now know I Nippon hath but one great soul.
That soul hath answered to its Shogun's call,
And whither hence the tide of war shall roll,
Before it every foe must fall.
Long did I seek what now I know.
It came to me mid wind and snow,
And in this host the proof shall stand forth clear:—
A gaunt old man upon an old white horse,
His sword two-handed, and his eyes like flame,
His armor rusty and his garments coarse, —
Sano gan Zymo is his name:
Find him, and bring him here."

Lo, from far off, amid the silent host,
Came Sano with his tottering beast,
His heart scarce beating, eyes in wonder lost,
The old horse trailing at his bridle-rein.
"Salute the Shogun: bow!" But Sano muttered fain, —
"This is no Shogun, but a reverend priest."

"Nay, soul of Nippon," answered Tokiyori low,
"You sheltered me from wind and snow.
For me you burned your costly trees in jars,
And pledged your life unto the Shogun's wars.
'Twas Tokiyori warmed him in your room,
And saw the soul of Nippon in your eyes.
Your stolen lands I solemnly restore,
And ere we march, I give to you a prize:—
Reign lord of Sakurai where cherries bloom,
Of Matsuida where the pine tree grows,
And fair Umeda where the plum tree blows."

"Sano, Meditashi!" Hark, a storm of cheers.
"Hojo, banzai! live, lord, ten thousand years."

And kneeling spellbound, answering through tears
That still would flow,
Old Sano faltering said, —
"Great fighting lord, until this old gray head
Is laid in earth, command my arm, my life,
And never shall I swerve.
I did but what is law of Bushido —
To give, to love, to serve.
Praised be the Shogun! — honored, too, my wife!"

And Tokiyori rode to battle with a smile.

ON LEARNING TO WRITE

BY HAVELOCK ELLIS

WE do not always realize that learning to write is partly a matter of instinct. This is so even of that writing which, as children, we learn in copybooks with engraved maxims at the head of the page. There are some, indeed, probably the majority, who quickly achieve the ability to present a passable imitation of the irreproachable model presented to them. There are some who cannot. I speak as one who knows, for I recall how my first schoolmaster, a sarcastic little Frenchman, irritated by my unchastenable hand, would sometimes demand if I wrote with the kitchen poker, or again assert that I kept a tame spider to run over the page; while a later teacher, who was an individualist and more tolerant, yet sometimes felt called upon to murmur, in a tone of dubious optimism, "You will have a hand of your own, my boy; you will have a hand of your own." In such cases, it is not lack of docility that is in question, but a categorical imperative of the nervous system which the efforts of the will may indeed bend but cannot crush.

Yet the writers who cheerfully lay down the laws of style seldom realize this complexity and mystery enwrapping even so simple a matter as handwriting. No one can say how much atavistic recurrence from remote ancestors, how much family nervous habit, how much wayward yet deep-rooted personal idiosyncrasy, deflect the child's patient efforts to imitate the copperplate model which is set before him. The son often writes like the father, even though he may seldom or never see his father's handwriting; brothers write singularly alike, though they may have been taught by different teachers and even in different continents. It has been noted of the

ancient and distinguished family of the Tyrrells that their handwriting in the parish books of Stowmarket remained the same throughout many generations. I have noticed in a relative of my own, peculiarities of handwriting identical with those of an ancestor two centuries ago, whose writing he certainly never saw. The resemblance is often not that of exact formation, but of general air or underlying structure. One is tempted to think that often, in this as in other matters, the possibilities are limited, and that when the child is formed in his mother's womb Nature casts the same old dice, and the same old combinations inevitably tend to recur. But that notion scarcely fits all the facts, and our growing knowledge of the infinite subtlety of heredity, of its presence even in the most seemingly elusive psychic characters, indicates that the dice may be loaded and fall in accord with harmonies we can seldom perceive.

The part in style which belongs to atavism, to heredity, to unconscious instinct, is probably very large. It eludes us to an even greater extent than the corresponding part in handwriting, because the man of letters may have none among his ancestors who sought expression in style, so that only one Milton speaks for a mute inglorious family, and how far he speaks truly remains a matter of doubt. We only divine the truth when we know the character and deeds of the family. There could be no more instructive revelation of family history in style than is furnished by Carlyle. There had never been any writer in the Carlyle family, and if there had, Carlyle, at the time when his manner of writing was formed, would scarcely have sought to imitate him. Yet we could not conceive this stern, laborious plebeian family of Low-

land Scots — with its remote Teutonic affinities, its coarseness, its narrowness, its assertive inarticulate force — in any more fitting verbal translation than was given it by this its last son, the pathetic little figure with the face of a lost child, who wrote in a padded room and turned the rough muscular and reproductive activity of his fathers into more than half a century of eloquent chatter concerning Work and Silence, so writing his name in letters of gold on the dome of the British Museum.

It is easy indeed to find examples of the force of ancestry, even remote ancestry, overcoming environment and dominating style. Shakespeare and Bacon were both Elizabethans who lived from youth upwards in London, and even moved to some extent almost in the same circles. Yet all the influences of tradition and environment which sometimes seem to us so strong, sufficed scarcely to spread even the faintest veneer of similarity over their style, and we could seldom mistake a sentence of one for a sentence of the other. We always know that Shakespeare, with his gay extravagance and redundancy, his essential idealism, came of a people that had been changed in character from the surrounding stock by a Celtic infolding. We never fail to realize that Bacon, with his instinctive gravity and temperance, the suppressed ardor of his aspiring intellectual passion, his temperamental naturalism, was rooted deep in that East Anglian soil which he had never so much as visited. In Shakespeare's veins there dances the blood of the men who made the *Mabinogion*; we recognize Bacon as a man of the same countryside which produced the forefathers of Emerson. Or we may consider the mingled Breton and Gascon ancestry of Renan, in whose brain, in the very contour and melody of his style, the ancient bards of Brittany have joined hands with the tribe of Montaigne and Brantôme. Or, to take one more example, we can scarcely fail to recognize in the style of Hawthorne the glamour of which the latent aptitude had

been handed on by ancestors who dwell on the borders of Wales.

In these examples, hereditary influence can be clearly distinguished from merely external and traditional influence. Not that we need imply a disparagement of tradition. In tradition, we can never forget, we have the basis of all the sciences, of much that is essential in the arts; it is the foundation of civilized progress. Speech itself is a tradition and not a science or an art, though both may be brought to bear on it; it is a naturally developed convention, and in that indeed it has its universal applicability and use. We realize how far speech is from being either an art or a science by comparing it with music, which is both. Speech is only the crude amorphous material of music. To regard speech, even poetic speech, as a pure art like music, is an idle and unprofitable employment. On its formal side, whatever its supreme significance as the instrument and medium of expression, speech is a natural convention, an accumulated tradition.

Even tradition, however, is often simply the corporeal embodiment, as it were, of heredity. Behind many a great writer's personality there stands tradition, and behind tradition, the race. That is well illustrated in the style of Addison. This style — with a resilient fibre underneath its delicacy, and yet a certain freedom as of conversational familiarity — has as its most easily marked structural signature a tendency to allow the preposition to lag to the end of the sentence rather than to come tautly before the pronoun with which in Latin it is combined. In a century in which the Latin-French elements of English became developed, as in Gibbon and Johnson, to the utmost, the totally different physiognomy of Addison's prose was singularly conspicuous, and to the scientists of a by-gone age it seemed marked by carelessness, if not by license; at the best by personal idiosyncrasy. Yet, as a matter of fact, we know it was nothing of the kind. Addison, as his name alone indicates, was of

the stock of the Scandinavian English, and the Cumberland district to which he belonged is largely Scandinavian; the adjoining peninsula of Furness, which swarms with similar patronymics, is indeed one of the most purely Scandinavian spots in England. Now, in the Scandinavian languages, and in the English dialects based upon them, the preposition comes usually at the end of the sentence, and Scandinavian structural elements form an integral part of English, even more than Latin-French; for it has been the part of the latter rather to enrich the vocabulary than to mould the structure of our tongue. So that, instead of introducing a personal idiosyncrasy, or perpetrating a questionable license, Addison was continuing his own ancestral traditions, and at the same time asserting an organic prerogative of English speech. It may be added that Addison reveals his Scandinavian affinities, not merely in the material structure, but in the spiritual quality of his work. This delicate sympathetic observation, the vein of gentle melancholy, the quiet, restrained humor, meet us again in Norwegian literature to-day.

When we put aside these ancestral and traditional influences, there is still much in the writer's art which, even if personal, we can only term instinctive. This may be said of that music which, at their finest moments, belongs to all the great writers of prose. Every writer has his own music, though there are few in whom it becomes audible save at rare and precious intervals. The prose of the writer who can deliberately make his own personal cadences monotonously audible all the time grows wearisome; it affects us as a tedious mannerism. This is a kind of machine-made prose which, indeed, it requires a clever artisan to produce. But great writers, though they are always themselves, only attain the perfect music of their style under the stress of a stimulus adequate to arouse it. Their music is the audible translation of emotion, and arises when the waves of emotion are

stirred. It is not, properly speaking, a voluntary effect. We can only say that the winds of the spirit are breathed upon the surface of style, and they lift it into rhythmic movement. And for each writer these waves have their own special rate of vibration, their peculiar shape and interval. The rich, deep, slow tones of Bacon have nothing in common with the haunting, long-drawn melody, faint and tremulous, of Newman; the high, metallic, falsetto ring of De Quincey's rhetoric is far away from the pensive, low-toned music of Lafcadio Hearn.

Imitation, as Tarde and Baldwin have taught us to realize, is a part of instinct. When we begin to learn to write, it rarely happens that we are not imitators, and for the most part, unconsciously. The verse of every young poet, however original he may afterwards grow, usually has plainly written across it the rhythmic signature of some greater master whose work chances to be abroad in the world; once it was usually Tennyson, then Swinburne, now some still later poet; the same thing happens with prose, but the rhythm of the signature is less easy to hear.

As a writer slowly finds his own centre of gravity, the influence of the rhythm of other writers ceases to be perceptible except in so far as it coincides with his own natural movement and *tempo*. That is a familiar fact. We less easily realize, perhaps, that not only the tunes, but the notes that they are formed of, in every great writer are his own. In other words, he creates even his vocabulary. That is so not only in the more obvious sense that out of the mass of words that make up a language every writer uses only a limited number, and even among these has his words of predilection. It is in the meanings he gives to words, to names, that a writer creates his vocabulary. All language is metaphor; even the simplest names of the elementary things are metaphors based on resemblances that suggested themselves to the primitive men who made language. It is not otherwise with the aboriginal man of genius who

uses language to express his new vision of the world. He sees things charged with energy, or brilliant with color, or soaked in perfume that the writers who came before him had overlooked, and to designate these things he must use names which convey the qualities he has perceived. Guided by his own new personal sensations and perceptions, he creates his metaphorical vocabulary. If we examine the style of Montaigne, so fresh and personal and inventive, we see that its originality lies largely in its vocabulary, which is not, like that of Rabelais, manufactured afresh, but has its novelty in its metaphorical values, such new values being tried and tempered at every step to the measure of the highly individual person behind them, who thereby exerts his creative force. In our own days, Huysmans, who indeed saw the world at a more eccentric angle than Montaigne, with unflinching veracity and absolute devotion, set himself to the task of creating his own vocabulary, and at first the unfamiliarity of its beauty estranges us.

We grow familiar in time with the style of the great authors, and when we read them we translate them easily and unconsciously, as we translate a foreign language we are familiar with; we understand the vocabulary because we have learned to know the special seal of the creative person who moulded the vocabulary. But at the outset the great writer may be almost as unintelligible to us as though he were writing in a language we had never learned. In the not so remote days when *Leaves of Grass* was a new book in the world, few who looked into it for the first time, however honestly, but were repelled, and perhaps even violently repelled. I remember that when, as a youth, Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* first reached me, I saw only picturesque hieroglyphics to which I had no key; while a few months later I wished to have the book always in my hands and to shout aloud its lines. Until we find the door and the clue, the new writer remains obscure. Therein lies the truth of Landor's saying

that the poet must himself create the beings who are to enjoy his Paradise.

For most of those who deliberately seek to learn to write, words seem generally to be felt as of less importance than the art of arranging them. It is thus that the learner in writing tends to become the devoted student of grammar and syntax. That is indeed a tendency which always increases. Civilization develops with a conscious adhesion to formal order, and the writer — writing by fashion or by ambition, and not by divine right of creative instinct — follows the course of civilization. It is an unfortunate tendency, for those whom it affects conquer by their number. As we know, writing that is real is not learned that way. Just as the solar system was not made in accordance with the astronomer's laws, so writing is not made by the laws of grammar. Astronomer and grammarian alike can only come in at the end, to give a generalized description of what usually happens in the respective fields it pleases them to explore. When a new comet, cosmic or literary, enters their sky, it is their descriptions which have to be readjusted, not the comet. There seems to be no more pronounced mark of the decadence of a people and its literature than a servile and rigid subserviency to rule. It can only make for ossification, for ankylosis, for petrification, all the milestones on the road of death. In every age of democratic plebeianism, where each man thinks he is as good a writer as the others, and takes his laws from the others, having no laws of his own nature, it is down this steep path that men, in a flock, inevitably run.

We may find an illustration of the plebeian ankylosis of advancing civilization in the minor matter of spelling. The laws of spelling, properly speaking, are few or none, and in the great ages men have understood this and boldly acted accordingly. They exercised a fine personal discretion in the matter, and permitted without question a wide range of variation. Shakespeare, as we know, even

spelled his own name in several different ways, all equally correct. When that great old Elizabethan mariner, Sir Martin Frobisher, entered on one of his rare and hazardous adventures with the pen, he created spelling absolutely afresh, in the spirit of simple heroism with which he was always ready to sail out into strange seas. His epistolary adventures are certainly more interesting than admirable, but we have no reason to suppose that the distinguished persons to whom these letters were addressed viewed them with any disdain. More anæmic ages cannot endure creative vitality even in spelling, and so it comes about that in periods when everything beautiful and handmade gives place to manufactured articles made wholesale, uniform, and cheap, the same principles are applied to words, and spelling becomes a mechanic trade. We must have our spelling uniform, even if uniformly bad. Just as the man who, having out of sheer ignorance eaten the wrong end of his asparagus, was thenceforth compelled to declare that he preferred that end, so it is with our race in the matter of spelling. Our ancestors, by chance or by ignorance, tended to adopt certain forms of spelling; and we, their children, are forced to declare that we prefer those forms. Thus we have not only lost all individuality in spelling, but we pride ourselves on our loss and magnify our ankylosis. In England it has become impossible to flex our stiffened mental joints sufficiently to press out a single letter, in America it is equally impossible to extend them enough to admit that letter. It is convenient, we say, to be rigid and formal in these things, and therewith we are content; it matters little to us that we have thereby killed the life of our words, and only gained the convenience of death. It would be likewise convenient, no doubt, if men and women could be turned into rigid geometrical diagrams on Euclidian principles, as indeed our legislators sometimes seem to think that they already are; but we should pay for our convenience with all the infinite va-

riations, the beautiful sinuosities, that had once made up life.

There can be no doubt that, in the much greater matter of style, we have paid heavily for the attainment of our slavish adherence to mechanical rules, however convenient, however inevitable. The beautiful incorrection, as we are now compelled to regard it, that so often marked the great and even the small writers of the seventeenth century, has been lost, for all can now write what any find it easy to read, what none have any consuming desire to read. But when Sir Thomas Browne wrote his *Religio Medici*, it was with an art made up of obedience to personal law and abandonment to free inspiration which still ravishes us. It is extraordinary indeed how far incorrection may be carried and yet remain completely adequate even to complex and subtle ends. Pepys wrote his *Diary* at the outset of a life full of strenuous work and not a little pleasure, with a rare devotion indeed, but with a concision and carelessness, a single eye on the fact itself and an extraordinary absence of self-consciousness, which rob it of all claim to possess what we conventionally term style. Yet in this vehicle he has perfectly conveyed not merely the most vividly realized and delightfully detailed picture of a past age ever achieved in any language, but he has, moreover, painted a psychological portrait of himself which for its serenely impartial justice, its subtle gradations, its bold juxtapositions of color, has all the qualities of the finest Velasquez. There is no style here, we say, merely the diarist writing with careless poignant vitality for his own eye; and yet no style that we could conceive would be better fitted, or so well fitted, for the miracle that has here been effected.

One asks one's self how it was that this old way of writing, as a personal art, gave place to the new way of writing, as a more impersonal pseudo-science, rigidly bound by formal and artificial rules. The answer, it seems to me, is to be found in the existence of a great new current of

thought which began mightily to stir in men's minds at the end of the seventeenth century. It will be remembered that it was during the early part of the eighteenth century, in both England and France, that the new devitalized though more flexible prose appeared, with its precision and accuracy, its conscious orderliness, its deliberate method. But only a few years before, over France and England alike, a great intellectual wave had swept, imparting to the mathematical and geometrical sciences, to astronomy, physics, and the allied studies, an impetus that they had never received before on so great a scale. Descartes in France and Newton in England stand out as the typical representatives of the movement. If that movement had to exert any influence on language — and we know how sensitively language reacts to thought — it could have been manifested in no other way than by the change which actually took place. And there was every opportunity for that influence to be exerted. This sudden expansion of the mathematical and geometrical sciences was so great and novel that interest in it was not confined to a small band of men of science; it excited the men in the street, the women in drawing-rooms; it was indeed a woman, a bright and gay woman of the world, who translated Newton's great book into French. Thus it was that the new qualities of style were invented not merely to express new qualities of thought, but because new scientific ideals were moving within the minds of men. A similar reaction of thought on language took place at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when an attempt was made to vitalize language once more, and to break the rigid and formal moulds the previous century had constructed. The attempt was immediately preceded by the awakening of a new group of sciences, but this time the sciences of life, the biological studies associated with Cuvier and Lamarck, with John Hunter and Erasmus Darwin.

To admire the old writers, one may

add, because for them writing was an art to be exercised freely and not a vain attempt to follow after the ideals of the abstract sciences, is by no means to imply contempt for that decorum and orderliness without which all written speech must be ineffective and obscure. The great writers in the great ages have always observed this decorum and orderliness. But in their hands such observance was not a servile and rigid adherence to external rules, but a beautiful convention, an instinctive fine breeding, such as is naturally observed in human intercourse when it is not broken down by intimacy or by any great crisis of life or of death.

The freedom of art by no means involves the easiness of art. It may rather, indeed, be said that the difficulty increases with freedom, for to make things in accordance with patterns is ever the easiest task. The problem is equally arduous for those who, so far as their craft is conscious, seek an impersonal, as for those who seek a personal, idea of style. Flaubert sought — in vain, it is true — to be the most objective of artists in style, and to mould speech with heroic energy in shapes of abstract perfection. Nietzsche, one of the most personal artists in style, sought likewise, in his own words, to work at a page of prose as a sculptor works at a statue. Though the result is not perhaps fundamentally different whichever ideal it is that, consciously or instinctively, is followed, the personal road of style is doubtless theoretically the soundest, — usually also that which moves most of us more profoundly. The great prose writers of the Second Empire in France made an unparalleled effort to carve or paint impersonal prose, but its final beauty and effectiveness seem scarcely equal to the splendid energy it embodies. Jules de Goncourt, his brother thought, literally died from the mental exhaustion of his unceasing struggle to attain an objective style adequate to express the subtle texture of the world as he saw it. Yet, while the Goncourts are great figures in literary

history, they have pioneered no new road, nor are they of the writers whom men continuously love to read.

Yet the great writers of any school bear witness, each in his own way, that deeper than these conventions and decorums of style, there is yet a law which no writer can escape from, a law which he must needs learn but can never be taught. That is the law of the logic of thought. All the conventional rules of the construction of speech may be put aside if a writer is thereby enabled to follow more closely and lucidly the form and process of his thought. It is the law of that logic that he must forever follow, and in attaining it alone find rest. He may say of it as devoutly as Dante, "*E la sua voluntade è nostra pace.*" All progress in literary style lies in the heroic resolve to cast aside accretions and exuberances, all the conventions of a past age that were once beautiful because alive, and are now false because dead. The simple and naked beauty of Swift's style, sometimes so keen and poignant, rests absolutely on this truth to the logic of thought.

The twin qualities of flexibility and intimacy are of the essence of all progress in the art of language, and in their progressive achievement lies the attainment of great literature. If we compare Shakespeare with his predecessors and contemporaries, we can scarcely say that in imaginative force he is vastly superior to Marlowe, or in intellectual grip to Jonson, but he immeasurably surpasses them in flexibility and in intimacy. He was able with an incomparable art to weave a garment of speech so flexible in its strength, so intimate in its transparency, that it lent itself to every shade of emotion and the quickest turns of thought. When we compare the heavy and formal letters of Bacon, even to his closest friends, with the *Familiar Letters* of the vivacious Welshman, Howell, we can scarcely believe that the two men were contemporaries, so incomparably more expressive, so flexible and so intimate, is the style of Howell. All the

writers who influence those who come after them have done so by the same method. They have thrown aside the awkward and outworn garments of speech, they have woven a simpler and more familiar speech, able to express subtleties or audacities that before seemed inexpressible. That has been done in English verse by Cowper and Wordsworth, in English prose by Addison and Lamb. When, as in the case of Carlyle or Browning, a great writer creates a speech of his own which is too clumsy to be flexible and too heavy to be intimate, he may arouse the admiration of his fellows, but he leaves no traces on the speech of the men who come after him.

No doubt it is possible for a writer to go far through the exercise of a finely attentive docility. By a dutiful study of what other people have said, by a refined cleverness in catching their tricks, and avoiding their subtleties, their profundities, and their audacities, by, in short, a patient perseverance in writing out copper-plate maxims in elegant copybooks, he can become at last, like Stevenson, the idol of the crowd. But the great writer can only learn out of himself. He learns to write as a child learns to walk. For the laws of the logic of thought are not other than those of the logic of physical movement. There is stumbling, awkwardness, hesitation, experiment, — before at last the learner attains the perfect command of that divine rhythm and perilous poise in which he asserts his supreme human privilege. But the process of his learning rests ultimately on his own structure and function, and not on others' example.

The ardor and heroism of great achievement in style never grow less as the ages pass, but rather tend to grow more. That is so not merely because the hardest tasks are left for the last, but because of the ever increasing impediments placed in the path of style by the piling up of mechanical rules and rigid conventions. It is doubtful whether, on the whole, the forces of life really gain on the surrounding inertia of death. The greatest writers

must spend the blood and sweat of their souls, amid the execration and disdain of their contemporaries, in breaking the old moulds of style and pouring their fresh life into new moulds. From Dante to Carducci, from Rabelais to Zola, from Chaucer to Whitman, the giants of letters have been engaged in this life-giving task, and behind them the forces of death swiftly gather again. Here there is always room for the hero. If all progress lies in an ever greater flexibility and intimacy of speech, a finer adaptation to the heights and depths of the mobile human soul, the task can never be finally completed. Every writer is called afresh to reveal new strata of life. By digging in his own soul he becomes the discoverer of the soul of his family, of his nation, of the race, of the heart of humanity. For the great writer finds style as the mystic finds God, in his own soul. It is the final utter-

ance of a sigh, which none could utter before him, which all can utter after.

After all, it will be seen, we return at last to the point from which we started. Style is in a very small degree the deliberate and designed creation of the man who therein expresses himself. The self that he thus expresses is a bundle of inherited tendencies that came, the man himself can never entirely know whence. It is by the instinctive stress of a highly sensitive or slightly abnormal constitution, that he is impelled to distill these tendencies into the alien magic of words. The stilus wherewith he strives to write himself on the yet blank pages of the world may have the obstinate vigor of a metal rod, or the wild and quivering waywardness of an insect's wing, but behind it lie forces that extend into infinity. It moves us because it is itself moved by pulses which, in varying measure, we also have inherited.

THE SEEKIN' OF IKE

BY EDITH FULLERTON SCOTT

THE hot August sun beat fiercely down upon Missy's turbaned head as she bent over the tubs, but she scrubbed away unmindful of the heat. She had no time to fret about the weather. Summer boarders pay well for their laundry, and must not be kept waiting for it. Because she took pride in her work, and was prompt in returning it, she had earned for herself a reputation for absolute reliability which brought to her many customers. In fact, she could not accommodate them all. Other colored persons might slacken their energies during the revival season, but Missy, having got religion years ago, had put it into daily practice, which is more than most of us do, and she firmly believed in working out her salvation, so she resisted the trend of her easy-going race which makes holiday on the slightest

pretext. But though Missy was busily at work, her mind was not altogether on it. Once in a while she would straighten up, shade her eyes with her hand, and peer over to the furthest corner of the yard, where, stretched full length under a mimosa tree, lay the master of the house.

"He's seekin hard, Queen Esther," she said in a low but jubilant tone. "He ain't teched yet de coffee an' biscuit, nor de watermillion you done sot daown by him dis long time. Fo' de Lawd I's hopin' he's gwine ter come t'rough."

"Daddy's right mungy, mammy," complained Queen Esther, who sat on the doorstep nursing a rag-baby nearly as large as herself. "Ain't he ne'r gwine ter speak ter me no mo'?"

"Naow, don' you-all be peste'ous, honey. Daddy ain't ne'r fel' de call er de

Sperret befo', an' he's wrestlin' right much wid ol' Satan, who's tryin' ter keep him from grace. Jes' wait twell he gets happy — den he'll spo't an' spo't wid you."

Many remarkable conversions had resulted from the ministrations of the visiting evangelist at present holding forth in Mathews County. He had spent a week in turn at each of the four colored Baptist churches in the vicinity, the congregations of them all following him in a body from one edifice to another, until now he had arrived at the last on the list, the one of which Missy was a pillar, though alas! her husband, Ike, had hitherto given more thought to his physical comfort than to his spiritual well-being. This had been a matter of deep grief to Missy, but she was confident now that the time was ripe for his repentance, and Brother Green encouraged her in this belief.

"Mis' Williams," he had said to her only the evening before at the close of the service of prayer and praise, "I've been 'sputin' de Word fo' twenty years, an' I ain't ne'r see de grace er Gawd flow so free an' easy as hit do jes' naow. Hit's pourin' out in a flood, an' de wussest sinner can't escape from hit. I reckon Ike will come t'rough washed whiter dan snow."

As Missy swashed the clothes up and down in the suds, she thought of the preacher's words, and she hoped that he would prove a true prophet. "Seek and ye shall find," was the command and promise. For more than three weeks Ike had certainly devoted his entire attention to carrying out the injunction, and Missy, to make sure of his receiving the reward, had aided and abetted him by shielding him from all distractions, getting up an hour or two earlier every morning so that she might do his share of the work on their small farm, and keeping from him all annoyances lest they disturb his meditations. Each day she looked for the sprouting of the seed of righteousness which her hopes saw planted in his harrowed soul, but though he was faithful in

attendance at the Big Meeting he had not yet boldly taken his stand with the ransomed, and here it was Thursday — in three days more the evangelist would be gone and Ike might never again turn his feet into the narrow way. She sighed, and, as if in answer, a low moaning smote her ears. She lifted her head and listened.

"He's fightin'! De adve'su'y is attackin' him! Daddy's got him by de neck! Glory be! He's cert'nly beatin' him!"

"Beatin' who?" asked Queen Esther, looking wildly about her.

"Dat ol' black devil! Listen! He's singin'! He's on de Lawd's side an' de Lawd's on his'n!"

Ike Williams had not moved, but his lips were parted and in melodious cadence there came through them a volume of sound which resolved into a chant with variations: —

"De king an' some of his wicked men,
Put Dan-i-el daown in de lion's den.
De Lawd looked daown, an' Dan-i-el saw,
An' de angel ritched, broke de ol' lion's jaw
Ain't dat a witness fo' mah Lawd?"

Missy placed her hands on her hips, swayed back and forth, and unobtrusively joined in the chorus: "Well, ain't dat a witness fo' mah Lawd?"

Three times they sang this refrain, and then, as Ike lapsed into silence, Missy with renewed vigor resumed her washing.

"See, Queen Esther, how I soaps each spot an' rubs hit on de boa'd twell hit's clean gone, an' dat pertickler spot can't ne'r come back. Dat's jes' like de Lawd do. He done take an' washes away in de waters er babtism all our ugly sins. He does dis fo' us mis'ble sinners 'dout money an' 'dout price."

Queen Esther dug her black toes into the ground and said nothing. Missy's impressiveness awed her, but did not interest her. She began to croon softly to her doll, but the sound of wheels attracted her attention, and she pointed out to her mother a buggy which was coming up the road.

"Hyar's de doctor, mammy! I reckon he's atter daddy."

"Sh-h! Daddy can't go." She wiped the white flecks of soap from her arms and hands, dried them on her apron, and, with a backward glance at prostrate Ike, hurried to the front of the house.

"Good-mornin', Missy! Where's Ike? I've been lookin' for him all the week."

"Yasser, I know, suh. He was pow'fu' sorry ter hev ter disapp'int you-all, but he ain't been fit ter do no work fo' a right long time."

"What's the matter? Is he sick? I'll have a look at him."

He started to get out of the carriage, but Missy hastened to reassure him.

"Don't bother yo'se'f, suh. He's tole'ble well, but I needs him ter he'p me. He'll sholy come on Monday, ef you-all kin wait fo' him."

There was a pleading look in her eyes, and the doctor forebore questioning her further.

"Well, Monday will do, but surely then. Joe's Pete will take the place if Ike does n't show up."

He drove away, and remarked to his companion, a guest from the North, —

"It's just as I supposed. The fever has caught Ike at last, and he's seekin'. He understands horses, and I'll have to wait for him. You can't get the niggers to work durin' the Protracted Meetin'. This is the season we have to watch our hen-houses, for gettin' religion and stealin' chickens go together."

Queen Esther came running to meet her mother.

"Daddy's feelin' some better, mammy!" she cried. "He's eatin'."

"Eatin'!" Missy quickened her steps, filled with forebodings. Had he given up trying? She watched him dismally as he disposed of his refreshments until only the rind remained. She had taken his fasting as a good omen — an indication that the flesh was under subjugation. His back was turned toward her so she could not see whether he had lost his rapt expression, and he was unconscious of her ob-

servation. Suddenly he threw his arms up over his head and there burst from him; —

"Dey put St. John in a kettle er oil,

His clo'es an' body fo' ter spoil.

But de Lawd he looked daown, jes de same

An' de angel ritched, an' put out de flame.

Well! ain't dat a witness fo' mah Lawd?"

Missy's heart swelled with thanksgiving. He had not given up! He was making progress. She added her voice to his, and even Queen Esther felt the stirring of the waters and piped in a pleasing treble, "Ain't dat a witness fo' mah Lawd?"

But Ike was oblivious to all around him. Presently he fell face forward on the ground, and Missy, beside herself with delight, took this as conclusive proof that he was putting to rout the powers of darkness. She hung the wash up to dry, and, cautioning Queen Esther to be quiet, went into the cabin to her ironing, getting out of the way first some already dampened clothes of her own family's — a stiff-bosomed shirt of Ike's, a white dress for herself, and one for Queen Esther. The time was near at hand when they would have use for their choicest raiment.

She went through her work that afternoon as though in a dream. Ike had wandered off into the woods by himself, and her thoughts followed him. Her vivid fancy pictured him in a hand-to-hand encounter with the devil, and occasionally she brought her iron down with a thump as she imagined the telling blows Ike's strong right arm was dealing.

It was late when Ike returned, walking with slow and solemn mien. He glanced neither to the right nor the left, and gave no sign of noticing Missy and Queen Esther, who, arrayed in white, sat outside on the bench by the door ready to welcome him. He went on into the kitchen, and Missy, peeping in through the window, hugged herself in ecstasy when he ignored the supper she had left spread for him on the table and passed on into the bedroom where she had laid out in state his wedding-suit. Smoothing down

her ruffles, she composed herself to wait, and, as the church bell rang out, summoning the worshipers, he made his appearance, resplendent in his best, high hat and all, and gravely marched down the road with Missy and Queen Esther meekly following in his train.

Missy gazed at him admiringly.

"Look at him in his Jim Swinger coat! Ain't you-all got a han'sum daddy?" she whispered to Queen Esther, but received in reply only an absent-minded nod, for the royal personage was absorbed in the attempt to convince herself that her unaccustomed shoes with the ravishing squeak did not hurt the feet that they so adorned.

The service had just begun when they reached the meeting-house. They walked, a dignified procession, up the aisle to a vacant pew near the front, and Brother Green, from his post of vantage on the platform, took in the situation at a glance and piously clasped his hands together, thereby signifying his holy satisfaction. When the hymn-singing and prayers were over, Brother Jeffrey, the evangelist, launched into his exhortation.

"Mah breddren, an' mah sisters, an' eve'y lil chil' hyar ter night, I hopes you-all is safe! I hopes an' prays you is! Safe in de arms er Jesus! Hit's a mighty ca'm an' pleasant refuge. Hell-fiah can't ne'r tech you dere. Hell-fiah! Hit's ten times hotter dan dem brick-kilns I passed comin' daown hyar dis evenin'. Ten times hotter! Dat's a right smart fiah! Dere ain't no water kin squench hit. An' ef you-all wallow in sin dat's what you-all will hev ter suffer twell Kingdom Come. Hev you-all e'er t'ought 'bout dat? I's askin' ef you is callatin' how long you 'll hev ter stay in hell ef you go slidin' — slidin' — slidin' — daown de bro'd path dat lands you dere? Slidin' 's easy, but what 'bout climbin'? You 'll hev ter stay" — here his voice sank to a sepulchral whisper — "twell eve'y tiny picayune grain er sand has been toted off ol' Mother Earth by jes' one turtle-dove, who kin tote only one grain eve'y seven

years — not eve'y minute, one, but one eve'y seven years!" He paused to allow his hearers fully to realize the horrible prospect, and before he could go on Ike Williams had jumped from his seat and stood before him shouting, and waving his arms in vehement emphasis, —

"I'm free! I'm free! I've taken mah feet from de mire an' clay an' placed dem on de Rock er Ages! I've come t'rough! I'm happy! I'm happy!"

Instantly the congregation crowded around him. One after another seized him by the hand and shook it to show that they were rejoicing with him, while Missy stood beside him, very proud and thankful, with Queen Esther hanging on to her skirts and hiding in them as much as possible of herself. She did not like the confusion, and she felt disgruntled because, though she rose repeatedly on her toes, the noise was so great that she could not hear the lovely squeak.

The infection spread. Others, who had been slow in getting religion, now made profession of their finding grace, and one comely young woman with a baby in her arms worked herself up into such a frenzy that she tossed the pickaninny across the aisle to any one that would catch it — fortunately some one did — and proceeded to leap into the air so alarmingly that it took the united efforts of two strong men to hold her. Brother Jeffrey could not finish his discourse, but when the meeting broke up for the night he expressed himself as well content with its result.

The next three days were deliriously happy ones for Queen Esther. The sun of Missy's affection beamed upon her spouse as it had never done before, and in its warm effulgence were included liberty and enjoyment for Queen Esther. She had been under restrictions for so long that she reveled in the absence of them, and she attached herself to her father, who played with her and told her stories, and was his old cheery self, though she had been afraid that he would always be mungy.

Ike found the halo of sanctification becoming and comfortable. It agreed with him to lie in bed late, and then to sit around all day with nothing to do but receive the congratulations of friends and kindred, with a pipe to while away the hours, and three good meals to strengthen him. It really seemed too good to last — and it was!

Monday morning he was rudely awakened from his matutinal slumbers by a forcible shake and a strident salutation, which had been foreign to his ears of late, and yet which had a familiar sound.

"See hyar, you! What you-all doin' lyin' in bed dis time er day? Don' I tol' you las' night de doctor 's lookin' fo' you ter his house dis mornin'? Get up!"

Ike opened his eyes and they gazed reproachfully into those of his wife.

"Why, Missy! Yo' 's mekin' a mistake! I ain't gwine ter do dat kin' er work no mo'."

"Huh? What 's dat? I reckon you-all got a idea I 'm gwine ter suppo't you! You-all sholy do try me! You put off de ol' man when you was babtized yesterday, an' I was mighty glad. Ef you reckon dat I 'm gwine ter stan' yo' ol' fool ways now dat you is borned ag'in, you 'll know mo' dan dat 'fo' you get many years older. I don' wan' no lazy niggah hyar no mo'."

There was no mistaking the determination in her tone, but Ike, though his courage was ebbing, tried to stem the tor-

rent which was threatening his sinecure. He raised himself on one elbow and made serious remonstrance: —

"Missy, I ain't shif'less! But — I feels de call ter 'spute de Word. You sholy don' wan' me ter tek charge er cattle when pe'ishin' human bein's is waitin' fo' me ter he'p dem fight der devil?"

Missy turned a contemptuous shoulder.

"I reckon de devil would n't ne'r miss de souls you 'd keep him from gettin'. Dere 's preachers 'nuff ter 'spute de Word 'dout you-all. I 's concerned in keepin' mah word an' dat 's 'bout all you kin do. Naow I 'm gwine ter fix up you-all's brekkus so 's you kin go ter der doctor's like I done prommus. Ef you ain't ready in fifteen minutes you 'd better not come at all!"

"Ef you feels dat way 'bout hit, co'se I 'll come," said Ike resignedly.

Women are so inconsistent. Missy was always worrying before he had a halo, and now that he had earned one she would not let him wear it. He heavily reflected that his holiday time was over, for, having sought until he had found, he could never repeat the experience of seekin' and enjoy the privileges that go with it. If he could only have held out for three days more that pleasure would have been his to look forward to for another year. Dejectedly he clapped his broad-brimmed farm hat on his head and went in to his cornbread and coffee.

SOME MORAL ASPECTS OF THE PROBLEM PLAY

BY LOUIS W. FLACCUS

If a reporter is sent to interview a man, it is essential that he get hold of the right man, ply him with the proper methods, and sound him on the proper subjects. It is much the same with us. Some sort of definition of the problem play must be arrived at if a case of mistaken identity is to be avoided. We must state definitely what it is about the problem play we wish to get at, and fit method to purpose.

The stage has done this much for us: we can tell a problem play when we see it. Most of us would agree in classing as problem plays the majority of Ibsen's and Shaw's, and such plays as Sudermann's *Ehre* and *Blumenboot*, Hauptmann's *Vor Sonnenaufgang*, Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna*, Tolstoy's *Power of Darkness*, Henry Arthur Jones's *Hypocrites*. But why group these plays together? Surely not because they are alike in æsthetic credo, make-up, and style. Naturalistic, mystical, analytic, they are set to different keys, have a different twang about them. Differences so radical make an æsthetic definition of the problem play a thing of much toil and little profit. It is not worth the risk of losing the richness of my theme; therefore, I shall dwell on the æsthetic only in so far as it bears on the moral.

It is in the sphere of morality that we must look for what is common to problem plays. Understand me rightly. To define such plays as plays dealing with immoral situations or as leaving a bad taste in one's mouth, is simple, absurd, unjust. Nor do I mean to refer to the moral effect they have on people. The problem of the salutary effect of exhibiting moral rotteness on the stage is one of some practical importance, and we are all familiar with the time-worn pros and cons, — the "strong meat and children" argument,

Tolstoy's "simplicity" plea, and the "degeneracy" refrain of Max Nordau. It is not effects, but aims we wish to get at. Problem plays stand for a peculiar attitude toward the problem of conduct, and it is our purpose to get at that attitude by a "catch-as-catch-can" method.

A glance at the development of the problem play will help us to get our bearings. The problem play is essentially a modern product. It gives in art what is given in countless other ways: a sense of the complexity and reality of life. Compare our plays with the stilted favorites of a former generation, *Virginus*, for example. But it is not merely in naturalness of costume, dialogue, and art form, that this keener sense of reality shows itself. Mysticism expresses it quite as strongly. Maeterlinck's is a search for reality, a reality too deep for words, the undertow of life. Again, modern art reveals in technique and motif a greater appreciation of the complexity of life.

Nowhere does this keener sense of the reality and complexity of life stand out as it does in the problem play. There it expresses itself in two demands. First, art is to be real in the sense of being vital. It is to get beneath the surface-play and pageantry of life; it is to use life-materials as the basis for life-meanings. Second, art is to do full justice to the complex and confused character of life, and at the same time to make a serious try at getting "rhyme and reason" out of this jumble of experiences. That accounts for much that is puzzling in the plays named. The average theatre-goer does n't quite know what to make of such characters as Peer Gynt, Brand, or Werle. That does n't mean that there is confused character-drawing: it means simply that the problem-play writer regards life as an ex-

ceedingly complex affair, so delicate and subtle a matter that it calls for an infinite refining of method. It means further that he is keenly aware of the puzzling and problematic character of life, and that he means to raise more questions than he can answer.

Every problem play exhibits the four characteristics named: a sense that life is real and that art ought to be vital, a sense that life is complex, a demand for some sort of unity, and a leaning towards the problematic. In this definition I have given æsthetic considerations a wide berth, for I am husbanding with an eye to a harvest of moral significance. It is easy to see how the four things named figure in moral problems. In such problems we find the greatest complexity, the most urgent need of a solution, and the smallest hope of ever arriving at one. There you cannot shirk the task of unifying. Try to escape it by a moral *tour de force*, and you will be forced back into it by a subtle dialectic of unrest. And still the puzzling and problematic always remain in questions of duty.

A further step in our definition of the problem play suggests itself. What is more natural than to trace the characteristics given to one final principle and key to the moral significance of problem plays? And where should we expect greater evidence of such a principle than in plays whose very warp and woof is conflict, — conflict of passions, of ideals, conflict in myriad forms?

Where does this ultimate moral meaning of the problem play lie? It lies in this, that every problem play is the launching of an individual point of view; a self-conscious criticism of life, its values and ideals. In one sense, every play is a criticism of life. Think of the moral content of *King Lear*. Think also of the moral conflicts it presents. But such a play is not a problem play: the moral content is spontaneous, the natural yield of a serious and richly gifted mind. In a play like *Hamlet* the morally significant is held in solution in a plot that has all the richness

and loose texture of life itself; it means nothing but depth of feeling, sincerity of art, a firm grip on the forces of life. In problem plays, on the other hand, the moral content is not spontaneous; it is willed as such. So much we may get either from the plays, or on the rebound in the utterances of the playwrights. Take a play like *Ghosts*. There, much of the dialogue is logical sword-play. Such are the conversations on ideals between Mrs. Alving and Pastor Manders. Often the characters merely voice the author's views on a variety of subjects. With what amusing perverseness Bernard Shaw airs his views on vivisection, capital punishment, socialism, in his plays! The same sort of inartistic patchwork is found in many of Sudermann's plays. It gives but a poor idea of the view of life I wish to emphasize.

With Ibsen — master of all masters in his field — such illumination of life does not mean the popping up of a light here or there, a logical flash in the pan: it means a steady glow etching in sharpest outline the problems of life. Where could there be found a better example of logic biting into the very substance of a play than in Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People*, with its problem of the conflict between the compact majority and the pioneer? The quizzing attitude is vital to the characters. It is the general problematic attitude, rather than the discussion of single problems, that characterizes problem plays of the best type. With the lesser men the aim is too obviously a moral brief or an exhibition of ingenuity. The "dramatic triangle" figures so prominently in many plays because it is such an excellent way of getting people into a tangle. Moral problems change from generation to generation; the problem-play writer aims to get to the principle of conflict, which remains the same, however it may play itself off.

That the problem play means a self-conscious criticism of life is brought home forcibly by the utterances of the writers of such plays. They wish to be taken

seriously as social critics. Perhaps they over-emphasize the effect of art upon life. Very likely they do. But that does n't matter; it is what they mean their plays to be that counts. Of course, they think of their social mission in different terms. Augier and Dumas thought it their business to "save souls," as Dumas put it. Sudermann and Hauptmann keep close to the social movements of the day; Ibsen tells us that the past, and the past as it lives in the present, with all their hollowness and falseness, are like a museum, open to us for instruction. An interesting side-light is thrown on *An Enemy of the People* in this passage from a letter of his to Lucie Wolf: "But I maintain that a fighter in the intellectual vanguard can never collect a majority around him." Again, he writes to Björnson in 1867, "I have taken life very seriously. Do you know that I have separated myself from my own parents, from my own family, because a position of half-understanding was unendurable to me?" What is this but the life-equivalent of much in *Brand*? Shaw frequently expresses the belief that the dramatist is a social critic and moral irritant. He calls himself "a critic of life as well as of art." He says, "For art's sake alone I would not face the toil of writing a single sentence." Most instructive is his idea of the artist philosopher. In him the great creative forces of life have become self-conscious; he is the organ by which nature understands herself. It is not enough to picture life as one huge pantomime, as Dickens did, or to apprehend the world, as Shakespeare did. Description is not philosophy. Of Shakespeare, Shaw says: "The author has much to show and little to teach." It is the mission of art to build up in men a consciousness of the great world forces and life problems. This is brought out in the following:—

"This is the true joy of life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown in the scrap heap; the being a force of nature

instead of a feverish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy. And also the only real tragedy in life is the being used by personally-minded men for purposes which you recognize to be base. All the rest is, at worst, mere misfortune and mortality; this alone is misery, slavery, hell on earth; and the revolt against it is the only force that offers a man's work to the poor artist, whom our personally-minded rich people would willingly employ as pander, buffoon, beauty-monger, sentimentalizer, and the like."

The dramatist is to put before men visions of new truth. His works "catch the glint of the unrisen sun." It is a mistake to eye such views too critically. If it is true that nature becomes self-conscious in the artist, she seems to have become especially wide awake in Shaw, but rather in the sense of intense self-awareness than in that of a mastery of her own processes. It is not only in Ibsen and Ibsen's kin that we must look for this aim at a world-view with its fusion of critic and pioneer. It is to be found in Tolstoy's gospel of regeneration through work, sympathy, and self-denial. Maeterlinck's subtle thought plays about such problems as justice, fate, human destiny. Much as his world-view differs from Ibsen's, it exhibits in its own way, and quite as perfectly, the sense of the reality and complexity of life, the demand for unity, and the leaning towards the problematic. His attitude is easier to apprehend than to describe. The first thing that will strike you in his plays is a subtle suggestion of the unreality of the material world. It is only a suggestion, but there it is in his penchant for the vague, the unlocalized. His world is largely a world of colors and sounds, a restless world, striking consciousness with a note as monotonous and haunting as the wash of the sea. And yet this strangely intangible world is luminous with meaning, a meaning caught by men and women such as Maeterlinck pictures, strange men and women, lacking

something of the robustness of men of flesh and blood, but delicately tuned to the throbbing rhythm of life: men of intuitions, premonitions, faint soul-stirrings, of a clairvoyance that strikes into the meaning of things.

I cannot do justice to Maeterlinck's world-view, but let me point out in what way it is morally significant. If use is made of this spiritual mysticism in the handling of a moral problem, the result will be a problem play like *Monna Vanna*. There you have the conflict between the substantial but somewhat clumsy conventional point of view and a spiritual reinterpretation delicately feeling its way. Maeterlinck is just as emphatic an individualist as Ibsen or Shaw. With them, it is a matter of pointing out how a certain institution or convention is absurd, socially destructive. There is little of this churning logic in Maeterlinck. With him, it is a matter of suggesting a new point of view that takes all the meaning and value out of the current social view, — devitalizes it.

One further step must be taken. This social criticism is of a peculiar type, and may be described as the play of individual moral conviction on moral convention. This phrase hits off the moral significance of the problem play. It is my purpose to discuss in a more or less random way some of the many ways in which this theme plays itself off.

But what is moral convention? To speak of moral currency unfortunately suggests the clipping off of whatever of moral opinion is not marketable. On the whole, the term common-sense morality seems best. Common-sense morality stands for a number of definite, normal experiences, and, as such, figures as the point to which the captive balloon of moral theories is attached. Three things go to make it up, each illustrating one phase of conduct.

First, there are a number of institutions, and social habits, firmly fixed and working almost automatically. Such are: the state, the family, the whole mass of char-

itable and educational institutions. Here we have perfectly definite social values, and, based on these values, perfectly definite obligations. Here society states its claim on the individual in blunt, emphatic terms; for there are certain things so vital to society that they cannot be left to the option of individual feeling. That, for example, is why there are sanitary measures and contracts.

The second thing that goes to make up common-sense morality may be characterized by the term public opinion. It is a mass of approved sentiment connected with social institutions. As such, it gives meaning, point, permanence, and an ideal backing to such institutions. Take the institution of marriage. It is largely, of course, a matter of law and definite usage. Something again must be left to the discretion of individual feeling, but much is given over to the guidance of a conservative, well-established mass of feeling, thought, and conviction. Were it not for this great steadying force of public opinion, society would swing violently between two equally undesirable extremes.

The third element in common-sense morality may be called free, detached moral sentiment. Unlike the second, it shows a tendency to cut loose from accredited institutions; it may even attack public opinion and its ideals. It tries its hand at framing ideals. It is not our aim to trace the many forms this detached moral sentiment takes. Very often it degenerates to a sort of idle, vapory day-dreaming. It exposes itself then to the keenest shafts of the problem-play writer.

Such is common-sense morality: institutions, public opinion, and free, detached sentiment. As such it is attacked by the problem-play writer, whose art is intensely individual and marked by an earnestness at once destructive and constructive, and whose personality expresses itself largely as intense moral conviction. It is this play of moral conviction on moral convention that gives point and substance to every problem play. Of course, both

method of attack and point attacked vary. Rapier thrust, clubbing, long-range shot, goading, and pricking: such are some of the methods. Each one of the three parts of common-sense morality offers points of attack. *Widowers' Houses* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession* protest against certain institutions and habits. In many of Ibsen's plays, and also in the divorce plays of the French playwrights, marriage in its present form is attacked. Again, it is not hard to find examples of attack on organized moral sentiment and public opinion. The deadening respectability of such sentiment is satirized in *Pillars of Society* and in *Man and Superman*. Jones's *Hypocrites* affords an excellent illustration. His attack goes straight to the mark of a solid mass of sentiment which gives support to certain undesirable social habits. Examples of an onslaught on free moral sentiment are easy to find. Idle dreaming is satirized in *Peer Gynt* and *Brand*. The character of Werle in *The Wild Duck* is meant to show the dangerous side of this quixotic idealism. Romanticism, with its flourish of false sentiment, disgusts Shaw because it does not connect with the real problems of life.

We are now ready for some of the variations of our theme. One thing more must be said of common-sense morality: it is always in the making, always on the move. The rate of change, however, varies. Sentiment, organized or not, changes more rapidly than institutions do. The latter disappear very slowly even when all the meaning is taken out of them. It is like a man staying on when there is no reason for his staying, and he knows perfectly well that he wants to go.

In the matter of this slowly changing mass of social habits and values, the problem-play writer assumes that individual conviction shapes and directs it to a higher moral point of view. This is what makes the problem play so intensely interesting, for in it we find the moral consciousness in action, in vital electrifying contact with life. There personal val-

ues clash with conventional values, and the clutch at victory expresses itself in a great many different ways: as frontal attack, deploying of forces, skirmishing, diplomatic sparring. This distinguishes the problem play from the doctrinaire play, for the latter stands for what the former attacks. What is dogmatism other than a kind of individual convention? How different is the quizzing, picking-to-pieces, tentative attitude of the problem-play writer! Sometimes this insecurity expresses itself as self-satire, as in Ibsen's *Wild Duck*; sometimes as a confused interplay of views, as in the last act of *Monna Vanna*.

The "I beg to differ" attitude of the problem-play writer toward common-sense morality takes two forms: discountenancing the old, and suggesting the new. That means clearing away of social rubbish. It means challenging of titles and weighing of claims. It means finding the problem in the solution.

One of the problems most frequently met with in problem plays is the happiness problem of current habits and ideals. Such a problem would naturally appeal to a poet, for he above all men is intensely aware of the emotional resonances of life. Ordinarily with him the problem of happiness is an acutely personal problem. It amounts to keeping one's skin whole and agreeably toning one's experiences. Much of lyrical poetry shows this clearly. Of one of the old Greek lyrical poets it has been said that with him everything — landscape, stormy sea, drenching rain, and driving snow — leads to the same goal, the bowl and its jolly pleasures. Poetry of a loftier strain refines on the problem. With the problem-play writer the whole matter of happiness is given a peculiar turn. There is not much spontaneity in his art, and he is not interested primarily in the sensuous side of life. We rarely hear the natural cry for individual happiness as it rings through the experiences of a Maggie Tulliver. Again, when the self-defeating character of pleasure is dwelt on, as in *Peer Gynt*, it is dealt with

as part of a different problem, that of personality. It is the social side of the happiness problem that interests the problem-play writer.

Let us now look into some of these social phases of the happiness problem which are discussed in problem plays. One thing is assumed: that common-sense morality is and ought to be a great source of social happiness. It is a commonplace to say that at present it is unsatisfactory in that respect. Part of the work of the problem-play writer will consist in pointing impressively the effects on happiness of unsound or defective institutions and conventions. Hauptmann, in *Die Weber*, arraigns certain industrial abuses in Silesia, and tips his arraignment with the pathetic appeal. A frequent attack is that on social oppression in general. This is typical material for the problem play, for there we find the needed touch of the problematic, due to the play of class prejudices and a clannish way people have of slurring over the interests of other classes. That is what makes the discussion at once imperative and tonic.

Social oppression of one class by another is shown to produce unhappiness, directly in the class oppressed, indirectly in the class doing the exploiting. Plays like *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, and many of Pinero's plays, deal with the festering sore of social vice. How startling the problem when the responsibility is placed where it ought to be placed, on unfavorable social conditions! The slaves of greed and social pariahs are no less wretched. To see a play like Sudermann's *Sodom's Ende* is to look at life with a little less disregard of problems reaching into the life of the unfavored and unsheltered. Social oppression is, according to the problem-play writer, largely the result of effete institutions, ill-judged class privileges, and the like. If problem plays dealt merely with these obvious phases of the happiness problem, there would be nothing noteworthy about them. But they push on to the more intricate and problematic. They show how oppression reacts unfavorably

on character and happiness-chances. It develops such traits as brutality, sordidness of motive, deception, helpless dependence. Where one class has the whip-hand, it is but natural for the other to cringe. Sudermann's *Ehre* reveals these less obvious miseries of the oppressed class, a misery exhibited most sharply in the pathetic way in which the moral standards of the oppressed are a distorted reflection of those of their oppressors.

In still another way is the undesirability of social rottenness made clear. It corrupts and makes wretched the oppressing class also. It develops short-sightedness, arrogance, brutality, and parasitic habits. No society can prosper when burdened with parasitic, unproductive classes. Such plays as *Ghosts*, *Schmetterlingschlacht*, *Maskerade*, show how looseness of living at the expense of the degradation of another saps social vigor and results in general unhappiness.

An even more significant side of the social-happiness problem is brought out in the way in which the matter of social hypocrisy is dealt with. Ordinarily we give to hypocrisy a stagey, Pecksniffian touch. We do not think of socially organized hypocrisy, or of hypocrisy bred in the bone. It is just these subtle forms of hypocrisy that the problem-play writer dwells on. He tears off the several masks, such as smug respectability, time and place-serving, unprogressiveness, and the rest. (*Pillars of Society*, *An Enemy of the People*, *Heimat*, *Maskerade*.)

Much of this hypocrisy is the upshot of outworn or ill-working institutions. It is the way the weak have of countering to oppression by the strong. From the Middle Ages down, the sweep of the peasant's cap has been measured by the length of the nobleman's sword, and there was as little sincerity in the former as there was force in the latter. That social institutions often produce hypocrisy in this way is a well-known fact. Sudermann, in his *Ehre*, has shown how the caste system produces sordidness, evasion, deceit; how it demoralizes the individual, and how

that brings unhappiness. Most instructive, however, is the social hypocrisy that expresses itself as respectability, solidity. It results when social pressure is strong enough to produce outer conformity, but not equal to the task of shaping individual conviction. In that case, there will be either a double game with shifting and trickery, or conformity to what has lost its meaning. The problematic lies in this, that conformity to social standards may be valuable or dangerous. On the one hand, it gives a certain stability to conduct; it safeguards us against many a squall of emotionalism. On the other hand, it tends to stifle moral initiative, and often leads to social hypocrisy, individuality working underground. This smug respectability is dangerous because it blights individual conviction, the principle of social progress. It tends to preserve what has been outlived, and like a crazy collector prizes things fit only for the scrap-heap. At first glance such conformity to the social cult seems to favor individual happiness by saving much annoyance and thought. Unfortunately, however, the habit of conformity outlasts its justification; to be helplessly comfortable in one set of conditions means to be wretched under changed conditions. Society is always on the move, and the individual is always the standard bearer. This view is what makes the problem play so intensely interesting.

Let me refer to one more happiness problem, that of the destructive effects of certain ways of acting and thinking. It is inconvenient to separate the two, for they play into each other's hands. Such habits are more common than one might think. Ill-judged marriage-laws, the barter-and-sale marriage Ibsen scores, the absinth habit, such are examples. Common-sense morality, clumsy at best, misses much of the effect on happiness of habits such as these. It is here that the problem play comes forward with scientific material which enables it to touch on moral aspects more firmly and incisively. It makes much of the connection between

alcoholism and disease and insanity, and of the fact that alcoholism interferes with social productiveness. Again, the doctrine of heredity is made much of. Control of one's impulses means so much more when the next generation may have to pay the reckoning. The problem of inherited handicaps always appealed to Ibsen. It lends a sinister as well as a pathetic touch to the fate of Dr. Rank, in *A Doll's House*. With some of Ibsen's followers the tracing of such pathological conditions becomes almost an obsession. Hauptmann's earlier plays deal with the problem of hereditary taint on its most unpleasant side. Very often the idea of conflicting claims is introduced, as in Hauptmann's *College Crampton*. This problematic element is the saving salt of problem plays. There is a subtle suggestion that there might be some validity in another point of view.

It is perhaps not at once obvious how the discussion of these single happiness problems bears on what is characteristic of problem plays: the play of conviction on moral convention. The connection lies in the fact that what we call common-sense morality plays a double and by no means consistent part. In one sense, it steadies and supports. Not only that, but it is the great forming force that shapes individual opinions. As such, it saves a man many a trying experiment in values, and it puts at his disposal a general happiness fund. It is quite true that common-sense morality is an imperfect happiness arrangement, and is on that account scored heavily in problem plays. But the real point of attack lies elsewhere. Moral convention discourages personal initiative and non-conformity, and therefore raises and perpetuates unhappiness in many forms. Its slowness of gait, its wrongheadedness, its intolerance, — all these things must irritate a man of force and enterprise. Add to this the fact that, as society develops, the happiness impulse assumes more and more individual forms. This, then, is the problematic in the problem, that moral convention harbors two

contradictory tendencies. One favors individual happiness, the other interferes with such happiness by conventionalizing the individual. The problem-play writer realizes that on a happiness platform the problem of conviction and convention cannot be solved. He sees too much of the tangles of life to have much faith in the untwisting and logical smoothing-out at which the moral theorist tries his hand.

The problem ultimately becomes one of personality and its conflict with common-sense morality. That is the vital problem, but quite as hopeless as the other. First of all, we may ask how the individual is related to the environment that shapes him. The problem play, with its liking for the complex and the problematic, makes the most of this problem. It is presented now as the problem of the hammer and anvil, now as that of the potter and clay. The matter of hereditary influence always interested Ibsen. In one of his letters, he suggests that character is the point of intersection of all sorts of influences; hence often the tragedy of life. It is because of this that a man is often as a house divided against itself.

What makes the problem so difficult is this, that much of custom and convention lives in us as a deadening force. Personality to the problem-play writer means freeing one's self from this force, asserting the truly individual point of view. Set formulas, machine-made morality, blight personality. Think of Ibsen's bitter satire. It is the problem of the spark and the clod. No man has insisted more on character than Ibsen has done. Be a person and respect others as persons: this formula is worked out in a wealth of detail. The same may be said with regard to such plays as *Heimat* and *Die Versunkene Glocke*.

In this matter of character-building convention fails much as it did in the matter of happiness. The forceful man must stand alone. He is more or less out of touch with society, for society, with the admirable but somewhat narrow econ-

omy of a good manager, emphatically discourages personality beyond the point of solid social income. In the eyes of the problem-play writer the problem of character is not in this sense a matter of pounds and pence. And yet it is to the best interests of society to allow a certain amount of non-conformity, and to encourage forceful variation from established standards. On this condition only is moral progress possible. As Shaw puts it, "Every step in morals is made by challenging the validity of the existing conception of perfect propriety in conduct." The individual will is the saving principle of morality. It supplies the tension and driving force necessary to social advance.

Here again we come upon the eternal question mark of the problem play. Is character-building a purely individual affair? Is self-culture worth while? Self-expression does not mean license; to realize the Gyntish self is to realize no self at all, to be a creature betwixt and between, not good enough for heaven and not bad enough for hell. In Brand self-expression takes another tack. It is the ruthless ideal of no compromise that holds him captive. But personality is after all a social affair, and it is the peculiar combination of individualism and an individualized social ideal that makes the problem of personality such a perplexing one in problem plays. Directly connected with this is the stress laid by such men as Ibsen and Tolstoy on the worth of self-sacrifice, renunciation. It furnishes the keynote to many of Ibsen's later plays. It is represented as a necessary element in strength of character. At the same time faith in one's self enters into strength of character. This takes us to the problematic in the problem. The ideals of self-culture and social service conflict. There are turmoil, confusion, and clash here as elsewhere.

This then is the true moral meaning of the work of the problem-play writer. He exhibits life as one huge problem, a problem to which there can be no solu-

tion other than a constant leavening of social habits and ideals by individual conviction. He is like a priest who lifts the veil of mystery to show us a veil beyond. His revelation is a revelation of mystery.

His office is to keep fresh and clear and ever-flowing the living water of individual conviction that is to cleanse and purify the morality of custom and convention.

THE SECRET THING

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

I SOUGHT to sing the secret of my heart;
But it escaped me like a wild-winged bird,
And to the lonely Heavens did depart,
Until a faint lost note was all I heard.
And no one else on all the earth could hear
What I had deemed so marvelously clear.

I sought to tell the secret of my heart,
Whispering low, to one who loved me well.
But like a breath of dawn I felt it start
And pass before one precious symbol fell.
And she I loved so only looked at me.
"What fragrant wind was that? Oh, sweet!" said she.

So I shall keep it hid eternally.
It is so filmy, exquisite, and wild;
And yet so bright and eloquent and free.
Full many a barren day it has beguiled.
But if none else its loveliness may see
Think not I play the miser willingly!



CLOSING THE COUNTRY HOME

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

THIS is the age of the country home, and we who are children of the age pride ourselves not a little on what we call our return to nature, our devotion to field and wood. True it is that new houses spring up in green valleys every year, that old farmhouses are taken over and transformed, that the mountains are ringed with worshipers from June until October. True it is that our book-shelves abound in manuals of the garden, of bird and flower, and that no self-respecting one of us would venture forth in the summer meadows without an opera-glass. We are very earnest in the pursuit of our outdoor enthusiasm, and, though it occurs to us sometimes to laugh, genially poking fun at one another for our excesses in the field, we never seem to doubt in the least the fundamental nature of our love, or its perfect desirability in the scheme of things at large. Perhaps this assurance is just as well; no enthusiasm certainly is worth a straw without it. And the nature-enthusiasm is good for soul and body, heart and brain, of those who acknowledge it. But there is another side to the matter, commanded by the point of view of the country itself and the country people, and this side is worth consideration if our love is really earnest.

The increase of country homes is working a very radical change in the life of the country.

A certain valley I have in mind, hidden among the mountains, remote and silent, a gentle spot, yet not untouched with sublimity in its grandly encircling hills. Meadow and woodland, pasture and stream, are brooded upon by a potent spell which serves to bind all hearts to the place in a devotion which is seldom equaled outside the realm of purely human affection. The people who go there

in the summer, returning year after year for long lifetimes, are bound in a brotherhood close and peculiar, so that, when they chance to encounter one another on the city streets during the winter, pleasure leaps up in their eyes, and they turn aside and forget other claims on the spot. The place has laid its still influence commandingly over the depths of many scattered lives. Little by little, the land is bought up for summer cottages, or old farmhouses are made over, and the summer colony spreads.

Time was when the social life of this valley was blithe and vigorous, the indigenous social life, native as rocks and trees. Old inhabitants shake their heads, looking wistfully back through the years. "Those were good days when the Crawfords lived here, when Silas Wilkins was alive, when we had the village orchestra and the Shakespeare Club." What is it that has so fatally happened to occasion that hopeless past tense? Silas Wilkins has died, to be sure, and no one could help that mortal accident. But the Crawfords have sold their farm to some people from New York, the Perkins family has decamped in favor of a Boston arrival, and Miss Lucy Jones has ceded her cottage for an artist's studio.

In the summer all is abundant good cheer. The houses and cottages brim with glad life along the winding country roads and in the little village. Horses and carriages climb the hills, picnic parties explore the glens, diligent walkers tramp "round the square," in the thoroughly conscientious fashion of the "summer boarder." There is a certain informal degree of social life manifest in tea on the lawn, in games at the tiny club-house, in tennis tournaments. A series of entertainments each year, "for the benefit of

the library," lays claim on the quite unusual talents of the summer residents, resulting in concerts of wonderful music, in masterly readings from the great poets, in exhibitions of pictures which later will adorn the walls of the New York Academy. "What a great thing it is for the valley," many a visitor has exclaimed, "that all these people should have settled here!"

A natural first conclusion that, inevitable to the urban mind; but one has only to linger a little into the edges of the winter to pause and question its ultimate soundness. This winter season is one which we fair-weather sojourners complacently ignore. Our country year is but half a year, three seasons at the most. What happens after we close our houses and return to our "sweet security of streets," we have not the least idea. That the moon has to consider and deal with a strange shadowed half, which is just as much a part of its being as its familiar earthward face, is a proposition which no earth-child can realize very acutely.

That something threatens we apprehend in those great days of late October when, hurriedly packing, we glance out through our windows at bare-stripped hills, purple-black beneath flying clouds, at gaunt woods "in the stormy east-wind straining," at armies of scurrying leaves. But we do not linger to put to the test our shivering apprehensions. The wistful eyes of the country people might tell us a story if we cared to listen. How they dread the winter! Their preparations for it are grave and carefully deliberate, beginning in the middle of autumn, lest something be forgotten, or lest the time prove too short and frost overtake the farmhouse unawares.

"It's a regular campaign you have to plan, is n't it?" I said to a farmer's wife, as I dropped in to see her one November day, and was ushered into the kitchen. All the rooms in the front of the house were closed off, and the front door was locked for the winter.

"Yes," she sighed, "we have to change

all around, you see, and huddle close together. My husband and I sleep in that little room off the kitchen, with the two youngest children, and the others sleep just above; the stove-pipe goes through their room. Even then, we often suffer with cold. I don't know as you'll hardly believe me, but one night last winter I left a fire banked up in the stove and the tea-kettle on the griddle, and in the morning the coals were still there, but the kettle was froze solid."

"It is n't the cold that I dread most, though," she went on after a moment, "it's the awful loneliness. There's so few people left in the valley now after the first of November. You see how it is a little yourself, stayin' so late this year. There's nothin' lonesomer than a closed house, an' on some roads there ain't nothin' else hardly but closed houses. My! how I hate to drive by 'em in a winter twilight. I think there ought to be a law to oblige city people to keep lights burnin' in their country homes all winter. Don't you suppose" — this with a sudden appealing turn — "you are ever goin' to want to stay with us all through the year?"

Was I ever going to want to, I wondered, as I walked home after this interview. Yes, I wanted to even then with at least one-half of my heart. The solemn November beauty is greater to me than all the light-hearted abundance of summer; the lure of the winter is stirring. If only my comrades would stay with me! If only! There I betrayed the need common to all our humanity, urban or rural, and quickened my steps to pass the closed houses, and shivered, and was sad. The inestimable benefit accruing to our valley from my summer home and those of my friends seemed suddenly not so evident to me as I had always supposed it to be. If I were the valley, I know full well that I should prefer the old order of things, with houses open all the year round and filled with stout-hearted country people who loyally took storm and sunshine with me and gave me their

whole endeavor, who wove a strong social life in my midst and made me a part of the world.

Think what it is that we do in fact, we "lovers of the country!" As soon as the way is conveniently smooth for our delicate feet in the spring, we sweep in, usurping all the best sites, buying up the best farm-land. All authority we blandly assume, even controlling the social life, as by divine right forsooth. The country people are shy and proud. Seeing us so abundantly willing to manage the affairs of the valley, they decamp before us. Any least condescension they recognize, — in our efforts to "make ourselves one with them," to "draw them out," — and they retire into the hollows of their hills, perturbed and obstinate. Even the villagers, those who have traveled and know the ways of the world, never open out their lives fully to us, so that the barrier disappears and we are no longer "city folks" to them, but just plain everyday "folks." The relation between us is not the genuine, unstudied one of fellow townsmen, but at best a conscious adaptation.

For the truth of the matter always is that we are not fellow townsmen. No real valley-dwellers are we who take the sweet of its life and leave its bitter doubly pungent. We speak of "our valley," "our hills," "our woods;" but they are not in the very least ours, the claim is presumptuous. They are His who made them, of course, supremely; and, after that, they are theirs who live rounded lives in their midst.

To these latter should fall all rights of controlling growth and change. The little valley of my affection has long desired a railroad. The reasons are many and excellent: to facilitate transportation of farm produce, to spare horse and man in the piercing winter cold, to make intercourse possible between scattered farms (a country railroad often runs on the trolley principle of stops), to communicate a little of the pulse of the world. Nothing less than new life would be the gift of that

road to the valley. Yet — "Never!" exclaim the owners of country homes, with one voice, and a determination based on the tax-list and reasonably sure of itself. Based on æsthetic considerations, too, of course, and quite conscientious. Shall the lovely valley be defiled, its sanctity invaded? There is, however, a sanctity of hunger in the human heart which is a more august and reverend thing than any valley solitude, and this the railroad of our abhorrence would honor and subserve. The decision is certainly not ours to make, yet we do make it and enforce it, and the railroad is not yet.

One wishes that the social reformers would turn their attention from city slums for a while and give the country their thoughtful consideration. There is great possibility and great need for readjustment here. Life in the country ought to be all that is sweet and wholesome and glad. Wordsworth realized this obligation and wrote of his high-souled farmers. But Crabbe, for all his lesser genius, looked more squarely into the face of fact, and sadly set forth, —

The Village Life, and every care that reigns
O'er youthful peasants and declining swains.

Ye gentle souls, who dream of rural ease,
Whom the smooth stream and smoother sonnet please,

Go! if the peaceful cot your praises share,
Go look within, and ask if peace be there.

No, alas! it is not there. The average country life is not a life of happiness. Hard work and poverty chain the body — and with the body the mind — to a hopeless, monotonous round. It is enough to kill the spirit to see no possible end to one's task, nor any varying. An impious, tragic distortion of values results from this lifelong absorption in material things, so that all the finer issues of life, those for which the soul was created, come to be, if not ignored altogether, scorned at least and neglected. To the average country person a dreamer is a contemptible failure. Books and music have their place, but a scanty one, in the cracks of the day, or at its weary end. It actually transpires

at last that the shell of life has all the importance, and the kernel shrivels and is cast away.

They have their vague misgivings of course, these fettered farmer-folk (no wronged soul can utterly fail of indignant protest), and therefore their eyes are wistful. But the finer issues of life are perhaps after all a community product, a divine result of comradeship, of love and faith and intercourse, an urban growth rather than a rural. Scattered, lonely, separate lives cannot well attain it. This theory contradicts the poets, and that is another tragic and impious act. But etymology bears it out. The one word *civilization* itself tells the whole of the story.

They say that the state in which lies the valley to which I have referred is steadily degenerating, that crime is on the increase. That should be a shocking matter of concern to all of us who love the state and have our summer homes there. What shall be done? "A return to the soil" is everywhere cried as the remedy, and perhaps we think we are meeting the need in the May to November return we make, in our "fancy farming." But half-way methods never succeed, and ours is no real return. What the valley needs is the whole allegiance of the best of its native sons, who shall abide in it and work its weal instead of selling their houses and setting forth to see if they, too, cannot become "city folks;" and of its sons by adoption also, for there is room in the valley for all who will come and work for it honestly.

Just here comes in the great opportunity of the country home. Work-room or play-ground — that is the question on which the whole issue depends: which is the valley to the owner of the country home? At least it is certainly true that no lover who is worth his nectar fails to devote himself heart and soul to the good of his beloved; and, if our love for the country be real, we will see to it that the country profits, not suffers, in the slightest way, by our presence in it.

All this reasoning seems to point to one logical conclusion: that the country home be kept open through the year. After what has been said of the urban birth of the finer issues of life, the conclusion sounds like a condemnation; and indeed the lure of "the friendly town" is as strong as that of "the open road" to us of the modern world. But, if we all stayed in the country together, those of us who have country homes, there would be a real community life, a civilization of numbers. The country people would swell our ranks, — or we should swell theirs, which is the truer and assuredly the more gracious way of putting the case, — and the valley would have one established life, one purpose, and one hope. The good old days might come again, or — since of course they never do — better ones perhaps. The wistfulness might leave the eyes of the farmer-folk and their hunger be appeased by the constant presence of their kind. Crime is often enough but a desperate effort at self-defense against the arch-foe *ennui*, a miserable refuge. What if we of the country homes leave the path open by our desertion, our positive infliction of loneliness through our negative absence? It is a point to consider.

Nor need we suppose that our sacrifice (complacent creatures that we are!) would be any greater than our gain if we stayed in the country all winter. A comradeship very close and informal would grace our long seclusion. Apart from the hurry and rush of the city, we should have time to know one another, to build up a real society based on eternal things. Around "our neighborly open" fires, abroad on snow-shoes or skates together, sharing the fight with the elements, we should have intercourse real and substantial, worth everything else in life. Our books, too, — how we should revel in them, by the hour, by the day, with the snow falling softly outside, and the wind in the chimney! And the crisp morning's work at easel or desk, and the long cosy evenings! Surely the life would be good.

As for the beauty, do we understand what we forego when we turn away and leave the valley to winter? Days of dazzling blue and white — a white world of silence, beneath a blue sky in which the stars await only the swift going down of the sun to blaze forth, hanging in space. Soft gray days of whirling, muffling flakes; dark, fierce days of rushing winds. Winter woods to explore, winter brooks to follow, and winter ponds to skim. The greatest season of all the year is this King Winter, and we will have none of it.

Then there is the first approach of spring, that most exquisite surprise. The earliest comers-back of us are never in time for this revelation; it belongs to February. We feel it in our city streets and respond to it with a leap of the heart; but what it must mean to be touched by it some gusty morning across snowy fields,

and to burst out of our winter prison, rejoicing utterly!

It is only a question mooted, this of the duty and present failure of the country home. I who write have no more mind to relinquish my city apartment than my old farmhouse. But one has spells now and then of debating, not what he has a mind for, so much as what effect he is producing by his line of conduct; and when one of these virtuous moods is upon me, my heart misgives me for my little valley. It lies at a distance among the hills. The deep snows wrap it, the silence broods, the evening lamps shine too far apart to be aware of one another. Along the roads and in the village closed houses stand in cheerless gloom, forbidding presences. Loneliness, dreariness, and desertion, — while here hive we in our cosy city, safe and warm and happy together. The contrast gives one pause.

"RESTORING" WORKS OF ART

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER

A NEW YORK picture-dealer was recently arrested for procuring forgeries of the paintings of George Inness, Homer Martin, and others. Being a true son of our times and knowing the dilatory course of litigation, he promptly made his defense before the first reporter handy. Repudiating energetically the charge of forgery, he admitted readily that he had had certain American paintings "retouched." It was a service that clients expected, nay required, of a merchant. To illustrate the nature of the retouching process, he described a case in point. A monochrome sketch, the mere preparation for a picture, by Alexander Wyant, passed first into the hands of a fellow artist and then into the trade. It was skillfully "retouched," and came out a finished landscape, with Wyant's familiar

delicacy and range of color. The widow (of the artist — not of the retoucher, who is still productive at this writing) was prevailed upon, so the story runs, to affix Wyant's signature, a reprehensible but still a common way of dignifying sketches post mortem.¹ Then, shall we say? the improved landscape became part of a well-known collection of American paintings, and brought a good price in a famous sale. For the authenticity of the anecdote I cannot vouch. What is really noteworthy about it transcends issues of veracity; the vicissitudes of this sketch seemed to a successful dealer to be mere-

¹ Many of the studio sketches of the late George Inness, which were sold at auction a few years ago, bore a palpable imitation of his signature which had presumably been affixed by authority of his executors.

ly of a usual kind, implying no reproach anywhere. It is a pretty serious consideration for all who collect, or simply love, works of art, that under the still more specious name of restoration many beautiful works in all fields of the arts are literally disappearing; or worse, the inauspicious skill of the modern restorer is coolly masquerading as the masterpieces that were.

Now, for the practical purposes of the lover of art, the distinction between the simple forger, the retoucher as defined above by an expert, and the over-zealous restorer, is pretty nearly negligible. All, with varying motives, practice a kindred deception; all present their own work as that of another and greater. A casuist may be pleased to observe that the forger deceives the public, but not himself; that the retoucher may take a certain dubious moral comfort in the substratum of genuine work under his own confections, and that the restorer, while misleading the public, may honestly deceive himself also by the flattering conviction that he has given a fine picture, if in garbled form, a new lease of life. Such considerations would justify a Dante in relegating deceased practitioners of these allied crafts to diverse profundities and altitudes of the nether or probationary afterworlds. For the connoisseur and student of the history of art such moral considerations are largely nugatory. Except for the possibility of removing repaint, it is much the same, whether a clean canvas, a slight sketch, or a much-damaged old picture, underlies the specious integument. In each and every case there has been falsification of artistic evidence, substitution of the handling of an artisan for that of the artist. The rest is merely a question of degree, and the best we can say for the chartered repainter, as compared with his subterranean colleagues, is that he openly practices what may be called an indispensable profanation for the sake of a higher good.

To this contention that old pictures must live on, John Ruskin retorted, Vol-

taire-like, that he did not see the necessity. Better, he insisted, that a fine work of art should be left reverently to the inevitable processes of decay. Again and again he inveighed against the vandalism that would add to, or take away from, a masterpiece. He has pointed out that in every stage of disintegration fine handicraft retains its essential beauty. Preserve it we cannot, without making it less fine; save it from such desecration we may and should, so long as one scrap of crumbling stone or pigment reveals the hand and mind of the artist. Of this doctrine, one can only say that it would be more gracious in a Premillenarian than in a believer in the persistency of the present universe. When we indulge so fairly superstitious a respect for the perishing thing of beauty, we do so at the expense of posterity. It would greatly lighten the task both of amateurs and museum officials if they might adopt, on Mr. Ruskin's authority, the essentially Bourbon motto, *après moi le deluge*. Yet I doubt if the Sage of Coniston himself would have maintained the severity of his teaching had he been brought face to face with the imminent ruin of one of his favorite pictures. In fact, Tintoretto's Paradise, about which Ruskin has written so nobly, was found a few years ago to be in rapid decay. The great canvas was giving way at many points, and it was probable that within another fifty years nothing would be left but tatters stained with dried and meaningless pigment. Advocates of the intangibility of masterpieces would have had no course open except to notify the world of the progress of dissolution, thus inciting art-lovers to pay their last respects betimes. Fortunately the city of Venice took a less sentimental view of its duty. The damaged remains of the Paradise have been transferred to another canvas which should safely bear its precious charge for centuries to come. I think that nobody will deny that this was a case of necessary repair.

In many other instances the choice is between repairing a fine object or losing it

utterly. Take the many early paintings which were done in tempera on a prepared panel. In the course of time, through the warping of the wood, or, worse yet, through furnace heat or damp, the thin film of plaster upon which such a picture was painted begins to crack and come away. Minor damage of this sort may be arrested by simple means, but if the chalky preparation is generally loosened, the picture must be transferred from wood to canvas or be lost. The process of transfer is a delicate and often a disastrous one. The question, then, becomes simply, Is it better to have a fine thing damaged, or not to have it at all? Between two visits to a hillside oratory near Florence, I witnessed the actual disintegration of a fine Lorenzo Monaco. At the first visit the picture, a Crucifixion, was apparently in fair shape, though a close inspection revealed the long and deep fissures that bespeak inner decay. On our return a few weeks later two palms' breadth of the paint had scaled away, leaving more scar than picture, and on the stone pavement lay the curling fragments of what had been an exquisite bit of tempera enamel. And this is only a sensational example of the end in store for all paintings that are sufficiently let alone. Oil paintings have their peculiar and wasting maladies, upon which doleful topic I need not now dwell.

With many other works of art the case is the same: we must keep them in repair or lose them. Pottery of all sorts is more readily broken when already damaged or incomplete. Fissured wood-carving is more exposed to changes of temperature than to warp and worms that consume. Even slight fractures in marble offer a way to disintegrating frost and rain. To multiply examples is needless. Moreover, many objects of art fortunately remain still in use in the places for which they were originally contrived. One cannot apply the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, for example, to tapestries that have begun to ravel and yield, to fine rugs trodden or burned through in spots, to stained glass

that is beginning to admit wind and weather. Furniture too must be kept in a condition to support a sitter, metal in service must be cleaned even at the risk of destroying a patina. Unless we are prepared to send all crippled works of art forthwith to the lazaret-house — and there are those who rightly dread more than neglect the surgery practiced in art museums — we must be willing to tolerate a common-sense amount of repair.

And repair often involves restoration, I hasten to add, for the impatient reader who will be calling me back to my subject. In many cases something must be added in order to preserve that which remains of the original work. The nature of that something is the real point at issue. The word restoration, to a genuine lover of art the most offensive in the language, implies that this added something is to be precisely like the original. The Italian word *repristinare* — restore to its original brilliancy — conveys an even more ill-omened association. And, indeed, the avowed aim of most restoration has been to make the object under repair look as if it had just come from the hand of the artist. Obviously there could be no more fatal ambition. In the first place, the original appearance of any work of art not indured with an inalterable enamel is merely matter of conjecture. The moment a restorer begins to add work of his own, which he honestly believes to be like the original, he is under strong temptation to change portions of the original material which have the defect of not harmonizing with his own additions. It is notorious, for example, that in repairing the mosaics of the Florence Baptistery, some eighty years ago, the spaces from which the glass cubes had fallen were filled with plaster and the design carried out thereon in paint. But since these patches by no means harmonized with the brilliancy of the adjoining mosaic, large portions of it also were smeared with paint. In other words, the authentic mosaic in sight was actually greatly diminished in the name of restoration, and

much of the composition willfully brought down to the level of the repairs. Happily nothing was done that could not be set right, and in our own times a considerable repair has saved what was left of this beautiful ceiling. But often such devastation is irrevocable. It is known, for example, that within recent years, certain masterpieces of the Dutch genre school, in the Louvre, have been drastically cleaned. One must fear that the delicate films of colored varnish with which these pictures were finished were actually swept away by alcohol heedlessly applied. In any case, the authorities were so troubled by the raw appearance of the cleaned pictures that they ordered them to be covered once more with a yellow varnish. They replaced, that is, with a false patina the genuine patina of time. One can hardly regret that the occurrence, and the resultant criticism, left the Louvre administration in so sensitive a state of nerves that it has since declined to permit the most harmless cleaning of one or two very dirty paintings.

A most lamentable application of this vicious notion, that a picture may be restored to its original state, was made upon no less a masterpiece than Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper. From an early period the master's paint began both to fade and peel. Without repeated repair, including a certain amount of repainting, the Last Supper would long ago have been counted among lost masterpieces. On the other hand, if its custodians had been contented with simple repair, we might have had this great work in not much worse condition than the average of old mural paintings. Unhappily, in the year 1726, the artist Michelangelo Bellotti, being distressed by the faded condition of the Cenacolo, offered the monks a recipe "of an oily nature" by the application of which the colors might be revived. The monks not only permitted the heinous experiment, but were so delighted with the results that they groomed the picture once a year thereafter. When Mr. Edmund Rolfe, of Heacham Hall, Nor-

folk, took notes in Milan, in 1761, the annual unction, being still in force, had been perpetrated no less than thirty-five times. To this brazen sacrilege, rather than to the bad methods of Leonardo, or the ravages of time and damp, we doubtless owe the present vanishing condition of the most famous painting of the Renaissance.

Such examples show the absolutely disastrous effect of following, in repair or restoration, that purely phantom thing, the original appearance. I repeat that the word restoration has done infinite harm. If at all times those artisans who bear the proud title of restorers, and affect the mystery of miracle-workers, had been forced to accept the humble and accurate designation of repairers, or, say, picture-tinkers, their work might have been kept within useful limits. As it is, we have had to do for generations with an excited professional pride that burns to wreak itself upon the unprotected masterpieces of old time. If museum directors would publish their diaries, the list of applications from incompetents, or almost worse, from famous art-doctors, would be appalling. It is said rather cynically that the surgical faculty must have cases, and that under statistical scrutiny clinical records would show a far higher percentage of operations than, say, a similar number of cases of equal gravity in private practice. Upon such statistics, lay opinion is evidently of no weight. But I may safely say that no young house surgeon is more resigned to the appearance of a rare and interesting lesion in a patient, than the average professional restorer to those symptoms that condemn a noted picture to his manipulation.

Of course no profession has a monopoly of self-seeking at others' expense. One reads even of critics who have had such foibles. The gentlemanly blackmail, for example, that Continental art criticism levies upon the living artist, is morally as indefensible as the worst ministrations of the quacks to whom infirm works of art are so often committed. Yet, since the

whole community, and posterity as well, suffer especially and irretrievably from the undue pretensions of the restorer, we do well to choose him for especial condemnation. How far the mania may go, can be imagined from the fact that archaeologists, not mere restorers, mind you, have actually endeavored to rebuild historic structures, not as they were, but as in the opinion of current science they ought to have been. In France and England particularly, in the name of style, a uniformity that was not even dreamed of by the Middle Ages themselves has been imposed upon mediæval buildings. Beautiful old work, because it was not "of the period," forsooth, has been ruthlessly replaced by modern copies out of the books. It would be interesting to know if the archaeology of centuries to come will rejoice in these regularized Romanesque and Gothic monuments — will welcome the abundance of sculptured stone that is of no period at all, being the attempt of nineteenth-century scholars and artisans to facsimile that which is really inimitable.

One may well leave these pedants, who would set right not merely their own, but all past ages, to the irony of Anatole France and the forthright anathema of Ruskin. It is enough to have shown that the worst enemies of art are frequently those who are reckoned, and even paid, to be its friends and faithful custodians. I need hardly argue that no intrinsically beautiful thing, be it old repair or addition to a fine work of art, should be destroyed except to reveal thereby a still finer thing. The splendid frames with which the Renaissance adorned so many Gothic altarpieces are a part of their history. Who are we that we should substitute our own false Gothic for the pious and genuine homage of a more artistic age than ours? Even old repaint when of a certain age and quality should, it seems to me, be let alone. Why should we care to efface the architectural background which Lorenzo di Credi added to a panel of Fra Angelico? Did the Munich Gal-

lery really do Dürer, or us, a service when it wiped out of the panels depicting the Paumgartner brothers, the helmets, horses, and landscapes added by Fisscher? ¹

These cases of early repaint with a kind of artistic value of its own call for a delicate and liberal exercise of judgment. Each question must be settled on its own merits. Yet the general principle holds, that additions which constitute a part of the history of the object, being the homage of a later to an earlier artist, should usually be respected. They, too, are a part of that human record which we call art. Being spontaneous, they are on a very different basis from the work of the professional restorer. Only a foolishly pedantic collector, for example, would remove the settings which the goldsmiths of the English and French sovereigns added, incongruously if you will, to splendid Chinese porcelains. In short, the right appraisal of these matters requires a keen sense of intrinsic values, and a disposition to prefer to the assertion of our own connoisseurship the preservation of any even humble product of the past. When one recalls the havoc that has been wrought in England, merely that each cathedral might sit squarely into its presumed class as "pure" Early English, Decorated, or what not, one marvels that no apostle of consistency has contrived to do away with that unpardonable accretion to Westminster Abbey, Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

So far we have taken our subject in the

¹ Note that the beauty of Dürer's enamel had been hopelessly impaired between the old repainting and the modern skinning. With Fisscher's additions the pictures were, if less Düreresque, actually finer works of art than they are now, as technically restored to their original condition. In many cases old repaint, even when it involves some travesty of the real design, may be preferable, not merely to modern repaint, but even to a marred original surface which cannot be uncovered without further injury. It may well be counted a shame to have repainted a picture in the first instance, but it may be even more foolish and less pardonable to make a bad job worse by drastic cleaning.

spirit of denial, and I think we are agreed that works of art may and should be repaired to keep them from impending or eventual deterioration, but should not be restored in the spirit of renovation. We have suggested, too, that repairs, in the interest of sincerity, should look not like but unlike the original texture to which they are applied. Although this seems to me self-evident, a mere vindication of the right of the observer to know whose work he is inspecting, it will be a startling notion to practically all restorers and to many collectors and museum officials. In all time past the effort has been to conceal the fact of restoration. If a more rational practice has gradually made its way, the reform has been forced by the inconvenience of the system of dissimulation to students. In the field of sculpture, for example, it has become usual to exhibit incomplete statues as such, and when restorations must be made to use another stone. I cannot forget that in our own times the Hermes of Praxiteles has been set upon a nondescript pair of shanks, — "made in Germany," I believe, — but at least the sacrilege has been noted and condemned. Repairs upon potteries and porcelains are now usually made on the sensible plan of leaving the addition visible. This is partly due to the fact that these textures and colors are virtually inimitable, perhaps more to the feeling that only students, for whom a cheap and ostensible repair suffices, deal with such objects. Broadly speaking, the principle of frank repair is gaining ground and seems likely to prevail, except in the case of painting. There ancient darkness is only beginning to yield to light. To show strikingly the case against old-style restoration, let me take — and it shall be absolutely the last of the horrible examples — a very recent instance, where a modern picture in premature decrepitude was most skillfully rejuvenated.

It is not generally known that Meissonier's alleged masterpiece, Friedland 1807, passed from the Hilton estate to the Metropolitan Museum in a fairly ruinous

condition. Whether it had been successively overpainted upon the wet pigment, or had merely hung above a steam-radiator, whatever the cause, the originally sleek surface of the picture resembled the sun-dried bottom of a drained pond. Deep cracks cut it up into sections about the size of a dime. And it was not merely a question of looks, for without repair these isolated fragments would have gradually fallen away. The thoroughness of the restoration that ensued may be divined from the fact that it is now practically impossible to tell where this cobweb of deep cracks lay upon the picture. Through the courtesy of the restorer, I have seen photographs of portions of the surface before the restoration, and I may estimate that something between a tenth and a twentieth of the visible paint has been added since the picture came into the Museum. Now, one need not grieve unduly over the incident. If such a *tour de force* were to be perpetrated, better it were done upon the relatively neutral and unsympathetic surface of a Meissonier than, say, upon that of an Alfred Stevens. Certainly the last thought in my mind is to blame my friend, the late assistant director of the Metropolitan Museum, for acting conscientiously under the traditions of his profession. Not personalities, but principle, are in question. In fact, I cite the case only because it suggests so strikingly the fundamental difference between deceptive restoration and the frank repair here advocated. Restored, the Friedland looks like a picture fresh from the easel — a pious deception, that is, has been practiced upon the public; repaired, it would look like a picture that had been badly cracked. The network would be filled with an unobtrusive tone that would prevent further deterioration of the surface, and while diminishing the unsightliness of the damage, would show plainly through what vicissitudes the picture had passed.

Repairs upon works of art, in a word, should neither be so unlike the original surface as to be offensive, nor yet so like

as to be deceptive. This, it seems to me, should be almost the golden rule for every custodian of the art of the past.

What seems to me ideal repair is exemplified in the noble frescoes of Piero della Francesca, at Arezzo. Take the most famous, the Battle of Constantine. Large portions of the plaster had come away. One saw headless riders, horses in widely separated sections, helmets above bodies which had disappeared. There was every temptation to restore the composition radically, replacing all the missing parts. This, in fact, has been done to about half the important mural paintings of Italy, to the great confusion of the evidence. Instead, the repairer of this masterpiece in San Francesco cautiously cleaned the painting, and filled the gaps with tinted plaster. Thus he arrested the crumbling of the pictured wall, but left Piero's finest composition honestly for what it is — a magnificent fragment. It was a service only second to that of the donor, who commissioned the paintings more than four hundred years ago.

We should examine this case of considerate repair very carefully, for it may suggest principles that should govern quite different cases. Let us admit that, in a composition without the sweep and movement of this famous battle-piece, the big blotches of plaster might seem intolerably ugly. Pietro's battle refuses to be damped or confused by any amount of patchwork that many another picture could not bear. Well, the thing then would be to adjust the tone of the repairs more delicately to that of the adjoining original color. Or it might even be that a certain amount of actual restoration, as a last resource, might be advisable. Evidently the cavalier methods appropriate to a fresco should not be applied to a tiny easel picture of the Dutch school. In every case where mere repair becomes so ugly as to prevent the enjoyment of a work of art, we must have recourse to a degree of restoration, but again to a restoration that frankly avows its true character.

We repair a work of art, let me repeat, for purely utilitarian reasons, to save it from being lost. But at a certain point æsthetic considerations may fairly compel us to combine repair with a cautious restoration. Both are tolerable only as they are evident; and since both are blemishes, they are admissible only in view of some contravening advantage. In broken pottery, for instance, the loss of continuity of form is so unpleasant that we must usually, even where repair is not otherwise urgent, carry out the original form of the vase, completing perhaps a pattern inexplicable in the fragmentary condition. On the same principle, a picture may not remain defective beyond a certain point. An art critic once had in his temporary possession a Madonna and Child, covered with very dark varnish, besides much dirt. The investigation he had undertaken required a careful preliminary cleaning of the panel. But, alas, the rag that thinned the dirt removed also the face of the Child — a recent and miserably executed restoration. Just what the critic did to revive the massacred innocent the story does not tell, but I think it rather obvious that in such a case repainting is defensible. Or take the case in a less complicated form. We know that the Leda of Correggio was decapitated by a fanatical prince. I think the severest purist would not accept above that beautiful body merely the patch of blank canvas required to stay the damage. Nor do I think it ill done that the restored head is Correggiesque. The requirement of sincerity would have been satisfied by leaving it evident that the head was painted, not on the original canvas, but on a patch, and this might have been done without real detriment to the effect of this most lovely composition.

* In every case we must depend on the tact and taste of the restorer, or better, of the owner or trustee of the work of art. The great safeguard will always be the habit of letting the added work be seen and judged on its merits. What seems to me a peculiarly judicious restoration is

found in the fresco by Piero della Francesca, which we have already considered. It has been noted how the bare plaster cuts the forms of horses and riders without any real diminution of the impressiveness of the work. But there was in the centre of the composition a bit of river landscape which originally led the eye far back to a low horizon. Here the river was arrested in midcourse by a great scar, and most of the horizon had disappeared. The crumbling of the same stretch of plaster had carried away the central portion of a tree, leaving an unsightly gap between the fork and the crown. Here the damage had destroyed an effect of depth, disguising the obvious intention of the artist. So the restorer drew in the missing horizon, indicated the upper course of the river, and roughly connected the parted sections of the tree. He prudently made no attempt to imitate the matchless bit of remaining landscape foreground. His work is so sketchy that it could never for a moment be mistaken for a bit of the original. But it is enough to open up the vista, and relieve the imagination from the *malaise* of following up a river only to run aground on raw plaster.

At first blush, this practice of showing restorations candidly will be abhorrent to the profession. For many generations restorers have been encouraged to pride themselves upon their facility in aping the manner of the great masters. The result is that we to-day can rarely say Titian, for example, but Titian *cum* X, Y, Z, according to the number of posthumous collaborators posterity has imposed upon him. The reform, which has already included many categories of objects of art, will be extended to painting only when collectors and museum officials shake off the dilettantism which prefers doctored pictures to those that have been honestly put in order. Professional restorers, however, need not fear that their craft will thereby cease to be a delicate one. As a matter of fact, more rather than less will be required of them. To mini-

mize repaint, to contrive that it shall be seen on scrutiny and yet remain inoffensive, this is a task not less difficult than to pretend to paint like Velasquez or Rembrandt. If any one thinks it is easier to repaint freely than to stay one's hand, let him consult that peerless repairer and restorer of old pictures, Cavaliere Cavenaghi of Milan. Under the new dispensation, as under the old, the restoration of painting of any precious quality would require the most sensitive care. So far as color is concerned, I take it a restorer of the future would work — upon the smaller and more delicate pictures, I mean — quite in the manner of the artist restorer of to-day. The difference would appear chiefly at the end of the task. Whereas the old-style restorer seeks, by imitating the precise texture of the original, to dissimulate his additions, the new-style restorer will, by leaving precisely these subtle differences of texture, denote his work candidly. A greater difference, one not of procedure but of spirit, may be the fact that the future restorer will eschew the name as eagerly as certain learned professors do their academic designations. He will style himself proudly a repairer, will regard restoration as a last deplorable resource, and will restore grudgingly one work of art, where a hundred are cheerfully rehanded to-day.

Who is to produce this ideally conscientious artisan? Who is to take the subject of preserving works of art out of the witches' kitchen, in which it lurks to-day, into the light of common prudence and common sense, and, I may add, common honesty? Evidently we can count little upon the dealers, who will continue to find their account in selling sleekly repainted wraiths of fine pictures and cobbled treasures of all sorts. Collectors and museum officials, however, among whom a disinterested love of art surely should prevail, not to mention a reverence for antiquity, and a bent for sincerity, might carry this reform almost single-handed. Much, too, might be done by a kind of consensus of artists and art-lovers. But

such a public opinion must first become intelligent to be of much avail. So long as we find so many real enthusiasts, both artists and laymen, who, with a fairly Ruskinian obscurantism, oppose reasonable repair and cleaning of their favorite works of art, little effective influence can be brought to bear from that quarter. We must trust, in this as in similar forms of education, to a gradual diffusion of sound information and doctrine on the subject. Are not the directors and curators of our museums our natural leaders in this matter, and could they do a better service than to put on record the principles of repair and restoration which prevail in their several institutions? From the mere comparison of practice and principle much good would come.

Mystery has been the bane of the subject in the past: it has caused, or at least permitted, the ruin of countless works of art by those who were solemnly appointed to be their custodians. Who could more gracefully break this unhappy tradition of silence than those who are the trustees of our artistic patrimony? Most of the museums publish bulletins. Why not include in these journals, as matter of current news, the more important restorations and repairs? Now this is done spasmodically by way of defending an official under attack, or of smoking out an esteemed colleague who is thought to have done amiss. If it were

done regularly and dispassionately, it would constitute an effective means of education in a neglected but surely important branch of the history and appreciation of art.

As for the restorers, we ask of them simply a more sparing use of the hand and a more generous and constant employment of the head and heart. Their most useful and honorable profession can only gain in repute through such a change. A sensible patient willingly pays a great physician, in order not to be dosed or sent incontinently to the latest invalid's paradise; and a wise collector prefers to pay rather for what the repairer leaves undone than for what he does. It is for this reason that masterpieces from every land pour into Cavaliere Cavenaghi's studio. What he does is sufficiently remarkable, but his great and deserved reputation is based quite as much on what one is sure he could never do. The repairers of ancient buildings frequently record their services in memorial tablets, where may be read in varying phrase, usually in stately Latin, that such an one "restored," "rebuilt," "adorned," with many another ambitious word. More rarely one finds simply the homely verb *consolidavit* — "he made it firm." The conscientious repairer of works of art could ask for no greater prestige than to write *consolidavit*, with his initials, on every beautiful object that passes through his reverent hands.

THE CHEERFUL FEAST OF SAN MICHELE

BY JAMES EDMUND DUNNING

As I came into the *portineria* of our house in the Via Lorenzo Mascheroni, I found Isabella talking with the *portinaio*. I heard her tell him that the *padrone* of our new house in the neighboring Via Venti Settembre was a delightful gentleman, who was going to let us move into the larger apartment we had taken with him, a full month before the beginning of our term. Hence, we must transport to the new place at once.

"But it is impossible to make a *san-michele* for the signora," he answered, "until San Michele comes, on the twenty-ninth of the month of September."

"Nothing is impossible!" exclaimed Isabella, in her decisive way.

"*Davvero*, of a truth!" he responded grimly, — so grimly that, on the way up in the elevator a few minutes later, Isabella told me she thought I had tipped the man more liberally than his worth.

"But what is a *san-michele*?" I asked, partly to change the subject and partly to fortify my knowledge of the matter.

"A *san-michele*," said Isabella, "is moving your things from one house to another. They call it that, because the official moving day is September twenty-ninth, which is the saint day of San Michele himself. After dinner you can take me over to see if the new house is in readiness. It was to be finished to-night by six o'clock."

"Also by luck, perhaps," said I.

"I should think," retorted Isabella with severity, "that you had learned something from the *portinaio*."

"Appreciation, possibly," I replied. I do not think she liked it.

After dinner we went around into the Via Venti Settembre. The August evenings in Italy do not darken before nine o'clock, and there was plenty of light for

us to find our way into the confusion of the littered court, and up the boarded staircase to our own floor. The workmen had gone, and left the rather greasy caretaker in charge of the place. I did not call Isabella's attention to the fact that our front door was not yet hung. We entered our apartment. The floors had not been scraped. The walls had not been papered. The electric-lighting fixtures had not been put in. Only a little of the woodwork had been painted. None of the glass had been set into the window panes. The faucets were not in the bathroom. The kitchen was entirely cluttered with the odds and ends of the rubbish which had been swept daily for several months from the other end of the house in that convenient direction. The dining-room door had not yet arrived, but in its place there was a rough board barrier, half-nailed and half-locked into place, through the wide crevices in which we were able to see that behind it had been stored everything and all the things which should have been in their proper places, but were not.

"The steam-radiators were in, though," I remarked, as Isabella led me indignantly down the dusky staircase.

"I noticed it," she responded. I do not remember that we referred to the matter again.

During the following three weeks our time was fully occupied with avoiding the eyes of our *portinaio* and visiting the new apartment. Each evening after dinner we went there in hope, and returned in an anger which, as the month of August drew toward a close, took on the sombre aspect of despair. The window panes were put in, and some of the doors were hung. But the floors were not scraped, and when, on the twenty-eighth of September,

we surveyed our prospective living, where a solitary paper-hanger was singing lonesomely to himself and making occasional dabs at the expectant walls, our gorge did rise. It rose in the person of Isabella, who is the custodian of our family gorge. I might even say she was its originator. Some of the workmen, with an hour and a half of good light yet left them, were hanging about the courtyard, sucking their last pipes dreamily.

"Listen!" said Isabella, going up to them like a muslin storm-cloud. "To-morrow is San Michele."

"*Davvero*," responded the head man calmly. He was a slender, clean-shaven Venetian, — a handsome fellow with an insolent smile beyond which nothing seemed able to pass.

"Our *appartamento* is not yet ready," continued Isabella.

"*Davvero*!" he agreed.

"How are you going to manage it?" she demanded.

"*Chi sa, signora!*" said he, and gave a graceful jump of the shoulders. "Who knows? I do not know."

"But you could paper three rooms before dark this evening," she protested.

He took out his pipe, and bestowed on Isabella a slow and indulgent glance of superior toleration.

"*Che Americana!*" he exclaimed, and chuckled gently.

Isabella drew one of her ominous deep breaths, — I believe she learned them from a correspondence course with a university in a city in the northern part of New York, — and let fly at the Venetian. Her Italian when aroused was what a certain congressman of our acquaintance would have described as torrential in volume and terrible in execution. She discoursed directly upon the target. She circled above her prey with a hawk-like choice of expletive, not to say explosive, and pounced down on him with a strong and poignant use of the subjunctive which made me writhe in pity and in admiration. She swore by Bacchus with the easy familiarity of an old and tried ac-

quaintance. If she breathed between, I did not note it. There was no end to her vocabulary. When she ceased, it was as if by preference and not necessity.

"*Ecco!*" That was her last word. The Venetian paper-hanger once more removed his pipe, and this time bowed quite politely.

"Very well, signora," he said. "We will see to-morrow."

"No!" fairly shouted Isabella. "We will not see to-morrow. To-morrow morning will be San Michele. You must finish to-night."

I saw he was tiring of her, but before he could so express himself she wheeled on me with her most fearful air of determination.

"Go back to the house with me at once," she said. We went. She offered no explanations and I asked none. When we arrived she sent the cook into the *cantina* in the basement and asked her to bring up all the bottled wine we had, excepting only champagne. When this had been done, — seven bottles of fine old Falernian, red and white, brought to me from Naples, — she ordered the cook out to buy several flasks of common red wine, and back we went again to the undone apartment in the Via Venti Settembre. With her arms full of bottles Isabella returned to the attack.

"Now then!" said Isabella, to the Venetian. He knocked the ashes from his pipe, and glanced critically at the sun, still well up.

"Hi, *ragazzo!*" he called to a shambling boy who lay in a heap of sand across the court. "Go around to the *farmacia* and bring a corkscrew." Then he turned to his men with a magnificent air. "*Avanti, signori!*" he said. Five minutes later they were hanging paper like fiends, if fiends do that sort of thing. The rolls fairly faded from sight and flowed upon the walls. Down from the remaining unglazed windows there came to us, seated in the court, the clink of bottles and the aroma of my old Falernian. Candle-light flickered up and down.

"It is a wondrous rich wine, Isabella," I said, a little ruefully. "You remember it was the liquor best loved by Petronius."

"Yes," answered Isabella. "Petronius also was a diplomat!"

At ten o'clock that night we tipped the caretaker who had kept the doors open for us, and went out into the street. The house was papered from end to end! It was with difficulty that we induced the Venetian head-man to leave us at our door. His remarks were eloquently fulsome.

"Now to-morrow morning early," remarked the triumphant queen of my heart and home, as we picked our way into an already dismantled chamber and prepared for the rest she had earned, "to-morrow morning early we will make our san-michele. The *portinaio* has promised to be ready for us at seven, with five good men to help him."

At seven o'clock next morning the *portinaio* was not in evidence, nor were his five good men. His wife in the *portineria* had a vague and irritating air when questioned upon his whereabouts.

"It is San Michele, and he is very busy," she said.

"But he has to move our things into the Via Venti Settembre!" cried Isabella.

"But the other signora is a *signora contessa*," explained the woman.

"Ah,—then there is another signora!" exclaimed Isabella.

"*Naturalmente!*" declared the *portinaio's* wife with clear philosophy. "There always is."

We began preparing our goods, to be ready for the men when they did come. At eight they had not appeared. At nine we agreed that they might be along at any moment. This expectation was still in force at eleven, at which hour, having sat uneasily on our various bundles and trunks and boxes and barrels in turn, Isabella began showing signs of a deep and absorbing indignation. I admit I shared it to some extent. I went out into the street with the idea of picking up the first half-dozen men I came across and

impressing them into service for the remainder of the day.

"You can tell them about your old Falernian," suggested Isabella humorously as I departed.

I did tell them.

The streets in our quarter of the town were crowded with humanity in all sorts, and with attendant vehicles and animals of every shape and size. Handcarts went by with household goods piled as high as three or four times the length of the conveyance. Upright pianos were wedged in with mattresses, and kitchen stoves with sets of books. Sweating men and straining horses were tugging this mass through all the neighboring squares. Nearly everybody was yelling at everybody else. In two or three places insecure loads were toppling over toward the crash of destruction, saved only by the hoarse shouts of groups of men dancing around them in the way in which I suppose the more depraved of the cannibal tribes habitually caper about their frying victims. Imported roustabouts from the docks at Genoa, and mercenaries from Como and the Lakes, were chattering in their several dialects in a vain effort to make their curses intelligible to the abounding Milanese. At one corner I found a young fellow standing stock-still, and gazing down unhappily at the ruins of a large Japanese vase which had got the better of him. Farther on, a melancholy housemaid, with her muddy yellowish hair streaking her wooden Swiss face, was struggling with a great cage in which a profane parrot of gigantic proportions was making a determined effort to commit suicide. Here and there along the asphalt lay old shoes, scraps of newspapers, bits of cloth, revolver cartridges, leaves from books, sheet-music, old periodicals, receipted bills, kitchen litter, and countless other signs of the times. Along the stolid rows of stone apartment houses there was a general look of open windows and reckless unreserve. And I got no men to come and move our things. The two or three I

asked to do so answered me with special violence. I returned to the Via Mascheroni.

On my way the city clocks struck noon. On the instant of the first stroke the mad procession streaming past me stopped. I suddenly found myself the only animate thing in the whole Magenta quarter. Men flung themselves into the nearest shady place and dropped into an amazing slumber. Even the horses on the carts hung their heads and lost themselves. Looking back from the last square before I reached our door, I could see the streets in all directions clogged with household gods, tilted at all angles and exposed with utter shame to the public view, with a narrow lane down the centre for the passage of the trams.

A certain terrible suspicion which came to me in that moment was confirmed in fact, as I turned into the broad entrance to our house. There, his five stalwarts prone about him like Roman soldiers on the tented field, lay our *portinaio*. A violent attack of sleep had come upon him. No one moved as I passed by, and I went on to report to Isabella.

"As to the *portinaio*," I said, "an attack —"

"I am aware of it!" she interrupted. "I have had an interview with him. He is to come to us at two o'clock."

"I hope he will," said I.

"He will!" declared Isabella, with conviction.

We ate a cold lunch, the gas-stove having been disconnected the night before.

I have never known what Isabella said to the *portinaio*. She seldom allows me to enter into these things. My reputation is that of an easy-going dreamer, with no disposition for encounter. No one respects me, because I make it a rule never to scold. Everybody likes Isabella, because she will tolerate no retort. People try to please her to avoid certain results. It is like what you do when you have to take a house next to an oil-tank or a powder factory. Without the slightest expectation of inheriting the earth, Isabella

gets full value from the portion of the other heirs.

Toward half-past two our piano went downstairs like an ebony centipede. Staggering legs stuck out from all around it. Isabella gave a few explicit directions to the *portinaio*, and led me away to the new house to aid her in superintending the arrival of our furniture. We passed under our old windows just in time to see the men lowering the best wardrobe through one of them, with a piece of clothes-line. Isabella gasped but said nothing, and I did not raise any of the several obvious questions that occurred to me. I had in mind a situation that might arise if the lowering shades of night found us half moved out and half moved in!

At the new apartment the workmen, who had suddenly put in a most unexpected appearance and in surprising numbers, grumbled vigorously at us for interfering with their plans for a long day's work. I have never seen men so eager for their chosen labor. The least interruption irritated them. Some of them I recognized, though with difficulty, as among those who previous to the eleventh hour had striven with the most leisurely regard for themselves and the clock. The men scraping the floors announced that they would stop immediately and leave the premises if we put a stick of furniture in their way. We compromised on two glasses of chianti for all hands, and putting the heavier pieces in the outer hall and along the stairs. Our methods of arbitration must have been communicated to others, for within the next hour I was called on to serve chianti, and meekly did serve it, to not less than fourteen workmen of various trades who came down from upper floors and tried to call our men out on some pretext, the exact terms of which I did not learn.

About five o'clock I heard excited words below, and found Isabella in earnest argument with a man.

"He is from the landlord," she said. "The landlord sends notice that we must

not leave our furniture on the stairs. Is that in our lease?"

"Probably," I replied. "Everything else is in it. Leave me alone with him for a moment. You might go up and see how things are going."

I think I paid him fifteen francs. At all events, we had just concluded a peace, when a nervous little man, in whose aspect I thought I detected a distinct bristle, quite sprang through the entrance into the courtyard.

"O signore," he spluttered, "I am Signor Raghetti, the new tenant in your old apartment in the Via Mascheroni, and since the rising of the sun this morning my family — my *gentilissima famiglia* — has been waiting for you to get out in order that we might get in. Why is this? *Perchè è questo! Perchè, perchè, per-r-r-r-chè! Why is this!*"

"I do not know, signore," I said. "I will have to ask my wife."

"*Ma che!*" he cried, in a sort of explosion. "Why do you not ask me what I am going to do with my *gentilissima famiglia* this night! Is it that we are going to sleep in the streets? Or perhaps," — what he really said was "*Forse!*" — with a remarkable emphasis of utter scorn, — "*perhaps* you think that I am going to answer you that we can sleep in the Park. Perhaps in the Albergo Popolare! *Ma no! Ma no!* My *gentilissima famiglia* is not to sleep in the Nuovo Parco, neither in the Albergo Popolare. My *gentilissima famiglia* will throw your furniture out of the windows in another hour, and be rid of you. *Ma che!* It is truly a *porcheria!*"

Now in Italy you cannot with dignity take "*porcheria*" from any one less than a real nobleman, the number of whom is dying out. I do not know exactly what the word means; but its general direction is such that I immediately called Isabella and requested her to deal with our excitable successor of the Via Mascheroni. All that I saw from the rear window through which I watched the battle was that our bristling successor lowered his

mane the instant Isabella's gaze fell on him, that he bowed profoundly, protested effusively, smiled affably, pressed his heart eloquently, held his hat deferentially, and backed out of the courtyard like a *débutante* at a drawing-room. Going to the front of the house I saw him standing in the street to look back at our doorway, and rubbing his forehead in evident disturbance of mind.

Meantime our things were streaming in. By seven o'clock we were fairly well moved. Yet much remained, the men showed signs of quitting work, and neither Isabella nor I dared go over to investigate the state of things in our rear and run the risk of meeting the new tenant on his own ground and supported by his own wife. I promised the crew an extra tip and a glass of wine apiece, and got them to turn to in the early twilight for a final attack on what was left. Isabella and I sat in the new kitchen and listened while one load after another came laboriously up the darkening stairs.

"We shan't get settled to-night," she said. "There are no electric lights ready yet, and we must go to the Hotel Cavour and do the rest of the work to-morrow."

Still the work went on. The men heartened under the wine and the prospect of higher pay. Now and then there came a crash as something fragile was cast ruthlessly into a corner.

"Never mind," said Isabella wearily. "I have passed the line of spoken protest."

At nine o'clock the procession was not yet at its end. More loads kept coming over from the Via Mascheroni, and were debarked and hauled and worried up the now shadowy staircase and into our apartment, the rooms of which seemed to have contracted since we made the lease.

"It may be the light, or the lack of it," I said to Isabella out of a lurking and perplexed uneasiness of spirit, "but the house seems very much smaller now we have begun getting furniture into it. I don't see where we can put it all."

"Order will come out of it to-morrow," she responded. "I did n't realize, though, that we had collected so many things."

By half-past nine there was no light left. The *portinaio* groped his way out to us and asked for a candle.

"Thanks be to Heaven, signora," he said, as Isabella found the light for him, "we are now *totalmente finito* excepting the second piano."

"T-h-e WHAT!" cried Isabella shrilly.

"The second piano, signora," he said, and added with an ingratiating smile, "Perhaps the *gentilissima signora* would permit us to bring that over at a good hour to-morrow morning. The other piano is already in the drawing-room, supposing the signora and the signore should care for a little music this evening."

Isabella stood straight up. She stood farther up than usual, holding the candle in her hands. For an instant she gave me a fearful look.

"Come with me, please," she said, "and prepare yourself for the worst thing that has ever happened to you, — in all your life!"

She led the way out of the kitchen and into the fore part of the house. It was difficult to follow her rapid course, and the candle held before her left no real light whatever. The *portinaio* and I made the best way we could. I felt that the rooms were crowded.

Presently Isabella, having traversed the entire house, halted in the ante-chamber.

"I am afraid we made a mistake," I said as I came up to her. "The rooms seem filled to suffocation."

"Robert," she replied, "you are right about the mistake. And the rooms are filled to suffocation. One of the main reasons why they are filled to suffocation is that this unspeakable *portinaio* and his partners in crime have moved, not only all our furniture, but as much as they could find of the furniture of that other tenant!"

"Signor Raghetti?" I asked.

"Signor Raghetti!" said Isabella.

"He must have put his furniture into the house before ours was gone, and this is the result of his enterprise."

"The result is full of possibilities," I remarked. I could feel myself getting hot in a slow, irresistible wave from my heels to my head. "When Signor Raghetti gets up in the morning from wherever he has gone to sleep, he will experience the surprise of his life."

"*Portinaio*," said Isabella, very quietly, — almost tragically, — in the tone most frequently assumed by very great stage personages in the last act, "you may go away. We do not need the second piano, and we do not need you. To-morrow we shall send you what we have to pay you and the gentlemen who have assisted you. You need not call for it. We shall be glad not to give you further trouble. *Buona sera!*"

"*Buona sera, signora e signore*," he answered, clearly bewildered at the situation, at Isabella's manner, and at the sense of some mysterious untoward thing which he had done. Isabella went speechless out to the kitchen, leaving me alone with him in the dark.

"*Scusi, signore*," he whispered, rather terrified, "but the signora does not seem to be *appassionata* of my labor. I do not think she is fond of my work to-day. What is it has happened?"

"Nothing," I said weakly. I did not see how any one man could tell him in any one short sitting. "*Buona sera.*"

He stumbled down the staircase, muttering thunderously to himself. From the front window out of which I leaned for air while waiting for Isabella, I heard him discoursing to his mates.

"*Il signore*," he declared, "he is much polite. He is *sempre allegro*. Whatever happens, it is always '*niente*' with him, and a couple of lire in your hand at the door next morning. But the signora, — um-m-m! For me, I do not find her — sympathetic. 'What is it has happened?' I have said to them, up there in their

accursed *appartamento*. And the signora, she has looked at me with a look that was a terrible thing. But the signore, when I asked him, said, '*Niente*,' like a true gentleman. I tell you it is the signore who is much polite in that house!"

"Much!" said the crew, like a chorus.

I did not repeat this to Isabella. She put out her candle, and together we went down the black hole of the stairs and so on to the Hotel Cavour. At every corner I expected to meet the bristling aspect of Signor Raghetti, hunting us down with the troops at his back, or at least the civil guard.

We had supper at the hotel, and felt a little more cheerful. The morning seemed less like a thing to flee away from. I heard Isabella laughing nervously. She was sitting on the floor and struggling inertly with her shoes.

"I was thinking," she said, "that it was only yesterday at about this time that I was giving you a most sage explanation of why they call a thing like this a *san-michele*!"

"You might bestow a thought, just for remembrance, on Signor Raghetti," I remarked. "You know I shall have to meet him to-morrow."

"On the contrary," replied Isabella smartly, "he has already been met. I had the hotel porter arrange to move back his goods for us early in the morning. We will go over and see him as soon as we are out of bed."

We were out of bed early, and proceeded to Signor Raghetti when we had had our breakfast. We went straight to the house in the Via Mascheroni, determined to be noble about the business, and hoping that his sentiments, if he had any left, would rise in a reasonable degree of majesty to meet our own.

"He probably took his family to a hotel as we did," said Isabella. "All the better people do that at this season, no doubt."

There are few things so desolating as to walk up to a door that once opened to your touch, and find it barred by the

hands of strangers. Even the semi-barbarous flat-dweller has that much soul in him. We had had good times in that place. I rang, — not my usual loud and peculiar signal, but coldly and with great reserve.

"Now, I will do the talking," cautioned Isabella. "Leave him to me. You take these things too seriously."

We entered. The entrance hall seemed furnished — even full. Beyond, in my old position at the head of the dining-room table, we found Signor Raghetti over his coffee, with the *Corriere della Sera* before him. Fragments of talk from the other parts of the house seemed to indicate that the *gentilissima famiglia* had not suffered great disaster at our hands. The apartment, or as much of it as we could see, was completely and handsomely fitted out. Signor Raghetti was what I should consider quite properly termed "affability itself."

"Why, what lovely furniture!" exclaimed Isabella, driven half out of her wits by the situation. "Is — is it yours?"

"*Pardon, signora!*" said he, with a distinct rising inflection.

Isabella began explaining. Signor Raghetti forgot his coffee. Even had he not forgotten it, he could not have drunk a drop. He laughed himself twice around the dining-room and in and out of three different chairs. He called in his *gentilissima famiglia* one after another, and made Isabella repeat the whole story for each of them. Suddenly he grew quite solemn.

"I know what you are going to ask me," declared Isabella desperately.

"Yes, yes," he said. "It will be *molto interessante* to know that. Who does own the furniture that was moved into your new *appartamento* by mistake last night? Only this we know, — that we came in here while you were going out, and we saw many loads of other goods in the courtyard as evening arrived. It is possible —" Signor Raghetti choked alarmingly.

"*Anything* is possible!" declared Isa-

bella, in the tone of intense feminine disgust.

"*Davvero*," gasped Signor Raghetti. "Anything is possible at San Michele."

I led Isabella out. As the door closed us into the corridor which before we had trod as *inquilini* under lease, instead of visitors on sufferance, subject to the scrutiny of the *portineria* and the signs which tell you to leave your bicycle outside the iron gate, — as we went away from there we could hear Signor Raghetti roaring gleefully behind us. Silently we went around into the Via Venti Settembre, dodging belated cargoes of goods that still wheeled through the city. From the doorway of the house we heard the sound of a terrific argument going on above. The low-pitched growls of several porters formed the background for a shrill and soaring tenor, inquiring pointedly who had misdelivered his furniture. Isabella signaled me with her eyes, and I nodded assent to anything. She tiptoed into the *portineria* and left our keys with the custodian, whose mouth opened in awestruck explanations of the neighboring row, but closed down into an intelligent smile upon the swift production of a silver five-franc piece.

We went out into the street. For a mo-

ment Isabella listened shudderingly to the mighty clamor in our flat, then led the way on into the city.

"Robert," she said, "September is the very nicest month on the Lake of Como. I think we might go up this afternoon and try a week at Cadenabbia."

"There is an express at half-past ten," said I. "We can catch that if we hurry."

"Then hurry!" she responded, — and we caught the express.

That afternoon we had tea in the little garden of the Hotel Britannia, sitting underneath the shade of the rose trees, and looking out across the brownish purple of the lake to where the creamy houses of Bellagio shimmered in the strong fall sun. The wavelets lapped softly on the gray walls of the road before us, and from off the water there came the muffled, hollow ring of the boatmen's oars, straining rhythmically in their locks. The city and its troubles seemed very far away.

"There is only one thing," said I. "Whose *was* that furniture the *portinaio* moved in with ours?"

"*Chi sa*, who knows!" said Isabella flippantly, while she pried the chocolate from the top of a pasty cake. "Who knows but San Michele!"

ANTHROPOMANIA

BY WILBUR LARREMORE

THE purpose expressed in the constitution of Massachusetts to form "a government of laws and not of men" is but a single facet of the democratic ideal. Democracy's aim is an entire social system in which the average man shall be swayed by ideas, not personalities. What are the surface indications of progress, and what is the real outlook?

The writer vividly remembers his shock, as a very young man, when a fellow tourist at the English Lakes, — an English Unitarian of good parts and wide culture, — upon mention happening to be made of Edinburgh Castle, dashed from high level of discourse upon historical and literary associations down to a cockney rhapsody over the magnificent view he had had of the Prince and Princess of Wales, when they chanced to be visiting the castle at the same time as himself. With years of mental discretion there has come a tolerance for the companion's point of view. There are few Britons who have declined a peerage; usually an Englishman of genius will regard the social overtures of a lord as, at least, those of an equal. Albeit our cultured Unitarian was pleased with the rattle and tickled with a straw of snobbishness, his attitude signified British social solidarity. And the influence of that society, based upon an aristocracy which is constantly recruited from the best, has been potent both as an inspiration and a steadying restraint.

Indulgent acceptance of European snobbishness becomes the easier in view of the wide interest bestowed on our own mushroom "400," and, indeed, on any person who offers the slightest pretext for notoriety. Take up almost any periodical, American or English, and you will find names, names, names; faces, faces,

faces. There are many publications that enjoy wide circulation wholly through catering to the hunger for personalities, and this often without pruriency or scandal-mongering. Persons of unusual gifts and staying power are kept standing in type. Any individual who, by accident or unusual opportunity, is connected with an event of note, is trumpeted and thrown upon the screen; and, as in earlier stages of civilization a man's family were put to death with him in punishment for his crime, now they share his day of snapshot glory, even to the babe in arms.

There is a sense in which the verse —
And the individual withers and the world is
more and more —

is true. The individual of the present day is drawn into social and industrial combinations, and the tiny screw loses its identity in the vast machine. There is another and a deeper sense in which the very reverse is the truth. In earlier stages of development, the individual has the identity of the drop in the bucket. The tribe, the family, are everything; aggressive individuality is frowned upon; change is abhorred. The most minute acts of life are regulated by rule, departure from which is a sacrilege. Lafcadio Hearn has graphically depicted the survival of this stage of evolution in Japan down almost into the present era.

Under our system of industrialism, there go with the stress of competition, and the magnitude and complexity of institutions, a constantly increasing independence and variety of personal existence, and institutions themselves are created and directed by individuals called to their stations by natural selection. Individual genius, whether as inventor, organizer, or executive, is the most important factor in modern life, and

the gaping interest in any personality emerging, no matter how fortuitously, from the ruck, in one sense is an aggravation of legitimate outwatch for new leaders.

The trait that we shall term "anthropomania," however, crops out in many different forms, and is displayed in the attitude toward men of genius, as well as toward the random hero of the hour.

The case of an enthusiastic but inexpert philatelist who paid eighty dollars for a canceled postage-stamp, only to learn that it was a forgery, illustrates what Walt Whitman has called "the mania for owning things." Purchases of spurious works of celebrated artists represent this crude craving with the admixture of anthropomania. It would of course be affectation for a connoisseur to claim that no part of his satisfaction is derived from the great names signed to the canvases in his gallery. There is a not illegitimate element of pleasure in having as one's own a collection of works upon which a consensus of skilled judgment has set the seal of approval.

On the other hand, famous names, as names, become a commercial asset because of the passion of owning anything that is conventionally desirable, whether it happen to have intrinsic worth, or be merely the object of a passing fad. Utter philistines will pay goodly sums for paintings for which in their hearts they care less than for the blue-ribbon collies acquired from similar motives. There is generated in the popular mind an interest in celebrated artists independent of the quality of their work; and this not only leads to the forgery of "Innesses" and "Wyants" and "Murphys," but diverts attention from pictures without the sign-manual of fame, but whose merit might render them delights of homes that cannot afford masterpieces. Exaggeration of the personal element, therefore, interferes with the spread of æsthetic appreciation, and delays the "arrival" of men of genuine gifts.

The condition of the dramatic art in

America displays the effect of anthropomania in very aggravated form. Thirty years ago there were constantly performing in the city of New York, two theatrical stock companies, either of which would nowadays pass for an exceptionally brilliant "all-star" cast, and there were other regularly attached companies only less capable. The rise of the baleful "star system" has changed all this. The player, not the play, is the thing, evoking an endless series of one-character pieces, without literary quality, and often framed merely as an expression of the star's eccentricities. The aim of the average actor is not to develop versatile ability, but to display some mannerism which will make a "hit" and serve as a basis for stellar aspirations. Women reeking with notoriety from the divorce court, men who have been victors in the prize ring, and with no other qualifications, have gone upon the stage and — to the shame of the public, more than their own — have drawn their crowds. The abuse has been carried so far that, fortunately, signs of reaction are appearing.

Over-devotion to biographical literature is a significant symptom. The everyday facts of the lives of celebrated men appeal to one with much the same kind of interest as table-talk about friends and neighbors; and inveterate addiction to biography is a dangerous form of anthropomania, because its victim may cherish the delusion that he is necessarily "improving his mind."

A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't.

The utilitarian advantage of biographical study is much exaggerated. The assumption that the best preparation for grasping success is closely to scan successful careers, is groundless, because men prevail, not through imitation, but in proportion to their originality. The general lesson from almost any triumphant life is that its liver knew himself and knew his opportunity when he saw it.

It is, of course, true that a comparatively insignificant event may afford hints

for thought, and that all biographies have value as a supplement to the study of mankind by observation. Many biographical works are indispensable as side-lights of history. The story of the lives of literary men may be essential for critical estimate of their works. Conceding all this, and even more, on the score of legitimate "cakes and ale," it must still be said that educated people permit biography to absorb a disproportionate share of the time that can be devoted to literature, impelled by the same appetite that leads the masses to consume sensational "write-ups" in the newspapers.

One could view with more complacency the sea of faces in periodicals, on bill-boards, and painted on the rock-ribbed hills, if more discrimination were shown in the use of personalities. We know that, at its present stage, democracy is so indifferent to abstractions that the Referendum has made practically no progress among us. It is impossible in the average community to obtain an intelligent, or even a numerically large, vote upon constitutional amendments that are submitted to the people. Popular interest remains languid even as to grave measures of reform until they are championed by a striking human figure, such as that of Mr. Jerome, who, in his campaign for reelection as district-attorney of the City of New York, so fired the imagination that he accomplished a miracle of discriminative suffrage.

It is proper to laud the hero in connection with his cause, but why should he also be used as an advertising factotum? A line of commendation from the President of the United States, though he were as illiterate as Andrew Jackson, or as brimming with health as Theodore Roosevelt, would make the fortune of any book of poems, or any patent medicine. Prominent men as retail trade-marks, with occasional interspersions of vaudeville actresses in the same capacity, constitute one of the most obtrusive American features. In England, the royal family and noble lords and ladies serve

as sponsors for ales and chow-chow and lingerie. Here, the commercial strain is largely upon our statesmen, and the horror of it may well give a sensitive man pause upon the threshold of a public career.

Bagshot has said that "a constitutional statesman is in general a man of common opinions and uncommon abilities." It might be suggested that the reason for drumming in eminent politicians as exemplars of opinion on works of literature or art, is that they represent average appreciation, and, therefore, are persuasive decoys for patronage. The motive on the part of the masses who are impressed, however, is not a distaste for anything save commonplace guides, but rather an application of the fanciful assumption pervading Carlyle's lectures on hero worship, that any great man has in him the potentiality of all kinds of greatness.

Even when the human figure does symbolize an idea, it is grasped only in the rough, often with adventitious elements derived from his personality; and the symbol himself becomes the spoiled child of the tendency that heroized him.

Andrew Jackson unquestionably embodied a great social and political principle. He represented in the concrete the philosophical democracy of Jefferson, which, in the period of half a century, had permeated the popular mind. Democracy was the inevitable phase of social evolution, as it meant the leveling of artificial privilege and the widening of the area of competition and natural selection. The masses, however, carried the principle to absurd lengths of radicalism. As a substantial policy there was developed the greatest curse of American politics after slavery — "the spoils system," or democracy run mad. It is unjust, as is frequently done, to saddle upon Jackson the brunt of responsibility for the prostitution of the civil service. Utterances of his previous to the period of his presidency have been quoted in which he condemned the practice of rewarding party service with public office. His way to become the

exponent of the popular clamor was, however, smoothed by his peculiar blend of personal passion with public conscientiousness, and his devout conviction that John Quincy Adams, who had appointed many of the removed incumbents, came to the executive chair through a corrupt bargain. This consideration, indeed, counted with the rank and file, but more fundamental was the conviction that a permanent office-holding class was inconsistent with and a menace to democracy; that an equality of opportunity in the scramble for place was simple justice.

On the surface the "Jeffersonian simplicity" lapsed into the "Jacksonian vulgarity," and there arose a deliberate cult of blue jeans and bad manners.

Extremes met, and the exemplar of democracy in its most fanatical form became a czar. The multitude made him its fetish and worshiped his very infirmities. Standing for the conception of general equality, he could actually do whatever he chose, without marring his idolhood. Several of the important policies he fathered have stood the test of history, but among our most offensive traditions are the excesses of his absolutism, dramatically culminating in the resolution that his imperious will forced through the Senate in 1837, to expunge from its journal a censure previously passed upon him.

Notwithstanding differences in birth, breeding, and education, the resemblance in character and temperament between President Jackson and President Roosevelt is very strong, and the popular attitude toward the later is much the same as toward the earlier "metrical instrument of public opinion."

Again, an elemental democratic sentiment found its human exemplar. After an agitation extending over more than a quarter of a century against the enslaving power of corporate wealth, the masses of the people, enlightened to the situation and dangerously in earnest, have made it clear that aggregations of capital — whatever their form — shall be controlled by

law. Mr. Roosevelt, in genuine sympathy with the culminating crusade, has preached its doctrines, always fervently, sometimes fanatically. In the mind's eye of the people, he has come to stand for the movement itself, and no one since Jackson has enjoyed a more unshakable popular grip.

Again, the excesses of an impulsive, autocratic nature have been hailed as virtues by public sentiment that could grasp the policy of controlling the corporations and "trusts" only generally and vaguely. Not being a profound constitutional lawyer, he has advanced not a few utopian measures of relief. "Old Hickory" never did a more grotesquely outrageous thing than President Roosevelt's arrogation of the right to rebuke judges of federal courts for rendering decisions that did not agree with his ideas of propriety. This is the phase of "Rooseveltism" which history will probably most severely condemn; in its degree it calls for the same kind of criticism which Carl Schurz passed upon Jackson: —

"His autocratic nature saw only the end he was bent upon accomplishing, and he employed whatever means appeared available for putting down all obstacles in his path. Honestly believing his ends to be right, he felt as if no means that would serve them could be wrong. He never understood that, if constitutional government is to be preserved, the legality of the means used must be looked upon as no less important than the rightfulness of the ends pursued."

Popular infatuation made it the easier for Mr. Roosevelt to indulge the defect of his qualities — to sacrifice dignity, and impair the weight of his influence, by posing as universal oracle and next friend of all the world.

In one episode of Theodore Roosevelt's life, anthropomania, in displaying its own tendency for evil, demonstrated his essential sanity and moral soundness. Mr. Roosevelt has known many legitimately proud moments, and none greater than the evening of election

day in 1904, when, being assured of enthusiastic choice by the people to an office originally attained through accident, he announced that he should consider the period he had already served as the equivalent of a first elective term and would not be a candidate for renomination. This was following the precedent set by Washington, not in letter, but according to its broad spirit. Mr. Roosevelt's popularity grew during his second term, which was no sooner started than demands began to be heard for the retraction of his pledge. This spirit waxed so strong that in the end he held the nomination for the succession in the hollow of his hand, and was compelled to great firmness in saving himself from his friends. Nothing will contribute more to rendering his official life illustrious than the circumstances of his leaving it. And popular idolatry was directed toward inducing a gentleman to break his word of honor, and pass into history as a servile lover of place, instead of as an inspirer of lofty political ideals.

The present effort to point out some of the salient manifestations of anthropomania is offered not in any spirit of pessimism.

Carl Schurz, treating of Jackson's aggrandizement of the executive department, uses the following language, and again a similar criticism in its degree would apply to Mr. Roosevelt, with the difference that his usurpatory disposition was directed against the Judiciary, rather than Congress:—

"But if a President of the United States ever should conceive such a scheme (of setting up a personal despotism), he would probably resort to the same tactics which Jackson employed. He would assume the character of the sole representative of all the people; he would tell the people that their laws, their rights, their liberties, were endangered by the unscrupulous usurpations of the other constituted authorities; he would try to excite popular distrust and resentment, especially against the legislative bodies; he would exhibit

himself unjustly and cruelly persecuted by those bodies for having vigilantly and fearlessly watched over the rights and interests of the people; he would assure the people that he would protect them if they would stand by him in his struggle with the conspirators, and so forth. These are the true Napoleonic tactics, in part employed by the first, and followed to the letter by the second, usurper of that name."

The imputation of "Cæsarism," or of imperfect loyalty to republican institutions, either to Jackson or to Roosevelt, would, however, be absurd. They, no less than Lincoln and Cleveland, were sincere public moralists and sincere patriots. Mere Boulangerism is an American impossibility. Our hero-worship needs a discriminating curb, not to be set radically right.

Our text was taken from the constitution of Massachusetts, and the Bay State has preëminently lived up to its own precept. There, the separation of national, state, and local issues, with independent voting, has been quite substantially accomplished. Massachusetts, more than most states, has withstood democratic zealotism. It is one of the very few states that did not substitute an elective for an appointive judiciary. Its roll of governors, United States senators and judges, is almost unbrokenly one of especial fitness as well as exalted character.

New York, whose political history strongly contrasts with that of Massachusetts, has, during recent years, given many indications of progress toward government by ideas, and none has been more convincing than the indorsement by its people of the administration of Governor Hughes. He was nominated, with some misgivings concerning his "taking qualities," as the exponent of legal control of public corporations. A strong justification of democratic faith has been offered by his success in this direction,—notably in compelling the passage of the law creating the Public Service Commissions,—with the correlative circumstance that he

vetoed an arbitrary attack on corporations, in the so-called "Two-Cent-Fare Bill," without any inroad upon his popularity.

The tangible accomplishments of Governor Hughes were largely confined to the first year of his term, the only conspicuous reform during his second year being the repeal of the "Racing Bill." The adoption of this anti-betting law by a recalcitrant legislature, will, however, in connection with the series of important statutes for the control of corporations, have an abiding influence, because it accentuated the policy which Governor Hughes has uniformly pursued. He was adversely criticised by many who had simply the success of the particular measure at heart, for not offering personal inducements which would have brought comparatively easy success. But his consistent action in appealing solely to thoughtfulness and to the moral sense, and so indirectly coercing the legislature, has led to a striking triumph of popular reason.

Sedulously ignoring the emotional, and avoiding the spectacular, the force of circumstances has nevertheless rendered Governor Hughes an imposing figure. He has, moreover, under the exigencies of the situation, and being a clever, versatile man, developed "magnetic" attributes. He has become an effective popular orator, with qualities of grace, pungency, and humor, adding to the earnest force of the man behind the words. It may safely be said, however, that into his success no element of anthropomania has entered, and his career as governor, like the career of Mr. Cleveland before him, constitutes an important contribution to the advancement of the Massachusetts idea.

On the national scale, it is significant of the subsidence of anthropomania that there was no serious movement to make the hero of Manila Bay the candidate of either of the great parties for the presidency. It is also highly significant that, while Mr. Roosevelt retains his hold of

the popular heart, criticism of his grave faults has constantly grown more widespread and telling; and this because of the greater diffusion of higher education to-day than in the time of Jackson.

But, although much may be expected in America through incidental effects of diffused culture, it is believed that young persons should further be directly admonished that *the* proper study of mankind is not man. The primary interest of mankind should be in ideas, principles, tendencies, with man only as incidental and illustrative. The overshadowing importance of the human figure is a survival of the anthropomorphism of savage and barbarous stages, of the abject hero-worship of the ages of absolute monarchy and militarism. While a certain vigilance for the recognition of genius and leadership is not to be discouraged, the absorbing interest in personalities is unsuited to democratic conditions. It should be deliberately restrained, not only as to the living, but as to the dead.

In his paper on John Milton, Mr. Augustine Birrell, after describing the poet's personal habits, which included smoking a pipe before going to bed, remarks, "It is pleasant to remember that one pipe of tobacco. It consecrates your own." One would be indeed a surly purist not to relish this touch of genial humanness, and it has been endeavored throughout the present article to avoid that very round-head fanaticism, which Mr. Birrell, for all his reverential sympathy, cannot help showing characterized the great, blind bard. In a different spirit, however, it may be recalled that in the exhibit of the United States Department of Justice, at the Chicago Exposition of 1903, there were solemnly installed, among famous documents and archives, an ancient shaving brush and cup, said to have been used by John Marshall. The monument of the great Chief Justice is all about us, in a constitution that was made to "march," in a "paper-theorem" transmuted into a living government. *Circumspect!* To treasure the dilapidated toilet articles of

such a man is puerile absurdity of relic-worship.

Americans laugh contemptuously at the parade of statues of kings and princelets in European cities, but, under the enterprise of ancestor-worship with a political "pull," we shall soon have to pluck the beam from our own eye. In the streets and squares of New York are statues of men who in the perspective of history are little removed from nonentity; and the same is true of other American cities. If this abuse of public commemoration be suffered to continue, in fear of outbreaks of righteous iconoclasm, there may well be inscribed on many a pedestal: "Cursed be he who moves my graven image."

With perfect respect for the opinions

of those who differ from him, the writer ventures to suggest that the Hall of Fame, inaugurated at one of the universities of New York, is servilely imitative of traditional shrines of the Old World, and that it is not soundly educative, either for students or for the public. You cannot measure fame with a yard-stick. Rightful title to niches in the pantheon will always be a question of opinion, and of opinion shifting with the lapse of time. Already childish bickerings have arisen over the bestowal of the tangible crowns of immortality. The memory and achievements of our greatest men need no such ukase in order for proper appreciation. The real effect of the institution is to sanction and intensify anthropomania.

THE EMPTY HOUSE

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

I SEEMED to see thy spirit leave the clay
 That was its mortal tenement of late;
 I seemed to see it falter at the gate
 Of the New Life, as seeking to obey
 Some inner law, yet doubtful of the way
 Provided for its passage, by that fate
 Which makes birth pain, and gives to death such state
 And dignity, when soul withdraws its sway.

A tremor of the pale and noble brow,
 A tightening of the lips, and thou wast gone—
 Gone whither? Ah, the hush of death's abyss!
 All tenantless thy beauteous form lay now
 As the cicada's fragile shell outgrown,
 Or as the long-forsaken, lonely chrysalis.

SELF-GOVERNMENT IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

BY BERTHA H. SMITH

ONE day, about four years ago, some boys in a western high school were testing the laws of gravitation by heaving rocks over the edge of a bluff on which the school was located. It chanced that the laws of gravitation were in good working order that day, and the rocks went straight down, and through the roof of a tiny cottage at the foot of the bluff. The widow who lived in the cottage, not being interested in the experiments, bemoaned the damage to her roof, and went straightway to the principal of the school to report the offenders.

The boys were called together and told how carelessness of this sort affects the reputation of the school, and a committee was appointed from their number to determine what reparation should be made to the woman in the cottage. The immediate result was that the boys raised a subscription among themselves and had the roof repaired.

But there was another, and a far more important, result of this little episode. Then and there was inaugurated a system of self-government among the pupils at that school which has proved a force second to none in the efficiency of the school. From a commercial high school with an enrollment of five or six hundred students, the school has changed to a polytechnic school of two thousand. But with each year the work of the self-government committee has broadened and strengthened until self-government has become a vital principle underlying every activity from the study-room to the athletic field.

The system did not spring full-fledged into being. It has evolved. After the boys had made good in the matter of the rocks and the roof, another conference was called and a committee appointed to re-

lieve the teachers of yard-duty. The boys were told that the yard was theirs and that if anything went wrong it was their wrong to right. And the principal of the school was the sort of man who believes that the only way to do a thing is to do it; and from that day no teacher has ever stood watch over the boys in the yard. They were made to feel absolute responsibility for good conduct on the school grounds. And by the end of the year the success of the plan was so pronounced that the pupils were asked to attack the problem of governing the entire school.

A problem it was, indeed, particularly when the school was moved to a fine new building with halls extending over an entire city block, with scores of class-rooms, a large auditorium where frequent assemblies are held, a gymnasium, and all the departments and equipment of a modern polytechnic high school. Order must be maintained in the halls, in the study-room during an assembly, on the playground, and going to and from school, without interference on the part of teachers. Only during recitations must the teacher be responsible for order, and even then any disorder is reported to the committee for correction.

Back in the first days, when the boys were beginning to prove themselves, the girls were given the care of the lunching places. Gradually their responsibility was increased until a committee of girls took place alongside the committee of boys, one having complete jurisdiction over the girls, the other over the boys. The committees, consisting of a boy and a girl from each class, are elected by the pupils, eligibility being merely a question of scholarship. Previous department cuts no figure, and it has happened that boys known as ringleaders in all sorts of mis-

chief have been elected even to the presidency of self-government committees. On one occasion the election of a mischievous boy was deliberately plotted, in the hope that a semester of lax discipline would follow. What did follow was a term of the most severe discipline the school had known, and it is needless to say the boy was not reelected. During his term of office the boy kept out of all mischief, and knowing the ways of his kind and the boys who were likely to be implicated in any wrongdoing, he could lay finger on the offender every time. Always he dealt punishment with justice, but without mercy; and when he went back into the ranks he did so with a somewhat chastened spirit.

In so large a school, every sort of question of discipline arises. There is stealing, there is selfishness of every kind, there is bullying and browbeating on the part of older and stronger boys, and the fear of force and influence on the part of the weaker, beside all the petty annoyances, from note-scribbling to the kicking of tin cans down the aisle during class. As homes are becoming less and less homes in the real sense, the responsibility of moulding the character of boys and girls is being more and more shifted to the public schools; and perhaps at no time in the history of public schools has school discipline required more judgment, more firmness, or more tact, than to-day. And the habitual optimist may score a point when, instead of reverting to the pedagogic principle of "No lickin', no larnin'," there is put in practice the democratic dogma of government of the people, by the people, for the people.

The authority of these self-government committees does not stop short of actual suspension, although in taking this last step the principal is invariably consulted. But the greatest strength of self-government work lies in the fact that the offender is tried before a jury of his peers. It is not some unsympathetic, middle-aged person, who has forgotten he was ever young and lawless, who sits in judg-

ment, but a roomful of the offender's school-fellows — possibly some of his or her best friends. And the question that naturally arises is whether these boys and girls are big enough and broad enough to lay aside all prejudice and personal feeling, and deal impartially with the individual. The best answer is a report of a meeting of the girls' self-government committee held the last day of the week before the close of school.

A girl was called to answer for continued disorder in the study room, and the cutting of many classes during the week. A note to some boy, afterward hastily torn and thrown on the floor, was the clue that led to the discovery that the girl was in mischief in the study-room when she should have been at her English and mathematics. It was a roomful of her friends that she had to face when the president called her forward to answer to the charges. She had been many times before the committee for disorder. She was guilty now, and had little to say for herself. She was sent to the hall, while another offender was made to tell why she had stolen flowers from a teacher's desk, and reminded that taking even so small a thing as a flower was really theft. She, too, was guilty, and had little to say for herself to this jury of her fellows.

When both had been sent from the room, the committee discussed, with perfect calmness, the two cases. The chief offender was a particular favorite, but it was pointed out that her behavior had been bad for a long time, that every effort had been made to help her, but that neither the counsel of friends selected to talk with her, nor lighter punishments, had had any effect. It had been deemed useless to leave the matter to her parents, as she was known to be petted and spoiled at home and left entirely to her own will in all things. At last it was decided that since she had shown no disposition to yield either to persuasion or punishment, she should be allowed to remain in school on but one condition — that of absolutely good behavior.

She was then recalled, and the president, one of her friends, told her, gently but earnestly, that her offenses were so serious as to merit an extreme sentence. She was required to make up fifteen hours in study during the final days of school, and would return the next term with a suspended sentence of suspension — which means that each week she must bring to the committee a report of satisfactory work from her teachers, and in the event of being once more reported for disorder or unsatisfactory work, suspension would follow.

The girl who took the flowers was severely reprimanded, and was given sixteen hours to make up during the week when the air was full of the excitement of commencement and class days. These sentences from their playmates were harder to bear than a reprimand from a teacher, with whom the pupil is not associated in a social way. And it is doubtful if any set of grown-ups — for example, a body of teachers — could reach a higher plane of abstract justice, independent of personal feeling, than did those thirty or forty girls.

Nor does self-government have a tendency to develop prigs. While the boys and girls maintain a considerable dignity at all times in the discharge of their duties, at other times they are just boys and girls like the rest. Under stress of youthful spirit, they have even been known to forget for the moment that as goats they were in any wise different from the sheep. On one occasion the boys of the school were much disturbed by the appearance of a several-weeks-old moustache in their midst. The wearer of it was repeatedly requested to shave it, but he always refused. At last the boys could stand it no longer, and half of the offending moustache was shaved off, in spite of the owner's protests. The shorn one lost no time in bringing his father to the principal. Now, the principal had been a boy himself, and he knew the offense that another boy's moustache can give. He also knew that if he had been robbed of his

first moustache he would never have stopped until he had whipped every boy connected with the robbing. He told the boy and his father to name the punishment for the others, and while they, thus disarmed, went home to decide what it should be, he made inquiry as to the authors of the mischief. To his surprise, he learned that almost every boy was a member of the self-government committee. Even when he called them together to discuss the matter, they could not see that they had done wrong. Nor, down in the principal's heart, which is still part boy's, could he. But since the boy, whose dear first moustache was gone, chose to take the matter seriously, something must be done. The boys offered to make public apology. The shorn one refused to hear it. Nor, after much consideration, could he decide that the world contained any solace for griefs like his, and he determined to return to school and let the matter pass. But the boys, realizing that they had lowered the dignity of their office, resigned in a body from the self-government committee. It was the greatest sacrifice they could make, and they made it manfully. But the vindication of their fall from grace, and the appreciation of the stuff they were made of, came at the next election, when every boy was reinstated, one being elected to the presidency, which he filled with rare tact and dignity.

"The self-government system," says John H. Francis, the principal of this school — the Los Angeles Polytechnic High School — "is more difficult than the old system of government by teachers. You must first secure the belief of the pupils that the committee is absolutely square, and it is difficult to make either pupils or parents believe that pupils can rise above their own prejudices and favoritism. And it is difficult to make parents believe pupils have sufficient judgment to pass upon questions of government.

"It is difficult to get pupils on the committee who have the personality that will

command respect and obedience. After you get them you must stay pretty close to them to see that they do rise absolutely above any favoritism, and see that their judgment is at least fair; and after that you must stand back of what they do in a way that will hold both the committee and the rest of the school, and keep parents satisfied. If the committee failed, that would discourage its members. If the parents felt everything was left to the committee, they would criticise. It devolves upon the teacher or principal to maintain a proper balance.

"But self-government is the best solution of the question of school discipline. With self-government introduced into the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades, these higher grades could control the whole school. Pupils should be made to feel that they are the citizens of the schools, that the efficiency and the reputation of their schools are for them as much as for their teachers. The public school is the place to develop the fundamental principles of citizenship, and it is not doing what it should along this line. If teachers and principals had the right kind of ideals they could revolutionize the social world.

"Self-government gives the student a responsibility that is strengthening. Pupils inclined to be trashy and irresponsible have entered upon the work of the committee with a seriousness that was

the first indication of real character. Among the better class of students, it has developed a manliness and personality in the boys, and tact and dignity in the girls that are little short of miraculous. The experience and the knowledge of human nature which they derive from it are an invaluable asset in their equipment for life."

The success of the self-government system in this, the largest high school on the Pacific coast, has aroused interest among educators throughout the country. The example has been followed by another high school in Los Angeles, and the same principle is being applied to a rather more limited extent in the Central High and Central Manual Training High Schools of Philadelphia, and one St. Louis school. Not since the birch switch and hickory rod were relegated to the limbo of unutterable barbarities has anything come so near a solution of the vexed question of school discipline. And while the best results of the self-government system will always be obtained in schools where the principal or teacher back of the student committees is of the sort that could readily enforce law and order by the strength of his personality, in any circumstances its effectiveness would probably equal that of other means, and the by-product of experience is a clear gain to the students who have an active part in the self-government work.

AUTOMOBILE SELFISHNESS

BY SETH K. HUMPHREY

I HAVE a locomotive, built of steel, which I run upon the public highways wherever I please. I have been running it for six years. My locomotive is of only twenty-five horse-power, and weighs little more than a ton; thirty miles an hour is a fast pace for it, and I try hard to keep it down to twenty, — to fifteen, or, on a pinch, ten, where the legal pace is twelve, or eight, — and I'll have you know that I pass for an unusually careful driver by virtue of this fine observance of law and the rights of the ninety per cent who cannot indulge in private locomotives. Really, mine is a very modest equipment in size, power, and speed. Forty horse-power is just past the plebeian, among road locomotives. Nothing less than a sixty-horse, twice as heavy as my little car, costing as much as a church, and guaranteed to do a mile a minute without turning a hair, takes patrician rank; and who could expect a road-engine so magnificent to hold itself down to a paltry twenty miles — especially when no spotter is looking? None, certainly, except the undisciplined among those who are not in the sport.

Dear me! how we have pulled away from the old days when the gay four-in-hand, prancing up the street at nine miles an hour, sent the pedestrian scurrying to the curb, there to gaze at the dizzy toy, — with envy, perhaps, if socially ambitious beyond his purse (bother the dolt for living in a slow age — he could have indulged by mortgaging his house and standing off the grocer); or, if of bucolic turn, with an undefined sense that his peaceful and necessary use of the common highway had been wantonly disturbed by a display beyond his attainment, interest, and appreciation. But had he only known what was coming

upon him and his kind within a few short years!

We certainly have progressed — if the utterly changed relation of the people to their highways may be called progress. What is a highway? A public thoroughfare, divided for convenience into parallel spaces for vehicles and pedestrians, *except* that, at every crossing, vehicle and pedestrian come upon common ground. And there's the rub. Are the fortunate few in high-speed steel locomotives fit companions to share this common ground with the rest of humanity afoot?

The automobile principle — the substitution of machine power for horse-power upon the highways — stands for a distinct advance in transportation methods. But the development of this principle has been abnormal. Instead of producing a machine which shall lighten the burdens of both man and horse and serve the bulk of mankind, without seriously disturbing the rights of any, ninety-seven per cent of automobile effort has been upon an expensive speed-wagon for the well-to-do. There are two essentials in automobiling as now developed: first, a speed comparable with that of trolley and steam-cars, — the ability to cover distances by road never dreamed of with the horse; and second, the right of way upon the common highways, — a luxury which forces upon the real owners of the highway, the public, a serious curtailment of its privileges, with absolutely no compensating feature. The automobile of to-day is not a substitute for the horse; it is a substitute *de luxe* for the trolley and the steam-cars. The automobilist pays for his speed; his right of way he takes without price from a public that has never been able to give definition to its vague but deep-seated protest.

This condition has come upon us gradually, but a given condition is precisely the same in its relation to the human family, whether brought about by slow or sudden process. Our *view* of a condition is, however, marvelously affected by the rate of change. The human mind is not sensitive to long-distance comparisons; the old picture grows dim as the new one comes on, — and luckily, too, else we would all die of our emotions when contemplating the changes which long years so stealthily bring upon us. This argues that, by the gentleness of its approach, the new condition upon the highways may have caught napping some most sacred notions concerning popular rights, — possibly liberties, — for to-day the dear people certainly do their “pursuit of happiness” looking fearfully sidewise. Our poor, unretentive minds can be made to comprehend the great change of the past ten years only by resort to this artifice: eliminate, in imagination, the intervening time, but leave the skeleton of facts to come upon us in a night, — bring ten years ago down to to-day, and awake to-morrow into our own to-day.

So, suppose, to-day, children on their way to school, tossing balls, and racing about oblivious of crossings and curves; their elders walking the highway in city and country, without fear in their hearts, but all yielding cheerfully to their own best friend, the trolley-car, space clearly marked by two steel bands upon a comparatively few highways; “sharp turn in the road” meaningless to them, “concealed corner” not yet invented. Then suppose, to-day, the appearance throughout the country of a proclamation something like this: —

“Dear People: This is to announce that we, representing nearly ten per cent of all the people, have at much expense possessed ourselves of road-locomotives of high power and speed, which, beginning to-morrow, we shall run in great numbers upon all the highways, as our private pleasure vehicles. The advent of

these swift machines will, obviously, necessitate radical changes in your use of the highways; hence, this friendly note of warning. Use the roadways as little as possible, and then with circumspection. Instruct your children in this new danger that will attend them at every turn; caution them against such earnestness in play as will for a moment put them off their eternal guard. Instill in their young minds an abiding fear of the common highway. And you, elders, approach every street-crossing with your thought upon our road-engines. Look both ways: if the road is clear, proceed, but take no chances. When in doubt, wait on the curb. Many unfortunate accidents are bound to result from your inexperience, but time will, we hope, eventually reduce the casualties to the class known as ‘unavoidable.’ Remember, all of you, that the price of safety is eternal vigilance, — and nothing induces more faithful vigil than a chronic sense of danger.”

Now let the imagination run over into that promised “to-morrow.” Would these machines have started? Of course not. But they are all running to-day. And is there one admonition in this proclamation to which the non-automobiling public has not, by slow degrees, bent its patient neck?

That automobilists are killed in automobile accidents argues little against the sport. Participants in any sport expect casualties. Yachtsmen are sometimes drowned; men and women on the links have been struck down by golf-balls; indeed, people have tripped over croquet wickets and broken their necks; and it is recorded that one old lady, in the excitement of bridge whist, swallowed her dainty scoring pencil with fatal result. Please observe, however, that all these people die at their own games. The general public is non-participant; its attitude toward their misfortunes is one of indifferent pity. But if yachtsmen habitually ran down fishing-smacks, or lightships, or coal barges, the public would rise up against yachting. A golf-ball

might stray from the links and kill a meditative passer-by *once*, but not *twice*, without provoking a stern demand for a re-laying of that particular golf course. Yet so insidiously has the sport of automobiling crept in upon the public consciousness that the frequent killing of non-participants serves only to spur the surviving non-participants to greater degrees of caution. Even in the realm of commerce a dangerous business is sternly compelled to limit its casualties to participants. A powder mill may blow up with all its employees, get a paragraph in the papers, and rebuild; but if some of its fragments do damage in a neighboring village, there's a great hue and cry, and that powder mill must rebuild farther away. Such is the public temper as to the rights of non-participants, *toward every sport and business except the sport of automobiling*. The introduction into public parks of an expensive sport for the few, dangerous to all, would be instantly suppressed by law and public sentiment, — while the common highway is freely used for an exclusive sport which, in its present uncontrolled state, will continue to furnish its list of "unavoidable" casualties so long as men and women are prone to forget, and children are possessed of immature judgment.

But even these "unavoidable" accidents are incidental. The sense of insecurity which they create, the apprehensive craning of necks up and down the highway, the new vigil that has become a part of daily life, — these constitute the main burden that the automobile has put upon every man, woman, and child who use the streets. The quiet delights of the country road, with horse or wheel, have been killed by the fiends who "open her up wide in the country, — nobody there, you know." The absurdity of it is that the non-participating public has meekly set itself to the study of ways and means to avoid being killed, instead of branding the sport as an impossibility in the light of all precedent. It is natural that all should use ordinary precaution to avoid

collision with the traffic which serves all, — horses, trolleys, fire-engines, and even engine-propelled vehicles in the general service; but one will search in vain for a reason why ninety per cent of the people should be put upon their everlasting guard against a luxurious pastime in which they cannot participate.

How has this anomalous condition come about? Luckily for automobilists, the trolley preceded them upon the highway; and so gradual was the advent of automobiles that the unthinking public failed to distinguish the difference between making due allowance for its own necessary carriers upon a few principal roads, and dodging the unnecessary carriers of the few upon every road in the land. Then, too, the automobile first came in vogue in Europe, where everyday people are trained to regard the over-riding pleasures of their betters with more or less fortitude. Its acceptance there unquestionably gave it entrée here subject to less careful scrutiny than it otherwise would have had to meet. In these two respects the preparation of the public mind has been on psychological rather than on logical lines.

In this manner automobiling has developed, with speed as its prime requisite, and speed as its most objectionable feature. What is the public going to do about it? Let custom slowly dissolve the memory of a once pleasanter relation with the highways? But mere custom should not be allowed to obscure the fundamental principle that the few shall not infringe upon the rights of the many. It is now the public's duty to revert to first principles, and adjust automobiling to the miscellaneous traffic upon the roadways, regardless of the unwarranted privileges which custom has seemingly granted.

Express trains run sixty miles an hour, on tracks from which other forms of traffic are rigidly excluded; experience has determined that twenty-five miles is the limit of safety for trolley cars, upon their *well-defined portion* of the highway.

Based on these premises, fifteen miles an hour is not an unreasonably low maximum speed for any vehicle, public or private, which runs an unmarked course upon the roadway itself; a generous public might allow eighteen miles. In cities and towns, ten miles an hour is an equally liberal speed limit.

One can almost hear the wail of the automobilists that these limits are much below the requirements of safety. They are, as safety upon the highway is now reckoned. The present factors of safety are agility, eternal vigilance, and good judgment; the automobile accidents due to youth, old age, and sudden confusion, are mourned as "unavoidable." But the public cannot recover its pleasurable use of the highways, and its peace of mind, until these "unavoidable" accidents cease to occur; and the speed limits at which these will cease to occur are far below the speed limits required by the present loose notions of "safety." "But, in the *country*," they cry, "in the country the roads are used hardly at all!" Quite true. The impending prospect of a machine coming at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, though it comes but once a day, will keep a winding country road clear of all whom necessity does not compel to travel upon it. The country places, both here and abroad, have suffered from the speeding automobile vastly more than the cities. Cowper wrote, "God made the country, and man made the town," in ignorance of the automobile's most unpleasant habit.

How shall these limits be enforced? Ordinances are unavailing; police-traps serve to check automobile speeds over the traps, and increase speeds outside the traps. Laws, moral suasion, threats, and penalties, are all wasted attempts to regulate the average automobilist. Now, why not try a mechanically sure way, — regulate his *machine* by an automatic attachment, sealed and beyond his control? Such a device should have two functions, to cover the requirements of country and city, respectively: —

First, arrange that at a speed of eighteen miles an hour it shall automatically shut off the source of power; this would effectively enforce the maximum speed limit.

Second, arrange that at a speed of ten miles — or at any other rate of speed determined upon by town or city authorities — it shall automatically display colored signals on both sides of the car, in full view of passers-by; *and make the display of these signals a misdemeanor within the prescribed districts.* This device would bring the offending automobilists as fully under the public eye as are any other disturbers of the peace on the streets, and render them as easily subject to complaint and conviction.

Under this rigid control, what would happen to automobiling? Those individuals who must get over the country at high speed would be relegated to the guarded routes of travel from which they should never have been allowed to escape, — and the pleasure of those who wish to tour in orderly fashion would be correspondingly enhanced; cars of rational power and cost would multiply, and be run by rational people; automobiling would be killed as a frenzied sport, and rejuvenated as a healthful pastime. More than all this, every one using the roadways would know for a certainty that *nowhere* could an automobile bear down upon him at more than twice the speed of a brisk horse-trot; and if on the city streets he were to submit to the impositions of automatically proclaimed law-breakers, the fault would be all his own.

Drastic measures, you say? Not at all. In naming conditions the public is not asking a favor, — it is granting a concession to a comparatively few individuals. These individuals could not have made as good a bargain with the public ten years ago, had the possibilities of the automobile been foreseen; and it would be absurd to claim that the public's rights in the highway have been diminished by its tardiness in asserting them.

CASTRO'S COUNTRY

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I HAVE often heard my best friend in Carácas say that Venezuela was a country of contrasts. My own experience in that fascinating dictatorship was not of great duration. I did not even belong to that class of tourists for scientific purposes which Dr. Paul, in his recent communication to our government, maintains has been treated with such consideration. We went, in fact, in search of a summer's recreation. Our friends called it mere midsummer madness to visit the tropics at that season. But we entered the republic at so interesting a climax of its troublous affairs, and we were fortunate onlookers upon so much that even the scientific tourist must usually miss, that, ever since, the Caraquenians and Castro have seemed personal and intimate. We left with the impression, not since altered, that Venezuela's proper epithet is the land of extremes.

La Guayra and the Army of the Restoration

Even if one neglects the way-station island of Curaçao, a tropical Holland which exhausts one's adjectives, the extremes begin before foot is set on Venezuelan soil. The northern shore of South America is a vast rampart flung off from the Andes, and walling Carácas from the foreigner with bills and battleships by six thousand feet of mountain barrier. Charles Kingsley, in *Westward Ho*, did justice to its magnificence, but he wrote from pictures of the inner eye. The advertising folders of the Red D line describe it, too, if I remember rightly, but in language no warmer than is used to paint the ordinary "Switzerland of America." Consequently, when, in the dark before dawn, I stepped on deck to the swing of an off-shore ground swell, and

saw a black and impenetrable cloud-mass looming high above us in the southern heavens, mountains so vast as to reach half-way to the zenith seemed the last of probable explanations.

Dawn comes quickly at 8°. A faint gray stole through the east. Suddenly lines of fire, dim, then brighter, began to trace out buttresses, peaks, the curves of gigantic slopes, cliffs that shone rosily far above in the dawn, and lost themselves in the clouds. The eye traveled upward through mountain vapors, and saw above them clear starlight, and vast, ominous, impending, a great peak, still based in the clouds, still in the night, while, moment by moment, the underworld was dressing itself in all the colors of a tropic day. I hurried to my stateroom to pull Giovanni from his berth. When we returned a minute later, the ship was swinging in a sapphire sea at the foot of what seemed the wall of the world.

La Guayra clung in squalid ranks to the scratched red of the first slope of the Andes, and the old gray peak of La Silla, a mile and a half above, streamed the tiniest wisp of cloud, a white pennant in a spotless heaven.

Of La Guayra, at the foot of the mountain wall, one hesitates to write. The name appears so frequently in the newspapers that much may be expected of its describer. And yet, ordinarily, there is very little to describe. The tourists who stop off there for a day or so on their palatial winter cruises must bear away a disappointing impression of South America. They can bear away little more (always excepting the Andes) than the long unkempt mole with tramp steamers and smuggling schooners under its wing, narrow, cobbled streets, full of a population

that one remembers as white-clad, dusky-faced, and sour in expression, streets made picturesque by the burros who pace softly beneath their enormous loads, each following his brother's tail, and the foremost led by a pensive Indian youth with shy eyes and furtive tread. That, I think, is all they could carry from La Guayra, except the smells, which are best left where they are.

But this August day when we entered the harbor was, by the merest chance, the day after the arrival of Castro's army from the Orinoco, where, under the illustrious Gomez, they had some weeks before totally defeated the revolutionary, Matos, in a bloody engagement, in which some fifteen hundred lives had been lost and Castro's dictatorship in Venezuela made secure. Our first intimation of the excitement came before we had reached the aforesaid cobbled streets. As we sat on deck a drum struck up on shore in the savage rhythm they use in the Venezuelan army, a loud beat, then a whirring rattle. On the beach we saw an almost endless line in single file winding along the waterfront and up, through the blazing, intolerable heat, for La Guayra is a furnace, up the corkscrew road to Carácas over the mountains. Every hundredth man, or thereabouts, in the thin, white line carried a yellow banner, and the sun flashed in diamond points from their guns. It was the Army of the Restoration, as the newspapers called it for the next weeks. A crueler sight was seldom to be seen. No northerner, no white man, could have marched over those mountains in the intolerable white, wet heat of noon, and lived. The officers (who, however, seemed all to be black) rode up with us that afternoon in a first-class compartment!

We sauntered up the shady side of a noisy street, with a toothless, jet-black Trinidad negro for guide, until we turned into a delicious open square shaded with heavy trees garnished with orchids, and there found the rest of the army. Up to that instant, and although we knew how

serious had been the struggle on the Orinoco, we had spoken of the revolution in the jesting tone familiar to American comic papers. But never again! As I remember, there were some hundreds of men and many women stretched out in this little park. All the men were ill, most were wounded. Fine bronzed peons, with horrible, festering holes in legs or arms, unbandaged, often, I fear, untreated; skeletons, yellower than nature and shaking with fever; every form of sickness, wound, and misery was in that mock hospital. A veteran, perhaps, would have looked pityingly and passed on, but to us, softlings of a long peace, it was the first realization of war. I shall not forget one gigantic half-breed Indian, his head on the breast of a young and really beautiful Indian girl, his useless leg writhing on the grass; and still less a poor devil stretched on the hot, hard pavement (for the misery was not all in the park), covered with a poncho, and breathing his last of fever.

An hour later, and three miles away, we stopped by a full military band playing briskly on the sidewalk of the little resort of Maciuto, and, looking through iron pickets, saw a breakfast party beneath a tree which shaded the table with an umbrella of blossoming vines. Castro, the little general, was there, sipping champagne and toying with pâtés, so they told us at the gate. The contrast was painful!

Cipriano Castro

It was in Maciuto that we first met Castro face to face. The village is a little winter resort near La Guayra, embowered in impossibly luxuriant foliage and tucked upon a beach under the mountains. It was gay once, but was hard hit by the revolution. Our Carácas friend, the general's daughter, told us that bullets kept zipping across the plaza at their last wintering there and made the stay over-exciting. But the Venezuelans take such accompaniments of war very lightly. It was this same señorita who, returning with her brother from the opera to her home upon the outskirts of Carácas, al-

most trod upon three armed men hiding beside a path. "Hush! Can't you see that we are an ambush!" whispered one of them. Probably it is Castro's partiality for La Victoria, where one can dance *la danza* all night, take one's shoes off, and enjoy liberties forbidden by the formalities of the seacoast, that has most injured Maciuto. But on that morning Castro was there. He came over to the baths where we were drying off in the shade after a plunge inside the coral reefs. A dozen notabilities trailed after him, but so little did I suspect the yellow little man, in his gray frock-coat, of greatness, that it was only his preoccupation with the white skin of Giovanni that checked a request for a match.

He was one of the yellowest men I have ever seen, a color due to a tincturing of negro, or of Indian blood, or both. He reminds you of certain Balkan nobles, whose carefully correct dress only half conceals the barbarian. For Castro is immaculate, and, at the same time, if you can trust the eye, savage. It is this combination of traits which explains much of his diplomacy. We never met him, although his inspection that day at the baths of the two *musios* who had come to his country in August was long enough to constitute an introduction. Our friends were all *godos*, that is conservatives, and in Carácas the *godos*, who are the older, and the more cultivated, families, do not know the "government" socially. Unfortunately their relationship politically and financially often has to be a close one. So we never met Castro, and our friends refused even to take us to Miraflores — that beautiful villa built of loot, stolen from one looter by another, and now the dictator's residence in Carácas — for fear of social complications. But we saw him many times, and heard whispered anecdotes so many and so racy that a special article would hardly contain them. One view of the general was when, beneath festoons of colored paper and canvas legends in pompous Spanish announcing Hail to the Restorer, he drove through

very lukewarm crowds into his capital, beside him Gomez, the real fighter of the last war, black — well, dark brown, but a perfect Nubian warrior in spite of his frock-coat. An hour later (this was upon the day the army arrived in Carácas), we drifted in the wake of a crowd into the *sala* of a great house, and found ourselves in the presence of Gomez, a very much bored Gomez, standing straight as a royal palm while a local poet read to him an interminable ode! Castro, perhaps, they were hailing elsewhere.

Once again we saw both chiefs in a notable fashion, but the vice-president must fade from our narrative as he has from the administration, although I suspect that he will be heard from if the Dutch really mean business at Curaçao, and probably not on Castro's side. This last time was at a remarkable social gathering. It was called a "picnic," and the engraved card of my invitation so announces it. Really it was what we should call a garden party. The host was the Bank of Venezuela, the financial backbone of Venezuela, which somehow has outlived revolutions and kept the country on a gold standard; an institution run by the *godos*, and indicative of what some Venezuelans could do if they had a real government, say a despotism, with a man who would not loot at the head.

The occasion politically was most important. Castro had conquered Matos, a *godo*, and a very rich one. Castro was on top, and was probably going to stay there. The *godos*, as nearly as we could judge the situation, had wisely decided to make the best of it, and hence the picnic, in which society with a good grace congratulated Castro on beating one of their own members. The papers, and indeed the people, talked about little else for weeks. But for an outsider its social aspects were more interesting than its political. Cultivated people, after all, are much alike the world over; and at the balls, teas, and dinners to which our Venezuelan hosts had taken us in these gay weeks, the Caraquenians we had met were like charming folk every-

where, although with delightful idiosyncrasies. But at the picnic "the government" was also present. I have already hinted that in Venezuela, or at least in Carácas, a tendency, which has been evident in our own country, has gone so far that there are two distinct social castes above the mob, — "society," and those who enter politics. Now, much of Castro's "government" had but recently arrived from the state of Los Andes, his birthplace, which is about as far in point of time from civilized Carácas as Pittsburg from New York before the railroads. Also the government was whitish, yellowish, brownish, and, often, undeniably black!

The picnic was held in a paradise. I do not trust myself to write of the most beautiful places in Venezuela. They encourage a riot of adjectives. This was a hacienda some miles from Carácas, in a valley of sugar-cane and coffee plantations, between lofty mountain ridges which led up to the great pyramid of La Silla. Gray and violet mountains, intense white clouds which are ever marching with the trade winds across their summits, emerald sugar-cane, dark green forests covering the coffee bushes, and in their midst a gray, four-square hacienda, with broad loggia on three sides, where they were dancing; to the right, a garden full of palms and strange, gorgeous flowers; to the left, a dense mango grove, beneath whose shade we breakfasted at little tables, on bouillon, pâtés, and sweet, warm champagne. All Carácas, the foreign ministers, and our two unplaceable selves had accepted and come. Principally we danced in the loggia, first to the excellent national band, then to a string orchestra full of *guitaritas*, whose peculiar runs send thrills through your leg muscles. I have never traveled in Spain, where, I suppose, is the home of the dance, but I have never seen such devotion to dancing as in these descendants of Spaniards. This was noon, at 8° from the equator, in August, and, though up three thousand feet, it was just a bit hot.

Yet they danced, young and old, waltzes, quadrilles, and the native dance, the *jeropa*, as if the devil were in their toes.

The ladies of the government were the most gorgeous of tropical butterflies. They wore all the colors at the same time and jewels in profusion, but you seldom looked further than the paint and powder. I had seen a darky girl in Porto Rico powdered until she looked like a rusk, but she was at rest! These gaudy Spanish, Spanish-Indian, Spanish-Negro creatures were pinked, and scarleted, and whited on face, throat, and neck, until the original color appeared only on the upper arms; and after they had danced for an hour one thought of the delta of the Mississippi in the old green geography! And so we all danced, painted and unpainted alike, and only the unbelievably florescent description in the next morning's paper can give an adequate conception of what the Caraquenians thought of it.

In the shade of the house the foreign ministers and older Venezuelans talked, possibly politics, but probably not. On the loggia the politics of Venezuela was performing. I know no other word. They were dancing the waltz, which in Venezuela has a peculiar time all its own and most engaging, when I first caught sight of General Cipriano Castro ricocheting from couple to couple, his collar wilted, his gray frock-coat damp, and a wild light in his eyes. Caraquenians looked horrified and tried to keep out of his way, but could not. The spirit of the dance was unchained in him. As we watched, he dropped his partner, waved to the musicians, who stopped and then began on a quaint air. Castro ran down the length of the loggia, separating rudely the dancers into two lines. He ran back, and, with a coat-tail in each hand, began jigging ridiculously to the music, swaying right and left like an automatic toy. The dance, some one whispered, was *la danza*, a rustic entertainment forgotten in Carácas. Some of those in the lines knew it well, and responded to Castro's swings and waggings by equivalent scrapes and

jigs. But most did not, and confusion followed. The little man fairly screamed with wrath. His face grew yellower and yellower. He seized women by their bare arms, jerked them, whirled them, left the imprint of his fingers on their arms, and fear on their faces. It was *fear*.

I was exploding with laughter, for this absolute lack of self-control was as funny as it was significant. "For God's sake, don't let him see you laugh! He'll put you in Maracaibo!" said an English voice in my ear. Perhaps he would have. I had just met Señor —, who was still limping from a year in the shackles of that underground prison. But he would as likely as not have gotten Giovanni by mistake, for, although we are in no sense alike, the Caraquenians could go no further than *Usted*, you, and *el otro*, the other, in distinguishing us!

Whenever I read a pronunciamiento of Castro's, or hear of the progress of his diplomacy, I think of three things: his uncontrolled rage and unspeakable rudeness in that *danza*; the ridiculous bombast of the Venezuelan papers in describing his achievements on that and on more bloody days; and the story of a peon in his army who was found dead after the battle on the Orinoco, with fifteen hundred empty shells in his pit. A dangerous man, Castro. A boaster, who has no self control, and who will fight. Of his principles, it is unnecessary to speak.

We saw no more of Castro personally, but heard much. I wish that I felt competent to draw out the significance, for the present situation, of the opinions which many qualified to know gave us at that time. But only a student of the country can do more than gossip about the politics of Venezuela. I knew, and know, enough to agree with a recent writer in *The Outlook* that they begin and end with Castro. Some anecdotes of him remain from those conversations, and seem to have unusual bearing on his conduct then and since. The story, perhaps, is already familiar, of his first appearance in Carácas, as a representative from the state of Los

Andes: how he took his seat in the capitol, pulled on a pair of white gloves, pulled off his shoes, and put them on the desk before him. Less familiar, but certainly true, is it that after he had made himself president by force of arms, he and some fifty or sixty *Andinos*, women of dubious character many of them, occupied the Yellow House, the official presidential residence, and sat down all fifty or sixty of them to breakfast every noon. When his followers were in need of money, "Little Chief," they would come to him saying, "give me five pesos."

Mme. Castro, who seems more civilized, came later, and cleaned out the brood, offering a revolver, so they say, to her husband, which he might use on her, or mend his ways. He mended them, but it seems they were like the Venezuelan roads, one mending suffices for a generation. They were building a pavilion in the suburbs "for the general's pleasures" that summer! It was last winter, I think, that Mme. Castro had gotten an automobile, probably for consolation, and had rendered undrivable the El Paraiso road, which is the only possible motoring stretch in Venezuela, and almost the only drive. I wonder if she has quelled the pride of the famous "American Mule," who stood a hand higher than the biggest of the native horses, and used to pull the little street car up the grade to the Plaza Bolivar. From recent reports it appears that she must have given up the subduing of Castro.

That was a Venezuelan picnic; delightful, for the Venezuelans have the instinct for hospitality; useful, for the *godos* and Castro have, outwardly, pulled together since; and peculiar. We met there some of the finest gentlemen, of native stock, that it has ever been my fortune to encounter. And on the way home we passed three officers of the Army of the Restoration, beating with sticks and swords a horse whose blood was already streaming down its flanks! Extremes again! And Castro, barbarian, sensualist, tyrant, who for so many years has kept himself

in the saddle and by skillful diplomacy checked or checkmated every nation that has played the game with Venezuela, combines in himself the greatest extremes of all.

Outside of Carácas

The interior of Venezuela is so vast, so unknown, so full of possibilities, that an epic sweep would be required of its describer. My own knowledge consists merely of impressions of the infinitesimal portion of the whole which is easily accessible from the capital, impressions such as could be gained from a few horseback trips, a remarkable view, and a hundred miles or so on the railroad.

The view was from the top of that coast range of the Andes which walls Carácas from the sea. We climbed there (against the protest of our friends) one early morning, following the Spanish paved road, which went back to the days when "the Spanish main" meant something; or, where time and shiftlessness had destroyed every vestige, and this was most of the way, taking to paths cut by the sharp hoofs of burros deep into the red soil. The crest of the main range, above which La Silla still towered, was itself some six thousand feet above the sea at its base! It was grassy, cool with the trade winds, and odorous with violets, which go swinging down in bunches on great staffs over the shoulders of the natives, to be sold in the Carácas flower market.

At the very top there is an ancient ruined fort, and there we came, all unprepared, upon one of the great prospects of the world. For to the north we looked down, down, almost straight down for the whole of the six thousand feet, upon the infinitely blue floor of the Caribbean Sea spread illimitably to the horizon, the clouds above it mere white puffs below us, the ships black specks beneath them. And when our eyes were dazzled with the beauty of the great turquoise plain curving into its horizons, to the south range upon range of mountains rose one

above another, until two blue peaks, so we fancied, looked down upon the endless llanos and the Orinoco.

But this was fancy only, for the mysterious llanos, whence everything curious and strange — beast-skin and bird-feather — in the Carácas markets came, by all maps must have been far beyond our eyesight, and of them I know nothing at first hand. These brown mountain ranges, which make up northern Venezuela, seemed to contain, however, between the pairs of them, narrow valleys. Later on we toured those of Carácas and Valencia on the so-called German railway, which, by eighty-six tunnels and one hundred and twenty-eight trestles, crosses from one valley to the other, connecting at Valencia with an English road running at right angles down to the sea and Puerto Cabello, a seaport some hundred miles west of La Guayra.

Extremes, again, characterized this rural Venezuela. First, we followed a valley, green and rich beyond description; then crossed a desolate pass which wound among barren mountains; then another valley, where the train ran beside great shady forests of *bucare* trees, with the light green coffee bushes rustling like a green tide beneath them and graceful arms of bananas rising at regular intervals above the surface. Next, we passed the same scene, but gone to tropical wilderness, the coffee overgrown with a thousand shrubs, the bananas broken down beneath vine lariats — and this, so they told us, was the plantation of one of Castro's exiles! Valencia, from the railroad, seemed a pleasant, well-built town as we ran through it; but in its midst was a fine stone bridge, whose central arches, shattered by the revolutionists, were to be crossed only upon slender planks! And to the south a short train ride brings you to the beginning of the country where there are no railroads and only partial maps.

At Valencia we left the German corridor car for an English compartment, and entered upon a perfect extravaganza of

scenic extremes. The road had to make its way through the coast range and down to the sea. This was accomplished by a rack-and-pinion descent down a long incline, and then a steep grade through a narrow gorge which led to the coast. Down this precipitous ravine we ran, between walls clothed in a magnificent tropical forest; above us vast trees looped with ropes of vines, tufted with parasites, and gay with brilliant birds; beneath us a brawling stream of hot water, pouring from some volcanic cleft higher up in the mountains. Then, in one curve, we left the ravine, the forest, the boiling stream, skirted a bit of dazzling beach with blue sea beyond, and entered the most pestiferous mangrove swamp the mind of man can imagine. The tide was low, and on the mud, which steamed in the heat, beneath the crooked and filthy limbs of the mangroves, thousands of crabs scuttled over the slime.

It was a fitting introduction to Puerto Cabello, a muddy, unhealthy town reeking with damp heat. A town with a hotel in front of which egrets and roseate spoonbills roost in an impossible traveler's palm, which looks like the fan of a giant, while the back rooms are built to open upon a bit of enclosed coral reef with the surf breaking over it! A town with stagnant water in many of its streets, and huts squalid beyond description! A town whose populace seems to be mainly without occupation, and almost without clothes, while in the harbor enormously expensive dredging machines, bought for the graft, lie rotting and unused. A town succinctly described by the American consul whom we found stretched in a steamer-chair, a graphophone on one side, a negro boy with a fan on the other. "This place," said he, "is —!!!!!! If you eat fruit, you get dysentery. If you don't, you get yellow fever. What in — is a man to do?" Armed with two sets of pajamas, two tooth-brushes, a letter of introduction, and a bottle of claret, we had many adventures by night in Puerto Cabello,

which, unfortunately, are inconsequential to this narrative, but we formed much the same opinion of the town. In summer, at least, Puerto Cabello is the quintessence of one Venezuelan extreme.

Social Carácas

The society of Carácas is at the same time provincial and cosmopolitan, a combination which any one will grant should be charming. The various powers have accredited diplomats of the first order to Carácas, not so much on account of the importance of Venezuela, as because their services are so frequently needed in the disputes for which the country has become famous. These ministers and their families give to Caraqueñan society an air of the great world, and a variety out of keeping with the insignificant size of the city itself. It is a small society in a small city, and an aristocratic one. The native portion carries on a successful social war with Castro's government, which controls it politically and often financially. Its wealth is considerable, although the vicissitudes of recent years have ruined many of its members. Even the notorious Matos, who belonged to this caste, though defeated, and in exile in Curaçao, was living, when we delivered to his family a letter smuggled from Venezuela, in one of the most considerable houses of "the upper side," as they call that half of Willemstad which lies across the harbor. The aristocracy of this society is emphasized by the Carácas mob, the fearfully numerous lowest class, unwashed, idle, almost unclothed, living on cheap fruits or beans, and mingling the blood of three races in a product which is a foil to the few gentry who live among them.

The "good families" of Carácas live in houses which would baffle Morgiana herself to separate from those of the bad families. That greatest of levelers, the earthquake, which seldom leaves Carácas long unshaken, sets one story as a standard for all. Thus a long succession of low, stuccoed fronts faces the street, each front

relieved solely by a great door, and one or two windows, enclosed in a basket of iron work, from which the señoritas see the world. There is an old Carácas song which says, "If you wish to catch a husband you must fish for him from the window." And riding past the windows is a chief amusement with young Carácas bloods. This is how you do it. At about five you mount your mule (don't start — no horse was ever better bred) and amble in the single foot *del país* through the proper streets, seeing to it that your silver-mounted lariat jingles against the silver trappings of your bridle. The charm of the affair is that the iron bars act as chaperones, and nowhere but at the windows and in the dance itself can the Caraquenian señorita speak alone with a man. But though faces differ, the windows, in general appearance, do not, and difficulties of location are materially aided by the Carácas custom of naming the corners instead of the streets, so that Señor —, for instance, is said to live between The Parrot and The Cocoa Palm, or, as in one actual instance, the — family between Heaven and Hell.

If one finds one's house and enters the great door, there is a very different story. Most Carácas houses are planned like those of Pompeii, consisting of a series of large, high-ceilinged rooms opening upon a *patio* which rises in a mass of palms, fern trees, and flowers to the height of the red-tiled roofs surrounding. Often a thin netting is cast over the whole *patio*, and a dozen or so brilliantly colored birds fly and sing in the palm branches, while white egrets stalk over the pavement below. Our house was one of the few in Carácas with an *alta*, a second story, which, in this case, was like a ship's bridge looking down on the *patio*. There were our bedrooms, and our porch with its bookcases into which everything printed must go at night lest the cockroaches, inches across, should eat them; and there we sat in the morning, sipping delectable coffee, and watching the endless sweep of the white clouds across the peaks of the

gray mountains above us. It was warm enough to do this in pajamas, and cool enough, except at noonday, for tennis or such exercise. One can ask little vainly, except energy, from the climate of Carácas.

The *patio* is the place for balls and teas, and there one dances on stone or brick, while beneath the loggia the long table is spread with cakes of all kinds, perhaps "choke cats" (I am not sure of the Spanish), which explode into powder when you bite. At the street front is the drawing-room, or *sala*, where the family assemble when they are "at home." In the older houses this room is heavily hung with old-fashioned pictures, the windows are thickly curtained in the style of the 70's, and on the carpeted floor several furniture families are assembled, each in its allotted place: a marble-topped table and a circle of plush chairs here, a walnut table and its circle of walnut chairs there. In such a sala we sat on the plush family while Señorita —, in black with a red rose in her hair, sang to the *guitarita*. —

"A San Antonio Bendito
Tres cosas pido:
Salvación y dinero
Y un buen marido."

"I asked of St. Antonio three things, my salvation, money, and a good husband." Answers St. Antonio, "Caramba! How can he be a good one if he has to be a man!"

On one evening of the week it is *comme il faut* to go to the Plaza Bolivar, an excellent public square, shaded by mahogany trees, and sit near the fine equestrian bronze of Bolivar to hear the military band, the only public institution in Venezuela, except Castro, which seems to be thriving. The girls, carefully chaperoned, sit in a long row, the men of the party stand behind their chairs, and before them sometimes walk the dandies of Carácas, but more often stand and stare point-blank at the ladies, with a rudeness which is as remarkable as the absolute unconcern with which it is endured. Later your friends will probably take you

to La India, an old café and a good one, where they have the finest chocolate in the world. Indeed, one never knows the possibilities of chocolate until one has stopped in Venezuela; and the coffee is almost as remarkable. But one Venezuelan drink is not so agreeable to a modest northern palate, and that is the raw rum which, at eleven or twelve on a hot morning, is the proper drink at the Carácas café.

I wish that I could retail some of the stories of Venezuelan life heard in La India, — of the prominent official (perhaps still alive) who loaded his loot in coin on a launch which he filled to the gunwales, and drove her across the open sea to a refuge in Curaçao; of the melancholy succession of American ministers who disgraced us in Carácas in the days when the spoils system was at its worst: X, who drank from finger-bowls and kept his neighborhood moist with tobacco juice; Y, who suffered from the delirium tremens; Z, whose wife, at dinner-parties, used her napkin for a handkerchief. But Carácas gossip requires a book for itself.

The major part of this gossip consists of highly colored episodes in which Caraqueñians have suffered in life, limb, or property from the government; and it is impossible to conceive of this charming Carácas society unless the dark as well as the light is kept in mind. It was the society of a town in Latin Europe that we met there, — courteous, pleasure-loving, fond of saint's-day's *fiestas*, fine clothes, dancing, gossiping, and gallantry; yet set

upon a crater in which the lava of mixed bloods, poverty, greed, and crime flaunting the rhetoric of patriotism, is always overflowing.

Neither liberty, property, nor life is secure in Venezuela. And there is a good deal that is pathetic about these Caraqueñians, living in one of the most beautiful countries in the world, living comfortably in the few good years, exiled or imprisoned in the lean ones, or, if fortune favors, spending in Paris what they have saved, yet with an unshakable love for *la patria*, a name as often on their lips as in their absurd newspapers. Two extremes, the sombre endurance of the Spaniard, the mercurial spirits of the other Latins, seem to meet in them. Robbed, abused, imprisoned, they are exiled, but seldom emigrate. In New York they have their especial hotel, and in Curaçao their own café. The fortunes of their country always seem to be their own. "Carácas has been very sad," said an old Venezuelan to me on the way to Porto Rico, with a peculiarly personal interest in the welfare of the capital. And "Carácas has been sad, but now it is very gay," were almost the first English words I heard when I arrived there. If it were not for Castro and the ominous degeneration of the Carácas mob, it might be a *patria* to be proud of as well as to love. But until the little chief falls before a rifle bullet, or departs for Paris to spend his enormous gains, the good Caraqueñian will be safest anywhere but at home.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

A HISTORY of English literature¹ in several large volumes, published under the auspices, and bearing the name, of Cambridge University, and edited in chief by the master of one of its oldest colleges, a man celebrated for his history of English dramatic literature, is an undertaking fitted to excite the liveliest and most hopeful anticipations. Cambridge, the nursing mother of Milton and Tennyson, should represent, with her sister Oxford, the soundest literary traditions. Cambridge, possessing some of the most precious manuscripts of the early mediæval period, should rejoice to set forth the productions of that period in the fairest light; Cambridge, which has long boasted so considerable a scholar as Skeat, the editor of a monumental edition of Chaucer, should be able to command, not only his services, and those of the Master of Peterhouse, but those of the best scholars, in England and the allied fields of Great Britain, America, the colonies, Germany, Scandinavia, and France, and of writers fitted to illustrate, if not to adorn, whatever subjects they might touch. True, it ought to be borne in mind that scholars of the eminence of Skeat and Ward are not numerous, even in England; that the possession of knowledge, and the ability to awaken and sustain interest, are not always united in the same person; and that even a renowned university may not be able, within a moderate time, to command the activity of the most capable pens. Then, too, it must be considered

that many portions of English literature, and even whole tracts, have been vigorously studied for only a few decades, and not always by scholars of thorough training and enlarged minds, but in some cases by gatherers of minute and unrelated facts, or by hasty generalizers.

Another serious difficulty confronts the projectors of such an enterprise — that of defining, in their own thought, the body of readers they shall cater for. Shall they aim at the more general public of intelligent laymen, or shall they address persons who are already in some degree specialists? If the former, they must presuppose but little; if the latter, they may take a good deal for granted. Or shall they adopt a more difficult and glorious course, marshaling facts and presenting conclusions so convincingly and agreeably as to captivate alike the professional and the general reader? It is this last conception of their office which would seem to have actuated the editor of the magnificent history of French literature, Petit de Julleville, and to have inspired his colleagues in the undertaking.

The history of French literature just mentioned is so admirable that it will serve as a convenient standard by which to test the volumes before us. Though, like its English counterpart, it is a work of collaboration, all the writers seem not only to be moved by a common purpose, but to possess in common a certain central body of knowledge, and even — perhaps because they are all educated Frenchmen, and hence all well trained in the technique of composition — a kind of corporate style, always rich in substance, unpretentious, urbane, limpid, vigorous, vivacious, yet restrained, although now this, now the other quality may be more in evidence. Hence the French work succeeds in being eminently

¹ *The Cambridge History of English Literature*. Edited by A. W. WARD, Litt. D., F. B. A., Master of Peterhouse; and A. R. Waller, M. A., Peterhouse. Vol. I, *From the Beginnings to the Cycles of Romance*; Vol. II, *The End of the Middle Ages*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cambridge, England: University Press. 1907, 1908.

readable — a result due in part to the masterly organization of the material; as this, again, depends in part upon the limitation of the field. For the Frenchman, though he must have been tempted to include both Latin and Provençal writings in his scope, eschews them all and confines himself strictly to literature in French. Nor does he neglect to provide good store of choice illustrations, mostly photographs of manuscripts, illuminated or otherwise, or, in the later volumes, portraits and specimens of handwriting. The writers chosen to perform a task so delicate, difficult, and honorable are among the first scholars in France in their respective fields. Finally, he who was the foremost student of mediæval French letters of his period introduced, in a score of pages, the first two volumes with a just and striking estimate of Old French literature, as the general editor was to begin the third volume with a paper summing up the characteristics of the Renaissance.

In the work which we are now considering, these features are lamentably absent, or present only in a lower degree. There is no general survey of the qualities of mediæval English literature, or of mediæval literature in general. The contributing scholars are, with several notable exceptions, not those whom all the world knows of, or all experts unite to honor. There are no facsimiles or pictorial illustrations of any kind. The field of English literature is extended to include not only Scottish literature and the Latin writers in England, but also such topics as the introduction of printing into England, and the early work of the press, English scholars of Paris, and English and Scottish education. There are as many styles as there are authors, — this it would be easy to forgive, — but few of these styles deserve unrestricted praise. And then, if the whole truth must be told, not all the contributors are persons, we will not say of ripe scholarship, but even of accurate and ordered knowledge.

A few particulars will serve to point

these strictures. The want of any abstract and brief chronicle of the whole subject dealt with in these two volumes — literature in the British Isles in the Middle Ages — is a fact easily verified, as is likewise the absence of illustrations. There is a chapter devoted to Chaucer, of course, but it is signed neither by Skeat nor by Furnivall, the first of living Chaucerians; one on Alfred, and on the Latin literature before his time, but not by Plummer, or Stevenson, or Sedgefield, or Sweet; one on the writings between Alfred and the Conquest, including legends of the Holy Rood and homilies, but not by Napier. We mention only authorities living in England, but the names of American and German scholars of repute might easily be introduced to swell the list.

The English work, though it omits a treatment of the mystery plays, is, in round numbers, one-third larger than its French predecessor, which finds a place for the mediæval drama. Nearly one-fourth of the second volume is taken up with things Scottish, though of things Irish there is scarcely a trace. As to style, we too often find mere enumerations, instead of stimulating or satisfying interpretations. We can scarcely predicate style of passages like these: "Among the sources used are Pliny, Solinus, Eutropius, Marcellinus Comes, Gildas, probably the *Historia Brittonum*, a *Passion of St. Alban*, and the *Life of St. Germanus of Auxerre* by Constantius" (i, 90). "In the third book we proceed as far as 664. In this section the chief actors are Oswald, Aidan, Fursey, Cedd, and Wilfrid" (same page). "Among them we find Gifica (Gibicho), Breca, Finn, Hnaef, Saeferth (Sigeferth?) and Ongentheow, who have been mentioned above, as well as Attila, Gormenric, Theodric" (i, 38). Well may one of the contributors to this volume say, "The muse of history needs, for her highest service, the aid of the imagination."

Occasionally we get writing as bad as this (ii, 171): "afforded, both in respect

of form and of matter, excellent material for translating for many a year until, in fact, the clipped wings had had time to grow again." An allusive style, occasionally employed to relieve the dullness which will creep in, has its own peculiar perils: the writer last quoted thus blends two Shakespearean reminiscences near the close of the second volume: "It has been sometimes urged that the fifteenth century . . . is an uninviting, barren waste, in which it were idle and unprofitable to spend one's time when it can be fledged carelessly in 'the demesnes that here (*sic*) adjacent lie, belonging,'" — as the writer considerably explains — "to the stately pleasure houses of Chaucer and the Elizabethans." There are thus styles and styles; but few among them have those conspicuous merits which are displayed in every number of *The Spectator* or *The Saturday Review*.

Before commenting upon certain positive errors which here and there occur, we may note the careless proof-reading, especially in the first volume, extending to the references in the index. These blunders are often ludicrous, though generally of a sort to be easily corrected by the reader. Thus, for example: "the gleemen of [or] minstrels who played on the harp" (i, 3); "in 1674 [674] Benedict Biscop had built the monastery of St. Peter" (i, 98); "the following tablet [table] . . . shows the relations of the various MSS." (i, 123); "had Harold won, instead of lust [lost], the battle of Hastings" (i, 166); "that none deserved better posterity [of posterity] than he who wrote a faithful record" (i, 180); "Changes in Delusion" [Declension] (i, 433, running title); "the language in its state of translation [transition] afforded special opportunity for these irregularities (i, 390); "sayings of the philosophers" (ii, 239).

One may pardon oddities or affectations in the language employed, such as the use of "fitt" — why not "fytte" — (i, 61), "scop" (i, 70), "*Crist*" (*passim*), and even *Cristabel* (i, 164), the over-

working of "aureate" (ii, 109, and often subsequently), the use of "horseplayful" (ii, 207), or "erst-friar" (ii, 294). One may overlook the Johnsonian magniloquence of clauses like the following (ii, 294): "which assumes a fundamental homogeneity in mediæval method, in most respects incongruent with the literary intention of the new learning." One may smile at the artful aid of apt alliteration in ii, 293: "His was not the heavy-headed fancy of a moribund mediævalism." But one must not condone blunders which a fair measure of attention would render impossible.

To be specific: John S. Westlake, M. A., Trinity College, informs us (i, 128) that Ælfric was born about 955, and that the poem entitled *Judith* was written about 918, or perhaps earlier (i, 158); yet he is quite capable of saying (i, 157), "It is noteworthy that Ælfric himself had written a homily on Judith. This homily must have been written earlier, and, perhaps, it influenced the writer of *Judith* to choose her as a national type." This is pretty chronology: a homily written by a man born in 955 influences the author of a poem which nobody dates later than 918. The same authority tells us (i, 151) that *Judith* and *The Battle of Maldon* "deal with the struggle against the same foe." As the foe in the *Judith* is an Assyrian, and in *The Battle of Maldon* a Danish army, we hesitate before accepting the statement unqualifiedly.

Nor is it much otherwise with Miss M. Bentinck Smith, M. A., Headmistress of St. Leonard's School, St. Andrews. In discussing the poems of the Janian manuscript, she very properly records her belief (i, 50) that these poems are not all by one author. She assigns *Genesis B* to the second half of the ninth century (i, 51), and three others (i, 53) to the end of the ninth century. Yet she assumes the existence of a Cædmonian school (i, 69) on the hypothesis that Cædmon "composed similar, though, perhaps, shorter pieces, which may have been worked upon later by more scholarly

hands" — the more scholarly hands which produced the poems of the Janian manuscript. It will be observed that she dates none of these poems earlier than 850. Now, Cynewulf "wrote towards the end of the eighth century" (i, 56). "Yet" — here the consecutiveness of her thinking manifests itself — "the work of Cynewulf and his school marks an advance upon the writings of the school of Cædmon" (i, 69), and she proceeds to show in what respects it marks such an advance. The same writer refers (i, 47) to the poem of *Beowulf*, "an exhortation to do great deeds so that in Walhalla the chosen warrior may fare the better;" but there is no mention of Walhalla in the *Beowulf*, — is there anywhere in Old English literature? — and the passage in question merely reads, probably with no reference to a future life, "Let him who may win glory ere he die; thus shall it be best for a warrior when life is past."

Other writers, while not committing such positive errors, attribute to an author what the latter has merely drawn from some earlier source. The *Blickling Homilies* are credited (i, 127) with the picture of Heaven as a place where there is "youth without age; nor is there hunger nor thirst; nor wind nor storm nor rush of waters;" but this is not original with the *Blickling Homilies*. Ælfric is described (i, 133) as exemplifying by Oswald the ideal English King; but the story of Oswald there told comes from Bede. The poem of the *Menologium* gets the credit for preserving some of the Old English names of the months, though they are found a couple of centuries earlier in Bede's *De Temporum Ratione*. "As early as 709 Aldhelm . . . had depicted the glories of the celibate life" (i, 256); but had they never been depicted before?

Other opinions strike one as exaggerations. "*The Nut Browne Maid* (in itself sufficient, in form and music and theme, to 'make the fortune' of any century)" (ii, 486). "Nowhere else [than in the *Andreas*] are to be found such superb descriptions of the raging storm" (i, 59).

Contradictions between various chapters will hardly surprise us. To one writer, the Ruthwell Cross is possibly of the eighth century (i, 12); to another, of the tenth (i, 62). On pages 33 and 46 of the first volume there are two different views of the orthodoxy of Iona. To Saintsbury (ii, 244), "there is probably no period in the last seven hundred years which yields a lover of English poetry so little satisfaction as the fifteenth century;" but he is overruled by one of the general editors, who declares (ii, 487) that this same period "can well hold its own in the history of our literature as against the centuries that precede or follow it." It may be objected that such differences of opinion are inevitable; but why, then, do they not appear in Petit de Julleville's history of French literature?

Proportion is not always observed in these volumes. Stephen Hawes manages to secure eighteen pages, while the whole history of Old and Middle English prosody get scarcely more than seven; yet "most of his lines are inartistic and unmusical" (ii, 268); "his writings abound in long digressions, irrelevances, debates, appeals to authority, needless repetitions, prolix descriptions" (ii, 263); and "in choice of theme, in method of exposition, and in mode of expression, Hawes has a limited range" (ii, 259). He exhibits "confused metre, slipshod construction, bizarre diction" (ii, 271). In a word, he writes like this (ii, 264):—

Her redolente wordes of swete influence
Degouted vapoure moost aromatyke,
And made conversyon of complacence;
Her depared and her lusty rethoryke
My courage reformed, that was so lunatyke.

Yet he is honored with eighteen pages.

These and similar exceptions being taken, it is a pleasure, and it is simple justice, to declare that there is a golden face to the shield. Henry Bradley writes on changes in the language to the days of Chaucer; Ker brilliantly on metrical romances; Saintsbury competently, and always interestingly, on Chaucer. Gummere is at home in his peculiar field of the

ballad; Manly, by his bold analysis, has earned his right to be heard on Piers Plowman; Macaulay, the first editor of Gower's complete works, should know that author better than he has been known in centuries; Gregory Smith is probably as well informed as any one living on the earlier Scottish literature; Sandys's *History of Classical Scholarship* guarantees his ability to describe the Latin literature of England from John of Salisbury to Richard of Bury; no one will dispute the qualifications of the Templar, Gollancz, to set forth the qualities of the various poems by the author of *Sir Gawayne*; and W. Lewis Jones, in dealing with the Latin chroniclers, has the advantage of utilizing the labors of such men as Stubbs, Brewer, and Thomas Arnold. The writing of Miss Clara L. Thomson and Miss Alice D. Greenwood is quite up to the average in the two volumes, and the latter's characterization of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* (ii, 381-338) is one of the masterpieces of the book.

These two volumes, it need hardly be said, contain a large store of ordered, and, with rare exceptions, reliable inform-

ation; the bibliographies, though they do not sufficiently teach their own use for lack of critical estimates, are copious, and every way welcome; and the indexes, barring some inaccuracies in the first volume, are satisfactory.

What is chiefly wanting is what, in the present state of English scholarship, it would doubtless be impossible to supply — a plan rigorous in its exclusions, having regard to subjects or classes of literature, so far as might be consistent with the towering personality of certain authors, and mindful of proportion and consistency throughout; a band of scholars, with severe training and common ideals, enthusiastic, reflective, imaginative, masters of language, and loyal to the voice of a director who should represent their own intellectual conscience. It will, we fear, be a long day before this counsel of perfection shall be realized in any such measure as in France; and meanwhile we can only be thankful to those who have blazed the way, and who, while showing their successors some pitfalls to be avoided, have also left them much which it will be their wisdom to emulate, and, if it may be, to surpass.

ANOTHER SOURCE OF "PARADISE LOST"

BY N. DOUGLAS

CHARLES DUNSTER (*Considerations on Milton's Early Reading, etc.*, 1810) traces the *prima stamina* of *Paradise Lost* to Sylvester's *Du Bartas*. Masenius, Cedmon, Vondel, and other older writers have also been named, and discussed with more or less partiality, in this connection, while the majority of Milton's English commentators — and among foreigners Voltaire and Tiraboschi — are inclined to regard the *Adamus Exul* of Grotius, or Andreini's sacred drama of *Adamo*, as the prototype. This latter can

be consulted in the third volume of Cowper's Milton (1810). The matter is still *sub judice*, and in view of the number of recent scholars who have interested themselves in it, I am somewhat surprised that up to the present moment no notice has been taken, so far as I am aware, of an Italian article which goes far towards settling this question and proving that the chief source of *Paradise Lost* is the *Adamo Caduto*, a sacred tragedy by Serafino della Salandra. The merit of this discovery belongs to Fran-

cesco Zicari, whose paper, "Sulla scoperta dell' originale italiano da cui Milton trasse il suo poema del paradiso perduto," is printed on pages 245 to 276 in the 1845 volume of the Naples *Album scientifico - artistico - letterario* now lying before me. It is in the form of a letter addressed to his friend Francesco Ruffa, a native of Tropea in Calabria.¹

Salandra, it is true, is named among the writers of sacred tragedies in Todd's Milton (1809, vol. ii, p. 244), and also by Hayley, but neither of them had the curiosity, or the opportunity, to examine his *Adamo Caduto*; Hayley expressly says that he has not seen it. More recent works, such as that of Moers (*De fontibus Paradisi Amissi Miltoniani*, Bonn, 1860), do not mention Salandra at all. Byse (*Milton on the Continent*, 1903) merely hints at some possible motives for the Allegro and the Penseroso.

As to dates, there can be no doubt to whom the priority belongs. The *Adamo* of Salandra was printed at Cosenza in Calabria in 1647. Richardson thinks that Milton entered upon his *Paradise Lost* in 1654, and that it was shown, as done, in 1665; D. Masson agrees with this, adding that "it was not published till two years afterwards." The date 1665 is fixed, I presume, by the Quaker Elwood's account of his visit to Milton in the autumn of that year, when the poet gave him the manuscript to read; the two years' delay in publication may possibly have been due to the confusion

¹ Zicari contemplated another paper on this subject, but I am unaware whether this was ever published. The Neapolitan Minieri-Riccio, who wrote his *Memorie Storiche* in 1844, speaks of this article as having been already printed in 1832, but does not say where. This is corroborated by N. Falcone (*Biblioteca storica-topografica della Calabria*, 2d ed., Naples, 1846, pp. 152-154), who gives the same date, and adds that Zicari was the author of a work on the district of Fuscaldo. He was born at Paola in Calabria, of which he wrote a (manuscript) history, and died in 1846. In this Milton article, he speaks of his name being "unknown in the republic of letters." I can find no further details of his life.

occasioned by the great plague and fire of London.

The castigation bestowed upon Lauder by Bishop Douglas, followed, as it was, by a terrific "back-hander" from the brawny arm of Samuel Johnson, induces me to say that Salandra's *Adamo Caduto*, though extremely rare, — so rare that neither the British Museum nor the Paris Bibliothèque Nationale possesses a copy, — is *not* an imaginary book; I have had it in my hands and examined it at the Naples Biblioteca Nazionale; it is a small octavo of 251 pages (not including twenty unnumbered ones, and another one at the end for correction of misprints); badly printed and bearing all the marks of genuineness, with the author's name and the year and place of publication clearly set forth on the title-page. I have carefully compared Zicari's references to it, and quotations from it, with the original. They are correct, save for a few insignificant verbal discrepancies which, so far as I can judge, betray no indication of an attempt on his part to mislead the reader, such as using the word *tromba* (trumpet) instead of Salandra's term *sambuca* (sackbut).

And if further proof of authenticity be required, I may note that the *Adamo Caduto* of Salandra is already cited in old bibliographies like Toppi's *Biblioteca Napoletana* (1678), or that of Joannes a S. Antonio (*Biblioteca universa Franciscana* etc., Madrid, 1732-1733, vol. iii, page 88). It appears to have been the only literary production of its author, who was a Franciscan monk and is described as "Preacher, Lector and Destinator of the Reformed Church of Basilicata."

We may take it, then, that Salandra was a real person, who published a mystery called *Adamo Caduto* in 1647; and I will now, without further preamble, extract from Zicari's article as much as may be sufficient to show ground for his contention that Milton's *Paradise Lost* is a transfusion, in general and in particular, of this same mystery.

Salandra's central theme is the Uni-

verse shattered by the disobedience of the First Man, the origin of our unhappiness and sins. The same with Milton.

Salandra's chief personages are God and His angels; the first man and woman; the serpent; Satan and his angels. The same with Milton.

Salandra, at the opening of his poem (the prologue), sets forth his argument and dwells upon the creative omnipotence and his works. The same with Milton.

Salandra then describes the council of the rebel angels, their fall from Heaven into a desert and sulphurous region, their discourses. Man is enviously spoken of, and his fall by means of stratagem decided upon; it is resolved to reunite in council in Pandemonium or the Abyss, where measures may be adopted to the end that man may become the enemy of God and the prey of Hell. The same with Milton.

Salandra personifies Sin and Death, the latter being the child of the former. The same with Milton.

Salandra describes Omnipotence foreseeing the effects of the temptation and fall of man, and preparing his redemption. The same with Milton.

Salandra depicts the site of Paradise and the happy life there. The same with Milton.

Salandra sets forth the miraculous creation of the universe and of man, and the virtues of the forbidden fruit. The same with Milton.

Salandra reports the conversation between Eve and the Serpent; the eating of the forbidden fruit and the despair of our first parents. The same with Milton.

Salandra describes the joy of Death at the discomfiture of Eve; the rejoicings in Hell; the grief of Adam; the flight of our first parents, their shame and repentance. The same with Milton.

Salandra anticipates the intercession of the Redeemer, and the overthrow of Sin and Death; he dwells upon the wonders of the Creation, the murder of Abel by his brother Cain, and other human ills; the vices of the Antediluvians, due

to the fall of Adam; the infernal gift of war. The same with Milton.

Salandra describes the passion of Jesus Christ, and the comforts which Adam and Eve receive from the angel who announces the coming of the Messiah; lastly, their departure from the earthly paradise. The same with Milton.

So much for the general scheme of both poems. And now for a few particular points of resemblance, verbal and otherwise.

The character of Milton's Satan, with the various facets of pride, envy, vindictiveness, despair, and impenitence which go to form that harmonious whole, are already clearly mapped out in the *Lucifero* of Salandra. For this statement, which I find correct, Zicari gives chapter and verse, but it would take far too long to set forth the matter in this place. The speeches of *Lucifero*, to be sure, read rather like a caricature, — it must not be forgotten that Salandra was writing for lower-class theatrical spectators, and not for refined readers, — but the elements which Milton has utilized are already there.

Here is a verbal coincidence: —

Here we may reign secure . . .
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.
— MILTON (i, 258).

. . . Quì propria voglia,
Son capo, son quì duce, son lor Prence.
— SALANDRA (p. 49).

And another: —

. . . Whom shall we find
Sufficient? . . . This enterprise
None shall partake with me.

— MILTON (ii, 403, 465).

A chi basterà l'anima di voi?
. . . certo che quest' affare
A la mia man s'aspetta.

— SALANDRA (p. 64).

Milton's *Terror* is partially taken from the *Megera* of the Italian poet. The "grisly *Terror*" threatens Satan (ii, 699), and the office of *Megera*, in Salandra's drama, is exactly the same — that is, to threaten and chastise the rebellious spirit, which she does very effectually (pages 123 to 131). The identical mon-

sters — Cerberus, Hydras, and Chimæras — are found in their respective abodes, but Salandra does not content himself with these three; his list includes such a mixed assemblage of creatures as owls, basilisks, dragons, tigers, bears, crocodiles, sphynxes, harpies, and panthers. Terror moves with dread rapidity: —

. . . and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides. — MILTON (ii, 675).
and so does Megera . —

In atterir, in spaventar son . . .
Rapido sì ch' ogni ripar è vano.

— SALANDRA (p. 59).

Both Milton and Salandra use the names of the gods of antiquity for their demons, but the narrative epic of the English poet naturally permitted of far greater prolixity and variety in this respect. A most curious parallelism exists between Milton's Belial and that of Salandra. Both are described as luxurious, timorous, slothful, and scoffing, and there is not the slightest doubt that Milton has taken over these mixed attributes from the Italian.¹

The words of Milton's Beelzebub (ii, 368): —

Seduce them to our party, that their god
May prove their foe . . .

are copied from those of the Italian Lucifero (p. 52): —

. . . Facciam
Acciò, che l' huom divenga
A Dio nemico . . .

Regarding the creation of the world, Salandra asks (p. 11): —

Qual lingua può di Dio,
Benchè da Dio formato
Lodar di Dio le meraviglie estreme ?

which is thus echoed by Milton (vii, 112):

. . . to recount almighty works
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice ?

¹ This is one of the occasions in which Zicari appears, at first sight, to have stretched a point in order to improve his case, because, in the reference he gives, it is Behemoth, and not Belial, who speaks of himself as cowardly (*im-belle*). But in another place Lucifer applies this designation to Belial as well.

There is a considerable resemblance between the two poets in their descriptions of Paradise and of its joys. In both poems, too, Adam warns his spouse of her frailty, and in the episode of Eve's meeting with the serpent, there are no less than four verbal coincidences. Thus Salandra writes (page 68): —

Ravviso gli animal, ch' a schiera a schiera
Già fanno humil e reverente inclino . . .
Ravveggiò il bel serpente avvolto in giri;
O sei bello
Con tanta varietà che certo sembri
Altro stellato ciel, smaltata terra.
O che sento, tu parli ?

and Milton transcribes it as follows (ix, 517-554): —

. . . She minded not, as used
To such disport before her through the field
From every beast, more *duteous* at her call . . .
Curled many a wanton *wreath* in sight of Eve.
His turret crest and sleek *enamelled* neck . . .
What may this mean ? Language of man *pronounced*

By tongue of brute ?

Altogether, Zicari has observed that Rolli, although unacquainted with the *Adamo Caduto*, has sometimes inadvertently hit upon the same words in his Italian translation of Milton which Salandra had used before him.

Eve's altered complexion after the eating of the forbidden fruit is noted by both poets: —

Torbata ne la faccia ? Non sei quella
Qual ti lasciavi contenta . . .

— SALANDRA (p. 89).

Thus Eve with countenance blithe her story told;

But in her cheek distemper flushing glowed.
— MILTON (ix, 886).

only with this difference, that the Italian Eve adds an unnecessary half-lie by way of explaining the change: —

. . . Forse cangiata (del che non mi avveggiò)
Sono nel volto per la tua partenza. — (p. 89.)

In both poems Sin and Death reappear on the scene after the transgression.

The flight of Innocence from earth; the distempered lust which dominates over Adam and Eve after the Fall; the league of Sin and Death to rule hence-

forward over the world; the pathetic lament of Adam regarding his misfortune and the evils in store for his progeny; his noble sentiment, that none can withdraw himself from the all-seeing eye of God — all these are images which Milton has copied from Salandra.

Adam's state of mind, after the fall, is compared by Salandra to a boat tossed by impetuous winds (p. 228): —

Qual agitato legno d'Austro, e Noto,
Instabile incostante, non hai pace,
Tu vivi pur . . .

which is thus paraphrased in Milton (ix, 1122): —

. . . High winds worse within
Began to rise . . . and shook sore
Their inward state of mind, calm region once
And full of peace, now tossed and turbulent.

Here is a still more palpable adaptation: —

. . . So God ordains :
God is thy law, thou mine.
— MILTON (iv, 636).
. . . Un voler sia d' entrambi,
E quel' uno di noi, di Dio sia tutto.
— SALANDRA (p. 42).

After the Fall, according to Salandra, *vacillò la terra* (1), *gemè* (2), *e pianse* (3), *rumoreggiano i tuoni* (4), *accompagnati da grandini* (5), *e dense nevi* (6), (pages 138, 142, 218). Milton translates this as follows: Earth trembled from her entrails (1), and nature gave a second groan (2); sky loured and, muttering thunders (4), some sad drops wept (3), the winds, armed with ice and snow (6) and hail (5). (*Paradise Lost*, ix, 1000, x, 697).

Here is another translation: —

. . . inclino il cielo
Giù ne la terra, a questa il Ciel innalza.
— SALANDRA (p. 242).
And Earth be changed to Heaven, and Heaven
to Earth. — MILTON (vii, 160).

It is not my purpose to do Zicari's work over again, as this would entail a complete translation of his long article (it contains nearly ten thousand words), to which, if the thing is to be done properly, must be appended Salandra's *Adamo*, in order that his quotations from it can be

tested. I will therefore refer to the originals those who wish to go into the subject more fully, warning them, *en passant*, that they may find the task of verification more troublesome than it seems, owing to a stupid mistake on Zicari's part. For in his references to Milton, he claims (page 252) to use an 1818 Venice translation of the *Paradise Lost* by Rolli. Now Rolli's *Paradiso Perduto* is a well-known work which was issued in many editions in London, Paris, and Italy throughout the eighteenth century. But I cannot trace this particular one of Venice, and application to many of the chief libraries of Italy has convinced me that it does not exist, and that 1818 must be a misprint for some other year. The error would be of no significance if Zicari had referred to Rolli's *Paradiso* by the usual system of cantos and lines, but he refers to it by pages, and the pagination differs in every one of the editions of Rolli which have passed through my hands. For my sins, as the Italians say, I have not been able to hit upon the precise one which Zicari had in mind, and if future students are equally unfortunate, I wish them joy of their labors.¹

These few extracts, however, will suffice to show that, without Salandra's *Adamo*, the *Paradise Lost*, as we know it, would not be in existence; and that Zicari's discovery is therefore one of primary importance for English letters, although it would be easy to point out divergencies between the two works — divergencies often due to the varying tastes and feelings of a republican Englishman and an Italian Catholic, and to the different conditions imposed by an epic and a dramatic poem. Thus, in regard to this last point, Zicari has already noted (page 270) that Salandra's scenic acts were necessarily reproduced in the form of *visions* by Milton, who could not

¹ Let me take this opportunity of expressing my best thanks to Baron E. Tortora Brayda, of the Naples Biblioteca Nazionale, who has sacrificed his time to help me, and has taken an infinity of trouble in this matter.

avail himself of the mechanism of the drama for this purpose. Milton was a man of the world, traveler, scholar, and politician; but it will not do for us to insist too vehemently upon the probable mental inferiority of the Calabrian monk, in view of the high opinion which Milton seems to have had of his talents. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. The *Adamo Caduto*, of course, is only one of a series of similar works concerning which a large literature has now grown up, and it might not be difficult to prove that Salandra was indebted to some previous writer for those words and phrases which he passed on to the English poet.

But where did Milton become acquainted with this tragedy? It was at Naples, according to Cowper (*Milton*, vol. iii, page 206), that the English poet may first have entertained the idea of "the loss of paradise as a subject peculiarly fit for poetry." He may well have discussed sacred tragedies, like those of Andreini, with the Marquis Manso. But Milton had returned to England long before Salandra's poem was printed; nor can Manso have sent him a copy of it, for he died in 1645, — two years before its publication, — and Zicari is thus mistaken in assuming (page 245) that Milton became acquainted with it in the house of the Neapolitan nobleman. Unless, therefore, we take for granted that Manso was intimate with the author Salandra — he knew most of his literary countrymen — and sent or gave to Milton a copy of the manuscript of *Adamo* before it was printed, or that Milton was personally familiar with Salandra, we may conclude that the poem was forwarded to him from Italy by some other friend, perhaps by some member of the *Accademia degli Oziosi* which Manso had founded.

A chance therefore seems to have decided Milton: Salandra's tragedy fell into his hands and was welded into the epic form which he had designed for Arthur the Great, even as, in later years, a chance question on the part of Elwood

led to his writing *Paradise Regained*.¹ For this poem there were not so many models handy as for the other, but Milton has written too little to enable us to decide how far its inferiority to the earlier epic is due to this fact, and how far to the inherent inertia of its subject-matter. Little movement can be contrived in a mere dialogue such as *Paradise Regained*; it lacks the grandiose *mise-en-scène* and the shifting splendors of the greater epic; the stupendous figure of the rebellious archangel, the true hero of *Paradise Lost*, is here dwarfed into a puny, malignant sophist; nor is the final issue in the later poem even *for a moment* in doubt, — a serious defect from an artistic point of view. Jortin holds its peculiar excellence to be "artful sophistry, false reasoning, set off in the most specious manner, and refuted by the Son of God with strong unaffected eloquence:" merits for which Milton needed no original of any kind, as his own lofty religious sentiments, his argumentative talents, and long experience of political pamphleteering, stood him in good stead. Most of us must have wondered how it came about that Milton "could not endure to hear *Paradise Lost* preferred to *Paradise Regained*," in view of the very apparent inferiority of the latter. If we had known what Milton knew, namely, to how large an extent *Paradise Lost* was not the child of his own imagination and therefore not so precious in his eyes as *Paradise Regained*, we might have understood, though never shared, his prejudice.

Certain parts of *Paradise Lost* are drawn, as we all know, from other Italian sources, from Sannazario, Ariosto, Guarini, Bojardo, and others. Zicari, who, it must be said, has made the best of his case, will have it that the musterings and battles of the good and evil angels are copied from the *Angeleide* of Valvasone

¹ *Thou hast said much of Paradise Lost, but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found? He made no answer, but sat some time in a muse. . . .*

published at Milan in 1590. But G. Polidori, who has reprinted the *Angeleide* in his Italian version of Milton (London, 1840), has gone into this matter and thinks otherwise. These devil-and-angel combats were a popular theme at the time, and there is no reason why the English poet should copy continental writers in such descriptions, which necessarily have a common resemblance. The Marquis Manso was very friendly with the poets Tasso and Marino, and it is also to be remarked that entire passages in *Paradise Lost* are copied, *totidem verbis*, from the writings of these two, Manso having no doubt drawn Milton's attention to their beauties. In fact, I am inclined to think that Manso's notorious enthusiasm for the *warlike* epic of Tasso may first of all have diverted Milton from purely pastoral ideals and inflamed him with the desire of accomplishing a similar feat, whence the well-known lines in Milton's Latin verses to this friend, which contain the first indication of such a design on his part. Even the familiar invocation, "Hail, wedded Love," is bodily drawn from one of Tasso's letters. (See Newton's *Milton*, 1773, vol. i, pages 312 and 313.)

It has been customary to speak of these literary appropriations as "imitations;" but whoever compares them with the originals will find that many of them are more correctly termed translations. The case, from a literary-moral point of view, is different as regards ancient writers, and it is surely idle to accuse Milton, as has been done, of pilferings from Æschylus or Ovid. There is no such thing as robbing the classics. They are our literary fathers, and what they have left behind them is our common heritage; we may adapt, borrow, or steal from them as much as will suit our purpose; to acknowledge such "thefts" is sheer pedantry and ostentation. But Salandra and the rest of them were Milton's contemporaries. It is certainly an astonishing fact that no scholar of the stamp of Thyer was acquainted with the *Adamo*

Caduto; and it says much for the isolation of England that, at a period when poems on the subject of paradise lost were being scattered broadcast in Italy and elsewhere, — when, in short, all Europe was ringing with the doleful history of Adam and Eve, — Milton could have ventured to speak of his work as "Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme," — an amazing verse which, by the way, is literally transcribed out of Ariosto ("Cosa, non detta in prosa mai, nè in rima"). But even now the acquaintance of the British public with the productions of continental writers is superficial and spasmodic, and such was the ignorance of English scholars of this earlier period, that Birch maintained that Milton's drafts, to be referred to presently, indicated his intention of writing an *opera* (!); while as late as 1776 the poet Mickle, notwithstanding Voltaire's authority, questioned the very existence of Andreini, who has written thirty different pieces.

Some idea of the time when Salandra's tragedy reached Milton might be gained if we knew the date of his manuscript projects for *Paradise Lost* and other writings which are preserved at Cambridge. R. Garnett (*Life of Milton*, 1890, page 129) supposes these drafts to date from about 1640 to 1642, and I am not sufficiently learned in Miltonian lore to controvert or corroborate in a general way this assertion. But the date must certainly be pushed further forward in the case of the skeletons for *Paradise Lost*, which are modeled to a great extent upon Salandra's *Adamo* of 1647, though other compositions may also have been present before Milton's mind, such as that mentioned on page 234 of the second volume of Todd's *Milton*, from which he seems to have drawn the hint of a "prologue spoken by Moses."

Without going into the matter exhaustively as it deserves, I will only say that from these pieces it is clear that Milton's primary idea was to write, like Salandra, a sacred tragedy upon this theme, and

not an epic. These drafts also contain a chorus, such as Salandra has placed in his drama, and a great number of mutes, who do not figure in the English epic, but who reappear in the *Adamo Caduto* and all similar works. Even Satan is here designated as Lucifer, in accordance with the Italian *Lucifero*, and at the end of one of Milton's drafts we read "at last appears Mercy, comforts him, promises the Messiah, etc.," which is exactly what Salandra's *Misericordia* (Mercy) does in the same place.

Milton no doubt kept on hand many loose passages of poetry, both original and borrowed, ready to be worked up into larger pieces; all poets are smothered in odd scraps of verse and lore which they "fit in" as occasion requires; and it is therefore quite possible that some fragments now included in *Paradise Lost* may have been complete before the *Adamo Caduto* was printed. I am referring, more especially, to Satan's address to the sun, which Philips says was written before the commencement of the epic. Admitting Philips to be correct, I still question whether this invocation was composed before Milton's visit to Naples; and if it was, the poet may well have intended it for some other of the multitudinous works which these drafts show him to have been revolving in his mind, or for none of them in particular.

De Quincey rightly says that Addison gave the initial bias in favor of *Paradise Lost* to the English national mind, which has thenceforward shrunk, as Addison himself did, from a dispassionate contemplation of its defects; the idea being, I presume, that a "divine poem" in a manner disarmed rational criticism. And, strange to say, even the few faults which earlier scholars did venture to point out in Milton's poem will be found in that of Salandra. There is the same superabundance of allegory; the same confusion of

spirit and matter among the supernatural persons; the same lengthy astronomical treatise; the same personification of Sin and Death; the same medley of Christian and pagan mythology; the same tedious historico-theological disquisition at the end of both poems.

For the rest, it is to be hoped that we have outgrown our fastidiousness on some of these points. Theological fervor has abated, and in a work of the pure imagination, as *Paradise Lost* is now — is it not? — considered to be, there is nothing incongruous or offensive in an amiable commingling of Semitic and Hellenic deities after the approved Italian recipe; nor do a few long words about geography or science disquiet us any more: Milton was not writing for an uncivilized mob, and his occasional displays of erudition will represent to a cultured person only those breathing spaces so refreshing in all epic poetry. That Milton's language is saturated with Latinisms and Italianisms is perfectly true. His English may not have been good enough for his contemporaries, but it is quite good enough for us. That "grand manner" which Matthew Arnold claimed for Milton, that sustained pitch of kingly elaboration and fullness, is not wholly an affair of high moral tone; it results in part from the humbler ministrations of words happily chosen, — from a felicitous alloy of Mediterranean grace and Saxon mettle. For, whether consciously or not, we cannot but be influenced by the *color-effects* of mere words, that arouse in us definite but indefinable moods of mind. To complain of the foreign phraseology and turns of thought in *Paradise Lost*, would be the blackest ingratitude nowadays, seeing that our language has become enriched by steady gleams of pomp and sumptuous amplitude due, in large part, to the peculiar *lustre* of Milton's comely importations.

SNUFF-BOXES

BY HOLBROOK WHITE

AT an auction the other day, in Paris, a small Louis XVI snuff-box, without jewels, but enriched with miniature landscapes by Van Blarenbergh, fetched the large sum of ten thousand dollars. No particular association was attached to the box. The price was paid for it as a piece of fine workmanship of the period.

Interest in these trinkets does not depend on a knowledge of their exact history. Fancies and suggestions, pungent as was ever the powder they inclosed, play about them. The fopperies and the coqueties of "snuff-box time" start into life at the snapping of a corn. It is surprising that in these days when we are inebriated, if not cheered, by the "music of to-morrow," some genius has not given us a Snuff-box Suite. There are great possibilities in a tone-poem written around this Van Blarenbergh box, for instance. Melodies lurk in its substance. To the ear of the mind it sings.

You can hear the rustle of brocades; the click of red-heeled, diamond-buckled shoes upon marble floors; the tap of canes on stairs and terraces; the sound of lutes, touched softly *au clair de lune*, in gardens already musical with fountains; ripples of laughter from bowers and yew alleys; snatches of gay chansons caught from boats that float up winding rivers, in a landscape as enchanting as that of fairy tales. There are passages pitched in another key — echoes of tempestuous days; an insistent clamor of women and children for bread; a roar of sullen mobs; a sinister rumble of carts; the sound of many feet mounting wooden steps — some firm and unafraid, some halting and timid; a horrid silence, then laughter more horrid. The last movement of the tonal poem might consist of prolonged chords, indicative of "repose in a mu-

seum cabinet," with perhaps something in the way of sounding brass and tinkling cymbals to hint at that ten thousand dollars.

Sylvain Pons was the first collector of snuff-boxes. So Balzac tells us, — and who should know more about it than Balzac?

Since the day of Cousin Pons, amiable hobby-rider, the collectors have increased to a multitude; as insatiable a crowd as those relatives of his, though possibly more intelligent.

Considering the number and the greed of all these traffickers far from shy, we wonder that no more of the bits of artistry have come down to us. Innumerable as the flakes of last year's snow, they have melted away about as completely. With the remnant of Judah, they lift up their voice, "For we are left but a few of many." Everybody carried one, be he dandy or grave-digger. Their fashion changed as often as that of coat-buttons and cravats. Nothing short of wireless telegraphy would have served to keep the provincial beaux informed as to the latest productions. Indeed, it required no small agility on the part of London swells to "catch, ere it changed, the snuff-box of the minute."

The *Spectator* comments, one morning, on the experience of a lawyer, who, in traveling over his circuit, observed the style of periwig to be becoming more and more antiquated at every stage of his journey, till in the remote districts he might well have supposed himself back in the reign of King Charles. So Beau Brummel might calculate degrees of longitude from the meridian of fashion at St. James, by the style of the snuff-boxes extended to him, in his "progresses."

One courtier of Queen Anne owned a

box for every day in the year. What delectable half-hours he must have spent, as he tarried over his choice of that array! What nicety of taste he must have employed in the selection of a pattern that answered best the demands of his engagements!

We could not enjoy ourselves in that way to-day, —there is not time enough. The days must have been longer then — much longer.

A man could not be too fastidious in the matter. We have it upon the authority of Brummell himself that snuff-boxes must observe their seasons; and we have heard from a higher authority even than he, that "things by season seasoned are to their true perfection." One would not care to pass among the politicians at the Coffee-house the trifle in pink enamel and brilliants that one played with so prettily in Ardelia's boudoir. The French nobleman who asked for a moment's respite on the scaffold, in which to enjoy a pinch of snuff, could hardly choose to look, just then, on his favorite box, beset with the sapphires whose radiant color matched the blue of Clotilde's eyes. There are occasions and causes, why and wherefore, in all things — even in snuff-boxes.

They tell of Beau Nash that, in the hey-day of his Bath glory, he received fine boxes enough, as presents, to furnish out a shop. There appears to have been a prodigious number of them required to satisfy the gift-giving mania. Letters and memoirs of the period make it plain that everybody was continually presenting, or being presented with, a snuff-box. No matter what the occasion — christening or coronation — it was a chance to flourish the usual gift; till a man might review the events of his life in the company of his boxes.

In an account of the money expended at the coronation of George IV, we read the entry, "For snuff-boxes to foreign ministers, £8205 15 5."

Talleyrand said once that snuff-taking was a necessary habit for politicians, be-

cause it gave them time for thought in case of awkward questions, and enabled them to hide the expression of their faces at critical moments. Some of those "foreign ministers" must have made pretty constant use of the snuff-box gifts at the court of George IV. We could not expect to find any one of *those* boxes in existence. They met the fate that Falstaff feared, "scoured to nothing with perpetual motion."

The greatest gentleman in Europe, himself, cuts a sorry figure in one snuff-box episode: when Beau Brummell, fallen at last into abject misery, sent a box filled with his favorite snuff to the King, hoping for some manner of kind recognition, "and the King took the snuff, and had not the grace to notice his old companion, favorite, rival, enemy, superior."

In their prime, they caught the light bravely from the candles of palace halls, fashionable assembly rooms, and great ladies' saloons, these beaux and boxes; but what with battering years and man's inconstancy, old age was apt to find them, box and beau alike, somewhat hardly circumstanced —

Un-hinged, un-jewelled, and un-owned!

The "nice conduct" of his snuff-box was as much a matter of solicitude to Sir Fopling Flutter as the fetching manœuvres of her fan to Lady Modish. To rap the box with hauteur, to open the cover with nonchalance, to lift the pinch of powder daintily, to inhale it discreetly, to flick a fallen grain from a lace ruffle debonairly, — all this was not to be acquired in a day. It required infinite pains to master the exercise, but the satisfaction in performing it well was ineffable.

There were subtle *nuances* to be observed in the offering of one's box to others, which called for the cunning of a diplomatist. A degree of affability to be used with the Duke of Highairs would be absurd with Sir Plume, and simply scandalous with plain Jack Knowall. And there were party manœuvres as well. If Lady Froth must studiously patch her face on the Tory side, you may be sure

my Lord Smart was careful that his snuff-box was of the precise Whig size and fashion.

The *Tailor*, receiving a curious letter, one day, from some fop with whom he has no acquaintance, decides, "I'll call at Bubbleboy's shop, and find out the shape of the fellow's snuff-box, by which I can settle his character."

One of the most interesting boxes we have seen is an old English song-book, bound in leather, with a divided brass clasp; one half the clasp serving to secure the leaves of the book, the other half fastening a metal receptacle for snuff. Here, surely, was an ingenious weapon for the killing of time.

Imagine the satisfaction of a snuff-taking scholar who could possess a library of such volumes!

A full assurance given by books;
Continual comfort in a box.

A person of discrimination would adjust the quality of the snuff in each box to the matter of the book, so that the contents of the one should corroborate the contents of the other. A borrower from his shelves would never be disconcerted by a pinch of biting rappee from the volume of Sir John Suckling's *Poems*, or violet-scented grains from Hobbes's *Leviathan*. And then the pleasing capacity of some of those boxes, — such, for instance, as could be fitted to the huge folios on the lower shelf, Clarendon or Thomas Aquinas!

A snuff-box for Polyphemus himself!

One could dip into it at the close of every sentence, yet rest assured that there was enough of the heartening stimulant to accompany one to the end of the chapter; and at the same time be agreeably reminded that the chapters did not "go all the way." It would be no small thing, after groping through such a region of inky darkness, to emerge into the clear shining of that brass box.

As for my Lord Fripperling, he mightily preferred the box which rejoiced in a mirror set in the lid. A looking-glass supplied him with "the best company in the world," and with the only

reflections in which he ever indulged. Moreover, he found these toys vastly becoming. A sparkling *boîte d'or* in a white hand shadowed by ruffles of *point d'Alençon*, added the last touch of elegance.

Naturally, the style of his snuff-box became a matter of tremendous moment to his lordship. He might be in a fog as to what Blenheim's "famous victory" was "all about," but he knew that this "Campaign," about which a Mr. Addison writ a poem, "monstrous good, egad!" had caused a rise in the price of snuff-boxes.

That was not a small matter, to be sure. No material was too costly to use in their making. Jade, amber, lapis-lazuli, were, in turn, the fashion. Jewels were lavished on them. Eminent goldsmiths and miniature painters of renown put their handiwork into them. Petitot himself produced some of his marvelous enamels for this very purpose. Horace Walpole esteemed the snuff-box bearing the portrait of Madame de Sévigné as one of his choice treasures, along with Wolsey's hat and a Crusader's lance. Museums rejoice in them; and there is even a church in England that numbers in its inventory of plate, among chalices and candlesticks, "one gold snuff-box." That is what may be called making a good end. But perhaps this particular box had always enjoyed a cloistered existence, twinkling gravely in dim aisle and dimmer chapel, from the hands of some devout old canon, who, in dying, bequeathed to the church his most valued earthly possession.

Some collections include specimens of Chinese snuff-bottles, — they took their snuff with a difference, — beautiful pieces of work in chalcedony or agate, with carven jade stoppers. A tiny spoon for scooping out the "titillating dust" accompanied the bottle. Snuff-spoons were used in England, too, at one time, as appears from an old comedy in which mention is made of "Tunbridge wooden box with wooden spoon;" but the dandy did not take kindly to the idea. Tun-

bridge was one of many centres of fashion that contributed to the snuff-box host, — a terrestrial galaxy whose stars were held to differ, one from another, in glory, as did the comparatively unconsidered stars in the heavens above.

No less a person than the Emperor Joseph II summed up a comparison of the musicians of his day with the remark that Mozart was like the Parisian snuff-box, Haydn like the box made in England. Happily the compositions of Haydn and Mozart survived that period, so that if we are curious as to the relative value of English snuff-boxes and the *articles de Paris*, we need only comprehend and compare the music of the "Creation," the "Requiem," and the "Magic Flute."

Louis le Grand, who stooped to most of the follies of his time, did not adopt the snuff-taking habit, but his indifference in no wise affected the fashion. In that society which made the *ancien régime* what it stands for to us, the quintessence of brilliancy, elegance, and *esprit*, the snuff-box played its part. It was, oddly enough, the subject of one of Voltaire's earliest attempts at versemaking: —

Adieu, adieu, poor snuff-box mine ;

Adieu ; we ne'er shall meet again ;

a flippant impromptu dashed off when he was but a schoolboy, on a day when his box had been confiscated by the master. The lines were considered so clever — the story goes — that the box was restored to him as a special favor; exactly the result aimed at by the writer. But these trinkets, paraded as a piece of finery by boy and dandy, became nothing less than a consolation of age.

Voltaire grown old, had he been called upon to absent himself a while from the felicity of his snuff-box, might have written "Stanzas of Adieu" abounding in wit, but the verses would have breathed a real, not a sentimental, sigh for the touch of a vanished box.

That *grande dame*, proud old duchesse or marquise, who lives for us in the memoirs of the splendid time, considered

the snuff-box an essential part of her toilet. Seated in state, with knitting-work and box at hand, she was ready to relish, with equal zest, the exchange of snuff and epigrams with a gallant from court, and the moralizing with an abbé out of the country, on the vanity of human affairs, — how

Golden lads and lasses must,

As their snuff-boxes, come to dust.

If it were given us to choose, as a "remembrancer," a single one from among the many associated with great names, perhaps it would be the sociable box that used always to stand on a corner of the card-table, when Lamb's friends gathered to enjoy one of his Wednesday evenings "at home." A fondness for the Scotch rappee in that box, Hazlitt intimates, recommended a person to the notice of its owner. Lamb desired a man to "like something, heartily, even snuff;" and his practice was at one with his theory in the matter of the snuff. His sister agreed with him in this taste, as well as in those more engaging. It is remembered of the kindly little lady that, in old age, she used to go a-visiting her friends with three or four empty snuff-boxes in her pocket, which always became miraculously full before she left.

Stout defenders of the faith, in the matter of tobacco, have been numerous in the ranks of the fair sex, from the voluble Mrs. Glass "that sells snuff at the sign o' the Thistle, in the Strand," to Ladies of Quality, like Mary Wortley Montagu herself.

Early in our literary excursions we come upon the latter, "dishevelled, hideous, covered with snuff," and, thereafter, that is our Lady Mary. Pages of description concerning her youthful beauty and all-conquering charm move us not a jot. *We* know the Lady of the Snuff-box. Others there are, not a few, who have been so linked with their snuff-boxes by some chance expression in prose or verse, that in our minds they are as inseparable as Ephraim and his idols. Johnson's friend, Bennet Langton, has

been described somewhere as a tall, slender man, who usually sat with his legs twisted around each other, fingering his gold snuff-box, with a sweet smile on his face. So he sits — and eternally will sit — in our imagination !

There is Reynolds, who, because of a haunting line by Goldsmith, seems to us forever shifting his trumpet, and forever taking snuff. Unfortunately, some of his great portraits, "embrowned by time," persist in looking "snuffy" to us. There is Gibbon; so everlastingly opening and shutting his *tabatière*, that the drums and trumpets of declining Rome seem to be accompanied by a running fusillade of small arms in the shape of snuff-boxes; while the grandiose rapping of his box-cover is so insistently referred to, that it has come to assume the importance of the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth*.

There is something about this preliminary ceremony of tapping, that savors of an invocation, a summoning of the genie of the box. We recall the awful effect it had upon Peter Bell's much-enduring beast; the "appalling process" yet to be explained to a curious world. The creature had conducted himself with the utmost propriety, but no sooner did Peter knock on the lid of his tobacco-box, than

making here a sudden pause,
The ass turned round his head, and grinned.
Who can doubt that Peter had "started a spirit"? If, to make an ass speak, there must needs be an angel in the path, we may be sure that some kind of visitation is necessary to make him grin.

We must not forget here that virago, Mme. Schwellenberg, who was the torment of Fanny Burney's life at the court; whenever she rapped on her snuff-box, those two pet frogs of hers croaked in answer, and Fanny thought it only ludicrous. It seems to us to lean too much in the direction of ways that are dark. We are inclined to believe that Schwellenberg was as much of a witch as she looked to be, and that those repulsive creatures over which she gloated were

victims of her malign spells. That knocking on her snuff-box was a communication with the magician who was the slave of the box, at whose threatened coming the unhappy animals naturally croaked in alarm. Could Fanny but have become possessed of the magic spell, she might have seen those frogs rise up Prince Charming and the lovely Eldorinda.

Be that as it may, it is true that some innocent-looking snuff-boxes have been opened with as direful results as were ever related of the horror-hiding vessels in Arabian tales.

It was by no happy chance that tobacco, when introduced into France, was given the name *herbe de la reine*, in honor of Catherine de Medici. The results of that painstaking lady's experiments were long in evidence. Even into the eighteenth century the practice continued of "removing," gently but expeditiously, such individuals as became distasteful yet persisted in the habit of living. Is my lord the Comte de B — interfering in your little intrigue? Send him a present of a jeweled box containing *tabac de mille fleurs*. He will not offend you to-morrow.

Saint-Simon tells the story of a Condé who thought it no more than a fine joke to empty the contents of his snuff-box into the glass of champagne which he handed to a companion, his good friend, at a banquet. The friend drank, sickened, and died in terrible agony. That is what it meant to be "a Condé" in snuff-box time!

One marvels that the ghost of his grandfather—the Great Condé—did not knock an awful summons on that supper-room door, and then enter when the candles burned blue, and the guests sat trembling, to strike with his sword the empty snuff-box from the hand of his worthless descendant.

A pleasant custom of exchanging boxes was fashionable for a while, yet was never regarded with much favor by prudent folk. It might answer if one revolved in the circle of Esterhazy and all his quality,

whose hands dropped jewels as a vine drops fatness; otherwise, there was risk of falling in with individuals who considered an unfair exchange no robbery, — whose attitude suggested, "Stand and deliver."

As for the "little horn snuff-box" belonging to the old monk of Calais, we have ceased to be very much impressed with that. Our fathers, we know, regarded its story with fond emotion; and when they read how the Reverend Mr. Sterne guarded the box as tenderly as he guarded his religion "in the justlings of the world," their tears "gushed out," quite like the reverend gentleman's own. Boxes of horn engraved with the names "Yorick" and "Lorenzo" were manufactured in enormous quantities at Hamburg, and were eagerly bought by the sentimentalists of the day, — a day when everybody was a sentimentalist.

We are no longer with "poor Yorick." We hold with Dr. Johnson, who, when his fair friend confesses that she is "very much affected" by the pathos in Sterne's books, says, smiling, "Because, dearest, you are a dunce."

The good doctor was an inveterate snuff-taker, but his box was never in evidence, because his pocket was his box. That unhappy habit, we read, was a source of some uneasiness to his friends, as, indeed, it might well be. It was not in "Goldie's" nature to endure placidly a deluge from that pocket, on the days when he was wearing the peach-blossom velvet coat.

Frederick the Great was another mighty man of valor, — taking sometimes cities, but always snuff. For him, also, boxes were far too trifling. He required great jars of the stuff to be set on the mantelpieces of his rooms; the man-

ner of his dealing wherewith must have been that of Lamb's "Old Bencher," who took his refreshment not by pinches, but by a palmful at once.

Queen Charlotte — Burney's Queen Charlotte — was almost a match for him. Poor Fanny wore herself out in the endeavor to keep her patroness's boxes filled. The handiwork at which the royal lady toiled so steadfastly was called, by courtesy, embroidery, but the silken stitches were buried under avalanches of rappee. Fielding, too, was a lusty snuff-boxer, by what we read; howbeit he attained not unto the first three.

We must confess to a depressing conviction that many writers of that age so-called of "sensibility," were anything but men of feeling. When Clarissa is a long time dying, when the sighs of the "Captive" load the air, and, stretched on the ground, Alexis mourns Pastora dead, — in these long-drawn agonies, it is not a rain of tears that stains the authors' manuscripts, but a patter of snuff. It is fatiguing, this constant drizzle of dingy powder!

We fancy it falling softly, endlessly, like the ashes of a volcanic mountain; filling crevices, leveling inequalities, building mounds, burying the landscape. If the deluge had not been checked in time, there would have been Herculaniums to uncover, Pompeiis to disinter.

Among the treasures discovered in that unearthing, we should have welcomed, with peculiar pleasure, these playthings of Brummell and the rest, — the snuff-boxes whose loss we now lament, together with the fans, and the buckles, the canes and the bonbonnières, those

infinite small things

That ruled the hour when Louis Quinze was king.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ON THE FOLLY OF LEARNING NOBLE VERSE

THESE remarks are not intended for the young. To them I say, as wise older folk said to me long ago, "Store your mind with poetry now while your memory is fresh and strong; pack it with stanzas, quatrains, lines; poetry will be a refuge in time of trouble; it will comfort you when you are lame and blind and decrepit; you cannot learn too much."

That may all be true. The trouble comes before you are lame and blind and decrepit: when you are able to walk vigorously forth upon the face of nature, and would be able to rejoice your eyes upon it all, were you not haunted by a spectral pack of noble verses that bay aloud upon the trail of beauty and drive her in swift flight.

More specifically, my complaint is this: When I find myself standing upon the borderland of loveliness, of wide green meadows, quick with spring, before my own eye and ear can respond to color and melody,—presto! come half-remembered lines of some dead poet and snatch away my own delight, changing my impressions to his.

I dreamed that, as I wandered by the way,
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring,
And gentle odors led my steps astray,
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring,

So aptly does this fit mood and situation that one follows the melodious verse, only to be led to an alien scene, forgetful of cherry-blossom, dandelion, and the tender red of oak-leaves near at hand, searching for the poet's oxlips, bluebells, and lush eglantine. Lush eglantine, forsooth! I cannot listen properly to our own bobolink, so persistently does Shelley's skylark fly in my way with

Profuse strains of un(?)premeditated art.
The verse is good, but my bobolink is

better, yet I may not hear him for the thick-oncoming similes. Even so, my west wind is not mine but the poet's, and, though I say to him, "You had your west wind in your day and gloried in it; please give me back my own," he makes no answer. So falls ever the veil of others' impressions, shadow by shadow, blur by blur, between me and the charm of the moment.

They have different ways, these thieving poets, of robbing you of your own. Byron's verse clutches you by the shoulder, vehement, insistent, with all the author's desire to draw attention to itself. The glory of the old world you may not make yours; does he not loom high upon Alpine peaks, demanding to be showman? Has he not made a corner in ruins, refusing to let you in, save on his own terms? You enter the Coliseum: his hand is at your throat; you approach Santa Croce: he buttonholes you at the door. Many an hour have I waited for his watchdog to bay beyond the Tiber, but he never has. Why need he, when the poet bays so loud within your weary ears?

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs
has haunted me, not only upon the spot,
but in many others, absurdly changing
to a Bridge of Size. It can easily monopolize Brooklyn Bridge as you gaze New Yorkwards:—

I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of an enchanter's wand.

Through Europe you drag the ball and chain of his verse, and you need not think you may escape. O Byron, Byron, very bandit of poets, making me stand and deliver, if you were going to take my all, could you not give me in exchange something that rings true and is true? Trying to make music of your line, —

I see before me the gladiator lie, —
has spoiled the Coliseum for me. How did it happen, sir, that you saw moulder-

ing towers and arches among the pure Greek level lines of the Acropolis ? Where, if I may change from comma to question-mark the punctuation of a famous verse of yours, —

Where chirps the grasshopper one goodnight carol more ?

Such music must be a special privilege reserved for English lords. There are moments, however, when you give more than you take : —

And yet, how lovely in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods and godlike men art thou !
and, —

O Rome, my country, city of the soul,
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee
Lone mother of dead empires, —

and lend melody to many a wandering footstep in Greece and Italy.

In different fashion Wordsworth steals upon you, quietly picking your mind of your own perceptions, and making the scene before you seem not itself but a pale reflection of some other known long ago. Who can discover hepatica and wind-flower because of his

Host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze,
in immortal beauty ? His

Flock of sheep that leisurely pass by
One after one,

have led me many a time far afield from my proper destination.

Yet, blessed be he who takes away small coin to give you of great hidden treasure. Wordsworth's

Heights
Clothed in the sunshine of the withering fern
are good for the soul to climb ; his

Still, sad music of humanity
loftier music than one would hear with-out him.

Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
Like harmony in music,
partly through the influence of verse like his.

A bit of reflection of this kind had almost reconciled me to my own memory, when I suddenly realized that it is a terrible thing to be at the mercy, not only of

your own, but of your friends'. It was an almost perfect moment, out among trailing branches of young leaves dropping sunshine on the grass, when my friend, still my friend, but with a difference, quoted, —

"What is so rare as a day in June ?"

I have not yet forgiven, and, alas, I cannot forget, I who had been trying hard not to remember *Sir Launfal*. Rarer than any day in June is the friend who can keep from recalling to you that most persistent of poems, which has set all summer days forever jingling to one tune. Ah, what escape is there from this lidless-eyed demon, memory ! Hers are many-pointed weapons, and, like arrow-pricks, they come thick and fast. The prey of a forgotten anapest, at the mercy of a darting iamb, — for me there is no protection from the insidious thrusts of noble verse. How am I ever to escape from Shelley's abominable

Little lawny islet
By anemone and vi'llet
Like mosaic paven ?

Do Wordsworth's verses, —

There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon, —

bring any real consolation in years of decrepitude ? I wonder if the immortals are not sorry, in the calm of heaven, to think that, in their hand-organ moments, they added to the discordant noises of earth ? Nothing but death, I am assured, can free me from that hoard of verse, which, in the guileless enthusiasm of youth, for good and bad alike, I stored away against a time of need. My heart grows hot in protest, but suddenly I realize that there is no earthly use in saying these things. Nobody commits poetry to memory any longer in these days. What a pity ! What an unspeakable pity !

LA TOUSSAINT AT ROUGEVILLE

To be sure, it is really not Rougeville ; that is only its pen-name, so to speak. Neither is it to be confused with Baton

Rouge, the Red Stick, on the Great Mississippi. Rougeville stretches itself lazily and lankly along the red banks of a sluggish Louisiana stream. It prides itself on its age, its charm, — they do sometimes go together, — and its uniqueness. The stranger might regard it as very like all other Louisiana Creole towns, but the initiated know this not to be true. All sorts of wild assertions are made regarding its antiquity, which you are not expected to challenge; and if, concerning its singular charm, you have opinions contrary to the universal idea, leave Rougeville, or forever hold your peace.

For many, many Novembers, as time goes in the New World, has it celebrated its Toussaints. There was a serpent of discontent in Eden, and there are not lacking the irreverent who say it would be meet for the always moribund Rougeville to reckon its years by All Saints, the Feast of the Dead.

In your fanciful superiority you may look down upon it, American City of Braggadocio, because forsooth it lacks trolley-cars and other examples of modern rush; but, my dear City Disdain, very likely, while buffaloes and Indians still roamed your plains Rougeville had its name on the explorer's map; was making history; was referred to in treaties; and was a point to be made by travelers — great travelers such as Louis Juchereau de St. Denis and Pike of the Peak.

You, M'sieur Fanfaron, ridicule not its men of affairs because their trousers and their business methods are not co-eval with yours. Remember: a century before your burly fathers felled the trees of your deafening metropolis, its Messieurs were polished men of the world, engaged in trans-continental financial schemes; as see St. Denis's accounts with the India Company in the parish vaults.

You, my Mam'selle Fanfaronnade, who have whirled through *Yurru*, smile not at the gentle dame who has never been beyond the confines of her native parish. Without offense, my maid Amer-

ican, with profit may you observe her demeanor on the street, in her *petit parloir*, or dispensing her gracious hospitality. I had almost said simple, but simple it cannot be with the Creole châtelaine and her *court-bouillon* (which belies its name). *gumbo-filé*, *bisque*, *panse-farci*, *daube-glacis*, *boudin-de-sang*, and other wonderful concoctions.

If its men and women of to-day are not to be lightly considered, what shall be said of its illustrious dead! For the pride, the glory of Rougeville is its old cemetery. If you were a stranger within the gate of this archaic village, and should in an unguarded moment express doubt of its antiquity, you would be forthwith hurried to the vaults of the parish courthouse and thence to the graveyard. Courage, gentle guest; you would probably sustain no greater injury than a bramble scratch from the cemetery, or a cold on your chest from the damp vault.

In its city of the dead you would find no lofty shafts, no costly monuments; but, what is more esteemed, a venerable iron cross, rising out of a rude stone mound. Upon its brass plate is inscribed in French the fact that here reposes the body of the Honorable Dame (mark the words) Marie, etc. Consider, ye scoffers, almost two hundred years ago, the epitaph of a grand lady wished that she might rest in peace here in this place. Surely in all this broad, untried hemisphere, with prescience, there could not have been selected a spot more silent, more serene, less apt to be disturbed by the grasping hand of progress.

Observe the many iron crosses. Note the names: *Le Duc*, *Chevalier*, the many de's! What does it signify but that, ere your city was, the forbears of modern (perish the thought!) Rougeville, men and women of quality, chevaliers and dames, toiled not neither did they spin. Aye, no common dust are these, the dead of early Rougeville.

Epochs are marked by the character of the monuments. There are the 17—s with their iron crosses; those days of

Spanish and Indian wars. Mayhap that explains the always expressed wish that the dead may rest in peace.

Two score years of the 18—s have vaulted brick structures, whose tin and slate faces vouchsafe to tell in French that certain ones, whose names still multiply within the parish, were born and died on certain dates.

Marble slabs in the fifties and sixties, still in French, sing the praises and proclaim the virtues of the dead of that day. Here is one somewhat out of the ordinary. It marks the resting place of an infant "*décédé à l'âge de 5 mois,*" — so it reads. "*Passant, priez pour lui ! !*" pleads the stone, and the exclamations are the marble's very own.

In the seventies the French epitaphs disappear. The "*Americain*" language, as it is called, has conquered. In the eighties, the arrogant granite shafts begin further to Americanize the place. Bah! Bah! These penetrating, desecrating *Americain* ideas.

The last rare days of October, the cemetery is an animated scene, if one may so speak. Thither repair the matrons of the town with their serving-women, and such weeding of walks! Such white-washing of sepulchres! Such holocausts of brambles! Such sanding of enclosures! Such laying of gleaming oyster-shells!

When November dawns, the village mothers and daughters, like the good women of old, hasten to the tombs, not with spices and ointments, but with trays of sweet-smelling blossoms and precious ornaments. Where one can afford it, there is the gorgeous garland of artificial flowers, from New Orleans, yes, but imported from Paris! Besides, there are silver lambs, golden angels, white doves, or even the miniature of the dead, encased in heavy glass with dangling fringe of black or white beads. Those of moderate circumstances must be content with wreaths of painted tin blossoms. The deft have manufactured brilliant wax and feather bouquets. Those of melancholy

tastes indulge in hair wreaths, presumably of the tresses of the dead. The wooden crosses of the very poor are hung with black or white paper flowers. There is an occasional tight round bouquet with an encircling expanse of scalloped white paper. Other tastes run to cedar or arbor-vitæ wreaths, crosses, or stars. Now and then one comes upon a huge collection of flowers of every hue and variety sewed upon a flat background of foliage-covered pasteboard.

But ah! alas! the innovations! It is the sacrilegious American idea! Some — it is mostly the young, the silly — go so far as to decry all artificial ornaments, even the beautiful imported decorations. It is for the natural that they clamor. Yes, so it is! Pots of geraniums and ferns, which some affect, that is not so foolish. But ridiculous as it is, there are the extravagant who go to the length of ordering flowers from New Orleans florists! Think of it! Flowers that wither in the day! Three dollars for the dozen! Some have even ceased to sand their enclosures, and prefer, or so they assert, the green grass! the Bermuda and the coco! Bah! the nonsense! It is no wonder that the ghosts walk not any more on the Hallowe'en.

In the afternoon of La Toussaint all the world betakes itself to the cemetery, either in the procession of the pious, or to make the pilgrimage of the tombs; to admire, to criticise, to chatter; perchance, if devout, to pray for the souls of the dead. From all over the parish have they come. Such unexpected meetings! Such warm greetings! Verily, in the midst of death there is life. What more propitious time for *un soupçon* of gossip! If one beholds the tomb of a wife, what more natural than to mention that the widower is looking about a bit! How the weedy grave of a husband inspires one to hint that the insurance, too, is running to weeds! Really, such neglect! and Mary is too extravagant! The little marble lamb over there reminds one that its mother awaits the arrival of its successor. Poor thing!

Did you not know? The stern father's last resting place recalls that the daughter's wedding, that he so long opposed, comes off soon. Truly? The robe is at Madame Mode's!

The dusk falls! The throng melts away! A few stragglers linger on in the gloom; a pair or two of lovers; a belated group hurrying to get around; the recently bereaved remaining to weep and pray.

Under the live-oaks the darkness settles. Only the flowers and the dead remain. Next year, oh yes! it is true! some who most glowed with beauty and vigor to-day will be here; some whose hands were busiest this year will be idle next; and to some, who were careless spectators, it will become a sacred spot. It is ever so; and the next Toussaint will be even as this: the flowers, the crowds, the gossips, the lovers, the mourners, and always the dead.

IMPROVISED WORDS

WHEN I have the time and the proper place for doing it, I shall write an addendum for my dictionary, have it neatly typewritten, and paste it right after the Z's, but before the Foreign and Abbreviated Phrases, Geographical and Proper Names, etc. It is n't the sort of thing one can write in the city, unless one has a second-story-back library, with a big bay window, and walnut furniture, and heavy crimson curtains with tassels all along the edge. My own library is very small, and has frivolous white woodwork and green wicker chairs and net curtains, without the least flavor of dignity or of labor. Therefore I must wait — since that second-story-walnut-crimson-curtained retreat is not mine — until I can go to the country; and there, under the influence of rows of hollyhocks and a noble white-paling fence, not a picket missing, I can compose my addendum with a peaceful mind.

There is hardly a family but has some expressive improvised word. In my own

family "humbly" reigns supreme. This is not the adverb of current usage, but an adjective, and a cross between "humble" and "homely;" and it was first used to describe our washwoman, who takes such pride in her humbleness, and is of such a superlative weatherbeaten homeliness, that she needed something special to express her personality. To all of our queries concerning missing collars and handkerchiefs and rents in the new sheets, she replies with a meekness that is wholly unnatural, "I'm sure I counted them, mum," she murmurs, "but I'll look at home if you say so. And as for them tore places, I ask you kindly to take the worth of 'em out of my pay." Which of course we cannot. We cannot even answer sharply one who speaks thus disarmingly. As for her homeliness, — it is not that she is sickly or bedraggled, as are so many women of her class, but her nose is impossibly tilted, her eyes are crossed, her hair is jerked back from her forehead and skewered into an absurd knot the size of a walnut, and she has no eyebrows! "Humbly" she is, and as "humbly Mrs. Wheeler" she will be known in our family, while the brother who invented the word quite puffs himself up about it, and quotes as precedent the paragraph — is it from "Alice"? — "For if his mind had inclined ever so little to fuming he would have said fuming furious, and if his mind had inclined ever so little to furious he would have said furious fuming; but since he had a perfectly balanced mind, he said '*frumious*.'"

"Streely" is a contribution from a New York friend, and signifies most intelligibly a sort of stringy unkemptness, peculiar to one's back hair after a day's shopping, or to thin muslin curtains that have hung too long at the windows. A lawn gown of last season's vintage after two days' wear at the seashore is the most streely thing imaginable, and I have seen at small country stations various old gentlemen whose whiskers, long and straggling, were decidedly streely.

Another improvised word was provided by a negro maid from the far South. She was sitting on the porch with the baby when there passed one of these much be-ruffled, be-coiffed, and be-hatted young women who cannot help betraying in their walk and carriage the consciousness of their frills. Sary eyed the butterfly disgustedly and said, "Well, you sho do see some pow'ful uppy people in dishyer place! Look at dat! Mos' too uppy to tread on de pavement! I be boun' she ain' i'on all dem ruffles her-se'f." And the word has stayed with me as a delightful and expressive addition to my vocabulary. It cannot be used outside of intimate conversation, but when you have labeled any one as "uppy" the dullest-minded understands. I have some relatives who are overwhelmingly uppy. They have, I may say, climbed high into the family tree, which they consider as an eminence from which to look down on the rest of the world. But there — *relatives!* Every one could write a book on relatives.

Quite in line with "uppy" is "obsniptious," indicating a sort of conscious aristocracy that expresses itself always in formal terms; that resides, but does not live; that becomes ill, but is never taken sick; that takes its departure, but never leaves; that goes to modistes instead of dressmakers; that has trades-people instead of grocers and butchers; whose life, in short, consists in trying to conceal the fact that a spade is nothing but an agricultural implement. Oh, "obsniptious" is a delicious word! I never felt that I had quite expressed my feelings against Barnes Newcome, until I could disdainfully label him as "obsniptious."

Out in Western Pennsylvania there is another expressive improvised word which pictures to the last hem of her gingham apron the Martha who is eternally troubled about little things. This is "persnickerty." The woman who lives with her dust-brush and whose doormats are a threat to her visitors, or the man who must untie every knot of the string

about his parcels, and wind it into a ball and then fold and put away the wrapping paper, is persnickerty. Truth forces me to say that I believe women are more apt to be persnickerty than men, even though they do tell a tale of one young man in my native village who refused to go to a midnight fire until he was completely and properly dressed, with neck-tie adjusted and boots brushed. He was the most persnickerty soul I ever heard of, man or woman.

Another good Pennsylvania word, and very full of meaning, is to "neb," signifying to pry, to thrust one's self in where one is not needed and not wanted, to mix into other people's affairs. "Such for a person to neb in!" exclaimed my worthy York marketwoman when the man at the stall opposite tried to attract my attention from her "smeirkaase" to his. Yes, "to neb" shall go into my addendum and have a prominent place.

The last two words have more or less common usage over a wide section, but not long ago I heard a word used to describe a young man who had been a rather stodgy, embarrassed presence at a lively party of young people in a very lively little city of Maryland. "I thought David seemed very tod," said one of the chaperons. "What do you mean?" I asked. "Oh, awkward, bashful, heavy," she said, and then laughed. "I don't know where the word started," she explained, "but it is one we use a great deal around here to express any one who seems socially stupid." The more I thought about it, the better I liked it; "tod" — it does sound dull and heavy, does n't it? But I believe the use of it in that sense is confined very closely to that particular locality, for nowhere else have I heard it.

A little more dubious as to the exact shade of significance, but certainly alluring to the ear, is "pang-wangle." It expresses — well, what *does* it express? — a cheeriness under minor discomforts, a humorous optimism under small misfortunes, though indeed these seem dignified definitions for so informal a word.

"I just pang-wangled home in the rain," says a friend of mine, and I know he got there drenched, but good-tempered. "We went pang-wangling off to the theatre last night," says my nearest neighbor; and I feel pretty certain they had been blue over something and felt the need of some small gayety. It would do us all good if we pang-wangled a bit more, I think.

A very meaning word is the South-erner's "honing." "My, honey, I've just been honing to see you!" It is not so stilted as "I've been longing," and it is much more emphatic than "I've been wanting." It's a warm, affectionate, intimate word, — honing. Let me put it into the addendum, well toward the front, for I love the sound of it.

These words are not slang. They are not exactly — as one high-brow friend informed me — "low colloquialisms." They have a place in language, and they add considerably to its color. Just you wait until (under the influence of that row of hollyhocks and that noble picket fence) my addendum is finished! Then let the purists squirm!

EDUCATION FOR OLD AGE

No, I do not mean education *in* old age. The story of Cato's late application to the study of Greek literature has already been sufficiently celebrated, and every one who starts a new science or a new language after his hair has turned gray knows that he has numerous precedents to encourage him. What I have in my mind is the deplorable state in which so many of the elders find themselves because they have never been trained — or have never trained themselves — to make the best of the condition they have now reached. Here is the great gap in our system of education. The boy is taught in preparation for the duties of manhood, and the adult is periodically instructed, every seventh day at least, with a view to his being taken by surprise as little as possible when he enters the life beyond

the grave; but it seems to be assumed that this latter transition will invariably be made not later than the sixtieth year, or, if not, that one's closing days are bound to be merely a continuation of one's prime — both of which assumptions are, as Euclid would have said, absurd.

Actually, the territory through which every old man has to travel is as truly a strange country as was any previous section of his journey when he crossed the bridge into it from the stage before. He has gathered experience, no doubt, but experience of what? Of how best to comport himself in circumstances differing widely from any in which he will ever be placed again. The whole problem is seriously modified; the man himself is changed and changing, and the situation to which he has now to adjust himself is largely unfamiliar. Life itself has been defined as adaptation to environment, and the best part of our education aims at making us "at home" in our new surroundings when we graduate from childhood into manhood, or take up the work of a profession. But there is no "fitting school" for old age. Those who would have the best right to become teachers in such a school evade, as a rule, the responsibility of instructing the candidates for the freshman class. If they write at all, it is either to entertain us with reminiscences of their childhood and active career, or else to reveal the secret of their longevity. They render us a service, of course, in explaining by what hygienic regimen one may escape the perils that beset the path to old age, but it would be more useful still to suggest, not so much how the goal may be reached, as how it may be made worth reaching.

It would be unseemly and impertinent for a writer who is yet what the newspapers call "comparatively young" — a generous term which, I suspect, often implies very much the same thing as "comparatively old" — to attempt to give lessons on behavior to men who are his seniors by two or three decades. But even the middle-aged onlooker may be

allowed, I hope, to record his observations for a warning to himself and his own contemporaries. For my main point is, that if we postpone concerning ourselves about this matter until old age actually comes upon us, we shall be too late. It is an insurance policy that we are really contemplating, and we must begin paying in our premiums long before we need to draw anything out. I am not suggesting that the prospect of old age should be made a bogey for our strenuous period; that while we are strong and active we should darken our spirits by apprehensions of the gradual decay of our vital forces. It is not a dread of old age that I am inculcating, but a recognition of its peculiar characteristics; a conviction that we are not making adequate preparation for it if we provide only for its financial needs and neglect the accumulation of other resources.

No one who has read Sir Martin Conway's *The Alps from End to End* will forget his account of the appalling "mountain fall" which, in 1881, overwhelmed the village of Elm in Canton Glarus. When the Plattenbergkopf crumbled into pieces and swept, in a devastating whirlwind of rocks and dust, up the opposite hill, there were some who escaped alive; but not those who tried to carry with them part of their treasures, or those who paused to give a helping hand to the sick and infirm. "Ruin," says the writer, "overtook the kind and the covetous together." I am no cynic, but, so far as I can see, unhappiness in their closing years is rarely the lot of men whose care for the welfare of others has not been either considerably below or considerably above the average. Brutal greed or sensuality has its nemesis in loneliness and desolation; in the conspicuous lack of "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends." But I am bound to say that among the most pitiable examples I have met of a cheerless and forlorn old age have been veterans — I had almost written, veteran saints — who have devoted the main energies of their lives

to the moral and social uplifting of their fellows.

In both cases, I believe, the mischief is due to excessive narrowness of interest in middle age. If the activities of this period, whether self-indulgent or self-denying, could be continued without interruption to the end, there would be no final stage of depression. But when the "lover of pleasure" can no longer respond with avidity to the delights of the senses, his ignorance of any other sources of satisfaction leaves him a prey to ennui; and in the same way, when the enthusiastic campaign against evil or the eager concentration of effort upon good works ceases to fill out the normal daily programme, the leisure that remains is a burden to be endured, instead of a privilege to be enjoyed.

We must further remember that in old age everything has to be taken in small installments. No continuous sleep the night through, but several short naps at intervals during the twenty-four hours; no heavy meals, but frequent light repasts; no sustained application to one definite task, but a rapid shifting of attention from one pursuit to another. This means that it is a mistake to depend a great deal upon any single method of speeding the tedious hours. If our inclinations are studious, we are apt to think that surely books will supply all the provision that can be needed against senile weariness. In this anticipation we assume, quite contrary to reason, that we shall carry with us into the future all the physical and mental apparatus of to-day. We forget that then both eye and brain will reach the fatigue-point much sooner. "I never thought that a time would come when I should grow tired of reading," was the lament made to me in his old age by a man of exceptional intellectual power. He was of a fairly catholic taste in literature, but, even so, he discovered that the refreshment to be gained from books was not unlimited, and that a bountiful diet turned easily to satiety. What a comfort it would have been to

him then if twenty or thirty years before he had begun the cultivation of a few hobbies!

I referred at the outset to the instances of men who have addressed themselves in old age to some new intellectual undertaking. But these are, and must be, the exceptions. To most people old age brings such a decay of the spirit of enterprise, such a reluctance to essay untried paths, that it is hard to take up even a new parlor game. Almost as wonderful as Cato's octogenarian Greek, was Bentley's beginning to smoke at seventy, and Keble's learning whist in the late sixties. Many of the most recreative hobbies — the use of any musical instrument for example — require a technical apprenticeship which puts it out of the question for the average man to overcome the drudgery of their rudiments when he has no longer the plasticity of youth to his credit. If profit is to be made of the opportunities of artistic enjoyment of any kind, it must be through the foresight of earlier years in laying up a store against the evil day.

Something may also be said of the protection against loneliness that is to be gained by refusing to outlaw one's self from the interests and ideals of the younger generations. Cheerful society is one of the best of tonics for old people, and there is only one infallible prescription for securing it. The pitiful complaint that "no one comes to see me" is most commonly heard from those who have neglected to keep themselves in touch with their juniors. The man whose thoughts are not wholly concerned with the past, but who is alert to sympathize with the newer life of the day, will seldom be left to meditate alone. The visits that he receives will bless both him that gives and him that takes: they will not be paid him out of charity, but because he has much to say that it is a stimulus to hear. "Your old men shall dream dreams" — when that prophecy is fulfilled, the young men who see visions will eagerly seek the inspiration of their company.

BUSINESS LAW IN THE NATURAL WORLD

THE staid and worthy Bachelor of whom I write does not belong to that branch of the human family that calls every city home. He neither travels nor is anxious to travel. It matters nothing to him whether the Mauretania crosses in four days or ten, and he is not interested in bills before Congress for trans-continental roads for motor-cars. His accounts of journeying would be the "short and simple annals of the poor," and a Baedeker is to him that necessary volume perused by all maiden aunts and stern parents in magazine short stories, to the end, on the author's part, that the hero and heroine may lay unmolested plans. But once in a while, in the press of business, he makes a flying trip from Boston to New York or Philadelphia, and nourishes his sense of beauty, and his appreciation of scenery, upon what can be secured in this brief experience.

"Just open the mind," he said contentedly to himself, not long ago, "and in this beautiful world even a short time will suffice to secure lasting impressions of loveliness." This is his best early Elizabethan manner of conducting a conversation with himself on important occasions, and he rolled out the mellifluous sentence cheerfully in the gloom of the car still standing in the dark train-shed at the South Station. He was really so unused to travel-holidays that even the stuffy chair-car held possibilities of rest and refreshment. He strewed his belongings about, and got out his cap and a dozen newspapers and magazines. This he did to appear like other rushing business men, and not like one exulting within himself at the chance to look out of window for six or seven straight hours, with no one to comment or cavil. Double windows, doubly dirty, could not dim anticipation.

The train moved. The dingy and dejected outskirts of Boston gave place to pleasant suburban vistas. But now

began the real traveling experience of this provincial and "behind-the-ages" American. To his amazement and consternation, the scenery began to assume an entirely unfamiliar aspect. No longer unobtrusively peace-begetting and rural, it unexpectedly began to take on human life and interest. It appealed from barn-roof and fence, from meadow and cliff, from brookside and pasture: it implored, it coaxed, it threatened, it coerced, it invited, it allured, it gesticulated, it ejaculated. It became vital, monstrous, alarming; it thrust out predatory hands; it obtruded muscular shoulders; it leered, it mocked. It marched gigantic, benign in Quaker garb; it rode caparisoned, of warlike mien; it laughed uproariously, it danced bewitchingly, it posed fashionably — always gigantic, insistent, overwhelming.

Now, it took on a knowing, man-of-the-world, just-between-ourselves attitude. It laid aside its Protean aspect and assumed the position of guide, philosopher, and friend. Frankly, as man to man, it presented the inferential statement that the wages of sin is a mighty good time, in such disarming fashion that he who skurried by in a railway train might read, and, reading, haste to endure and pity and embrace.

Then, conscience-smitten, fearful of having gone too far, it became repentant, tender. It pleaded for reformation from tenement roofs and tin sheds, and set forth burning words of Holy Writ with as much violence as it had previously used to proclaim the virtues of whiskey and beer and tobacco; although on the side of a cattle-shed, this was all meant, evidently, for the Bachelor, who recalled the words of that ingenuous expounder of Scripture — Luther, was n't it? — who wrote of a certain text, "this was manifestly not intended for oxen, seeing that oxen cannot read." It dealt only with the Bachelor; it presumed him at last touched and responsive.

Farther on, a herd of cows loomed through the train smoke, Brobdignagian,

gentle, painted to awful life-likeness, reminiscent of boyhood days and home and mother, while beyond, a huge green frog cast goggle eyes into the mists of memory. These were aided in their winning appeal to childhood's days of innocence, by the unnaturally resplendent kitchen-range, and, a score of miles away, by the cook of the Bachelor's early home, waiting to fry a cake that set his mouth watering. Sorrowfully he felt, owing to disproportionate size, as unable to attempt its consumption as was Alice before she partook of the little bottle marked "drink me." But his drooping spirit, realizing that all this was for his soul's good, revived under the domestic influences which now began to invade the bill-boards.

His weary mind sought solace. Had he not sounded the depths of iniquity? Had he not dressed and smoked and drunk as a wild young man under the malign tutelage of the scenery? Had he not repented, been converted, gone back in thought to boyhood and its tender associations, that he might "begin again," because of the uplifting and ennobling influence of the scenery? Had the scenery not invaded his mind, encroached on his soul, thrust upon him its companionship, led him in ways that are dark, and rescued him in the nick of time, when he had approached it as a solid, middle-aged bachelor of settled habits, a church member in good and regular standing? This it had done. Ought it not therefore to carry on its work, and having dragged him from the error of his ways, ought it not to allure him into paths of domesticity? Surely. Therefore the Bachelor, recognizing that there is justice in all things, having allowed himself to be withdrawn from the pit, gave his mind to be instructed in fire-side virtues and joys.

Home, sweet home; verily, a noble recovery had the scenery made. It now told him, in enticing language, where to buy his land and put up his cheap domicile; it furnished it, for nothing down and so

much a week, with rustless screens, chewing gum, and patent breakfast foods. It joyously reassured him about the coal bill. It cajoled him with a lawn-mower, and set him to planting seeds and raising chickens. And at last, its suspicions as to his horrible past being quite allayed, it took it for granted that all was now well with him, that his feet were set in the paths of rectitude, and that he was fitted to be entrusted with responsibility. It then inquired, breathlessly, hopefully, sympathetically, in very large letters, "*Have you a baby?*" and offered to provide the milk. What more could the father of a family ask than that? For the Bachelor had fully entered upon his new rôle, and he climbed from the train at Philadelphia a pitiable pulp of emotion.

A well-behaved and serious bachelor when he left Boston, the Rake's Progress, with the scenery for guide, had dragged him through an exciting and checkered career, had filled his life with experiences dark and bright, and had left him at last a man of family cares and responsibilities. It was difficult for him to find himself again. How, in the anxiety over his new incubator, his bright green lawn-mower, and his bursting flower-beds, the outward and visible sign of an inward and domestic regeneration, could he recall the relatively unimportant fact that he had come from Boston to Philadelphia with the sober intention of selling leather banding? The old-fashioned landscape, with its primitive appeal of greening willows and reddening maples,

with its simplicities of young grass and awakening brooks, its stretches of silver water under the cool paleness of the blue spring sky — these things had all but passed into the region of forgetfulness.

Who would look twice at an emerald-ringed pasture stone, with its unobtrusive silence of gray dignity, when he could see that same rock articulate, vociferate, aflame with righteous indignation, done in appropriate red paint? Who would care for the unbroken expanse of a field of vernal loveliness, when that same field could be made, by the addition of judiciously distributed lumber, into an area of comprehensive and worldly instruction? Certainly not the present day traveler, so long accustomed to the excitement of cataloguing all those things which minister to the body's material wants. He no longer craves the healing and serenity for the weary mind which used to come to him from the contemplation of wide, quiet reaches of gray, pool-gemmed, green-splashed marshes; from uninvaded woods and wilderness. There Beauty, fled forever from the cities, was wont to reveal her shy face to those who loved and sought her silent comradeship, or even to those who, like this disappointed traveler, sometimes were able to cast longing, loving glances at her dim retreats from the windows of a rushing train.

The scenery is no longer the still haunt of an unbodied dream; it has become a grave and unavoidable moral issue. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ.*

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THE BAYONET-POKER

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS



As I sit by my Christmas fire I now and then give it a poke with a bayonet. It is an old-fashioned British bayonet which has seen worse days. I picked it up in a little shop in Birmingham for two shillings. I was attracted to it as I am to all reformed characters. The hardened old sinner, having had enough of war, was a candidate for a peaceful position. I was glad to have a hand in his reformation.

To transform a sword into a pruning-hook is a matter for a skilled smith, but to change a bayonet into a poker is within the capacity of the least mechanical. All that is needed is to cause the bayonet to forsake the murderous rifle-barrel and cleave to a short wooden handle. Henceforth its function is not to thrust itself into the vitals of men, but to encourage combustion on winter nights.

The bayonet-poker fits into the philosophy of Christmas, at least into the way I find it easy to philosophize. It seems a better symbol of what is happening than the harps of gold and the other beautiful things of which the hymn-writers sing, but which ordinary people have never seen. The golden harps were made for no other purpose than to produce celestial harmony. They suggest a scene in which peace and good will come magically and reign undisturbed. Everything is exquisitely fitted for high uses. It is not so with the bayonet that was, and the poker that is. For it peace and good will are afterthoughts. They are not even remotely suggested in its original constitution. And yet, for all that, it serves excellently as an instrument of domestic felicity.

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The difficulty with the Christmas message is not in getting itself proclaimed, but in getting itself believed; that is, in any practicable fashion. Every one recognizes the eminent desirability of establishing more amicable relations between the members of the human family. But is this amiable desire likely to be fulfilled in this inherently bellicose world?

The argument against Christmas has taken a menacingly scientific form. A deluge of cold water in the form of unwelcome facts has been thrown upon our enthusiasm for humanity.

"Peace on earth," it is said, "is against Nature. It flies in the face of the processes of evolution. You have only to look about you to see that everything has been made for a quite different purpose. For ages Mother Nature has been keeping house in her own free-and-easy fashion, gradually improving her family by killing off the weaker members, and giving them as food to the strong. It is a plan that has worked well—for the strong. When we interrogate Nature as to the 'reason why' of her most marvelous contrivances, her answer has a grim simplicity. We are like little Red Riding-Hood when she drew back the bed-curtains and saw the wolfish countenance. — 'What is your great mouth made for, grandmother?' — 'To eat you with, my dear.'

"To eat, while avoiding the unpleasant alternative of being eaten, is a motive that goes far and explains much. The haps and mishaps of the hungry make up natural history. The eye of the eagle is developed that it may see its prey from afar

its wings are strong that it may pounce upon it, its beak and talons are sharpened that it may tear it in pieces. By right of these superiorities, the eagle reigns as king among birds.

"The wings of the eagle, the sinews of the tiger, the brain of the man, are primarily weapons. Each creature seizes the one that it finds at hand, and uses it for offense and defense. The weapon is improved by use. The brain of the man has proved a better weapon than beak or talons, and so it has come to pass that man is lord of creation. He is able to devour at will creatures who once were his rivals.

"By using his brain, he has sought out many inventions. The sum-total of these inventions we call by the imposing name Civilization. It is a marvelously tempered weapon, in the hands of the strong races. Alas, for the backward peoples who fall beneath it! One device after another has been added for the extermination of the slow-witted.

"Even religion itself assumes to the anthropologist a sinister aspect. The strong nations have always been religious. Their religion has helped them in their struggle for the mastery. There are many unpleasant episodes in history. Spiritual wealth, like material wealth, is often predatory.

"In the book of Judges there is a curious glimpse into a certain kind of religiousness. A man of Mt. Ephraim named Micah had engaged a young Levite from Bethlehem-Judah as his spiritual adviser. He promised him a modest salary: ten shekels of silver annually, and a suit of clothes and his board. 'And the Levite was content to dwell with the man, and the young man was as one of his sons. And Micah consecrated the Levite, and the young man became his priest, and was in the house of Micah. Then said Micah, Now know I that the Lord will do me good, seeing I have a Levite to my priest.'

"This pleasant relation continued till a freebooting party of Danites appeared.

They had discovered a bit of country where the inhabitants 'dwelt in security, after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure; for there was none in the land, possessing authority that might put them to shame in any thing, and they were far from the Zidonians.' It was just the opportunity for expansion which the children of Dan had been waiting for, so they marched merrily against the unprotected valley. On the way they seized Micah's priest. 'And they said unto him, Hold thy peace, lay thine hand upon thy mouth, and go with us, and be to us a father and a priest: is it better for thee to be priest unto the house of one man, or to be priest unto a tribe and a family in Israel? And the priest's heart was glad, and he took the ephod, and the teraphim, and the graven image, and went in the midst of the people.'

"Of course, Micah did n't like it, and called out, 'Ye have taken away my gods which I made and the priest, and are gone away, and what have I more?' The Danites answered after the manner of the strong, 'Let not thy voice be heard among us, lest angry fellows fall upon you and thou lose thy life, with the lives of thy household. And the children of Dan went their way: and when Micah saw that they were too strong for him, he turned and went back unto his house.'

"Is not that the way of the world? The strong get what they want and the weak have to make the best of it. Micah, when he turned back from a hopeless conflict, was a philosopher, and the young Levite when he went forward was a pietist. Both the philosophy and the piety were by-products of the activity of the children of Dan. They sadly needed the priest to sanctify the deeds of the morrow when 'they took that which Micah had made, and the priest which he had, and came unto Laish unto a people quiet and secure; and smote them with the edge of the sword; and they burnt the city with fire. And there was no deliverer, because it was far from Zidon and they had

no dealings with any man; and it was in the valley that lieth by Beth-rehob.'

"The wild doings in the little valley that lieth by Beth-rehob have been repeated endlessly. Whittier describes the traditional alliance between Religion and sanguinary Power:—

Feet red from war fields trod the church aisles
holy,
With trembling reverence, and the oppressor
there
Kneeling before his priest, abased and lowly,
Crushed human hearts beneath the knee of
prayer.

"When we inquire too curiously about the origin of the things which we hold most precious, we come to suspect that we are little better than the receivers of stolen goods. How could it be otherwise with the descendants of a long line of freebooters? How are we to uphold the family fortunes if we forsake the means by which they were obtained? Are we not fated by our very constitutions to continue a predatory life?"

There are lovers of peace and of justice to whom such considerations appeal with tragic force. They feel that moral ideals have arisen only to mock us, and to put us into hopeless antagonism to the world in which we live. In the rude play of force, many things have been developed that are useful in our struggle for existence. But one faculty has developed that is destined to be our undoing—it is Conscience. Natural history does not give any satisfactory account of it. It runs counter to our other tendencies. It makes us miserable just when we are getting the advantage of others. Now, getting the advantage of others we had understood was the whole of the exciting game of life. To plot for this has marvelously sharpened human wit. But Conscience, just at the critical moment, cries, "For shame!" It is an awkward situation. Not only the rules of the game, but the game itself, are called in question.

As a consequence, many conscientious persons lose all the zest of living. The existing world seems to them brutal, its

order, tyranny; its morality, organized selfishness; its accepted religion, a shallow conventionality. In such a world as this, the good man stands like a gladiator who has suddenly become a Christian. He is overwhelmed with horror at the bloody sports, yet he is forced into the arena and must fight. That is his business, and he cannot rise above it.

I cannot, myself, take such a gloomy view of the interesting little planet on which I happen to find myself. I take great comfort in the thought that the world is still unfinished, and that what we see lying around us is not the completed product, but only the raw material. And this consolation rises into positive cheer when I learn that there is a chance for us to take a hand in the creative work. It matters very little at this stage of the proceedings whether things are good or bad. The question for us is, What is the best use to which we can put them? We are not to be bullied by facts. If we don't like them as they are, we may remould them nearer to our heart's desire. At least we may try.

Here is my bayonet. A scientific gentleman, seeing it lying on my hearth, might construct a very pretty theory about its owner. A bayonet is made to stab with. It evidently implies a stabber. To this I could only answer, "My dear sir, do not look at the bayonet, look at me. Do I strike you as a person who would be likely to run you through, just because I happen to have the conveniences to do it with? Sit down by the fire and we will talk it over, and you will see that you have nothing to fear. What the Birmingham manufacturer designed this bit of steel for was his affair, not mine. When it comes to design, two can play at that game. What I use this for, you shall presently see."

Now, here we have the gist of the matter. Most of the gloomy prognostications which distress us arise from the habit of attributing to the thing a power for good or evil which belongs only to the person. It is one of the earliest forms of su-

perstition. The anthropologist calls it "fetichism," when he finds it among primitive peoples. When the same notion is propounded by advanced thinkers, we call it "advanced thought." We attribute to the Thing a malignant purpose and an irresistible potency, and we crouch before it as if it were our master. When the Thing is set going, we observe its direction with awestruck resignation, just as people once drew omens from the flight of birds. What are we that we should interfere with the Tendencies of Things?

The author of *The Wisdom of Solomon* gives a vivid picture of the terror of the Egyptians when they were "shut up in their houses, the prisoners of darkness, and fettered with the bonds of a long night, they lay there exiled from eternal providence." Everything seemed to them to have a malign purpose. "Whether it were a whistling wind, or a melodious noise of birds among the spreading branches, or a pleasing fall of water running violently, or a terrible sound of stones cast down, or a running that could not be seen of skipping beasts, or a roaring voice of most savage wild beasts, or a rebounding echo from the hollow mountains; these things made them swoon for fear. For," says the author, "fear is nothing else than a betraying of the succours that reason offers."

We have pretty generally risen above the primitive forms of this superstition. We do not fear that a rock or tree will go out of its way to harm us. We are not troubled by the suspicion that some busybody of a planet is only waiting its chance to do us an ill turn. We are inclined to take the dark of the moon with equanimity.

But when it comes to moral questions we are still dominated by the idea of the fatalistic power of inanimate things. We cannot think it possible to be just or good, not to speak of being cheerful, without looking at some physical fact and saying humbly, "By your leave." We personify our tools and machines,

and the occult symbols of trade, and then as abject idolaters we bow down before the work of our own hands. We are awestruck at their power, and magnify the mystery of their existence. We only pray that they may not turn us out of house and home, because of some blunder in our ritual observance. That they will make it very uncomfortable for us, we take for granted. We have resigned ourselves to that long ago. They are so very complicated that they will make no allowance for us, and will not permit us to live simply as we would like. We are really very plain people, and easily flurried and worried by superfluities. We could get along very nicely and, we are sure, quite healthfully, if it were not for our Things. They set the pace for us, and we have to keep up.

We long for peace on earth, but of course we can't have it. Look at our warships and our forts and our great guns. They are getting bigger every year. No sooner do we begin to have an amiable feeling toward our neighbors than some one invents a more ingenious way by which we may slaughter them. The march of invention is irresistible, and we are being swept along toward a great catastrophe.

We should like very much to do business according to the Golden Rule. It strikes us as being the only decent method of procedure. We have no ill feeling toward our competitors. We should be pleased to see them prosper. We have a strong preference for fair play. But of course we can't have it, because the Corporations, those impersonal products of modern civilization, won't allow it. We must not meddle with them, for if we do we might break some of the laws of political economy, and in that case nobody knows what might happen.

We have a great desire for good government. We should be gratified if we could believe that the men who pave our streets, and build our schoolhouses, and administer our public funds, are well qualified for their several positions. But we can-

not, in a democracy, expect to have expert service. The tendency of politics is to develop a Machine. The Machine is not constructed to serve us. Its purpose is simply to keep itself going. When it once begins to move, it is only prudent in us to keep out of the way. It would be tragical to have it run over us.

So, in certain moods, we sit and grumble over our formidable fetiches. Like all idolaters, we sometimes turn iconoclasts. In a short-lived fit of anger we smash the Machine. Having accomplished this feat, we feel a little foolish, for we don't know what to do next.

The hope of the world does not lie in this direction. The fortunate fact is that there are those who are neither idolaters nor iconoclasts. They do not worship Things, nor fear them, nor despise them, — they simply use them.

In the Book of Baruch there is inserted a letter purporting to be from Jeremiah to the Hebrew captives in Babylon. The prophet discourses on the absurdity of the worship of inanimate things, and incidentally draws on his experience in gardening. An idol, he says, is "like to a white thorn in an orchard that every bird sitteth upon." It is as powerless, he says, to take the initiative "as a scarecrow in a garden of cucumbers that keepeth nothing." In his opinion, one wide-awake man in the cucumber patch is worth all the scarecrows that were ever constructed. "Better therefore is the just man that hath no idols."

What brave air we breathe when we join the company of the just men who have freed themselves from idolatry! Listen to Governor Bradford as he enumerates the threatening facts which the Pilgrims to New England faced. He mentions all the difficulties which they foresaw, and then adds, "It was answered that all great and honorable actions were accompanied with great difficulties, and must be enterprised with answerable courages."

What fine spiritual audacity! Not courage, if you please, but courages.

There is much virtue in the plural. It was as much as to say, "All our eggs are not in one basket. We are likely to meet more than one kind of danger. What of it? We have more than one kind of courage. It is well to be prepared for emergencies."

It was the same spirit which made William Penn speak of his colony on the banks of the Delaware as the "Holy Experiment." In his testimony to George Fox, he says, "He was an original and no man's copy. He had not learned what he said by study. Nor were they notional nor speculative, but sensible and practical, the setting up of the Kingdom of God in men's hearts, and the way of it was his work. His authority was inward and not outward, and he got it and kept it by the love of God. He was a divine and a naturalist, and all of God Almighty's making."

In the presence of men of such moral originality, ethical problems take on a new and exciting aspect. What is to happen next? You cannot find out by noting the trend of events. A peep into a resourceful mind would be more to the purpose. That mind perceives possibilities beyond the ken of a duller intelligence.

I should like to have some competent person give us a History of Moral Progress as a part of the History of Invention. I know there is a distrust of Invention on the part of many good people who are so enamored of the ideal of a simple life that they are suspicious of civilization. The text from Ecclesiastes, "God made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions," has been used to discourage any budding Edisons of the spiritual realm. Dear old Alexander Cruden inserted in his Concordance a delicious definition of invention as here used: "Inventions: New ways of making one's self more wise and happy than God made us."

It is astonishing how many people share this fear that, if they exert their minds too much, they may become better than the Lord intended them to be. A

new way of being good, or of doing good, terrifies them. Nevertheless moral progress follows the same lines as all other progress. First there is a conscious need. Necessity is the mother of invention. Then comes the patient search for the ways and means through which the want may be satisfied. Ages may elapse before an ideal may be realized. Numberless attempts must be made, the lessons of the successive failures must be learned. It is in the ability to draw the right inference from failure that inventive genius is seen.

"It would be madness and inconsistency," said Lord Bacon, "to suppose that things which have never yet been performed can be performed without using some hitherto untried means." The inventor is not discouraged by past failures, but he is careful not to repeat them slavishly. He may be compelled to use the same elements, but he is always trying some new combination. If he must fail once more, he sees to it that it shall be in a slightly different way. He has learned in twenty ways how the thing cannot be done. This information is very useful to him, and he does not begrudge the labor by which it has been obtained. All this is an excellent preparation for the twenty-first attempt, which may possibly reveal the way it *can* be done. When thousands of good heads are working upon a problem in this fashion, something happens.

For several generations the physical sciences have offered the most inviting field for inventive genius. Here have been seen the triumphs of the experimental method. There are, however, evidences that many of the best intellects are turning to the fascinating field of morals. Indeed, the very success of physical research makes this inevitable.

When in 1783 the brothers Montgolfier ascended a mile above the earth in a balloon there was a thrill of excitement, as the spectators felt that the story of Dædalus had been taken from the world of romance into the world of fact. But, after all, the invention went only a little

way in the direction of the navigation of the air. It is one thing to float, and another thing to steer a craft toward a desired haven. The balloon having been invented, the next and more difficult task was to make it dirigible. It was the same problem that had puzzled the inventors of primitive times who had discovered that, by making use of a proper log, they could be carried from place to place on the water. What the landing place should be was, however, a matter beyond their control. They had to trust to the current, which was occasionally favorable to them. In the first exhilaration over their discovery they were doubtless thankful enough to go down stream, even when their business called them up stream. At least they had the pleasant sensation of getting on. They were obeying the law of progress. The uneasy radical who wanted to progress in a predetermined direction must have seemed like a visionary. But the desire to go up stream and across stream and beyond seas persisted, and the log became a boat, and paddles and oars and rudder and sail and screw-propeller were invented in answer to the ever-increasing demand.

But the problem of the dirigibility of a boat, or of a balloon, is simplicity itself compared with the amazing complexity of the problems involved in producing a dirigible civilization. It falls under Bacon's category of "things which never yet have been performed." Heretofore civilizations have floated on the cosmic atmosphere. They have been carried about by mysterious currents till they could float no longer. Then their wreckage has furnished materials for history.

But all the time human ingenuity has been at work attacking the great problem. Thousands of little inventions have been made, by which we gain temporary control of some of the processes. We are coming to have a consciousness of human society as a whole, and of the possibility of directing its progress. It is not enough to satisfy the modern intellect to devise plans by which we may become more

rich or more powerful. We must also tax our ingenuity to find ways for the equitable division of the wealth and the just use of power. We are no longer satisfied with increase in the vast unwieldy bulk of our possessions, — we eagerly seek to direct them to definite ends. Even here in America we are beginning to feel that "progress" is not an end in itself. Whether it is desirable or not, depends on the direction of it. Our glee over the census reports is chastened. We are not so certain that it is a clear gain to have a million people live where a few thousand lived before. We insist on asking, How do they live? Are they happier, healthier, wiser? As a city becomes bigger, does it become a better place in which to rear children? If it does not, must not civic ambition seek to remedy the defect?

The author of Ecclesiastes made the gloomy comment upon the civilization of his own day: "I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill." In so far as that is true to-day, things are working badly. It is quite within our power to remedy such an absurd situation. We have to devise more efficient means for securing fair play, and for enforcing the rules of the game. We want to develop a better breed of men. In order to do so, we must make this the first consideration. In proportion as the end is clearly conceived and ardently desired, will the effective means be discovered and employed.

Why has the reign of peace and good will upon earth been so long delayed? We grow impatient to hear the bells

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand.

The answer must be that "the valiant man and free" must, like every one else, learn his business before he can expect to have any measure of success. The kindlier hand must be skilled by long practice before it can direct the vast social mechanism.

The Fury in Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* described the predicament in which the world has long found itself: —

The good want power but to weep barren tears.
The powerful goodness want; worse need for them.

The wise want love, and those who love want wisdom;

And all best things are thus confused to ill.

This is discouraging to the unimaginative mind, but the very confusion is a challenge to human intelligence. Here are all the materials for a more beautiful world. All that is needed is to find the proper combination. Goodness alone will not do the work. Goodness grown strong and wise by much experience, is, as the man on the street would say, "quite a different proposition." Why not try it?

We may not live to see any dramatic entrance of the world upon "the thousand years of peace," but we are living in a time when men are rapidly learning the art of doing peacefully many things which once were done with infinite strife and confusion. We live in a time when intelligence is applied to the work of love. The children of light are less content than they once were to be outranked in sagacity by the children of this world. The result is that many things which once were the dreams of saints and sages have come within the field of practical business and practical politics. They are a part of the day's work. A person of active temperament may prefer to live in this stirring period, rather than to have his birth postponed to the millennium.

THE POOR

A CHRISTMAS STORY

BY HENRY C. ROWLAND

"... So if there are fairies," said Richard, "why should n't there be a Santa Claus? It's no harder to be Santa Claus than fairies."

"But there are not *truly* fairies," Evelyn protested.

"You can't be sure," said the boy. "Ellen has seen them in Ireland; and Olsen, one of the sailors on the yacht, has seen them in Norway; and last summer one of our half-breeds at the camp told me that he had seen wood-fairies and a *loup-garou*."

"What is that?"

"I could not make out 'xactly, because this packer, René, spoke such funny French, quite different from ours. I think it was some very dangerous animal that you could n't kill, no matter how much you shot it. But I believe in fairies most because Uncle Dick told me so, and he never tells lies to amuse children."

"Do you s'pose that he would tell us about them now?" asked the little girl wistfully.

"I don't know," said Richard. "Chundra Khan told me that he was feeling very ill. This blizzard brings out your fever when you've lived for a long time in India."

Evelyn walked to the window and pressed her face against the glass. In the garden below, the fine powdery snow was swirling in beautiful curving drifts across the paths and around the strawed shrubs and big marble urns. One could dimly see the gray outlines of the stable and garage.

"It is very dull for Christmas Eve," said Evelyn.

Richard looked up from the wonderful cathedral which he was building on the

floor. At the same moment there came into the room a pretty French governess, who threw up her hands at sight of his edifice.

"Oh, *lala la!*" she cried. "*Què tu es habile, chéri!* But Chundra Khan has come to ask if you would not like to go and see his master?"

"Good!" cried Richard, springing to his feet. "Come on, Evelyn; perhaps he will tell us about the fairies."

The two children hurried from the play-room, down the heavily carpeted hall and broad marble stairway, through an antechamber, to one of the guest suites of the palatial house. Outside the door was a very tall Hindu with an ascetic, benevolent face beneath a snowy turban.

"Good afternoon, Chundra Khan," said Richard.

"*Hazrat salamat,*" said the man, with a kindly smile and the salutation of his caste. He opened the door, and the children entered a cheerful morning-room where a big-framed man with a gaunt, swarthy face was resting on a *chaise-longue*.

"How do you do, my dears," he said, in a deep voice.

The two children greeted him politely. "We were just talking of you, Uncle Dick," said Richard. "I was telling Evelyn that you said that there were fairies."

"Yes," said Uncle Dick, "that is true. There are fairies."

Richard glanced triumphantly at the little girl, who did not appear to be convinced. Uncle Dick, watching them both from under his bushy eyebrows, looked for a moment intently at the boy, then turned to his servant.

"Get the ball," he said in Hindustani. Chundra Khan slipped from the room and returned immediately with some object wrapped in a black scarf. At a nod from his master he drew up a tabourette and placed upon it a little hollowed cup of ebony in which there rested a crystal globe the size of a tennis-ball.

"Look into this ball, my dears," said Uncle Dick, "and you will see a fairy picture."

Chundra Khan stepped softly to the window and lowered the dark shade. The luminous shadows deepened in the glowing heart of the crystal sphere. The children leaned forward, gazing into its depths. They had looked but a few moments when Richard's eyes suddenly lightened and he pushed his face nearer to the globe.

"How pretty," he said. "Do you see them, Evelyn?"

"See what?" asked the little girl.

"A lot of brown people bathing in a river. There are flights and flights of wide steps, and the people keep going up and down. Most of them have turbans like Chundra Khan. How thin they are —"

"Benares, perhaps," muttered Uncle Dick, and Chundra Khan nodded with his kindly smile.

"I don't see a thing!" said Evelyn sharply. She pushed Richard's head aside with her own, and the boy readily gave her his place.

"Now it's gone," he said. "No, here it comes again — No, it's something else — how pretty! — it's all green — trees, trees, trees, all blowing in the wind, with blue sky behind, and big white, fluffy clouds — Why, there's a waterfall — it's getting more clear, and the spray makes a rainbow — Look, Evelyn —" he drew back his head.

"Where?" cried the little girl. "I can't see a thing;" her voice was petulant. "Where do you look?"

But Richard was staring fixedly at something across the room.

"What do you see, my boy?" asked

his uncle who was watching him intently.

"It's very odd. I thought I saw Chundra Khan pointing out the window, but there is Chundra Khan behind you. Or, perhaps, it was n't Chundra Khan; but I am sure there was somebody." He looked into the globe.

Uncle Dick glanced at the Hindu.

"Apparently the lad can see for himself," he said in Hindustani. "Did you make him a telescope?"

"There was no need, Sahib. He can use his Kâmic sight. I have made one for the little girl, but she is less gifted."

"I see a lady walking under some palm trees," said Richard. "Now it's getting milky —"

Again Evelyn pushed him away, stared for a moment, then got up suddenly and walked to the window without a word.

"Put the ball away, Chundra Khan," said Uncle Dick.

Richard, with an uncomfortable sense that Evelyn was hurt and angry, walked over to where she stood in the big bay-window looking up Fifth Avenue. The fierce gusty wind was driving the fine snow in frantic eddies; serried drifts were heaping themselves across street and sidewalk; the Park opposite was a swimming void of pearly gray.

"It's good weather for Santa Claus, Evelyn," said Richard.

The little girl sniffed. "I don't believe those beggars opposite think so," she answered.

"Where? Oh, there in the niche of the wall?"

Evelyn shrugged and walked away, but Richard stood with his eyes fastened on the snow-bound waifs across the street. There was a woman with two children, one on either side, huddled beneath her scanty cape. In front of them lay a huge bundle which, apparently, they had been carrying, until forced to stop and rest. An eddy of wind had drifted the snow in over them until they were turned into a shapeless mound.

An automobile ploughed, panting,

through the drifts. A gentleman, his fur-lined overcoat buttoned to his ears, valiantly breasted the savage gusts of wind. At his heels leaped two Irish terriers, who swam joyously through the deep drifts and snapped at the swirling snowflakes. They discovered the crouching figures and set up a furious barking. The gentleman looked around, but did not stop.

Richard turned slowly to his uncle.

"Those people must be very tired to sit in that cold place," he remarked.

"Poor people are often tired, Richard."

"They must be very cold."

"That is also one of the penalties of being poor."

"Perhaps they are hungry."

"That goes with the other two," said Uncle Dick.

"Oh, they are used to it," said Evelyn scornfully.

"It does not seem fair," said Richard, "for people to be sitting cold and hungry and tired on Christmas Eve in front of houses like this." He looked at his uncle and his face grew crimson. "Uncle Dick — ?"

"Yes, Richard ?"

"Will you lend me twenty dollars until to-morrow ?"

"Certainly. Chundra Khan, get twenty dollars from my pocket-book."

The Hindu walked into the other room and returned with a roll of bills.

"Thank you, Uncle Dick," said Richard. "Aunt Eliza gives me a twenty-dollar gold piece every Christmas. I was going to buy a dachshund pup, but this is more important. Will you do me a favor, Chundra Khan ?"

"With pleasure, Sahib."

"Take this money across the street and give it to that woman and wish her a merry Christmas. Don't forget to wish her a merry Christmas, Chundra Khan. That is more important than the money."

"*Bahut achcha*, Protector of the Poor, I will not forget."

Richard walked slowly to the window. Uncle Dick glanced at the Hindu.

"He has the Sight, and he has the pure, unselfish heart," said he in Hindustani. "He is nearly ready for his Guru."

"In my poor opinion he is ready now, Sahib," said Chundra Khan.

When Richard sat down to his supper he looked curiously at the creamy milk and the appetizing broth of chicken and rice.

"I wonder what it is like to be very hungry," he thought to himself, "and to know that you are going to be hungrier every minute and that there is nothing to eat." His imagination was unequal to the problem, and as a means toward its solution he decided to try going without his supper. He got up from his chair.

"I shall not eat anything to-night, Mademoiselle," said he.

At first the governess thought that it was only a whim, but when she discovered that the boy's mind was resolved, there was a conflict of two wills, and to her amazement the French woman discovered that of her charge to be the stronger.

"But you must eat, *chéri*!" she cried. "You will be ill."

She plied him with arguments and entreaties, but the boy was obdurate. The governess became alarmed. One does not permit experiments of such a kind upon the health of the sole heir to a hundred million dollars. Also she was puzzled, for Richard had never proved disobedient.

"I will not be ill, Mademoiselle," he answered wearily, "and I do not mean to be *entêté*. It is only that I have been thinking a great deal about the poor, and that there are a good many to-night who will have to go to bed hungry because there is nothing to eat, and I wish to see how it feels."

Later in the evening Richard went to the window of one of the drawing-rooms in the front of the house. "Do not turn on the lights, James," he said to the footman. With his face against the pane, he stared out into the night. It had stopped

snowing, the sky had cleared, but the wind was blowing gustily. Where the avenue was cut by a side street a blast of wind swirled the powdery snow about an arc-light. Two battered-looking men with shovels lurched past and melted into the gloom. Their cowering shoulders showed the chill striking to the core, and at the corner they seemed to shrink when met by the freezing gale from the river. "They are very cold," thought Richard; "perhaps they are hungry too." A third figure came lurching out of the darkness. Directly opposite he paused and shook his fist at the house, then shambled on. "I wonder why he did that," thought Richard, and turned away with a heavy heart.

He made a brave effort at cheerfulness when he hung up his stocking before going to bed, but it was a failure. "It was the sight of those poor," thought the governess to herself. "He is so sensitive, *cher petit gosse*." She had brought him some milk and begged him to drink it before going to sleep; when he had courteously but firmly declined to do so, she left the pitcher on his little bedstand and wished him good-night. After she had gone, Richard lay awake, thinking. "It gives you a queer feeling in your stomach to go without supper," he thought. "How awful it must be when you have not had any luncheon either; but there must be a great many of the poor that way. Perhaps they are cold — hungry and cold. I s'pose that makes it worse." It occurred to him that he would see for himself. "I want to know exactly how they feel," he thought, "so that when I'm grown up and rich I won't forget." He pulled the light fleecy blankets from off him and threw them on the floor. The cold-air ventilator of his room was open, and in a few minutes, as he was getting drowsy, a shudder brought him back to wakefulness. "It keeps you from sleeping to be cold," he thought; "it's worse than the hunger part." Presently he shivered off into a semi-consciousness only to wake with a start. "It's like

trying to sleep standing up," he thought. "It does n't seem to rest you when you're cold. So this is the way they feel. I'm glad to know. How awful it must be to be poor — and then of course you're dirty too, and that must be the worst of all."

The cold air was circulating through his room. His teeth chattered a little. "I s'pose you're apt to catch cold — but so are the poor. I s'pose it's foolish," — he drew in his limbs and thought longingly of the warm blankets within reach of his hand, — "but I'll do it this one night if it kills me." He lay a shuddering little heap while the drowsiness fought against the chill which began to bite deeper. "If you've felt it yourself you're not so apt to forget what it's like."

Fantastic ideas began to swim through his head; he half roused, tense, but with mind confused. The delicious feeling of sleepy comfort and warmth was entirely lacking. "I believe I'd rather stay awake altogether — how deep the snow is!" Again his thoughts were becoming confused, when a most extraordinary thing occurred.

For the horrid sensation of shivering tension disappeared, and there came in its place a feeling of bodily lightness. It seemed to him that he was rising from the bed — and then he discovered that he was wide awake and standing in the middle of the room. Something brushed his elbow, and he looked around to see Chundra Khan smiling down upon him. The room was lit by a soft, delicious glow.

"How very odd! What has happened, Chundra Khan?" asked Richard.

"We are going for a journey, Little Brother," said the Hindu. As he spoke the door of the room opened and Made-moiselle came in. It did not strike Richard as strange that he should have seen her *before* she had opened the door, but it did strike him as *very* strange when she walked to his bed without paying the slightest heed to the Hindu or himself.

"Dear little heart," he heard her whisper in French. "He would suffer like the poor." She gathered up the blankets and began to spread them softly on the bed.

"But I am here, Mademoiselle!" cried Richard.

"And you are there also, Little Brother," said Chundra Khan, in his rich voice. "There is your heavy body asleep in the bed — what we call in India your *Sthula Sharīra*. That which you are in now is a much nicer body, your Kâmic body. It cannot be hurt nor suffer from heat and cold and hunger, and it is so fine that nothing can stop it."

"Ah," said Richard, "I know that body. It is the one we go around in when we dream. Then this is a dream."

"No, Little Brother, this is no dream. This is much more real than all that happens in that uncomfortable heavy body. It is when you are in that body that you cannot always remember the things which have happened when you were in this one. Now let us go."

Chundra Khan took his hand, and they moved toward the wall. There was a feeling as of pushing through thick vapor, and Richard looked down and saw the street directly under him. Yet, although startled and giddy, he felt no actual fear of falling. A sense of lightness in this wonderful new body seemed to hold him up.

Chundra Khan looked at him and smiled. "That is right, Little Brother," he said. "People who are not used to this body often expect to fall, and the result is that they *do* fall. They are not hurt, of course, but they are badly frightened and rush back into their heavy bodies, and then awake and think that they have dreamed of falling."

The air about them was full of moving shapes, but most of these were vague and misty and wrapped in a vapor of constantly changing colors. Some were moving fast, but most were floating idly here and there. Richard asked what they were.

"The greater part of them are people whose heavy bodies are asleep, and these are their light bodies, but too wrapped up in their own thoughts to notice what is going on about them. Now, Little Brother, we are free to go where we choose. No land is too far for us to visit, nothing is hidden from our eyes. We can go to any part of this earth, or, if you had rather, I will take you to the beautiful and wonderful country where people go when they are set free from their earth-bodies and remain until they are fit for the heaven-world, which we Hindus call Devachan."

They had settled slowly to the ground, and were now standing on the sidewalk near the spot where Richard had seen the poor woman in the afternoon.

The snow was swirling all about them, but they could not feel the wind nor was there the slightest sense of cold. Richard looked down the long straight wind-swept avenue, with its double row of lights and its stately line of palaces, then glanced at the little niche in the wall which had sheltered the woman and children.

"Some other night, Chundra Khan," said he, "perhaps you will take me there, but to-night I want to see — the poor."

"So be it, Little Brother. Then let us go."

They rose rapidly from the ground until well clear of the housetops, then moved swiftly toward the East Side of the city. Once they passed close over the top of the tall chimney of a power-house, and for an instant Richard looked straight down and saw the lurid glare of the flame as it licked up and swirled about him. He shrank away in terror.

"You must be of good heart, Little Brother," cautioned the Hindu. "Nothing can hurt you, but if you become terrified there is danger that you may find yourself back in your heavy body."

After that the boy was careful, though several times frightened; once when some dark body with an evil face swept down upon them from the heights. At a stern word from Chundra Khan it flew into a

thousand fragments and dissipated in a cloud of vapor.

They reached the district of tenements, — tall, drab buildings where the poor are herded. In front of one of these they halted, poised in mid-air outside its gray walls.

"Here are the poor," said Chundra Khan, "nested like vermin. Think of the room inside, Little Brother; try to look beyond the walls themselves and you will find that they melt away."

Richard looked, focusing his eyes beyond the wall, which suddenly faded, leaving open to his vision a bare, dirty room packed with people. To the boy's clairvoyant sight the room itself appeared to hold an atmosphere of thick, viscid slime, which oozed sluggishly about the person of any who moved. There were bearded men and squalid women, and children with pitiful bones and the faces of meagre demons. Some of the folk were asleep, others huddled close together. A bottle passed from hand to hand. All about the place there hovered brutal shapes with faces of indescribable wickedness, gloating on the misery of those within. Richard drew back with a shudder, and the drab outer wall sprang into form again.

"Those are not the poor, Chundra Khan!" he cried. "That is a pack of devils."

"Poverty makes devils of the weak, Little Brother."

"But what could you do for such creatures?"

"Love in time redeems us all, Little Protector of the Poor."

They dropped a story lower. "Here are some poor of another kind," said Chundra Khan. "A glorious heaven-world waits for such as these."

Again Richard focused his eyes to look beyond the wall. He saw another bare room and three children asleep in a bed. They were huddled close, and the smallest, who was in the middle, breathed hoarsely and at times coughed. A gaunt man was fumbling with numb fingers at

three little stockings which hung at the foot of the bed. His ragged overcoat was spread over the children, and at times a shiver shook his bony frame. In a corner of the room stood a snow-shovel.

"This man," said Chundra Khan, "is one of the ten thousand who were turned out of work by the hard times. It was he whom you saw look up and shake his fist as he passed the window."

"Why did he do that, Chundra Khan?"

"Because, Little Brother," — the Hindu's voice was very gentle, — "it was by your father's order that the works were closed where he earned a living for himself and his children."

Richard shuddered. The man drew from his ragged pocket a little china doll, looked at it, and smiled. He dropped it into the larger stocking, but it slipped through a hole in the heel, fell to the floor, and broke in two. He snatched up the fragments with a hoarse little cry, held them in his huge hand, and stared at them stupidly. "Broke!" Richard heard him mutter in a husky voice. "Broke in two!" The tattered sleeve was drawn across the deep-set eyes. For a moment he seemed quite overcome by the catastrophe, then with a piece of string he tied up the hole in the stocking and dropped in the broken fragments. Into the second stocking he put a little rubber ball, into the third a pocket knife. After that he took from his pocket six caramels. One of these he half raised to his mouth, and a sudden wolfish flame glowed in his eyes.

"He has had nothing to eat since morning," said Chundra Khan. "He bought these trifles for his children and he could not wait his turn on the 'bread line' because the youngest child was sick and in need of broth."

One of the children began to speak. "Cold, daddy," it muttered. The father started guiltily, dropped the candies into the stockings, then slipped off his coat and spread it on the bed. He ripped a piece of ragged carpet from the floor, wrapped it about his head and shoul-

ders, crouched in a corner, and his chin dropped upon his chest.

"It is too awful—too awful, Chundra Khan!" moaned Richard.

"Listen," said the Hindu.

There rose suddenly on the flaws of the gusty wind the pealing of chimes. From all parts of the city the church bells took up the joyous medley and carried it to the cold, glittering sky. But gradually, when the clamor had almost reached its height, there swelled another sound before which these mortal noises dwindled and were lost. It rumbled deep and throbbing, and Richard, in sudden awe, looked up at Chundra Khan.

The Hindu was standing with bowed head.

"A Saviour of the World," said he. "This is his night."

From the uttermost depths of the heaven above, and up from the heart of the very earth, there breathed the deepening chorus of a mighty chant. With it came flooding in from each unfathomable dimension of space a glorious, radiant light, multi-colored, all-illuminating, which shone through the walls of the houses until the entire world glowed like some wondrous, translucent body.

Grander and grander rolled the celestial anthem; brighter and brighter blazed the lovely harmony of colors. Then slowly the music throbbed away. The radiance faded in pulsing waves. The winter's night rested again upon the city.

"Where now, Little Brother?" asked the Hindu.

They had visited many quarters, seen more misery than the child's full heart could hold, while his soul had drawn back quivering from horrors which his Kama-Manas revealed to him with age-old understanding.

"We must find my father, Chundra Khan!" he moaned. "We must find my father! He is rich—he cannot know of all this suffering—or if he knows he cannot understand. We must make him understand. We must make him see

it as it is, as we see it, as the poor themselves see it. Let us find my father."

The Hindu smiled. "But you forget, Little Protector of the Poor, that in your light body your father could neither see you nor hear your voice. How could you hope to make him understand?"

"I do not know, Chundra Khan—but I want to try."

For an instant Chundra Khan seemed to hesitate; then he said, "Come, Little Brother, we will find your father."

They rose lightly until well above the housetops, then wafted westward over the city. The Hudson River, flowing black and cold between its snow-covered banks, was almost under them when they came dropping down from the heights to stand before the gate of an exquisite little palace standing in a tiny garden on the upper Riverside Drive.

"Your father is here," said the Hindu. "Let us go in. Nobody can see us in our Kâmic bodies, but neither can they hear us, nor feel the touch of our hands, so your task will not be easy, Little Brother of my Soul."

They entered, drifting gently through the stone walls, which gave before them like a cloud of steam. As they did so, Richard became suddenly conscious of a terrible depression. The keen, clear atmosphere of the outer world was replaced by some viscid and oppressive element in which the boy felt himself helplessly entangled. His faculties, which had been so sharp and clear, seemed dulled and clouded. He saw vaguely, and as though he were looking through swirls of multi-colored smoke, that there was a supper-party in progress; he heard in a muffled way the thick chatter of men's and women's voices, the dull tinkle of wine-glasses, with the clink of silver on porcelain. The persons of the people at the table were vague and ill-defined, some being more distinct than others. Fortunately for him, his untrained faculties could not perceive many of the objects which were visible to Chandra Khan, but he was nearly overcome by a terrible

sensation of repulsion which was almost fear.

"What is it, Chundra Khan?" he gasped, speaking with difficulty. "What is this horrid stuff around us? I can scarcely move or speak or think."

"It is what we Hindus call *kāma-mānīc* matter, little Brother, and is given off from the minds of these people who are eating and drinking here," answered the Hindu. "You will have to fight your way through it as best you can. In this light world of ours, thoughts take form and color, but these thoughts are such shifting, selfish, unshaped things as to be only a bog of desires. Shall we leave this place?"

"No," said the boy. "I think that my father is over there. I must try to speak to him."

He fought his way across the room. Now and then a vague, unpleasant figure drifted before him, and once an evil, leering face was thrust into his; but the boy, although badly frightened, did not flinch. "Get out of my way!" he commanded fiercely; "you are only a thought, and an ugly one at that!"

His feet dragged heavily, and the oozing, lurid air-slime stifled him, but he struggled on. In a sudden clearing of the atmosphere, he saw the room more plainly: there were bunches of mistletoe and garlands of holly here and there; in the middle of the table was a bowl of gardenias, and as he looked at it he suddenly caught sight of his father's face directly opposite. With infinite labor, Richard dragged himself around the table until at last he stood by his father's side.

"Father!" he gasped, in the soundless voice of his other world, "father — it is I — Richard!"

Vague as the man's face appeared through its swimming mass of colored vapor, Richard could see that it held no consciousness of his presence. He tried again to speak, but his words seemed to be caught and entangled in the turbid atmosphere. He was dimly conscious that

an orchestra was playing in an alcove behind him; also that his father was talking to a woman on his left who appeared to be the hostess.

Summoning all of his strength, the boy made another effort. "Father!" he cried, "I want to tell you about the poor! The poor! Can't you hear me, daddy? It is Richard! Richard!"

For an instant he thought that his message had been received, for his father slightly moved his head. But the woman spoke to him and he looked at her with a laugh, and then the fog seemed to close in again, and with it came the sensation of a crowd of people pressing in from every side. Richard felt as though he were being shoved and pushed this way and that by dim, vague forms which swirled and eddied in fumes of constantly changing, muddy colors. Sometimes these crowding figures dissolved before his eyes to mix with the turbid atmosphere. Others would stare for a moment into his face with empty eyes, babbling in foolish voices. A few writhed past, laughing vacantly, as an echo laughs. Some glared red and angry with blotched faces and swollen veins; yet, repulsive as was the whole stirring horde, Richard felt no fear of it, but rather an utter disregard which was scarcely even contempt. In some vague way he seemed to realize that these shapes had no personalities of their own, but were merely reflections of the selfish, greedy, silly thoughts and words and feelings of the people at the supper-table.

But, whatever they were, they interfered with what he had set himself to do, and with a fierce determination he pushed himself against his father's elbow.

"Father! father!" he cried, "do not listen to all of this chatter! Think of the poor, father! It is Christmas night! Think of the men who have no work! Think of their little children who are hungry!"

His face was close to his father's, and for a moment it seemed to Richard that he had made himself heard. A sudden

light shone from his father's eyes, and he stared straight in front of him. Then the woman at his side leaned toward him and asked some question, and Richard heard him give a short laugh and answer, "The poor." At this the woman seemed to protest, pouring out a torrent of words while a lurid, angry color eddied about her.

"The poor!" shrieked Richard. "The poor, father! The poor!" But even as he spoke, he felt the sudden tug of some violent force which was dragging him bodily away. Stronger and stronger it grew, this terrific power which he felt instinctively to be tearing him from his world of lightness and clear thought, drawing him back even in the moment of his victory, as he could tell from the growing light which kindled in his father's eyes.

"The poor, father! The poor!" he shrieked, and as he did so a sense of heaviness, of distance, surged through him with the shock of a physical pain. It was as though he were entangled in the toils of some great mesh which gave beneath his struggles, but would not let go. His voice, even his mind, was smothered in the limitations of the heavy body, and as he fought to overcome this rapidly growing heaviness he seemed to see a smile of triumph in the gleaming eyes of the woman.

"Chundra Khan!" he cried. "Chundra Khan — I'm going — I'm going. Help — Help! Chundra Khan!"

Richard suddenly awoke. His governess was leaning over his bed.

"*Chéri*," she was saying softly, "it is only a nightmare."

The boy roused himself and looked about the room.

"Where is Chundra Khan? Ah, then it was this. I am back in my heavy body. You brought me back, Made-moiselle! Oh, why did you do it? Why could n't you have waited? Another moment, just another little moment, and think what it would have meant to the poor!" He burst into tears.

His governess kept him in bed the fol-

lowing day, and there he examined his Christmas presents with polite but listless interest. The doctor came and pronounced him quite well, but forbade any more experiments in the matter of diet. At noon his father looked in to see him.

"Merry Christmas, old chap," said he.

"Merry Christmas, father," said Richard.

"Santa Claus treat you pretty well?"

"Father," said Richard, "last night when you were at supper in that house on the Riverside Drive —"

"Eh — what? What's that?"

"I was there," said Richard calmly.

"It was really this morning — about three o'clock, I should think; but when you have been out all night you don't think about it's being morning, do you, daddy?"

"But, my boy — what are you talking about? You have not been out of this room."

Richard made a little gesture with his hand. "I was in my light body," said he, "but I was there. It was a little house of gray stone with a garden in front of it. There were bunches of mistletoe in the dining-room and a basin full of gardenias in the middle of the table, and some musicians in the alcove who were playing so loud that you had to shout. I could not see the people very well because the air was so thick with selfish thoughts—"

The eyes of the millionaire were starting from his head. He started to speak, then checked himself to listen.

"I was trying to tell you about the poor, father — the men whom you laid off from work. Oh, daddy, if you only knew!" The tears gushed from Richard's eyes. "Take them back!" he sobbed. "Take them back, daddy dear."

"I have never denied it, Dick," said the millionaire, "but I have got to believe in it after this. The thought of what it would cost to take back all of this labor suggested Richard, and my mental image was so strong that in some way it impressed itself on the boy's brain.

He is a sensitive little chap. But the most extraordinary part of it is that he received, not only the thought itself, but also a picture of all of my immediate surroundings, — the room, the music, the flowers on the table — even the location of the house itself!"

"That is very interesting," said Uncle Dick dryly.

"Interesting! It's uncanny! It sends the shivers down my spine! In the boy's mind it was mixed up with a lot of dream stuff about Chundra Khan, and the poor starving in attics, and celestial music, and I don't know what! But the part which concerned myself was absolutely correct!"

"Then why not the rest of it?"

The millionaire shrugged his shoulders. "That's too deep for a practical business man. But I will acknowledge that there may have been some reason which we cannot explain behind it all. I do not believe that such things happen for nothing, do you?"

"I certainly do not."

"Nor I. We will not say anything about this. People would laugh, or think that I had gone a little mad. But the men come back to work. There is some reason for my having impressed all that was in my mind upon the mind of my son!"

"Perhaps," said Uncle Dick, in his dry voice, "it was the other way about."

But Chundra Khan said nothing.

THE NEW VIEW OF CHARITY

BY EDWARD T. DEVINE

IN our midst are the waste products of civilization. Here are orphans and neglected children, sick and disabled men and women, friendless and homeless aged, physically and morally handicapped persons, insane and feeble-minded, inebriates and vagrants, deserted families, stranded wrecks of humanity: some very forlorn and of forbidding appearance, some very attractive and personally above reproach. What are we to do with these families, these individuals, these aged infirm, these innocent children? Family affection has supplied one part of the answer; and the state, from the elementary obligation to maintain order, has supplied another part; but there has remained a large part for charity. The orphan asylum, the foster home, the reformatory, the cruelty society, the hospital, dispensary, and day-nursery, the relief society, fresh-air agency, wood-yard, sewing bureau, are the answer which the community has made, and wisely made, VOL. 102 — NO. 6

to this immediate imperative question thrust upon us by the very existence of obvious and undeniable suffering and misery. It is the old view that distress should be relieved. We need have no quarrel with that view. The world's advance is "spiral, on a flat," like that of the inebriate or the worm, and we do well to

Cherish the promise of its good intents
And warn it, not one instinct to efface
Ere reason ripens for the vacant place.

It is difficult to understand the reasoning process of the carping critic who admits, when driven into a corner, the soundness of the view that distress is to be relieved, and yet has only patronizing and grudging approval, or perhaps open sarcasm, for the people who give their money and their time to this necessary work. It is indeed something to have attained clearly to this old view. Old as humanity, permanent as the hills, beautiful as the rarest quality of the human

soul, is this instinct to help others who are in trouble. Courtesy is but one form of it. Consideration for others demands charity in a case of need, as it demands politeness in the parlor, and loyalty on a field of battle or in the presence of calumny against a friend.

I do not condemn charitable foundations, relief-funds, agencies for the relief of suffering. Not only do I not condemn them; I withhold from them no meed of praise. It has been my duty to help to create them, to aid in securing their perpetuation and endowment, to bring them to the favorable attention of the giving public, to withstand attacks upon them, to interpret their spirit, and to justify their ends. And this I have done, not as an unwelcome duty, but with pleasure and satisfaction, for I have looked upon them as necessary and beneficial; and on the whole, as compared with municipal enterprises, or business enterprises, or religious enterprises, or educational enterprises, they are exceedingly well managed institutions.

Nevertheless, I have been devoting much time these past few years to trying to develop, and to coöperating with others to develop, a somewhat different view of charity from that which is represented by our existing charitable institutions. It is their original purpose to relieve distress — one in one way, and another in another; one for one kind of distress, and another for another kind; one to deal with a particular class, and another to promote coöperation among diverse charities and to prevent overlapping; one to improve the condition of the poor, and another to organize charity; but one and all, whatever higher vision may have animated the founders, and whatever experiments in various directions may have been made here and there, are mainly engaged in relieving distress, in helping individuals to find a way out of distress; and doing this increasingly in such a way, and with such safeguards, as to prevent, if possible, their falling again into a dependent condition. This has been

organized charity at its best. This was Robert M. Hartley's permanent improvement of the condition of the poor. This was Josephine Shaw Lowell's treatment of character, through investigation, coöperation, and personal service. For this the Widows' Society, and the United Hebrew Charities, and the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul, and the other relief agencies, in their greatest efficiency, have striven. It is an altogether noble conception. And yet, as I have just said, we have been engaged in making clear the outlines of another view. We have rounded another corner. We have seen that, although consistent with the modern social spirit, it is not a complete expression of it; and we have discovered that the relief of distress, however intelligent, and the prevention of dependence in the individual case by personal influence, and the most thorough inquiry into the causes of individual need, do not exhaust the benign aspects of that charity in whose name we work and plan for the common good.

This newer view upon which we have been placing emphasis is, in a word, that there are social as well as individual causes of misery, of dependence, of poverty, and of crime. We have learned to look to bad housing conditions, dark and unsanitary tenements, indecent halls and yards, insufficiency of room to live in, to play in, to grow in — we have learned to call these, even as we called drink and dishonesty, causes of distress. We have learned to look to conditions directly affecting health: infection in water, in milk, in food, in the dust of the streets, in wall-paper, and the unfumigated cracks and crevices of our flats and apartments, in neglected plumbing and the very air that we have contaminated, and to call these also causes of poverty, through the undermining of health and vigor. We have learned to look to our schools, and to ask, in the name of charity as well as of education, whether they are training for that efficiency which will prevent poverty, and for the strengthening of character.

We have learned to look our public servants squarely between the eyes — mayor, commissioner, warden, policeman, and all the rest — and demand, not yet always successfully, such return for their wages as will mean a lessening of the need for charity. We have learned from the specialists in one field the evils of child-labor; and from those in another the consequences of long hours in women's work; and from those in another the connection between unprotected machinery and unpoliced railways, on the one hand, and widowhood, orphanage, and their resulting dependence on the other. We have learned that there is a vital relation between the standard of living, determined not by any one family, but by the community group to which one belongs, demanding a certain minimum income to maintain that standard in decency and comfort, and the decisions which must be reached by relief societies and charitable individuals who assume responsibility for the relief of distress.

Such, then, are some of the elements in the newer view of charity which has been occupying our attention: housing, preventable disease, inefficiency resulting from defective education, corrupt and inefficient government, child-labor, excessive and unreasonable toil by women, industrial accidents, a low standard of living. They are all social rather than individual. It is for this reason that we have all but transformed our charitable societies into agencies to investigate and improve social conditions; that the Sage Foundation is established and endowed for this identical purpose; that the New York Charity Organization Society has created a special department, freed from all responsibility for charity in the ordinary sense, to do what it can in the same direction; that numerous committees and associations are established to work at one or another bad condition which they choose for their special attack; and that the progressive charitable society — whatever its name or particular function may have been — necessarily, under the

pressure of an awakening social conscience, has become, in addition, a society for the development of accurate knowledge as to what our social conditions really are.

Dealing always with the family at the margin, with those who have no surplus savings, or energy, or efficiency, to protect them from the immediate consequences of bad conditions, the charitable societies come first to a realization of what those conditions are. An illness, an accident, a failure in justice, may be a regrettable incident in the lives of others, but among the poor it is the quick stroke of fate, meaning disaster and dependence. At the margin there are few complications. In their nakedness, in their true character, these effects of bad conditions are written swiftly into the records of the societies that have to do with destitution. Too long, many of us must confess in contrition, our work was done perfunctorily, with no vision of the essential causes, the social causes; but now we have seen, and the sum-total of our impressions — that is the new view of charity; that is, for us, the incarnation of the social spirit. It is our belief, not that the creation of a favorable environment will of itself transform character, but that the normal man, who is now crushed, will, under favorable conditions, rise unaided, and that poverty and destitution will know him no more. The tragedy of our present situation is that people whose original endowment is quite as good as the average are overborne by adverse conditions, conditions which individually they cannot control and of which they are the victims. The improvement of social conditions is a policy to be advocated, and carried through, in the interests of the normal man. It is by no means exclusively the concern of charity, though charity speaks from knowledge gained by its neglect. How much of poverty would disappear with the destruction of bad social conditions we do not know, for we do not know how many of those who fail are victims of bad condi-

tions, and how many are in some way deficient. To find that out, we shall need to correct the conditions which we know to be injurious, and then discover how much of our present need for charity remains.

The programme of social work to which this newer view of charity logically brings us is, first of all, a health-programme. It calls for a department of school hygiene, to discover and correct the physical defects of school children. After a new reformatory for boys had been in operation a few months, the superintendent called in a dentist, who reported that one hundred and sixty boys had seriously defective teeth. In response to an inquiry as to how many boys there were in the institution when the examination was made, the superintendent replied, one hundred and sixty. No doubt nearly all these boys had been in the public schools. Possibly the criminal bacillus, if they have one, could not have been discovered by thorough physical examination in the school, but the decay in the teeth could have been discovered, and should have been discovered and corrected.

The programme of social work calls for safe and decent homes, with light and air, better tenements for those who stay in the cities, country homes for all who can afford to seek them and have the good sense to do it. It demands that we deal with congestion, whether we rely upon philanthropic investment by large sums in the outlying suburbs, or upon legal limitation of the number of factories that may be operated in the industrially congested districts, or upon both combined, and other remedies.

The social programme calls, and calls loudly, for playgrounds and parks. It demands the conquest of infectious disease. The shortening of life, the resulting burden of dependence and suffering, the loss of income, the increased expenses which are still due to diseases which are the result of social neglect, account for a large part of our charitable tasks. That is not, however, the whole of the indictment.

For every family which preventable disease brings to the actual point of asking for charity, there are scores who are brought in that direction, brought to a loss of savings, brought to a lower standard of living, brought to hardship and privation, brought to less desirable rooms in a meaner neighborhood, brought to the loss of chances for educating their children, brought through many stages on a downward journey, even if they escape the last bitter degradation of an appeal to charity and a potter's field. The social programme is a health-programme — not to save the money of the charitable, but to save the life and vigor, the economic independence, and the prosperity, of the normal man. If we could but eliminate this one "bad condition," deaths and illness from the diseases now universally classed as preventable, we should keep many a family from the margin. The charitable societies know this, because they deal with them there at the margin, where they have come because of social neglect.

The social programme calls for the total and immediate abolition of child-labor in mine and factory, in store and office, in messenger and newspaper service, in tenement home, and wherever else the employment of children becomes their exploitation. Quite possibly, even on the farms, especially where there is anything like gang-labor, there are such temptations; but, certainly, in all industrial and mining operations, child-labor means physical, mental, and moral destruction; and in the interests of the normal man, the workingman of the next generation, we wish to protect his childhood, that it may not be sacrificed to the convenience and profit of the employer, or the greed and ignorance of the parent, or the economic advantage of the buyer of his wares.

The social spirit insists upon honest and efficient government. Such work, if I may choose my illustrations from my own city of New York, as the State Charities Aid Association has long done for the protection and improvement of

the public hospitals and institutions; such work as the Tenement House Committee has done for eight years in reference to tenement-house legislation and its enforcement; such work as the Public Education Association is doing, and such greatly increased work as it ought to do, in connection with the system of public schools; such work as the Bureau of Municipal Research has undertaken in developing the facts about the actual work of our municipal departments, and as the City Club is doing, and is likely to do, to increase the efficiency of municipal government — these are parts of a comprehensive social programme, to the absence of which, in the past, charity bears mournful testimony; to the imperative need for which, charitable societies are perhaps now most alive, one interesting indication of this being the extent to which these several kinds of civic work have drawn upon the personnel of the charitable societies for their executives and assistants.

The programme of social work which I have outlined, rather by illustration and suggestion than completely, offers an alternative — the only tolerable alternative — to socialism. I do not suggest that this is its chief attraction; but to those who in their hearts fear socialism, who think that they discern in the sky portentous signs of a coming storm, I would suggest that their wise course is not to seek the services of an "accelerator of public opinion," or to put forth elaborate and weighty rejoinders to the theories of a past generation, but rather, in sincerity and singleness of purpose, with the financial resources at their command, and with the energy and sound judgment which they would bring to bear upon a difficult business problem, to coöperate in the removal of those adverse conditions in our present industrial and social system upon which all that is in the least convincing in the socialist's indictment depends.

Our indictment against particular social conditions is no less severe than that of the socialist. We have our evidence,

we are willing that it should be subjected to the laws of evidence. We can prove that unsanitary tenements are numerous, that they are injurious and unnecessary. We can show that accidents and disease are more common than is reasonable, in view of the discoveries of science and the demonstrations of preventive hygiene. We can show children doing the work of men, and it needs no physiologist to demonstrate that it is uneconomic, uncharitable, and inhuman. We can show conditions in courts and jails and prisons that in themselves will account for the persistence of crime. And we can convince any men and women of brains, of wealth, of influence, and of latent power for the common welfare, that upon none of these things do their welfare and their success depend. These things of which we complain yield profits, but they are the profits of exploitation and greed, not the profits of business enterprise and commercial honor. No industry essential to the common good rests upon child-labor, unrequited accidents, an indecent standard of living. The plane of competition may be drawn above the line of those conditions which mean misery and degradation. If it were not so, we should all become socialists; but it is so. Those who have faith in the wholesomeness of modern industry, who believe that when the thieves and cheats have been hounded out of business, business can still go on; that when the sharp practices, some of which are more severely condemned now than they were a few years ago, are eliminated, the general aspect of business will be virtually unchanged, — in other words that it is now fundamentally sound and honest, — should surely, eagerly, and from conviction, help to gauge these adverse conditions, to understand them and to change them. The programme of social work is their work, rather than the work of those who wish to see the whole structure changed.

If now we may take one more perilous step — around another corner — it will bring us again to the individual who

is in trouble; the constant object of vision in the older view of charity. We come back, let us hope, with a clearer insight because our eyes have been for a time on more distant views.

With the eye of prophecy, we see our applicant for charity in an environment freed from the burdens of bad housing and over-crowding, of preventable disease, of child-labor, and excessive toil for women; in an environment in which there is well-distributed and regular employment, with a reasonable amount of leisure, a protected childhood, a rational standard of living, well-regulated factories, well-regulated homes and well-regulated communal life, — no utopian millennium at all, just the conditions which we now, on the basis of our own experience and knowledge, may assert without sentimentality or exaggeration to be entirely practicable for all mankind. Would there remain any field for charity and for what we call social work? Certainly there would. The field that would remain is precisely that which charity in all these past years, reversing the natural order, wrongly conceiving what was the next step ahead, has sought to occupy. Precisely the admirable plan outlined by Richard C. Cabot, in an address before the New York School of Philanthropy in 1906, would then be applicable.¹

We have said that the programme of social work, the changing of adverse social conditions, is essentially a programme in the interest of the normal man, and that, if these bad conditions could be removed, the man who is not by nature or by inheritance a dependent would rise from the misery into which extraordinary misfortune and social neglect have brought him. This is the lesson of Simon N. Patten's *New Basis of Civilization*. "When a social worker," he says, "accepts this creed, he soon finds that regeneration is prevented,

not by defects in personality, but by defects in the environment, and that the subjective tests of character to which he has been accustomed must be replaced by objective standards which test the environment. We need not work for regeneration; it will of itself flow from sources we neither create nor control. But we do need to work for the removal of external conditions which by suppressing and distorting human nature give to vice the power that virtue should possess."

A little earlier Dr. Patten had expressed this faith in other words: "The depraved man is not the natural man; for in him the natural is suppressed beneath a crushing load of misfortunes, superstitions, and ill-fitting social conditions." "It is, without doubt," he says, "more difficult than was once believed to lift a man with normal faculties to a higher plane of existence; but it is far easier than we have thought to raise a man below the general level of humanity up to it. There are no differences between him and his normal neighbors which cannot be rapidly obliterated. He does not lack their blood, but their health, their vigor, their good fortune, their culture, and their environment."

It is obvious that in all this Dr. Patten is thinking of normal persons, normal, that is to say, in all except these external things which he has enumerated and which we have previously been considering as involved in the adverse social conditions which we wish to change. It is equally obvious that Dr. Cabot, in his definition of social work as the study of character under adversity, is not thinking of such persons, but of those who are really deficient in character. He considers that one hundred families reported by a relief society, in which there was practically no mental or moral deficiency, were not, properly-speaking, cases for a social worker at all; that disease, which has caused two-thirds of the destitution in those families, is the concern of the physician; and that a low wage, which

¹ "Social Work: The Diagnosis and Treatment of Character in Difficulties." BY RICHARD C. CABOT: *Charities and the Commons*, November 2, 1907.

was responsible for the other third, is a matter resting between capital and labor, organized or unorganized. "The social worker, I maintain," says Dr. Cabot, "should be chiefly an educator, a nurturer, stimulator, developer, and director of human souls, particularly in that group of persons whose character or temperament has brought them into some sort of trouble."

When our programme of social work shall have been carried into effect, when the environment is transformed by the abolition of the bad conditions which now undermine health and destroy life, which make rational domestic life impossible and embitter the working hours, then social work will be what Dr. Cabot describes it to be. We can then study the individual, and shall know that any difficulties which he may still have, come from bad inheritance which we may be able to help him to overcome, from faults of character which we may find some way to correct. In the mean time we cannot safely assume any such deficiency. The chances are against it. The chances are that we shall frequently find only such hygienic and economic causes of distress as Dr. Cabot rules out of court. Until we establish justice among men, until we insure the opportunity for an independent, normal life for all normal men, we need not be surprised, when we set ourselves up as experts in the diagnosis and treatment of character, if we find queer things in its distribution among men.

The new view, then, to which we would come, the right view, is but a glimpse at the end of all these vistas, a glimpse not of the individual alone, nor of the social conditions alone, but of the relation between them in the field of social work; of the place for individual diagnosis and treatment in an environment which has measurably approached our ideal. There is room for difference of opinion as to whether the emphasis should be placed on the individual or on the environment. It has been my inclination to throw the

emphasis on the improvement of conditions, because it has seemed to me a waste of effort to try to improve the character of those who are not deficient in character, to work at retail at what is essentially a wholesale transaction, to bail with a spoon when we may open the sluiceways, to rely on isolated personal effort with individuals to accomplish what it can never accomplish, what can be accomplished only by the resources of legislation, of taxation, of large expenditure, or by changes in our educational system, or in our penal system, or in our taxing system, or even in our industrial system. And yet, after all, our environment has already changed in many respects for the better. Notwithstanding our blunders and neglect, we are doing better; and the incontrovertible proof lies in our diminishing death-rate. Social conditions need to be changed in many ways, but they are better than they were.

Strictly from the social point of view, we should give far more attention to the individual — an attention of a different kind. Man, from the standpoint of anthropology, as a thinking and working animal, may be studied, as we study housing and bacteria. We should have in our charitable societies a psychological diagnosis of applicants. District agents and visitors should become and be recognized as experts, as some of them already are, in the understanding and management of the weaknesses and perversions of character. Some families are normal except for their misfortunes and their environment, and that is one of the very things to discover. Others are deficient, and a quick discovery of such deficiencies would lead to an earlier course of such treatment as might give greatest hope of removing them. Still others are not merely deficient, but defective, that is, they have some incurable defect, and more prompt recognition of this would also be advantageous.

This view then — this return, if the reader prefers, to a very old view —

brings our applicant again into the centre of vision; brings him, however, at least potentially freed from the crushing burden of an adverse environment, brings him as one entitled to our compassion because of some deficiency of mind or body, some definite thing for us to do, something which the man in trouble cannot do for himself even though he may have every chance from childhood.

The social worker who, with a conscience void of offense because he has done what he can to create such social conditions as will give every man a just and reasonable chance, assuming that in such an environment every normal man will be expected to determine for himself what he will do with his opportunity, comes at last to the individual of deficient strength, and finds here his chance for personal service, for professional service. He is in the position of the physician who has contributed something also to preventive medicine. I be-

hold charity, gracious, clear-eyed, free-handed, warm of heart, seeking out these helpless children of men to do them good. She has traveled a long journey in her search for the remedies for the specific evils which have brought her grievous burdens, but this last burden, a legacy from the slowly remediable mistakes of the past, is not grievous. If men need help because only of what they cannot do, and no longer ask aid because of the harm their brothers do, whether in malice or in ignorance, then to give that help is no burden, but a delight.

This view of charity is, I grant, the oldest of all views, the view of the ancient Hebrew, that charity and justice are one; the view of the Apostle that charity abideth, with faith and hope, and is greater than they; greater for this reason, above all, that, wherever she journeys and whatever her achievements, she never loses sight of the individual man, woman, or child.

GOD'S HOUR-GLASS

BY R. VALANTINE HECKSCHER

MAN is the Hour-glass of God!

And grain by grain his being flows
Out of the globe of surface shows
Into the globe below the sod!

Clear of the sunken sands of strife,
God turns below the body's bowl —
And so upturns Man's crystal soul
Brimmed with the golden grains of life!

RACES IN THE UNITED STATES

BY WILLIAM Z. RIPLEY

THE population of Europe may, in a rough way, be divided into an East and a West. The contrast between the two may be best illustrated, perhaps, in geological terms. Everywhere these populations have been laid down originally in more or less distinct strata. In the Balkan States and Austria-Hungary, this stratification is recent and still distinct; while in western Europe the several layers have become metamorphosed by the fusing heat of nationality and the pressure of civilization. But in both instances these populations are what the geologist would term sedimentary. In the United States, an entirely distinct formation occurs; which, in continuation of our geological figure, may best be characterized by the term *eruptive*. We have to do, not with the slow processes of growth by deposit or accretion, but with violent and volcanic dislocation. We are called upon to survey a lava-flow of population, suddenly cast forth from Europe and spread indiscriminately over a new continent. In Europe the populations have grown up from the soil. They are still imbedded in it, a part of it. They are the product of their immediate environments: dark in the southern half, blonde at the north, stunted where the conditions are harsh, well developed where the land is fat. Even as between city and country, conditions have been so long fixed that one may trace the results in the physical traits of the inhabitants. It was my endeavor some years ago, in *The Races of Europe*, to describe these conditions in detail. But in America the people, one may almost say, have dropped from the sky. They are in the land, but not yet an integral part of it. The population product is artificial and exotic. It is as yet unrelated to its phys-

ical environment. A human phenomenon unique in the history of the world is the result.

Judged solely from the standpoint of numbers, the phenomenon of American immigration is stupendous. We have become so accustomed to it in the United States that we often lose sight of its numerical magnitude. About 25,000,000 people have come to the United States from all over Europe since 1820. This is about equal to the entire population of the United Kingdom only fifty years ago, at the time of our Civil War. It is, again, more than the population of all Italy in the time of Garibaldi. Otherwise stated, this army of people would populate, as it stands to-day, all that most densely settled section of the United States north of Maryland and east of the Great Lakes, — all New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, in fact.

This horde of immigrants has mainly come since the Irish potato famine of the middle of the last century. The rapid increase year by year has taken the form, not of a steady growth, but of an intermittent flow. First came the people of the British Isles after the downfall of Napoleon, 2000 in 1815 and 35,000 in 1819. Thereafter the numbers remain about 75,000 yearly, until the Irish famine, when, in 1852, 368,000 immigrants from the British Isles landed on our shores. These were succeeded by the Germans, largely moved at first by the political events of 1848. By 1854 a million and a half Teutons, mainly from northern Germany, had settled in America. So many were there that ambitious plans for the foundation of a German state in the new country were actually set on foot. The later German

immigrants were recruited largely from the Rhine provinces, and have settled further to the northwest, in Wisconsin and Iowa; the earliest wave having come from northern Germany to Ohio, Indiana, and Missouri. The Swedes began to come after the Civil War. Their immigration culminated in 1882 with the influx of about 50,000 in that year. More recent still are the Italians, beginning with a modest 20,000 in 1876, rising to over 200,000 arrivals in 1888, and constituting an army of 300,000 in the single year of 1907: and accompanying the Italian has come the great horde of Slavs, Huns, and Jews.

Wave has followed wave, each higher than the last, — the ebb and flow being dependent upon economic conditions in large measure. It is the last great wave, ebbing since last fall, which has most alarmed us in America. This gathered force on the revival of prosperity about 1897, but it did not attain full measure until 1900. Since that year over six million people have landed on our shores, — one-quarter of the total immigration since the beginning. The newcomers of these eight years alone would repopulate all the five older New England States as they stand to-day; or, if properly disseminated over the newer parts of the country, they would serve to populate no less than nineteen states of the Union as they stand. The new-comers of the last eight years could, if suitably seated in the land, elect thirty-eight out of the present ninety-two Senators of the United States. Is it any wonder that thoughtful political students stand somewhat aghast? In the last of these eight years — 1907 — there were one and one quarter million arrivals. This number would entirely populate both New Hampshire and Maine, two of our oldest states, with an aggregate territory approximately equal to Ireland and Wales. The arrivals of this one year would found a state with more inhabitants than any one of twenty-one of our other existing commonwealths which could be named.

Fortunately, the commercial depression of 1908 has for the moment put a stop to this inflow. Some considerable emigration back to Europe has in fact ensued. But this can be nothing more than a breathing space. On the resumption of prosperity, the tide will rise higher than before. Each immigrant, staying or returning, will influence his friends, his entire village; and so it will be, until an economic equilibrium has been finally established between one continent where labor is dearer than land, and the other where land is worth more than labor; between governments where freedom, in theory at least, takes precedence over privilege, and states where vested political and social rights are still paramount.

It is not alone the rapid increase in our immigration which merits attention. It is also the radical change in its character, in the source from whence it comes. Whereas, until about twenty years ago, our immigrants were drawn from the Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic populations of northwestern Europe, they have swarmed over here in rapidly growing proportions since that time from Mediterranean, Slavic, and Oriental sources. A quarter of a century ago, two-thirds of our immigration was truly Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon in origin. At the present time, less than one-sixth comes from this source. The British Isles, Germany, Scandinavia, and Canada unitedly sent us 90 per cent of our immigrants in the decade to 1870; 82.8 per cent in 1870-80; 75.6 per cent in 1880-90; and only 41.8 per cent in 1890-1900. Since then, the proportion has been very much smaller still. Germany used to contribute one-third of our new-comers. In 1907 it sent barely one-seventh. On the other hand, Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Italy, which produced about 1 per cent of the total in 1860-70, jointly contributed 50.1 per cent in 1890-1900. Of the million and a quarter arrivals in 1907, almost 900,000 came from these three countries alone. I have been at some pains to reclassify the immigration for 1907, in conformity with

the racial groupings of the *Races of Europe*; disregarding, that is to say, mere linguistic affiliations, and dividing on the basis of physical types. The total of about one and one-quarter million arrivals was distributed as follows: —

330,000 Mediterranean Race	(one-quarter)
194,000 Alpine Race	(one-sixth)
330,000 Slavic	" (one-quarter)
194,000 Teutonic	" (one-sixth)
146,000 Jewish (mainly Russian)	} (one-eighth)

In that year, 330,000 South Italians took the place of the 250,000 Germans who came in 1882, when the Teutonic immigration was at its flood. One and one-half million Italians have come since 1900; over one million Russians; and a million and a half natives of Austria-Hungary. We have even tapped the political sinks of Europe, and are now drawing large numbers of Greeks, Armenians, and Syrians. No people is too mean or lowly to seek an asylum on our shores.

The net result of this immigration has been to produce a congeries of human beings, unparalleled for ethnic diversity anywhere else on the face of the earth. The most complex populations of Europe, such as those of the British Isles, Northern France, or even the Balkan States, seem ethnically pure by contrast. In some of these places the soothing hand of time has softened the racial contrasts. There are certain water-holes, of course, like Gibraltar, Singapore, or Hong Kong, to which every type of human animal is attracted, and a notably mongrel population is the result. But for ethnic diversity on a large scale, the United States is certainly unique.

Our people have been diverse in origin from the start to a greater degree than is ordinarily supposed. Virginia and New England, to be sure, were for a long time Anglo-Saxon undefiled; but in the other colonies there was much intermixture, such as the German in Pennsylvania, the Swedish along the Delaware, the Dutch in New

York, and the Scotch Highlander and Huguenot in the Carolinas. Little centres of foreign inoculation in the early days are discoverable everywhere. On a vacation trip recently, in the extreme northeastern corner of Pennsylvania, my wife and a friend remarked the frequency of French names of persons, and then of villages, of French physical types, and of French cookery. On inquiry it turned out that many settlements had been made by French, migrating after the battle of Waterloo. Their descendants still give a Gallic tone to the district. Many such colonies could be named, — the Dutch along the lake shore of western Michigan, the Germans in Texas, and the Swiss villages in Wisconsin, — none of them recent, but constituting long-established and permanent elements in the population.

Concerning New York City, Father Jognes states that the Director-General told him of eighteen languages spoken there in 1644. For the entire thirteen colonies at the time of the Revolution, we have it on good authority that one-fifth of the population could not speak English; and that one-half at least was not Anglo-Saxon by descent. Upon such a stock, it is little wonder that the grafting of these twenty-five million immigrants promises to produce an extraordinary human product.

For over half a century more than one-seventh of our aggregate population has been of actually foreign birth. This proportion of actual foreigners of all sorts varies greatly, however, as between the different states. In Minnesota and New York, for example, at the present time, the foreign-born, as we denote them statistically, constitute about a fourth of the whole population; in Massachusetts, the proportion is about one-third; occasionally, as in North Dakota in 1890, it approaches one-half (42 per cent). It is in the cities, of course, that this proportion of actual foreigners rises highest. In New York City there are over two million people born in Europe, who

have come there hoping to better their lots in life. Boston has an even higher proportion of actual foreigners, but the relatively larger numbers of those speaking English, such as the Irish, renders the phenomenon less striking. Nevertheless, within a few blocks, in a colony of 28,000 people, there are no less than twenty-five distinct nationalities. In this entire district, once the fashionable quarter of Boston, out of the 28,000 inhabitants, only 1500 in 1895 had parents born in the United States.

The full measure of our ethnic diversity is revealed only when one aggregates the actually foreign-born with their children born in America, — totalizing, as we call it, the foreign-born and the native-born of foreign parentage. This group thus includes only the first generation of American descent. Oftentimes even the second generation may remain ethnically as undefiled as the first; but our positive statistical data carry us no further. This group of foreign-born with its children constitutes to-day upwards of one-third of our total population; and, excluding the negroes, it equals almost one-half (46 per cent) of the whole white population. This is for the country as a whole. Considered by states or cities, the proportion is, of course, much higher. Baltimore, one of our purest American cities, had 40 per cent of foreigners with their children in 1900. In Boston, the proportion leaps to 70 per cent; in New York to 80 per cent; and it reaches a maximum in Milwaukee, with 86 per cent thus constituted. Imagine an English city of the size of Edinburgh with only about one person in eight English by descent through only a modest two generations. To this condition must be added the probability that not over one-half of that remnant of a rear-guard can trace its descent on American soil as far back as a third generation. Were we to eliminate these foreigners and their children from our city populations, it has been estimated that Chicago, with to-day a population of over two millions, would

dwindle to a city of not much over one hundred thousand inhabitants.

One may select great industries practically given over to foreigners. Over ninety per cent of the tailors of New York City are Jews, mainly Russian and Polish. In Massachusetts, the centre of our staple cotton manufacture, out of ninety-eight thousand employees, one finds that only thirty-nine hundred, or about four per cent, are native-born Americans; and most of those are of Irish or Scotch-Irish descent two generations back. All of our day labor, once Irish, is now Italian; our fruit-venders, once Italian, are now becoming Greek; and our coal mines, once manned by peoples from the British Isles, are now worked by Hungarians, Poles, Slovaks, or Finns.

A special study of the linguistic conditions in Chicago well illustrates our racial heterogeneity. Among the people of that great city, — the second in size in the United States, — fourteen languages are spoken by groups of not less than ten thousand persons each. Newspapers are regularly published in ten languages; and church services are conducted in twenty different tongues. Measured by the size of its foreign linguistic colonies, Chicago is the second Bohemian city in the world, the third Swedish, the fourth Polish, and the fifth German (New York being the fourth). There is one large factory in Chicago employing over four thousand people, representing twenty-four distinct nationalities. Rules of the establishment are regularly printed in eight languages. In one block in New York, where friends of mine are engaged in college settlement work, there are fourteen hundred people of twenty distinct nationalities. There are more than two-thirds as many native-born Irish in Boston as in the capital city, Dublin. With their children, mainly of pure Irish blood, they make Boston indubitably the leading Irish city in the world. New York is a larger Italian city to-day than Rome, having five hundred thousand Italian colonists. It contains no less than eight hundred thousand

Jews, mainly from Russia. Thus it is also the foremost Jewish city in the world. Pittsburg, the centre of our iron and steel industry, is another tower of Babel. It is said to contain more of that out-of-the-way people, the Servians, than the capital of Servia itself.

Such being the ethnic diversity of our population, the primary and fundamental physical question is, whether these racial groups are to coalesce to form ultimately a more or less uniform American type; or whether they are to continue their separate existences within the confines of one political unit. Will the progress of time bring about intermixture of these diverse types? or will they remain separate, distinct, and perhaps discordant, elements for an indefinite period, like the warring nationalities of Austria-Hungary and the Balkan States? An answer may best be pursued by a serial discussion, first, of those factors which tend to favor intermixture, and thereafter, of those forces which operate to prevent it.

The extreme and ever-increasing mobility of our American population is evidently a solvent force from which powerful results may well be expected in the course of time. This is rendered peculiarly potent by the usual concomitant, that this mobility is largely confined to the male sex. The census of 1900 showed that nearly one-quarter of our native-born whites were then living in other states than those of their birth. Kansas and Oklahoma are probably the most extreme examples of such colonization. Almost their entire population has been transplanted, often many times, moving by stages from state to state. The last census showed that only 53 per cent of the population of the former commonwealth were actually natives of Kansas. An analysis of the membership of its legislature, some years ago, revealed that only 9 per cent were born within the confines of the state. Even in the staid commonwealth of Iowa, only about one-third of the American-born population is native to the state.

Restlessness has always been characteristic of our original stock. Even the farmers, in other countries more or less yoked to the soil, are here still on the move: traveling first westward, and now southward, seeking new outlets for their activities. And from the same rural class also is drawn the steady influx to the great cities and industrial centres, which is so marked a feature of our time. Rural New England has been depopulated by this two-fold migration, westward and cityward, leaving almost whole counties in which the inhabitants to-day number less than a century ago. By the same process during the ten years prior to 1890, the little state of Vermont parted with more than one-half of her population by emigration; Maine sent forth one-third, and other states as far away as Virginia and Ohio, parted with almost as many. It has been estimated of the city of Boston, an industrial centre of over half a million inhabitants, that the old, native-born Bostonians of twenty years ago now number less than sixty-four thousand.

Our immigrants at first do not feel the full measure of this American restlessness. The great inflowing streams of human beings at New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, like rivers reaching the ocean, tend to deposit their sediment at once on touching our shores. At the outset the foreigners are immobile elements of population, congesting the slums of the great cities. But with the men particularly, — the Jews alone excepted, — the end is not there. As among the Italians, Greeks, and Scandinavians, they are apt to return shortly to the fatherland and then to come back, this time with a wider appreciation of their real opportunities. After this second arrival, they scatter far more widely. Instead of bunching near the steamship landing-stages, they range afield. With their children this mobility may become even more marked. Cheap railroad fares, the demand for harvest labor in the west, the contract labor on railways and irrigation works, all tend to stimulate this

movement. It is the mobility of our older Anglo-Saxon population which has kept the nation unified over a vast and highly varied area until the present time; and it will be such mobility, kept alive by the exigencies of our changing economic life, which will help to stir up and mix together the various ingredients of our population as they arrive in future.

A second influence making for racial intermixture is the ever-present inequality of the sexes among these foreigners. This is most apparent when they first arrive, about 70 per cent of them being males. Few nationalities in these days bring hither whole families, as did the Anglo-Saxon and German people a generation ago. The Bohemians, indeed, seem to do so, as well as many of the immigrants practically driven out from Europe by political persecution. Thus, in 1905, Russia sent fifty thousand women-folk, — more than came from England, Sweden, and Germany combined; and Austria-Hungary sent seventy-eight thousand, or thrice the number of women contributed by England, Ireland, and Germany. But of the main body, the large majority are men. This vanguard of males tends generally to be followed by more women later, after an initial period of trial and exploration. Among the Italians the proportion of men to women, once six to one, has now fallen to about three to one. Having established themselves in America, what are these men to do for wives? In all classes matrimony is man's natural estate. These migrant males may write home or go home and find brides among their own people; or they may seek their wives in America. This, probably, the majority of them do; and, of course, the large majority naturally prefer to marry within their own colony of fellow countrymen. But suppose, in the first place, this colony is predominantly male, or constitutes a small outpost, isolated among a population alien or semi-alien to its members; what is to be done except to choose a wife where one is to be had?

An odd consequence of the ambition of these foreign-born men to rise, tending inevitably to break down racial barriers, is that they covet an American-born wife. The woman always is the conservative element in society, and tends to cling to old ways long after they have been discarded by the men. The result is that, in the intermixture of various peoples, it is commonly the man who marries *up* in the social scale. Being the active agent, he inclines to choose from a social station higher than his own. There were in the United States, in 1900, about fifteen million people born of foreign-born parents, wholly or in part. About five million of these had one parent foreign-born and one native-born, that is to say with one parent drawn from the second generation of the immigrant stream. And in two-thirds of these mixed marriages, it was the father who was foreign-born, the mother being native-born. This law has been verified by many concrete investigations, as well as by means of general statistical data. It is the same law which, contrary to general belief, leads most of the infrequent marriages across the color line to take the form of a negro husband and a white wife.

For certain states, as Michigan for instance, registration statistics are reliable. These again show that over two-thirds of the mixed marriages have foreign-born grooms and native-born brides. At the United Hebrew Charities in New York City many thousand cases of destitution among foreign-born women arise from the desertion of the wife with her old-fashioned European ways by the husband who has out-distanced her in adaptation to the new life. This law is well borne out in the growing intermarriage between the Irish and the Italians. The Irish, from their longer residence in America, are obviously of a higher social grade. The ambitious young Italian fruit-vender, or the Jewish merchant who has "made good," being denied a wife among his own people (there being too few to go around), then woos and wins an Hibernian bride.

Religion in this instance is no bar, both being Catholics.

In a similar fashion, in New England, where Germans are scarce and where Irish abound, it is usually the German man who marries into an Irish family. The same thing seems to be true even in New York, where the German colony is very large. When intermarriage between the two peoples occurs, six times out of seven it is the Irish woman who bears the children. In this connection, the important rôle in ethnic intermixture played by the Irish women deserves mention. One reason is surely their relative abundance. In our Boston foreign colony, with every other nationality largely represented by men, there is a surplus of fifteen hundred Irish females. But a second reason, also, is the superior adaptability and spirit of comradeship of the Irish woman. The Irish everywhere are good "mixers." Thus endowed, with her democratic spirit and lack of notion of caste, the Irish or Irish-American woman bids fair to be a potent physical mediator between the other peoples of the earth. One may picture this process of racial intermixture going further, especially in those parts of the country where the more ambitious native-born males have emigrated to the West or to the large cities. The incoming foreigners, steadily working upward in the economic and social scale, and the stranded, downward-tending American families, perhaps themselves of Irish or Scotch-Irish descent, may in time meet on an even plane.

The subtle effects of change of environment, religious, linguistic, political and social, is another powerful influence in breaking down ethnic barriers. The spirit of the new surroundings, in fact, is so different as to prove too powerfully disintegrating an influence. In the moral and religious fields this is plainly noticeable, and often pathetic in its results. The religious bonds are often entirely snapped. This is discernible among the Jews everywhere. As one observer put it

to me, "Religion is supplanted by socialism and the yellow journal." Large numbers, more often of the young men, break loose entirely and become agnostics or free-thinkers. The Bohemians are notorious in this regard. This is accompanied by a breakdown of patriarchal authority in the family; and with it, in the close contacts of city life, the barriers of religion against intermarriage visibly weaken.

Differences of language are also less powerful dividing influences than one would think, especially in the great cities. One not infrequently hears of bride and groom not being on speaking terms with one another. A friend of mine tells me of a pathetic instance of a Czech-German marriage, in which the man rather late in life painfully acquired some knowledge of German, but as he grew old it slipped away from him; so that, at last, the aged couple were driven to the use of signs for daily intercourse.

Despite the best efforts of parents to keep alive an acquaintance with the mother tongue, it tends to disappear in the second generation. To be sure, at the present time, no less than about one in every sixteen of our entire population, according to the Census of 1900, cannot even speak the English language. Such ignorance of English of course tends more strongly to persist in isolated rural communities. The Pennsylvania German who, after over two hundred years of residence in America, can say, "*Ich habe mein Haus ge-painted and ge-white-washed,*" is a case in point. It is averred that, in some of the Polish colonies in Texas, even the Negroes speak Polish; as Swedish is used in Minnesota and the Dakotas, German in the long-standing Swiss colonies in Wisconsin, and French among the French Canadians in New England. On Cape Cod in Massachusetts, many rural schools are forced to have a separate room for the non-English-speaking pupils. But the desire, and even the economic necessity of learning English, is overwhelming in its potency.

In the transitional period of acquiring English, the dependence of the parents upon the children entirely reverses the customary relationship. Even young children, having learned to speak English in the public schools, are indispensable go-betweens for all intercourse with the public; and as a result they relegate the parents to a subordinate position before the world. Census enumerators and college-settlement workers agree in citing instances where the old people are commanded to "shut up," not to interfere in official conversations; or in the familiar admonition "not to speak until spoken to." The decadence of family authority and coherence due to this cause is indubitable. Thus it comes about that, already in the second generation, the barriers of language and religion against ethnic intermixture are everywhere breaking down. The English tongue readily comes into service; but, unfortunately, in respect of religion the traditional props and safeguards are knocked from under, without as yet, in too many instances, suitable substitutes of any sort being provided. From this fact arises the insistence of the problem of criminality among the descendants of our foreign-born. This is a topic of vital importance, but somewhat foreign to the immediate subject of this paper.

Among the influences tending to hinder ethnic intermixture, there remains to be mentioned the effect of concentration or segregation of the immigrants in compact colonies, which remain to all intents and purposes as truly outposts of the mother civilization as was Carthage or Treves. This phenomenon of concentration of our foreign-born, not only in the large cities but in the northeastern quarter of the United States, has become increasingly noticeable with the descending scale of nationality among the more recent immigrants. The Teutonic peoples have scattered widely, taking up land in the West. They have indeed populated the wilderness. But the Mediterranean, Slavic and Oriental peoples heap up in

the great cities; and with the exception of settlers in Chicago, seldom penetrate far inland. Literally four-fifths of all our foreign-born citizens now abide in the twelve principal cities of the country, which are mainly in the East. We thought it a menace in 1890 that 40 per cent of our immigrants were to be found in the North Atlantic States. But in the decade to 1900, four-fifths of the new-comers were settled there; the result being, in the latter year, not 40 but actually 80 per cent of the foreign-born of the United States residing in this already densely populated area. Four-fifths of the foreign-born of New York State, and two-thirds of those in Illinois, are now packed into the large towns.

To be sure, this phenomenon of urban congestion is not confined to the foreigner. Within a nineteen-mile radius of the City Hall in New York dwells 51 per cent of the population of the great state of New York together with 58 per cent of the population of the adjoining state of New Jersey. But the consequences of congestion are more serious among the foreign-born, heaped up as they are in the slums and purlieus. On the other hand, in the middle and far West the proportion of actual foreign-born has been steadily declining since 1890. Cities like Cincinnati or Milwaukee, once largely German, have now become Americanized. In the second and third generations, not recruited as actively as before by constant arrivals, the parent stock has become visibly diluted; and in the rural northwest, as the older Scandinavians die off, their places are being supplied by their American-born descendants, with an admixture, but to a lesser degree than before, of raw recruits from the old countries.

This phenomenon of concentration obviously tends to promote the survival of racial stocks in purity. In a dense colony of ten or fifty thousand Italians or Russian Jews, there need be little contact with other nationalities. The English language may intrude, and the old established religion may lose its potency; but

so far as physical contacts are concerned, the colony may be self-sufficient. Professor Buck found in the Czech colony in Chicago that, while forty-eight thousand children had both parents Bohemian, there were only seven hundred and ninety-nine who had only one parent of that nationality. Had there been only a small colony, the number of mixed marriages would have greatly increased. Thus the Irish in New York, according to the Census of 1885, preponderantly took Irish women to wife; but in Baltimore at the same time, where the Irish colony was small, about one in eight married native-born wives.

These facts illustrate the force of the influences to be overcome in the process of racial intermixture. Call it what you please, — "consciousness of kind," or "race instinct," — there will always be, as among animals, a disposition of distinct types to keep separate and apart. Among men, however, this seldom assumes concrete form in respect of physical type. Marriage appears to be rather a matter of social concern. There is no physical antipathy between different peoples. Oftentimes the attraction of a contrasted physical type is plainly discernible. The barriers to intermarriage between ethnic groups are more often based upon differences in economic status. The Italian "Dago" is looked down upon by the Irish, as in turn the Irishman used to be characterized by the Americans as a "Mick," or "Paddy." Any such social distinctions constitute serious handicaps in the matrimonial race; but on the other hand, as they are in consequence largely artificial, they tend to disappear with the demonstration of economic and social efficiency.

Our attention heretofore has been directed to a discussion of the influences making for or against a physical merger of these diverse peoples. It may now be proper to inquire how much of this intermixture there really is. Does it afford evidence of tendencies at work, which may in time achieve momentous results? VOL. 102 — NO. 6

The first cursory view of the field would lead one to deny that the phenomenon was yet of importance. The potency of the forces tending to restrict intermarriage seems too great. But on the other hand, from such concrete statistical data as are obtainable, it would seem that a fair beginning has already been made, considering the recency of the phenomenon. The general figures of the Federal Census are valueless in this connection. Although they indicate much intermarriage of the foreign-born with the native-born of foreign parentage, the overwhelming preponderance of this is, of course, confined to the same ethnic group. The immigrant Russian Jew or young Italian is merely mating with another of the same people, born in America of parents who were direct immigrants. The bride in such a case is as truly Jewish or Italian by blood as the groom, although her social status and economic condition may be appreciably higher. But evidence of true intermixture across ethnic lines is not entirely lacking. No less than 56,000 persons are enumerated in the Federal Census as being of mixed Irish and German parentage; and of these 13,400 were in New York State alone. German-English intermarriages are about as frequent, numbering 47,600. Irish and French Canadian marriages numbered 12,300, according to the same authority. Three times out of five, it is the French-Canadian man who aspires to an Irish bride. In the Northwest, the Irish and Swedes are said to be evincing a growing fondness for one another. For the newer nationalities, the numbers are, of course, smaller.

Some idea of the prevalence of mixed marriages is afforded by the specialized census data of 1900. Take one nationality, the Italians, for example. There were 484,207, in all, in the United States. Of these nearly one-half, or 218,810, had both parents Italian. Marriages of Italian mothers and American-born fathers produced 2747; while, conformably to the law already set forth, no less than 23,076

had Italian fathers and native-born mothers. There still remained 12,523 with Italian fathers, and mothers of some other non-American nationality; and 3911 with Italian mothers, and fathers neither American nor Italian-born. Thus of the 484,000 Italian contingent, nearly one-tenth proved to be of mixed descent. For the city of Boston, special inquiry showed that 236 Italians in a colony of 7900 were of mixed parentage, with predominantly Irish tendencies.

Mixed marriages are, of course, relatively infrequent; but at all events, as in these cases, they constitute a beginning. Sometimes they occur oftener, especially in the great centres of population where all are herded together in close order. Thus in a census, made by the Federation of Churches in New York, of the oldest part of the city south of Wall and Pine streets to the Battery, out of three hundred and seven families completely canvassed, it appeared that forty-nine were characterized by mixed marriages. This proportion of one in six is certainly too high for an average; but it is nearly equaled by the rather unreliable data afforded by the mortality statistics of Old New York for 1906, showing the parentage of decedents. This gave a proportion of one to eight as of mixed descent. How many of those called mixed were only offspring of unions of first and second generations of the same people is not, however, made clear. Some good authorities, such as Dr. Maurice Fischberg, do not hesitate to affirm that, even for the Jews, as a people, there is far more intermarriage with the Gentile population than is commonly supposed. In Boston, the most frequent form of intermarriage perhaps is between Jewish men and Irish or Irish-American women.

A few general observations upon the subject of racial intermixture may now be permitted. Is the result likely to be a superior or an inferior type? Will the future American two hundred years hence be better or worse, as a physical being, because of his mongrel origin? The

greatest confusion of thinking exists upon this topic. Evidence to support both sides of the argument is to be had for the seeking.

For the continent of Europe, it is indubitable that the highly mixed populations of the British Isles, of Northern France, of the Valley of the Po, and of Southern Germany, are superior in many ways to those of outlying or inaccessible regions where greater purity of type prevails. But the mere statement of these facts carries proof of the partial weakness of the reasoning. Why should not the people of the British Isles, of Northern France, and of the Po Valley be the best in Europe? Have they not enjoyed every advantage which salubrity of climate and fertility of soil can afford? Was it not, indeed, the very existence of these advantages which rendered these garden spots of the earth very Meccas of pilgrimage? Viewed in a still larger way, is it not indeed the very beneficence of Nature in these regards which has induced, or permitted, a higher evolution of the human species in Europe than in any of the other continents? The races certainly began even. Why then are the results for Europe as a whole so superior to-day? Alfred Russel Wallace, I am sure, would have been ready with a cogent reason. What right have we to dissociate these concomitantly operative influences of race and environment, and ascribe the superiority of physical type to the effect of intermixture alone? Yet, on the other hand, does not the whole evolutionary hypothesis compel us to accept some such favorable conclusion? What leads to the survival of the fittest, unless there be the opportunity for variation of type, from which effective choice by selection may result. And yet most students of biology agree in holding that the crossing of types must not be too violently extreme. Nature proceeds in her work by short and easy stages.

At this point the opportunity for the students of heredity, like Galton, Pearson, and their fellow workers, appears.

What, for instance, is the order of transmission of physical traits as between the two parents in any union? We have seen how unevenly assorted much of the intermixture in the United States tends to be. If, as between the Irish and the Italians, who are palpably evincing a tendency to mate together, it is commonly the Italian male who seeks the Irish wife; and if, as Pearson avers, inheritance in a line through the same sex is pre-potent over inheritance from the other sex; what interesting possibilities of hereditary physical differences may result!

An interesting query suggested by the results of scientific breeding and the study of inheritance among lower forms of animal life, is this: What chance is there that, out of this forcible dislocation and abnormal intermixture of all the peoples of the civilized world, there may emerge a physical type tending to revert to an ancestral one, older than any of the present European varieties? The law seems to be well supported elsewhere, that crossing between highly evolved varieties or types tends to bring about reversion to the original stock. The greater the divergence between the crossed varieties, the more powerful does the reversionary tendency become. Many of us are familiar with the evidence: such as the reversion among sheep to the primary dark type; and the emergence of the old wild blue rock-pigeon from blending of the fan-tail and pouter or other varieties. The same law is borne out in the vegetable world, the facts being well known to fruit-growers and horticulturists. The more recently acquired characteristics, especially those which are less fundamentally useful, are sloughed off; and the ancestral features common to all varieties emerge from dormancy into prominence. Issue need not be raised, as set forth by Dr. G. A. Reid, as to whether the result of cross-breeding is always in favor of reversion, and never of progression. But interesting possibilities linked up with this law may be suggested.

All students of natural science have

accepted the primary and proven tenets of the evolutionary hypothesis, — or rather, let us say, of the law of evolution. And all alike must acknowledge the subjection of the human species to the operation of the same great natural laws applicable to all other forms of life. It would have been profoundly suggestive to have heard from Huxley on a theme like this. We are familiar, in certain isolated spots in Europe, the Dordogne in France for example, with the persistence of certain physical types without change from pre-historic times. The modern peasant is the proven direct descendant of the man of the stone age. But here is another mode of access to that primitive type, or even an older one, running back to a time before the separation of European varieties of men began. Thus, to be more specific, there can be little doubt that the primitive type of European was brunette, probably with black eyes and hair and a swarthy skin. Teutonic blondness is certainly an acquired trait, not very recent, to be sure, judged by historic standards, but as certainly not old, measured by evolutionary time. What probability is there that in the unions of rufous Irish and dark Italian types a reversion in favor of brunetteness may result? Anthropologists have waged bitter warfare for years over the live issue as to whether the first Europeans were long-headed or broad-headed; that is to say, Negroid or Asiatic in derivation. May not an interesting and valuable bit of evidence be found in the results of racial intermixture, as it is bound to occur in the United States?

A relatively unimportant, yet theoretically very interesting, detail of the subject of racial intermixture is suggested in Westernmarck's brilliant *History of Human Marriage*. It is a well-known statistical law that, almost the world over, there are more boys than girls born into the world. The normal ratio of births is about one hundred and five males to one hundred females. Students have long sought the reasons for this irregularity;

but nothing has yet been proved conclusively. Westermarck brings together much evidence to show that this proportion of the sexes at birth is affected by the amount of in-breeding in any social group, the crossing of different stocks tending to increase the percentage of female births. Thus, among the French half-breeds and mulattos in America, among mixed Jewish marriages, and in South and Central America, female births may at times even overset the difference and actually preponderate over male births. The interest of this topic lies in the fact that it is unique among social phenomena in being, so far as we know, independent of the human will. It is the expression of what may truly be denominated natural law.

Westermarck's general biological reasoning is that, inasmuch as the rate of increase of any animal community is dependent upon the number of productive females, a sort of accommodation takes place in each case between the potential rate of increase of the group and its means of subsistence, or chance of survival. More females at birth is the response of Nature to an increasingly favorable environment or condition. In-and-in breeding is undoubtedly injurious to the welfare of any species. As such, according to Westermarck, it is accompanied by a decline in the proportion of females born. This is the expression of Nature's disapproval of the practice; while intermixture tends, contrariwise, to produce a relative increase of the female sex. Certain it is that an imposing array of evidence can be marshaled to give color to the hypothesis. Our suggestion at this point is that here, in the racial intermixture just now beginning in the United States, and sure to assume tremendous proportions in the course of time, will be afforded an opportunity to study man in his relation to a great natural law, in a way never before rendered possible. Statistical material is at present too meagre and vague; but one may confidently look forward to such an

improvement in this regard that an inviting field of research will be laid bare.

The significance of the rapidly increasing immigration from Europe in recent years is vastly enhanced by other social conditions in the United States. A powerful process of social selection is apparently at work among us. Racial heterogeneity, due to the direct influx of foreigners in large numbers, is aggravated by their relatively high rate of reproduction after arrival; and, in many instances, by their surprisingly sustained tenacity of life, greatly exceeding that of the native-born American. Relative submergence of the domestic Anglo-Saxon stock is strongly indicated for the future. "Race suicide," marked by a low and declining birth-rate, as is well known, is a world-wide social phenomenon of the present day. Nor is it by any means confined solely to the so-called upper classes. It is so notably a characteristic of democratic communities that it may be regarded as almost a direct concomitant of equality of opportunity among men. To this tendency, the United States is no exception; in fact, together with the Australian commonwealths, it affords one of the most striking illustrations of present-day social forces.

Owing to the absence of reliable data, it is impossible to state what the actual birth-rate of the United States as a whole may be. But for certain commonwealths the statistical information is ample and accurate. From this evidence it appears that for those communities, at least, to which the European immigrant resorts in largest numbers, the birth-rate is almost the lowest in the world. France and Ireland alone among the great nations of the earth stand lower in the scale. This relativity is shown by the following table, giving the number of births in each case per thousand of population.

Birth-Rate (approximate)

Hungary	40
Austria	37
Germany	36
Italy	35

Holland	33
England; Scotland }	30
Norway; Denmark }	
Australia; Sweden	27
Massachusetts; Michigan	25
Connecticut; Rhode Island	24
Ireland	23
France	22
New Hampshire	20 (?)

This crude birth-rate of course is subject to several technical corrections, and should not be taken at its full face value. Moreover, it may be unfair to generalize for the entire rural West and South from the data for densely populated communities. And yet, as has been observed, it is in our thickly settled eastern states that the newer type of immigrant tends to settle. Consequently, it is the birth-rate in these states, as compared with that of the new-comer, upon which racial survival will ultimately depend.

The birth-rate in the United States in the days of its Anglo-Saxon youth was one of the highest in the world. The best of authority traces the beginning of its decline to the first appearance about 1850 of immigration on a large scale. Our great philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, estimated six children to a normal American family in his day. The average at the present time is slightly above two. For 1900 it is calculated that there are only about three-fourths as many children to potential mothers in America as there were forty years ago. Were the old rate of the middle of the century sustained, there would be fifteen thousand more births yearly in the state of Massachusetts than now occur. In the course of a century the proportion of our entire population consisting of children under the age of ten has fallen from one-third to one-quarter. This, for the whole United States, is equivalent to the loss of about seven million children. So alarming has this phenomenon of the falling birth-rate become in the Australian colonies that, in New South Wales, a special governmental commission has voluminously reported upon the subject. It is estimated that there has been a decline of about one-third in the fruit-

fulness of the people in fifteen years. New Zealand even complains of the lack of children to fill her schools. The facts concerning the stagnation, nay, even the retrogression, of the population of France, are too well known to need description. But in these other countries the problem is relatively simple, as compared with our own. Their populations are homogeneous, and ethnically, at least, are all subject to these social tendencies to the same degree. The danger with us lies in the fact that this low and declining birth-rate is primarily confined to the Anglo-Saxon contingent. The immigrant European horde, at all events until recently, has continued to reproduce upon our soil with well-sustained energy.

Baldly stated, the birth-rate among the foreign-born in Massachusetts is about three times that of the native-born. Childless marriages are one-third less frequent. This somewhat exaggerates the contrast because of differing conditions as to age and sex in the two classes. The difference, nevertheless, is very great. Kuczynski has made detailed investigations as to the relative fecundity of different racial groups. The fruitfulness of English-Canadian women in Massachusetts is twice that of the Massachusetts-born; of the Germans and Scandinavians, it is two and one-half times as great; of the French Canadians, it is thrice; and of the Portuguese, four times. Even among the Irish, who are characterized now-a-days everywhere by a low birth-rate, the fruitfulness of the women is fifty per cent greater than for the Massachusetts native-born. The reasons for this relatively low fecundity of the domestic stock are, of course, much the same as in Australia and in France. But with us, it is as well the "poor white" among the New England hills or in the Southern States as the town-dweller, who appears content with few children or none. The foreign immigrant marries early and children continue to come until much later in life than among the native-born. It may make all the difference between an increasing or declining popula-

tion whether the average age of marriage is twenty years or twenty-nine years.

The contrast for supremacy between the Anglo-Saxon stock and its rivals may be stated in another way. Whereas only about one-ninth of the married women among the French-Canadians, Irish, and Germans are childless, the proportion among the American-born and the English-Canadians is as high as one in five. A century ago about two per cent of barren marriages was the rule. Is it any wonder that serious students contemplate the racial future of Anglo-Saxon America with some concern? They have seen the passing of the American Indian and the buffalo; and now they query as to how long the Anglo-Saxon may be able to survive.

On the other hand, evidence is not lacking to show that in the second generation of these immigrant peoples, a sharp and considerable, nay in some cases a truly alarming, decrease in fruitfulness occurs. The crucial time among all our new-comers from Europe has always been in this second generation. The old customary ties and usages have been abruptly sundered; and new associations, restraints, and responsibilities have not yet been formed. Particularly is this true of the forces of family discipline and religion, as has already been observed. Until the coming of the Hun, the Italian, and the Slav, at least, it has been among the second generation of foreigners in America, rather than among the raw immigrants, that criminality has been most prevalent; and it is now becoming evident that it is this second generation in which the influence of democracy and of novel opportunity makes itself apparent in the sharp decline of fecundity. In some communities the Irish-Americans have a lower birth-rate even than the native-born. Dr. Engelmann, on the basis of a large practice, has shown that among the St. Louis Germans, the proportion of barren marriages is almost unprecedentedly high. Corroborative, although technically inconclusive, evidence from the Registra-

tion Reports of the State of Michigan appears in the following suggestive table, showing the nativity of parents and the number of children per marriage annually in each class.

	Children
German father; American-born mother	2.5
American-born father; German mother	2.3
German father; German mother	6.
American-born father; American-born mother	1.8

I have been at some pains to secure personal information concerning the foreign colonies in some of our large cities, notably New York. Dr. Maurice Fishberg for the Jews, and Dr. Antonio Stella for the Italians, both notable authorities, confirm the foregoing statements. Among the Italians particularly, the conditions are positively alarming. Peculiar social conditions influencing the birth-rate, and the terrific mortality induced by overcrowding, lack of sanitation, and the unaccustomed rigors of the climate, make it doubtful whether the Italian colony in New York will ever be physically self-sustaining. Thus it appears that forces are at work which may check the relatively higher rate of reproduction of the immigrants, and perhaps reduce it more nearly to the Anglo-Saxon level.

On the other hand, the vitality of these immigrants is surprisingly high in some instances, particularly where they attain an open-air rural life. The birth-rate stands high, and the mortality remains low. Such are the ideal conditions for rapid reproduction of the species. On the other hand, when overcrowded in the slums of great cities, ignorant and poverty-stricken, the infant mortality is very high, largely offsetting, it may be, the high birth-rate. The mortality rate among the Italians in New York is said to be twice as high as in Italy. Yet some of these immigrants, such as the Scandinavians, are peculiarly hardy and enduring. Perhaps the most striking instance is that of the Jews, both Russian and Polish. According to the Census of 1890, their death-rate was only one-half that of the native-

born American. For three of the most crowded wards in New York City, the death-rate of the Irish was 36 per thousand; for the Germans, 22; for natives of the United States, 45; while for the Jews it was only 17 per thousand. By actuarial computation at these relative rates, starting at birth with two groups of one thousand Jews and Americans respectively, the chances would be that the first half of the Americans would die within 47 years; while for the Jews this would not occur until after 71 years. Social selection at that rate would be bound to produce very positive results in a century or two.

At the outset, confession was made that it was too early as yet to draw positive conclusions as to the probable outcome of this great ethnic struggle for dominance and survival. The great heat and sweat of it is yet to come. Wherever the Anglo-Saxon has fared forth into new lands, his supremacy in his chosen field, whatever that may be, has been manfully upheld. India was never contemplated as a centre for settlement; but Anglo-Saxon law, order, and civilization have prevailed. In Australia, where nature has offered inducements for actual colonization, the Anglo-Saxon line is apparently assured of physical ascendancy. But the great domain of Canada, greater than one can conceive who has not traversed its northwestern empire, is subject to the same physical danger which confronts us in the United States, — actual physical submergence of the English stock by a

flood of continental European peoples. And yet, after all, is the word "danger" well considered for use in this connection? What are the English people, after all, but a highly evolved product of racial blending? To be sure, all the later crosses, the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, have been of allied Teutonic origin at least. Yet, encompassing these racial phenomena with the wide, sweeping vision of Darwin, Huxley, or Wallace, dare we deny an ultimate unity of origin to all the peoples of Europe? Our feeble attempts at ethnic analysis cannot at the best reach further back than to secondary sources. And the primary physical brotherhood of all branches of the white race, nay, even of all the races of men, must be admitted on faith, — not the faith of dogma, but the faith of scientific probability. It is only in their degree of physical and mental evolution that the races of men are different.

Great Britain has its "white man's burden" to bear in India and Africa; we have ours to bear with the American Negro and the Filipino. But an even greater responsibility with us, and with the people of Canada, is that of the "Anglo-Saxon's burden," — so to nourish, uplift, and inspire all these immigrant peoples of Europe that, in due course of time, even if the Anglo-Saxon stock be physically inundated by the engulfing flood, the torch of its civilization and ideals may still continue to illuminate the way.

ENTER "HERR KAPELLMEISTER"

BY WILLIAM E. WALTER

THE old word *Kapellmeister* sticks in Teutonic music, even if it has lost much of its original significance. Thousands of batons have beaten the air with ever-progressive energy since old Sebastian Bach used to plod along to the Thomas-schule to try the new cantata he had written since breakfast. The master of His Serene Highness's little band, who accepted his dole with becoming gratitude, has grown mightily into a lordly person, whose comings and goings are followed with eager interest by a great public; whose income matches that of many a princeling, in bygone days a patron of the divine art; whose instrument is a band of a hundred fiddlers, wind-blowers, and drum-beaters; a despot in his own realm, before whom all his subjects bow in submissive obedience.

When ladies wore wide-reaching hoops and towering coiffures, when gentlemen in their tailoring rivaled birds of paradise, when coaches were hung on straps, and wonderful fiddles were being made, the Herr Kapellmeister of His Serene Highness, the Grand Duke of Kalbsbraten-Pumpernickel, was a man of rare versatility, untiring industry, and admirable humility. The organist in the Court Church, he wrote the music he played, toccatas, fugues, and preludes by the dozen. The choir-master, he composed most of the cantatas, masses, and anthems. The leader of His Serene Highness's orchestra,—the symphonies, overtures, suites, and chamber music heard at the evening concert were usually the offspring of his fertile brain. Between times he taught the fiddle, clavier, and harpsichord to the children of his patron, wrote music for special festive occasions, and now and then, merely to show that he was not idling, he would make a

new setting for an opera book by Metastasio.

Let us take a day of his life. In the blackness of a northern winter morning he crawls out of his warm feather-bed into the chill of an unheated room, and with his nightcap still tight over his ears, his fingers stiff with cold, he sets music to an Ode by the Court Poet in celebration of the beauties of Her Serene Highness's lap-dog,—an ancient and dilapidated beast, but a most important personage. This done, he calls his musicians and singers and rehearses it for the evening concert. Then he is off to the church to start a new cantata for next Sunday's service and rehearse it. Next come lessons, perhaps; then a bit of work on his new opera or symphony; and finally, in the evening, the great event of the day, the court concert. In the dim soft light of candles, he is seated at his harpsichord at the end of the salon. About him are his band of ten, fifteen, or, perhaps, as the occasion is particularly notable, twenty players, and his singers. The audience is Their Serene Highnesses and their court, and with nervous patience Herr Kapellmeister watches for the Serene Nod which is the signal to begin. The Nod is given, and, beating time with his right hand and filling in the accompaniment on the harpsichord with his left, Herr Kapellmeister reveals to the distinguished company his latest masterpiece, on which the ink is hardly dry. At the end, he is permitted to kiss the Graciously Serene Hand. Perhaps, if Her Serene Highness is particularly serene, he is bidden to sit at the foot of the supper table, an honor his children cherish the memory of. Then back to his feather-bed, to be out again before dawn to write by candle-light a ballet, perhaps, to be

danced in honor of the birthday of His Serene Highness's *belle amie*.

A century and a half later, the bewildered Shade of this humble servitor of art is placed in a huge, glaring concert-hall where (*vide* posters outside) Herr Einzweiuunddrei, the distinguished conductor, is to give his own peculiarly moving and temperamental reading of that monumental tone-poem, "The Family Dinner," the *dernier cri* of the Music of the Future. (We use the language of the Passionate Press Agent.) The Shade sees tier rising on tier of seats, filled with women in gay clothes and men extraordinarily sombre. There are two, three thousand of them. At one end of the hall is a vast platform on which, likewise in rising tiers of seats, are as many musicians as the Grand Duchy of Kalbsbraten-Pumpnickel had men in its army.

A door at the side of the stage opens. A hush falls on the multitude, to be followed by a thunder of welcoming applause as Herr Kapellmeister Einzweiuunddrei walks in with the haughty step of conscious greatness and takes his place on the podium. Is there a Graciously Serene Highness to give the signaling nod to begin? Were he there, he would be but one of the crowd. A new master has come, for Herr Kapellmeister Einzweiuunddrei, after accepting the welcome of the audience with dignified condescension, turns his back on it, beats a sharp rat-tat-tat on his music-stand with his baton, and then, if silence is not immediate, turns and glares at his admirers as if he would spank them all, individually and collectively. The latent threat brings quiet. Breathless ushers slam the doors in the faces of late-comers, the baton is raised, and — but why attempt to describe the effect of this tone-poem on the primitive ears of the Eighteenth-Century Shade?

And does Herr Kapellmeister Einzweiuunddrei wait anxiously for a summons to kiss the hand of a Serene Highness? He is hardly in his green-room before he is surrounded by a throng of

eager, palpitating women who are in a seventh heaven of delight does he vouchsafe them a smile and a word. And a seat at the foot of a supper-table? The whole table is his if he will but have it. And a feather-bed in a cold room? A costly fur coat, a costly automobile, and a costly apartment in a costly house, are a part of the rewards of the Shade's descendant if he will have them; but more often than not, he limits himself to the fur coat. Herr Einzweiuunddrei is usually of a thrifty and saving turn of mind, and the feather-bed tradition is still strong within him.

It is indeed a far cry from the Kapellmeister of the eighteenth century to the Kapellmeister of to-day. They have, of course, one trait in common. Both are musicians. Sometimes, alas! they may have another. Both may be composers, but with this difference: the ancient man was first a composer, and then a conductor. Force of circumstances compelled him to be a conductor, for, as all conductors were composers, how could he ever reveal to the world his works if he did not conduct them himself? But the modern man has no such excuse. He is a conductor, pure and simple, and if he composes, it is usually against the wishes of his employers. Yet, even in this respect, there remains a strong similarity between them. *Kapellmeistermusik* to-day, if different, is no better than *Kapellmeistermusik* of a hundred and fifty years ago; and what grand ducal and princely library in Europe has not reams of dead, gone, and forgotten manuscript rotting in the dust of a century and a half? As it was then, so is it now, and so, it seems, it must be hereafter; yet we who have to listen to it will often wish that Herr Einzweiuunddrei, when he composes, had the primitive ears of his ancestor in art.

Beethoven's imperious rappings of Fate did more than usher in the first movement of his Fifth Symphony. They breached a hole in the confining walls which kept the conductor a time-beating prisoner, and through it he saw a sun-

lit vista of smiling prospects, full of promise of the day when he could scorn the metronome and all it implies. Tempo was to become, in the words of a distinguished conductor of to-day, a "matter between man and his God," and the composer must grin and bear it. Formal music for formal beauty's sake had ceased with Mozart and Haydn. Conductors could not go far wrong with it, for the orchestras were small and simple, and the time strict and easy to beat. The conductor usually sat at the harpsichord, filling in the accompaniment, and now and then with his right hand indicating the changes of time. But with Beethoven came a new element, and in his music the Herr Einzweiunddrei of to-day was born.

Music was found to have a heart as well as a lovely face, and straightway a new and strange task confronted the Kapellmeister. He must not merely portray the beauty of form which had been all but self-evident, but he must reveal and interpret the emotions which lie behind it, and are now a part of it. Then came the men who discovered instrumental color, who, when they had not the tools with which to supply it, invented them, — Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner. After them came others who, finding that Mozart had exhausted the formal beauty of music, that Beethoven had drained the cups of sorrow and gladness, of despair and hope, of tragedy and comedy, that Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner had consumed all the colors that could be mixed on the orchestral palette, turned to other directions, orchestrated philosophical tracts, mystical and symbolical plays, cities, towns, and countries, to say nothing of the "Family Dinner," which is one of Herr Einzweiunddrei's specialties. With each step forward came more orchestra. With each step forward came new demands, mental and physical, on Herr Kapellmeister, until, by a process of which he and the public were almost unconscious, he was able one day to rise in his might and exclaim, "*La mu-*

sique, c'est moi!" and all the world applauded.

It may be that the glamour of romance will not keep his memory green as it has those of the Caffarellis and Farinellis, the Rubinis and Marios of the past, and as it probably will those of the de Reszkes and Carusos of the present. It may be that he will never have the adulation given to the Malibrans and Frezzolinis, the Grisis and Linds, the Pattis and Melbas of the lyric stage. It may be that he will never scale the giddy heights of fame attained now and then by a pianist like Paderewski, and a fiddler like Paganini. But one thing is certain. Whatever tradition, myth, and the obituary editor of the daily newspaper may do with him after he is dead and gone, while he is in life he is now, and probably forever will be, master of them all. Whether his field is a little obscure municipal theatre in the German provinces, or one of the great opera houses of the world; whether he is at the head of a great permanent orchestra, or is a wandering star who travels from city to city exhibiting his prowess with the baton, his word is law wherever he is, and none is so big as to dispute it. Tenor and soprano, alto and bass, and the entire army of virtuosi, bow humbly before him when he shakes his shaggy mane and glares with his omnipotent eye. Composers sit on his doorsteps, waiting to thrust their latest work into his hand. His musicians are his "children" — when his temper is unruffled; otherwise they are "shoemakers," "cattle," and *Schweinerei*. If he is subject to any one, it is to his wife; and as to the Kapellmeister's wife, some day another Daudet may come to celebrate her.

The process by which the star conductor of to-day is evolved is long and tedious. He may be no *Wunderkind* to enrapture a public with his precocity. There is no royal road to his greatness except that road which is made royal by hard labor. To be sure, when he has all but arrived, the end of the journey may be hastened by the use of certain factors

which will hardly come under the heading of "Music;" but, first of all, he must build his edifice of success on a solid foundation of musical routine, secured only by years of drudgery. The time was, and not so many years ago, when most conductors rather drifted into that branch of the art. They started their careers as virtuosi,—pianists, violinists, 'cellists; or they rose out of the ranks of the orchestra; or they were pushed forward by some influential composer in whose music they had become specialists; such is the history of nearly all the great men of the baton we now have with us. But conditions are changing rapidly, and the famous Herr Kapellmeister of to-morrow has been dedicated to his career in his youth, and his whole work has been directed to the single aim of making him a conductor.

His early training differs little from that of the lad who is to become a virtuoso of some instrument, except that no one instrument monopolizes his attention. The musician's beast of burden, the patient piano, he studies, of course, and he studies at least one other instrument, the violin, or 'cello, the horn, or one of the wood-winds, for some day he must play in an orchestra and get that part of his routine. Theory and composition he must study, too, and here his greatest danger lies. He may imagine himself a composer; and, while being a poor composer does not necessarily involve spoiling a good conductor, his position enables him to inflict his compositions on the public, and he is too often perniciously active in this direction. Bitter experience has taught us that a few good composers are good conductors. Bitterer experience has taught us that fewer good conductors are good composers.

In course of time he has mastered the rudiments of his profession. He can give a respectable performance of a not too difficult concerto for piano. Perhaps he can do the same with the violin or whatever other instrument he has chosen to supplement the piano. He can transcribe to the piano at sight any manuscript

orchestral score, so that he will understand it fairly well if the auditor does not. He has played enough in an orchestra to know what is sufficient for his purpose of the routine of such work, and while doing so he may have been under the baton of some great man whose "readings" of the masterpieces he has duly observed and noted. Then he is ready for the next step. He will go to this same great man, or to some one else equally illustrious, to "study scores," particularly to learn the "traditions;" or he may go to several: to Herr This for Beethoven, Herr That for Brahms, and Herr Such-a-One for Wagner, each of these being a noted authority in these several composers. Perhaps he may enter a class of conducting which has been organized by a distinguished Kapellmeister who allows his pupils to practice on his orchestra every now and then. But whatever the method adopted, sooner or later he is ready for his real apprenticeship to begin.

He may preface this by hiring an orchestra in one of the large cities, and giving an interminable concert with an impossible programme of all schools and periods, just to show the metal that is in him. It is possible, nay, probable, that if he be an ambitious composer as well as a budding Kapellmeister, he will have some of his own compositions on the programme. He knows that his invited guests will be kind, when speaking to him, and if the critics in their notices are not kind, they are dolts. Now and then, at long intervals, a genius or quasi-genius appears, who gets a fairly good berth by means of his concert, but as a rule his career starts when he is appointed assistant conductor in some minor opera house. The title is euphemistic. He is really a chorus-master. He drills the chorus, coaches the singers in their parts, and presides at the piano when the real Kapellmeister is holding piano rehearsals. Now and then he may be allowed to conduct a "hurdy-gurdy" opera of the early Italian school, but no-

thing of importance is intrusted to him. The Kapellmeister will take good care of that, especially if his assistant has talent.

Let us hope that the rapidity of his rise will depend upon his talent for music and talent for work; but often, it must be admitted, it depends as much on his talent for intrigue. However that may be, we see him go up slowly, but surely, as assistant conductor through third- and second-rate opera houses, third- and second-rate orchestras and singing societies, until the happy day comes when he finds himself a Hofkapellmeister, it may be in the little grand duchy of Kalbsbraten-Pumpnickel, but Hofkapellmeister none the less. There he is at the parting of the ways. On the one hand is a life of comfortable and obscure mediocrity with a modest but certain pension for his old age. On the other hand are the glare and glitter of a career which may bring wealth and fame, and surely will involve ceaseless struggles, intrigues without end, and petticoat politics such as the British War Office has not dreamed of. Women are a powerful factor in music.

If he decides to turn his back on the humdrum, pleasant life of the little capital where he is a personage, to follow the strenuous career of a star conductor, there is much for him to do. Above all else, he must make himself known, and, to attract the attention of the omnivorous paragrapher, he must plan to be a little different from his colleagues. Novelty is the best asset he can have, after talent — and his best chance for advancement now lies in the public press. He may write music, music which requires a little larger orchestra than was ever gathered together before him. He may write books, essays, critiques, brochures, on musical and quasi-musical subjects, and, by injecting a little more acid into his opinions than others have, get the required publicity in this fashion. He may discover in his grand ducal library the music of his predecessor of the eighteenth century, and

proclaim it to the world as surpassing that of Bach or Mozart. That will certainly make talk, and there are always those who will endorse an opinion derogatory of those whose fame time has made secure. He may discover a new genius whose music is more cacophonous, therefore greater, than any ever written; and he will haunt those wonderful and fearful festivals of new music that are held in Germany every spring, where, if his enterprise is great, he will soon conduct some of it, and perhaps be the founder of his composer's cult. A poor creature is that composer to-day who has not his cult to proclaim his genius, and it is very good business for a young conductor to father such a movement. He may even have some deftly devised *chroniques scandaleuses* told of him. The favor of a great lady still casts a romantic light over the fortunate man, and may be regarded distinctly as an asset.

And while he is doing one, two, or all of these things, he is cultivating his own individuality. He may not be entirely conscious of it, for his ambition — or obsession — has made it a habit, but he is doing it none the less. His manner before an audience, for example: temperament and constitution of mind determine it in the rough, practice makes perfect. So we have the conductor who is ascetic in manner and sparing in gesture; the conductor who rages like a Berserker; the conductor who weaves lovely arabesques in the air, with beautiful hands and expansive white cuffs; the conductor who will rouse the envy of any virtuoso in ground and lofty tumbling; the conductor of military stolidity; the conductor of rhapsodic lyricism; the conductor who uses a yard-stick for a baton; the conductor who uses none. All these peculiarities in their perfection mean work, and much of it.

Nor is his preparation for his career finished even now. There are his "readings" of the classics which, after all, are the back-bone of music. In these, our

Kapellmeister is an interpreter of either the objective or the subjective school. A sufficient definition of these adjectives in music is yet to be made, but they sound well and are much used. Perhaps the difference is that the objective conductor is more careful of the wishes of the dead-and-gone composer than his subjective brother, and sticks to the text more closely. At any rate, our conductor is one or the other, and if he does not present himself as a peculiarly authoritative interpreter of Beethoven or Brahms, Mozart or Schumann, he is sure to take some works by these masters which he turns into what are flippantly known as battle-horses. He discovers in them some hitherto undiscovered beauty or meaning, and by a twist in the tempo here, and the raising of an inner voice there, he sets the critical big-wigs talking about him, it makes no difference whether for or against, and possibly — *O terque, quaterque beatus!* — he creates a "tradition."

And now, his apprenticeship finished, all that is needed is the opportunity, and that will not be lacking. Good conductors are too few for any to go begging. He is lifted from the obscurity of the German provinces into the welcome glare of the metropolis. He is invited here and there to be "guest." London hears of him and "discovers" him. Paris follows in the footsteps of London, and then our

Herr Kapellmeister looks longingly across the stormy Atlantic to the Land of Promise and Dollars, a field that lies fallow waiting for his artistic plough, a land whose dollar is four times the value of a reichsmark, and much more plentiful. The call is sure to come, for America is curious if not artistic, and if it does not accept him at his own artistic worth, and at that which Germany has placed on him (and, strangely enough, this sometimes happens), what matters it? Who goes to barbarous, money-grubbing America except for money?

The music of Richard Strauss is not further away from the music of Karl Ditters von Dittersdorf than the Kapellmeister of to-day is from the Kapellmeister we have seen doing his daily stint of music for the Grand Duke of Kalbsbraten-Pumpnickel, when Ditters was held a revolutionary genius because his music melted Phaëthon's wings. The modern conductor is the superman of music. He looks down with benign contempt on all others who practice the art, for they are all his servants, — singers, executants, and composers. He has no rival, nor has he fear of one. Only one tiny speck is to be seen on his horizon. What if the time should come when we should have mechanical orchestras, one in every home, to be paid for on the installment plan?

AND SON

BY CAROLINE BRETT McLEAN

ON opening his "shop" one morning, Paudeen saw the face of a little boy at the window of a room in the building opposite. A placard setting forth that the room was "To let" had been in the window for so long that Paudeen had come to think the room would never find a tenant. He had not seen the moving in, night being the favorite time for flitting in that neighborhood, but there was the little boy looking across at him, — a very little boy he must be, for only his head was visible above the sash. Paudeen did not care particularly for little boys — except just one. The little boys he knew were apt to run after him, and call him "crazy Paudeen," and throw things at him. The exception, the one he did care for, would never throw things at any one or call him names, even if he were a crippled little old cobbler reputed to be crazy because he talked to some one that nobody else ever saw, and acted as if that someone was always beside him.

He went inside now, after scrutinizing the new-comer. Shoes in various stages of dilapidation awaited his attention. But he was not yet ready to begin his day's work. A little stool stood close to his bench. The stool was empty, and to ordinary eyes it had always been empty; but Paudeen always saw it occupied by a little fair-haired boy who looked up at him as he worked, and whose hair he stroked many times an hour. He stooped over the stool now, and his hand went through the motion of hair-stroking. Paudeen really felt a curly crop of hair beneath his fingers, although there was only empty space there.

"There's a little boy moved in forinst us," he said. "There he's now at the winda, jus' yer own size about. But we won't want him round, will we? We don't

want to play wid no little boys; we're contint to be wid oursel's, are n't we?"

The little boy he talked to had never wanted to play with other little boys. He had been too little when he went away to want anything like that. It was years since he had gone away, he and his mother, when they had been scarcely a couple of hours in the new land where there was a chance for every one, and where Paudeen was to wax rich and great, and the little boy was to be "gentleman."

After the railway accident, Paudeen was not so well able to work as he had been before. But that did not matter; he had no one to work for now. He had no more dreams of becoming rich. So long as he earned enough for his everyday needs, that was all he wanted, and, crippled as he was, he still could do that.

And after a while the little boy came back to him. It was then people began to call him "crazy Paudeen." Paudeen did not care what they called him. He was very happy. His dreams of becoming rich and great did not come back with the little boy. Nothing like that mattered any more. The little boy had everything he wanted now, without the need of exertion on Paudeen's part. He had been a very, very little boy when he went away; when he came back he was bigger, five or six years old, maybe. Paudeen knew that he would never grow any older, would never outgrow the little stool he had made for him in the first days of his coming; that the curly head would never grow beyond reach of his hand as he sat at his bench, working. And this made Paudeen very happy, too.

Every morning before he started to work, Paudeen went to a box that stood in a corner over against his bench and set the contents of it out on a shelf built above

it. He proceeded to do so now. He took from the box many pairs of little shoes and laid them all out on the shelf above. Then he placed them in careful order. Looking at the array of shoes, one could see the progress of the little boy's growth. First came a pair of softest material, snowy white, into which Paudeen could scarcely insert one finger, — obviously the very first foot covering; and on down to a pair of stout little shoes such as a sturdy boy of six might wear. Into the fashioning of those little shoes Paudeen had put his utmost skill. When they were set out in order, he began his day's work.

He talked happily to the little boy beside him that day, as was his wont, but his eyes often wandered to the window opposite at which the strange little boy stood. Paudeen had never known a little boy, except the one, to be quiet so long. There was no sign of any other occupant of the room. Once Paudeen leaned forward to wipe his window-pane, so that he might see more clearly, and then restrained himself.

"We don't care nothin' for no other little boys, do we," he asked. "We're contint to be wid oursel's, are n't we? But he stands the quietest of any little fella iver I seen," he added to himself in a different tone. Somehow Paudeen was sorry because the little boy stood so very quiet.

A little after six o'clock a strange woman came along the street and went into the building opposite, and the boy's face disappeared from the window.

"P'raps his mother does have to go out workin' and lave him alone," Paudeen commented.

In the morning his first glance was across the street. The little boy was already at the window.

"I wonder if she laves him iv'ry day?" he said to himself. "That 'ud be hard on the little fella. I won't niver have to lave you," he said happily to the little boy who kept him company, "an' you won't niver lave me ayther, will you?" he asserted.

That day Paudeen cleaned his window on both sides. The little boy across the street watched him interestedly while he did it. It was a very narrow back street, with little traffic. Probably the little boy took as much note of Paudeen as Paudeen did of him; there was so very little else to watch.

"I ben goin' to clane that winda iv'ry day for a month," Paudeen said half apologetically to the little boy on the stool. "It half blinded me to look out o' it." He did not want to have him think that he had cleaned the window in order to see the little boy across the street more plainly.

However, before the window-cleaning was accomplished, Paudeen found himself nodding and smiling across the street quite openly. The strange little boy did not respond, a fact which disconcerted Paudeen to quite a remarkable degree, until he remembered that the opposite window was very dingy, too; perhaps the little boy had not seen him nod and smile.

Either Paudeen opened his shop earlier than usual the next day, or the stranger woman was later in starting for her work. She emerged from the building opposite as Paudeen loitered in his doorway, drinking in the comparatively fresh air of the morning. He stepped half-way across the pavement and put himself in her way.

"The little fella 'll be lonesome bein' be himsel' all day."

The woman looked at him without any surprise. She was stout and red-faced, with massive arms and shoulders, but her countenance was not unkindly.

"Then he'll just have to be lonesome," she said, with a sharpness that, however, had a note of apology in it. "It's the best I can do for him. People that you work for won't be bothered with a young 'un round. I just have to lock him in all day."

"If ye'd lave him so that he could run in an' out, I'd — I'd be havin' an eye on him," suggested Paudeen diffidently.

The woman looked at him for a moment, then without a word turned and went back into the building. In a few

minutes she reappeared, leading the little boy by the hand.

"He won't be a bit o' trouble, and there's his dinner." She thrust a newspaper-covered bundle into Paudeen's hand. "I got to hustle," she announced, "or I'll be late."

She was half-way up the street before Paudeen recovered from the amazement such swift action had thrown him into. He looked ruefully after her disappearing form. Between "havin' an' eye" on the little boy, and having to look after him all day, there was a wide difference. The little boy stood very still — he had a wonderful faculty for standing still, exhibiting neither curiosity nor strangeness.

"We'd best go in," Paudeen said at last, reluctantly.

The little boy docilely followed him in.

A tiny room where Paudeen slept and ate led off the "shop." Into this he disappeared for a moment, and when he returned the strange little boy was sitting on the stool that stood beside his bench, looking about him with big, dark, solemn eyes.

Paudeen stood still. He had received a shock. Of course, two little boys could not occupy the one seat, and the little boy who had occupied it for years was gone. Paudeen looked all about the room as if he expected to see him hiding in some corner; but no, only the strange little boy was there.

"He did n't want no other little boy in his place," Paudeen said to himself in dismay. "Mebbe if I was to ask the little fella not to sit there —"

But there was really nowhere else for the little boy to sit. Something like anger came into Paudeen's eyes as he looked at him, this stranger who had ousted the little boy who rightfully belonged there. But in a moment the anger died away.

"'T was me own fault for askin' him, an' I need n't be wantin' to blame the little fella. *He'll* come back when he goes. We niver wanted no other little

boys round, did we?" he asked, reverting to his usual habit of speaking aloud, and his voice grew all of a sudden joyous. He was almost glad now that the little boy had not stayed while this other little boy was here. It proved so conclusively the assertion he was fond of making, that they "did n't want no other little boys around."

And because the little boy to whom they belonged was not here, for the first time in years Paudeen started his day's work without setting out that row of little shoes on the shelf. But he found that, while he could temporarily sustain the little boy's absence, he could not work without that array of little shoes before his eyes. So, presently, he got up and set them out, and the strange little boy watched him with big solemn eyes.

Paudeen found that day very long. He was lonesome for the little boy who had gone. Sometimes he would forget, and his hand would go out in search of the curly head, and when his fingers encountered the soft, smooth hair of the stranger, he would come to himself with a start. He could not even make believe that this quiet little boy was the one who always sat beside him. They were so totally different. The eyes of his own little boy were the color of the sky on a summer's day, and his face was like the inside of a rose-leaf, and his mouth was always laughing. The eyes of this little boy were as dark as the darkest night, and there was no color in his face at all, and his mouth was closed in a tight little line. Paudeen tried to talk to him, but the little boy might have been dumb for all the response he made, and finally Paudeen gave it up.

Six o'clock came at last, and with it the big woman. She seemed to fill up the narrow little room with her voice and her presence.

"Dave been a good boy?" she asked.

"He has n't been no trouble at all, ma'am," said Paudeen politely. He could be polite now. It was worth having the little boy go away for the joy of his com-

ing back. In anticipation Paudeen was experiencing that joy.

The big woman laughed massively.

"I'll wager he did n't open his lips all day, that's him all over. Sometimes I tell him he has n't a tongue, and then he'll put it out for me to see."

"He did n't do no talkin'," Paudeen admitted.

"Is he yours, ma'am?" he asked after a pause. It had suddenly struck him that there seemed no point of connection between the big woman and the pale little boy.

The big woman laughed again.

"Lord, no! I had enough sense never to get married. His mother scrubbed alongside o' me for two years, and when she died I was fool enough to believe his good-for-nothing father when he said he'd pay me his board reg'lar if I took him. He paid me three weeks and then he lit out, and I can't find where he's gone to, so I just been keepin' him, but course I'll not be able to keep him all the time. Come along, Dave," she added, "we'll be goin' home."

"Poor little fella!" Paudeen said to himself as he watched their progress across the street. He was glad to see that the big woman held the tiny fingers not ungently.

But although his seat was now unoccupied, the little boy did not come back. Paudeen called to him, wandering from one room to the other. But the little boy did not hear him, and he finally went desolately to bed. In the morning the little boy would have returned.

But in the morning he was not there either.

"He need n't be mindin' so much me havin' the little fella. I was jus' sorry for him," Paudeen said, almost with a sob, as he looked about the room that was still empty.

When presently he opened the outer door, he found Dave standing there, a newspaper parcel under his arm.

"Did she lave ye here ag'in," Paudeen almost shouted, taking in the meaning of

that newspaper parcel. "I won't mind ye anny more, not all day," he added in a subsiding tone. "I don't mind havin' an eye on ye, but all day —"

Dave looked up at him with solemn eyes and was silent. In an access of wrath Paudeen started across the street. He might perhaps find the big woman still in her room. But the door was locked, and Paudeen returned to find Dave as inscrutable as ever.

"Ye can come in for to-day, but only for to-day, mind," Paudeen exclaimed. "Ye see," he added deprecatingly, before the gaze of the solemn eyes, "*he* does n't like me takin' up wid no other little boys. If it was jus' meself, I would n' mind, but *he* does n't like it. Ye would n't like to think that yer mo — some one ye liked awful well, thought more of some other little boy than they thought of you? I guess that's what he must think, goin' away like that," said Paudeen, troubled.

Paudeen did not try to talk to Dave that day, and Dave was as silent as he had been on the preceding day, but he took a greater interest in his surroundings, and once or twice left his seat to wander about the room. Paudeen took little notice of these excursions. He was thinking that those last two days had been almost as long and as lonely as had been the days before the little boy came back.

Six o'clock brought the big woman, seeming more than ever to fill up the room with her voice and her presence. It had not occurred to Paudeen that he would have any hesitation in letting her know that he would not again look after the little boy, but he found himself hesitating, and finally saying deprecatingly, —

"I was n't manin' to have the little fella all the time — jus' to have an eye on him now an' thin, ye know."

"Did you think that I'd leave my door unlocked and let him run in and out?" said the big woman, unruffled. "I'm not goin' to do that. He gives you no trouble sittin' here where you can have your eye on him all the time."

"But he — he does n't like it," Pau-deen began.

"Does n't matter what he likes," cut in the big woman decisively, evidently under the impression that he was referring to Dave. "Nobody can have what they like in this world — me, nor you, nor nobody."

And to Paudeen's surprise he found that he could make no answer. The big woman's robust assertiveness overwhelmed him.

Every morning thereafter either he found Dave waiting for the door to be opened, or the big woman would fetch him across afterwards, his lunch wrapped up in newspaper. The big woman never omitted that.

Because he had talked to one nobody else could see had been primarily the reason why Paudeen was dubbed "crazy." He did not talk now, when there was a palpable somebody to talk to. He drooped over his work and was almost as silent as Dave himself. Only in the night-time, when he was alone, he found voice to entreat with tears the little boy who had gone away.

"Ye know I don't care nothin' for no other little boy. I don't want no other little boy round. She brings him," he would say over and over again. But the little boy did not come back.

As the days went on, Dave began to make himself more at home. He was still almost uniformly silent, but he would move about the shop while Paudeen worked. With unfailing regularity, Paudeen still set out on the shelf the row of little shoes, a proceeding which greatly interested Dave. As each pair was taken from the box, something that was like pleasure would cross the solemn little face. From his seat on the stool close up to Paudeen's bench, he would gaze at them for hours. But Paudeen, in his longing for the little boy who had gone away, had no thought and no eyes for the little boy who was with him.

Presently a little comfort came to him. With a view to compelling him to pay

what he owed her for Dave's keep, the big woman had been prosecuting a search for his errant father, but without success.

"I can get no trace o' him," she announced one night on her return from work. "I don't suppose I'll ever hear o' him again. I'm tryin' to get a place where I can work in, get board and lodgin' an' all. Just as soon as I get a place, Dave'll have to go to a home."

Thereafter Paudeen looked forward to the prospect of the big woman getting a place to "work in" with an even greater eagerness than she herself did. Once the strange little boy was gone entirely out of the neighborhood, the little boy who had gone away would have no further cause for resentment and would surely come back.

One day, when Dave had been coming about three weeks, Paudeen had occasion to leave him alone in the shop for a few minutes. When he returned, he found Dave sitting on the box that stood under the shelf, one of the shoes that stood last in the row beside him, the other in his hand. It was evidently his intention to put them on; his own shoes, not originally intended for him, a couple of sizes too large and in an advanced stage of dilapidation, lay on the floor where he had kicked them off; his tiny toes showed through the rents in his stocking.

He held up the shoe as Paudeen entered. "Mine," he said distinctly.

Paudeen grew very angry. He was beside the box in an instant, and catching Dave by the arm pulled him to the floor.

"No, they're not yours," he said loudly. "D'ye want iv'rything? They're not yours, they're his." His quick anger was already fading, but he repeated "They're his," very loudly several times. The little boy to whom the shoes belonged, if within hearing, might stand in need of appeasement at seeing his property thus claimed.

"I did n't mane to be rough," Paudeen said presently, apologetically, "but ye know them shoes don't belong to ye."

Put yer own on again, there's a boy." He picked up the sorry specimens. "I did n't mane to be rough wid ye," he repeated contritely.

Dave made no answer. He sat down on the stool and began to put on his shoes. Paudeen went down on his knees to assist him, and when he got up, he patted the smooth little head quite in the same manner as he had been wont to pat the curly pate of the little boy who had gone away.

Then he resumed his work, but somehow he could not work. His eyes went many times from the clumsy broken shoes which covered the little feet of the boy beside him to that whole beautiful pair on the shelf, and his imagination began to run riot. Autumn would soon be here with its rains and its frosts. Those broken shoes would be no protection to the little feet. He saw them red and swollen with cold. Supposing it were the little boy who had gone away who was so badly in need of shoes, while those over there stood idle?

"There'll be no harm in seein' if they'd fit him," Paudeen muttered after a long while.

They fitted beautifully, quite as if they had been made for him. Probably Dave had never had a pair of wholly new shoes in his life before. For some minutes after they were put on, he sat looking at them very gravely, then he rose and began to walk up and down the room, at first slowly and with his usual gravity, but presently with a consequential little strut; and finally he came and stood before Paudeen and a smile broke over his face, a wonderful, transfiguring smile that lit up the whole solemn little countenance. After a surprised moment, Paudeen smiled back responsively. Turning to the shelf, Dave said,—

"Them's mine, an' them's mine." With a tiny forefinger he pointed to each separate pair of shoes; "an' them was mine when I was a little teeny, weeny baby;" the tiny finger pointed to the first snowy white pair.

And then a wonderful thing happened. All at once the old happiness came back in a flood to Paudeen. The little boy with eyes the color of the sky on a summer day and the rose-leaf face, and this pale little boy with the big dark orbs, now alight with the spirit of childhood, seemed to be one and the same, and in some way, quite inexplicable, had always been one and the same. Paudeen smiled delightedly.

"Course them's all yours," he said.

That night the big woman paid him a second visit after she had taken Dave home, to report that she had got a place.

"I'll have to see about gettin' the young un into a home at once," she said.

"Ye don't need to bother about a home for him; I'm goin' to keep him," Paudeen answered calmly.

"You keep him? Why, you don't make hardly enough to keep yourself with yer cobblin'."

"Cobblin'!" cried Paudeen disdainfully. "D'ye think I'm goin' to be cobblin' all me life. I'll be out o' here pretty near as soon as yerself."

The big woman was frankly amazed. "They be sayin' that yer crazy," she said hesitatingly.

Paudeen laughed shrilly. "That's all they know," he cried. "What did I want to be slavin' for wid jus' meself to keep. This was all very well when I did n't want to make no money. But I'd have ye know that I was counted the cliverest shoemaker in the County Dublin, and if me body's a little twisted, me hands is as soople as iver. Davie'll be a gintleman."

"Then yer goin' to keep him?"

"Course, I'm goin' to keep him," cried Paudeen, exasperated. "Ye can just lave him in the mornin' for good."

"Oh, I'm willin' to leave him," said the big woman relievedly. "If yer not able to keep him, you can put him in a home."

"If I'm not able to keep him!" scoffed Paudeen after her retreating figure.

For all the old dreams had come back.

Paudeen looked disdainfully about the dark little basement room which had so long contented him. In his mind's eye, he saw shining plate-glass windows, behind which stood row upon row of the fine ordered work he knew himself capable of doing. And his name should be on those shining windows, his name and another.

In the morning when Dave came in, he found Paudeen with a little pot of black paint beside him and a brush in his hand. He had finished painting some letters on a piece of thin white board.

Holding the board at arm's length, he was gazing at it admiringly.

"What d'ye think o' that, Davie?" he chuckled.

"What is it?" asked Dave.

"I was forgettin' that ye can't read yit. Listen, and I'll tell ye what it is, — P-a-y-d-e-n, that's me, an' S-u-n, that's you. Paudeen & Son. As soon as the paint's dry I'll tack it up outside, an' when we move to a reel shop, we'll have our names on the big glass windas in goold letters a foot long. Paudeen & Son, that's me an' you, alanna."

THE LAST TWO YEARS IN ITALY

BY HOMER EDMISTON

I SHALL have to begin somewhat further back than two years, in order to make my statements intelligible to most of my readers, who are not provided by our daily press with means of keeping in touch with Italian affairs. It is obviously impossible to refer to books, or even to periodicals, for a description of the changing scene of politics and society.

Professor A. Lawrence Lowell's *Governments and Parties in Continental Europe* gives a good account of the static form of Italy's constitution, and a brief historical view of its working under the exigencies of party government. But this book, besides that it is now thirteen years old, contains little information about that most vital part of a country's history, the inter-relation of social and political forces. King and Okey's *Italy of To-day*, published in 1901, though written from the point of view of extreme English Liberalism, is on the whole a fair and accurate treatment of the subject, and gives enough of the history of the present kingdom to make the presentation complete. But even the reader of King and Okey has much to learn before he can

understand actual conditions. When they wrote, the reign of Victor Emmanuel III, a wise, laborious, and upright ruler, had only just begun. He has done much for his country, and, surely, seven years make a vast difference in the life of a country so vigorous and progressive as modern Italy. Statistics for the past few years show an astonishing growth in commerce and manufactures. Also in the higher arts of civilization, especially in literature, music, and natural science, she seems in a fair way to regain something of her ancient preëminence and renown. Relations between Church and State have greatly improved; and, in purely secular politics, important changes have taken place since the last general election in November of 1904.

I allow myself briefly to recall certain leading points in Italian history of the past thirty years. The old party of the Right, consisting originally of Conservatives whom the splendid leadership of Cavour had transformed to a sort of Constitutional Liberals, remained in power until 1876; and individual statesmen trained in his school, Ricasoli, La Mar-

mora, Lanza, and Sella, proved themselves to be his not unworthy successors. Of them, it may be said, in short, that, in hard and perilous times, and often without time for reflection or experiment, they established the new kingdom on a basis which experience has shown to be mainly sound. Even the system of local government, the faultiest part of the whole Italian constitution, is probably more to be ascribed to centrifugal tendencies due to long centuries of local autonomy, than, as is commonly done, to the political unwisdom of the founders.

The Right, under the above-mentioned leaders, manifested both the strength and the weakness that belong to conservative government in general. They were honest, able, and patriotic, and guided the newly built ship of state as none others could have done. But, like so many other conservatives, they were hopelessly out of touch with the people. In fact, they illustrated the general principle that no social class need be expected, except under pressure, to legislate wisely for another. The Right struggled long and faithfully, and at last successfully, to make receipts and expenditures balance. But in the mean time, mistaking the complaints of the tax-burdened masses for mere popular clamor, they undertook no measures of reform, nor did they try to readjust an iniquitous incidence of taxation.

When the democratic Left came into power in 1876, it in turn illustrated another principle of wide application, that the first leaders of a popular party are likely to be much more interested in place-hunting and the exploitation of offices than in looking after the interests of their constituents. Ever since, with few and brief intervals, the Left, in so far as it can be called a consistent political party, has remained in office. And for eleven years after its first accession, almost uninterruptedly, its leader, and therefore also Prime Minister of the kingdom, was Agostino Depretis, a man whose sole political qualifications were

a certain sagacity in interpreting the popular will, or rather humor, and, as it is very well put by King and Okey, "a profound knowledge of human vice and frailty."

Italy had been exhausted, morally as well as physically, by the struggle for union and independence. The Right, out of office and bereft of its great leaders, degenerated so rapidly and completely that it could offer no consistent opposition. "With Minghetti's unhappy assistance," to quote again from King and Okey, "Depretis made a coalition with a section of the Right, and created a party without a programme, that lived from hand to mouth on parliamentary manoeuvres, and nursed a shameless corruption, which ate out all that was wholesome in Italian politics. The civil service became a machine to secure a ministerial majority. Constituencies were bought with local railways and public works, with every direct or indirect form of bribery. . . . Depretis, it is true, widened the franchise and abolished some of the more odious taxes. But it is to this period that Italy still mainly owes the worst features of her later politics."

It is unnecessary for my present purpose to trace the course of events from the death of Depretis in 1887 down to the year 1904, which I have chosen as my point of departure. Francesco Crispi succeeded Depretis in the premiership, remaining in power until 1892. Recalled three years later, because it was thought that he alone could deal with the troubles in Sicily, he completely failed to meet the situation. The disastrous Abyssinian war soon followed, whether by his fault or not there is still great diversity of opinion. At any rate he had to bear the blame, and was driven from office for good and all. Short-lived ministries followed one another in quick succession, until, in 1903, Giolitti succeeded upon the death of Zanardelli.

Giovanni Giolitti, who has been Prime Minister almost ever since, is a characteristic product of the Italian public life

of to-day. He was born in Piedmont, sixty-six years ago, in the humblest condition. His boyhood and youth were passed in a struggle with poverty; but, having managed to get a scanty education, he secured a government appointment as clerk in the Treasury. Approving himself competent and laborious, he was steadily promoted until, in 1889, being of course member of Parliament, he was made Minister of the Treasury under Crispi; and having meanwhile acquired an expert knowledge of partisan tactics and the arts of electioneering, his rise to party leadership was only a matter of time; after having been made Prime Minister for the first time in May, 1892, he was driven by the Bank scandals of the following year into obscurity and even into exile. And, although there is no question of his personal honesty in this and all other matters, it would seem that this retribution was not altogether undeserved. However, he was soon back in Parliament and public office.

Of Giolitti it may be said in brief that, although a pedantic bureaucrat, as is not unnatural considering his early career, and without constructive statesmanship, he is not by any means a merely unprincipled demagogue. He has a real desire to serve his country, and his administration of the last two years proves abundantly that he has some statesmanlike qualities. But, as so often happens in such cases, his egotism was developed by his long struggle with adversity to a degree that has enabled it to overcome his patriotism. Of none of his political principles is he so sure as of his eagerness to be prime minister. To win elections and to secure his other political ends, he is not above resorting to bribery, and even to violent intimidation.

In the early autumn, then, of 1904, with Giolitti in office as Premier and Home Secretary, and Parliament not in session, the whole country was startled by the announcement that a strike, begun at Monza, had been made general at Milan, Italy's greatest industrial centre;

and that this was due to no industrial conditions, but was a protest of all laboring men against the wanton slaughter by the military of their brother workmen in the mines of Sardinia and the fields of Castelluzzo. And closer inquiry proved that the action of the soldiers was quite without cause or even excuse. The strike spread rapidly to Genoa, Turin, Venice, Florence, and Naples. There was little or no disorder; but at Milan, though not in the other cities, the newspapers had to confess, when they reappeared after five days' suspension, that trade and industry had been completely paralyzed in the mean while. The Deputies of the extreme Left, Radicals, Republicans, and Socialists, made common cause, and after they had vainly agitated for an immediate reconvention of Parliament, which had adjourned until November 25, determined to use obstructionary tactics at the coming session. And although the "evolutionary" Socialists and Radicals repudiated this part of the programme, there was no question that the others could make trouble if they wanted to. It may have been chiefly this consideration that determined Giolitti to call for a dissolution and a general election, more especially since, as prime minister, he had the election machinery in his hands. The King accepted the dissolution and decreed that the election should take place on November 6.

Giolitti had, of course, disclaimed all responsibility for the rash and criminal action of the military in the previous September, and had asseverated his intention of forbidding the military authorities to interfere in disputes between capital and labor. But it is most important to note here that it was in the report to His Majesty made at this time, and published along with the royal decree in the *Official Gazette*, that he astonished even his own party by announcing as a part of his programme for the next session the resumption by the state of the operation of the railroads, then under the control of private companies whose con-

tracts terminated June 15, 1905. Besides that the measure, which has since been carried into effect, has been thoroughly justified by success, this private management was so scandalously inefficient that the announcement was unquestionably a good electioneering move.

This election, perhaps the most important, as it was certainly the most interesting, that the kingdom has ever known, was signalized by the entrance of the Clericals into politics, I mean as a separate political factor. Pius IX, interposing his *non possumus* to every overture of Victor Emmanuel and his ministers, some of which he might greatly have profited by, and which will never be offered again, had forbidden the faithful to take any part in the usurping government. This policy was formally promulgated, as the veto *non-expedit*, by the Sacred Penitentiary in 1883, wherein, however, it was significantly provided that all the circumstances must be taken into account before such participation could be regarded as a sin. In accordance with this veto, Leo XIII, in 1895, forbade Catholics to vote, by a formal decree, and he seems to have been obeyed by the great majority of those in close communion with the Church. But the present Pope, as Patriarch of Venice and Cardinal Sarto, in consequence of his intimate knowledge of the people, had always been outspokenly opposed to such a policy. Conscientious laymen also were weary of a system which kept them from the polls where they might, as loyal Churchmen, have voted against the Divorce bill, and in favor of religious instruction in the public schools.

Giolitti and his followers, thoroughly alarmed by the growth of the Socialist vote, saw that here was an opportunity too good to be lost. A combination was made with the Clerical party, by which fusion candidates were put into the field, not a few of whom were high Clericals, and who were all supported, nearly or quite unanimously, by the Catholic press. The Archbishop of Florence con-

ducted an active campaign in behalf of the fusionists in his diocese, and in some districts all the conservative elements united with the Clericals against the Socialists and other "subversives." The result was a complete victory for the allies. In Florence and Venice, and even in industrial Milan and Turin, all of their candidates were returned. In Rome and Bologna, they were only partially successful.

Returned to power under these conditions, even so practiced a parliamentarian as Giolitti could estimate only uncertainly how many votes he should have at his disposal. At first, as for instance when the Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies was elected, and the bill for the civil list presented, he had a comfortable majority. But within a few months, that is, in February and March, 1905, his railway bill got him into trouble. This would have been hard to formulate and steer through the Chamber in any case, because it provided for resumption of the railways by the government, and for all the details of organization and control. Giolitti had, apparently against his own better judgment, allowed the introduction of two articles providing severe punishments for railway employees who should form a compact looking to the damage, interruption, or suspension of the train service.

In the opinion of many impartial persons, these provisions were both unnecessary and unjust, while among the Socialists and laborers they aroused a storm of indignation. And experience having shown that, in public services where there are a great many regulations rarely or never carried out, obstruction is just as effective and much pleasanter than striking, besides meaning no loss of wages, so in this case, rules about the condition of engines and carriages, the registration of baggage, and so forth; were so scrupulously regarded that most of the trains never got off at all. Sixty-four trains running out of Rome were suspended, and the others ran from one hour

to twelve hours late. Giolitti, who as Home Secretary had to bear the blame, became so ill that he could not attend the sessions. But his Minister of Public Works, Tedesco, gave notice that his chief would neither withdraw the offensive clauses nor bring pressure to bear on the men. Public indignation grew until the men themselves were on the point of yielding, when suddenly Tedesco announced Giolitti's resignation on account of ill health. Unfriendly critics did not fail to point out that this was the fourth time that ill health had been invoked to save the Premier from an embarrassing political situation. At all events, the King accepted his resignation and the railway obstructionists yielded. After many vicissitudes, and after being once compelled to resign the royal mandate, Alessandro Fortis, Giolitti's nominee, succeeded in forming a coalition ministry in April, 1905.

The new ministry, whose speedy dissolution was freely predicted at the time, managed to hold together until the summer adjournment. But trouble began soon after the reopening of the session in the autumn. The so-called *modus vivendi* with Spain, involving the abolition of Italian duties on Spanish wines, was promptly rejected by the Chamber, with censure of the three members of the Cabinet, Ferraris, Rava, and Tittoni, who were responsible for it. But as this censure was coupled with a statement that the Chamber still retained confidence in the Ministry as a whole, Fortis, in the face of a previous declaration that he would stand or fall with his colleagues, weakly consented to supply their places. But it was only after a crisis of forty days, and just before Parliament adjourned for its Christmas recess, that he succeeded in presenting himself to the House with seven of the new and three of the old ministers.

After the session had resumed, the first week in January, 1906, this new ministry lasted only a few days. Assailed on every hand, and having no consistent

policy to set forth, Fortis challenged Baron Sidney Sonnino, the leader of the Centre, to sum up and present the hostile arraignment. Sonnino accepted the gage, and in a carefully prepared speech unsparingly reviewed the history of the Giolitti and Fortis ministries since the last general election. In truth, he had little difficulty in making up a formidable list of promises unfulfilled and crying public needs incompetently dealt with. Fortis, though one of the ablest of debaters, could make only a weak defense, and Giolitti's apology came even more haltingly off. The usual motion, to approve the declarations of the Prime Minister and proceed to the order of the day, was lost by a majority of thirty-three. Fortis and his colleagues at once resigned.

As was to be expected, the King summoned Sonnino to form a new ministry, and he accepted the charge. But while everybody knew that it must be a coalition ministry, because the opposition to Fortis had come from all shades of political opinion, no one expected such a coalition as was actually sprung on the House and country. Guicciardini as Minister of Foreign Affairs, Luzzatti as Minister of the Treasury, and others, were well-known Liberal Conservatives whose appointment occasioned no surprise. But Sacchi, the Minister of Justice, and Pantano, the Minister of Agriculture, were an astonishment and a scandal to many. Both were extreme Radicals with decidedly republican leanings, and the latter had been Sonnino's bitter personal and political foe. But more than this, Sacchi, being a zealous supporter of the Divorce bill, was an offense to the Clericals and to many others whom it was not the part of political prudence to antagonize. Nor had the country yet forgotten that, just after the assassination of the late King, Pantano had publicly suggested that now was a good chance to overthrow the monarchy and become a republic. Neither brought anything to the new government but weakness and suspicion. And it was not long before Sacchi outraged the moral

sense of the whole nation by pardoning a notorious murderess.

Of Sonnino himself, who assumed the portfolio of the Interior, it is not too much to say that no living Italian has deserved better of his country. In the dark days between 1892 and 1896, when Italy was on the verge of bankruptcy, when friends and enemies alike could see nothing ahead but repudiation, he saved the national credit in a way that must remind Americans of Alexander Hamilton.¹ By the sternest parsimony and by merciless taxation, aided by his own extraordinary administrative genius, he placed his country on her present sound financial basis and laid the foundations of future prosperity, at the same time teaching his countrymen the much-needed lesson that if they must needs have a great army and navy, expensive public buildings and such extravagances, they must also pay the bills. But teachers of such hard lessons never make themselves personally popular, and, besides, Sonnino was not now Minister of Finance or of the Treasury, but Home Secretary. Being a profound student of social and economic problems, especially in the south, he was in a way eminently qualified for this position. But the Home Minister comes into closer contact with the people than any other, and Baron Sonnino, though respected universally for his great abilities and for his severe and high rectitude, has none of the sympathetic qualities that would endear him to a people so responsive as the Italians. He is too proud and too tactless even to avoid giving unnecessary offense. Add to this that, as a leader of his party in the Chamber, he was an unready debater in a house full of quick-witted rhetoricians, and it will be seen that even he contributed some elements of weakness to his own ministry.

In matter of fact, his government lasted

¹ Baron Sonnino was, first, Minister of Finance, and afterwards Minister of the Treasury, for a time performing the duties of both offices, in the Crispi Ministry that lasted from December 15, 1893, to March 4, 1896.

less than four months, that is, until May 28, 1906. His absurd association with Sacchi and Pantano, and his own defects as a parliamentary leader, soon involved him in difficulties, as did also his haughty and uncompromising spirit. After the last eruption of Vesuvius, for example, taking warning from the misuse of the money subscribed for the sufferers in the Calabrian earthquake, he very wisely appointed the Duke of Aosta as treasurer of the relief-funds. But when some Neapolitan deputies complained that this was a reflection on the honesty of their constituents, he retorted that Neapolitan honesty was a thing he was quite willing to reflect upon, — an unnecessary piece of candor that cost him a number of votes on the critical division. His opponents, consolidated under Giolitti, waited for their opportunity, and voted him down when he had unwisely staked his fortunes on an unimportant issue.

Giolitti was summoned by the King to form a new ministry, and made, as I have been credibly informed, the express stipulation that there should not be a general election, except by limitation, until he gave the word. He himself became Minister of the Interior (Home Secretary), and Tittoni, ablest of the younger Italian diplomats, was recalled from the embassy at London, to be made Minister of Foreign Affairs. This ministry has been in power ever since, and even its opponents are compelled to admit that its services have been very considerable. During the last two years, and beginning before that time, Italy's commerce and manufactures have increased by leaps and bounds, and the budgets have shown a large balance to the good. Tittoni has improved relations with Austria, and in other ways safeguarded Italy's position in European politics. For that position of late years had been none of the most secure.

It must be remembered that the Triple Alliance between Germany, Italy, and Austria, at the time it was formed in 1882, was designed in part to protect

Italy against France, in those years an outspokenly malevolent neighbor. But relations with France, especially since Loubet's visit in 1904, have gone on steadily improving. Italy has also become a sort of silent third in the good understanding between France and England. In fact, at the Algieras Conference, Italy's moral support went to the side of France and England rather than to Germany, her ally. But the Marquis Venosta, her representative, an astute and seasoned diplomat of the old school, conducted his negotiations with such address that, although the German press raged and fumed, the Berlin Foreign Office could find nothing against which to enter a diplomatic protest. Wherefore, in case of a European war, say between England and Germany, Italy, as one of her statesmen has put it, might find herself compelled to choose between her friends and her allies. And it is generally believed that she has given her partners to understand that they need not expect her help in any individual quarrel.

On the other hand, the Triple Alliance is still of service to Italy precisely for the reason that, much of the old hostility between Italians and Austrians still remaining, it makes Austria formally, and to a certain extent really, her ally. There is accordingly no serious opposition in Italy to maintaining it, nor to keeping up the strong army and navy which it implies. But the army and navy have not merely the incentive of making the country an acceptable ally. A year ago in May, Admiral Mirabello, the Minister of Marine, in proposing the naval estimates, which were accepted, declared it to be Italy's policy to maintain a stronger fleet than any other power whose coastline is exclusively Mediterranean. This, of course, could mean only Austria.

In home politics, unquestionably the most important development of recent times has been the entrance of the Clericals into politics, their coalition with the Moderate Liberals, to which I have already referred, and the consequent de-

clension, I mean politically, of the Socialists. There are only three or four Clerical deputies in the Chamber itself, but Giolitti, since many of his seats were won by their aid in 1904, must govern himself accordingly, and two members of his new Cabinet, Tittoni and Gianturco, belonged to the Clerical Right. There can, in my opinion, be no doubt that in consolidating the Moderate Liberals and Clericals against the Socialists, he has rendered a real service to the country, as well as strengthened his own political position.

I have already related how, in the general election of November, 1904, there were in many colleges open coalitions between the Moderates and Clericals, which were unopposed, nay, in some cases actively encouraged, by the ecclesiastical authorities. The *non-expedit* could hardly be maintained in practice after this, and judging from the acts and utterances of Pius X before his election, he personally was willing enough to see it go. At any rate, on June 20, 1905, he addressed an Encyclical to the Italian Bishops in which the *non-expedit* was practically, though not formally, abolished. Grave reasons, said His Holiness, deterred him from abrogating the law. But reasons equally weighty, deduced from the welfare of society, might demand that in special cases it be suspended, especially when his venerable brothers, the Italian Bishops, considered it necessary. In fact, in April, 1907, the *non-expedit* was formally suspended for Girgenti, at the request of her bishop. But it has been a dead letter ever since the Encyclical, whether with or without formal suspension. And after the Encyclical was published, the *Giornale d'Italia* of Rome printed a long series of interviews on the subject with public men of every shade of political opinion from extreme Conservatives to Socialists. They all agreed, with remarkable unanimity, that the Pope's action would be for the good of Italian politics, because thereafter a large and most respectable class of citizens

would be openly and honestly represented.

I have said above that Giolitti did well by his country in consolidating Moderate Liberals and Clericals against the Socialists. By this I do not mean to say that the Socialists might not become a useful factor in public life. On the contrary, it is precisely the laboring classes, whom they are supposed to represent, and who are building up modern industrial Italy, that are actually unrepresented in Parliament. Indeed, it is hardly too much to say that, in Italy, Socialism has been almost independent of the proletariat. Its leaders have come from the middle classes, who are its natural foes, and from the "intellectuals." A number of reasons can be given for this, — revolutionary habits of mind inherited from the *Risorgimento*, and not yet outlived; illiteracy, total or partial, among the lower classes; the absence of a compact liberal party; but chiefly, perhaps, too much "higher education," with its natural consequence of overcrowding in the learned professions.

Italy has, according to the most recent census, 24,196 lawyers, or seven and a half in every thousand of the entire population (the percentage is only one and a half in university-ridden Prussia), 22,168 physicians, and 813 dentists. Unemployed professional men find an easy outlet for their discontent, and sometimes emolument and political honors, in agitation on behalf of the down-trodden poor, including such persons as underpaid teachers and employees of the higher class. Hence it results that, although there are a few less than 257,000 registered proletariat electors, the Socialist party has shown a voting strength of more than 325,000; also that, in the last general elections, out of thirty-three Socialist deputies returned, twenty-eight were university men of the middle class, and not a few of them well-to-do, three were of the lower middle class, and only two were workmen. Nevertheless, though unrepresented to this extent in Parliament, the laboring classes take only a languid

interest in that part of the Socialist programme which calls for manhood suffrage. Nor is it at all likely that, until they are much better educated than at present, manhood suffrage would send many more deputies of their own class to the Chamber; or, that such deputies, if elected, would do their cause much good, or add weight to the national councils.

Undoubtedly the laboring classes have many and serious grievances. The incidence of taxation weighs heavily upon them, as there are very high duties on salt, sugar, and coffee, and octroi imposts on articles of food and drink are levied by all municipalities of any size. Nor, in spite of the favorable budgets of the last few years, has the government reduced any tariff except that on petroleum. But although the Socialist party contains elements that may some time go to the making of a good and serviceable labor party, its present enfeebled condition is cause for satisfaction. Though its motives are oftentimes good, its principles are just as often bad. It has gone so much to school to the quasi-philosophical socialism of Marx and to the other German sects, that its openly avowed theories, much more, I believe, than its inner motives, are un-social and anti-Christian to a degree.

The spectacle of Christian Socialism in England, which has shown itself so powerful at the recent Lambeth Conference, is strange to the Italian mind. Two enthusiastic young Romans, devout Catholics, who lately presented themselves to the Socialist leaders, and, as Christians, demanded enrollment and active service, were coolly informed that they had come to the wrong shop. That the Church itself, with its long record as oppressor and the abettor of oppression, and with its present hostility to the Christian Democratic movement, is largely to blame for this unhappy opposition, the more outspoken Catholics are quite willing to admit. Meanwhile the Socialists, along with the other Secularists, have been crushingly defeated in the Chamber on the

subject of religious education. The result of this important vote, taken last February, was to leave religious instruction where it was before. If municipal boards abolish it in the public schools, parents may demand that it be given, in the school building, but out of school hours, by priests or other persons, who are remunerated from the public funds.

On the whole, then, the last two years have been peaceful and prosperous, and signalized by no violent political changes. A law has been passed that will raise the salaries of many thousand deserving government employees. The railway service has been greatly improved, and the next few years will see the construction of many new lines that are already demanded by the volume of home and foreign trade. The national defense has been provided for after many years of waiting, though it seems that the naval defenses have been exaggerated and the military slighted. But the very peace and harmony that now characterize the political and parliamentary situation are, in themselves, a disquieting phenomenon. All effective opposition seems to have disappeared. The protests even of the extreme Left have become feeble and perfunctory, while the opposition elements in the Centre have been absorbed into Giolitti's huge majority. In fact, as the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan has observed, in an admirable article on the present situation, the strength of the Giolitti ministry is parliamentary rather than governative, a circumstance that makes his virtual dictatorship a subject for alarm. For example, toward the end of the last session the Chamber rejected a bill, formulated by Rava, the Minister for Public Instruction, for increasing the salaries of university professors. But Rava, though thoroughly discredited in this and other ways, is retained in office because his chief is strong enough to protect him. There are rumors, not generally credited, of a dissolution and general election next spring. As an Italian chamber is elected for a term of five years, the present one

does not expire by limitation until the autumn of 1909.

I have already dealt with some religious matters in so far as they are connected with Italian politics. The religious and ecclesiastical history of Italy for the two years just ended possesses an extraordinary interest, but for the most part concerns the rest of the world as much as Italy itself. The Syllabus *Lamentabili* of July, 1907, directed against the scientific criticism of the Bible; the Encyclical *Pascendi* in condemnation of the Modernists; the excommunication of Loisy and others, are known and have been discussed all over the civilized world. However, not only does the political situation, as between the Papacy and the Kingdom, give a special character in Italy to acts of ecclesiastical authority, but, in addition to this, the Papacy, as Gregorovius pointed out, in spite of the world-wide range of its power, has always been an Italian institution. It is false to reproach the Italians with being an irreligious people, as is so often done by foreign writers, merely because their own religious notions and practices are different from what they find in Italy. But it is true, and it is probably what these writers usually mean, that the Italians were never *Christianized* anywhere near so thoroughly as were the Teutonic tribes of northern Europe. The continuance of pagan cults and pagan memories, the persistence of the ancient Roman Imperium under the form of the Roman hierarchy, and the tradition, unbroken in spite of all that is thought and said to the contrary, of classical civilization, were obstacles never entirely overcome in the evangelization of Italy.

The historical consequences of this condition in mediæval and early modern times readily suggest themselves. One of the consequences in our own times I take to be this, that it is hard nowadays to excite the Italian against the Church except as a political factor; which means that, now that he thinks himself secure from it politically, it is hard to excite him against

it at all. Even if he be indifferent or unbelieving, as so many of the educated classes are, the long unbroken tradition of cult and observance, in many cases older than Christianity itself, the might and majesty of the Church and its ancient renown, have a powerful hold upon him in spite of his intellectual attitude.

These facts must be borne in mind when we consider the subject of Modernism in Italy. That the Italian clergy and laity, and the best of them, have been strongly influenced by this movement there can be no doubt whatever. The condemnation of the "Christian Democrats," and subsequently of their leader, Don Romolo Murri, and the decree of the Holy Office that placed Fogazzaro's *Il Santo* on the Index, are well-known facts. It may not be so well known that, in the summer of 1907, after the promulgation of the Syllabus *Lamentabili*, five Italian priests addressed anonymously an open letter to the Pope, entitled *Quello che vogliamo* (*What We Want*), protesting in the plainest and most vigorous terms against his violation of freedom of thought and conscience, and reproaching him with reversing the enlightened policy of his predecessor. And more importantly, on October 28, 1907, a month after the publication of the Encyclical *Pascendi*, appeared, also anonymously, *Il Programma dei Modernisti* (*The Modernists' Programme*), a reply to the Encyclical, and generally supposed to be the work of priests.¹

The mere fact of such a reply, coming from a Roman Catholic source, in itself gave this document a special importance. And this effect was enhanced by all the qualities that such a composition ought to show, — learning, moderation, dialectical skill, and respect

for the person of the Sovereign Pontiff. The authors had no difficulty in vindicating the Modernists from the Encyclical's accusation of agnosticism and irreligion, nor in proving that the persons responsible for it, whom with studious irony they always imply not to be the Pope, had no adequate conception of the critical and philosophical problem. And following the lead of their master, the great and saintly Newman, who, as Tyrrell has shown, was the father of all Modernist thought, they maintain that throughout the ages, especially when the Greek Fathers brought Christian theology into harmony with Neo-Platonism, and also when St. Thomas reasserted it in terms of Aristotelian philosophy, the Church has constantly adjusted her teaching to the language of contemporary thought.

Of course, the authors of the Programme, and all who had in any way collaborated in it, were excommunicated. In the diocese of Rome the book was interdicted under pain of mortal sin declared against those who bought it, sold it, or kept it in their possession. On the morning after it was published, emissaries were sent to all the churches in Rome where there were suspected priests, in the hope that some of them, in consequence of the excommunication, might reveal their identity by omitting to say mass. But in the whole city that morning there was not a single mass less than usual. Then the Cardinal Vicar telegraphed to the bishops of all dioceses where there were priests under suspicion, instructing them to adopt similar measures. But even this inquisition yielded no results. The Programme has been translated into English, French, and German, and the Italian edition has long since been exhausted.

I have said above that it is hard to arouse the Italian against the Church, except politically; hard it is, indeed, but not impossible. And this difficult feat the intransigent party now in control seems to have accomplished. They have followed up their worse than useless persecutions

¹ "Supposed to be" is the expression used by the French translator, but I think there can be no doubt of the fact. In Part III the authors refer to their early scholastic education, after receiving which they forced themselves to learn the language and understand the thoughts of the modern world.

in a way that has grieved their friends and delighted their enemies. To select one or two instances, Mgr. Fracassini, a cautious and orthodox thinker, who was appointed by Leo XIII to a place on the Biblical Commission, was suddenly deposed about a year ago from his post as Rector of the Seminary at Perugia, at first on such grounds as that he was the friend of Murri and Loisy, and allowed his students to read *Il Santo*; and afterwards, when the archbishop had indignantly protested, the further reason was given that his teaching of Scripture was not in conformity with the desires of the Pope. More recently, Don Salvatore Minocchi of Florence, a learned Hebrew scholar, delivered a lecture, which he had submitted to the ecclesiastical authorities, upholding the familiar view that the accounts in Genesis of the Creation, the Garden of Eden, and the Fall, were originally Babylonian myths that were taken over by the Hebrew writer, purged of polytheistic error, and transformed into a teaching of the Unity of God. He was cited to appear before the Archbishop of Florence, and having refused to sign a declaration of his belief in the literal, historical truth of those narratives, was suspended from the priesthood. At about the same time the editors of the *Rinnovamento* of Milan, a liberal theological journal, were put under the major excommunication.

How numerous these Modernists are, it is of course impossible to say.¹ But it is quite certain that there are a good many of them, both of clergy and laity, and that they are even more powerful in character and intelligence than in numbers. Some high-placed ecclesiastics, notably Cardinals Capecelatro and Bonomelli, are well known for their charitable attitude to-

¹ I use this term in a wide and vague sense, including all who are in sympathy with modern critical and historical theology. Thus it takes in many who would stop far short of the extreme critical position of Loisy. Modernism is not a party, but only a league of sympathy among minds that are moving in the same general direction.

ward modern thought. And in spite of popular indifference, traditional reverence for the Church, and its perfected discipline, threatening signs of the times are not wanting. The authors of the Programme attribute the violence of the Curia against the new theology in part to the fact that its members are not at all sure of the tenability of the old. Analogously, their violence in launching excommunications against persons may be partly due to lack of confidence in their own power. At any rate their gross and cruel violations of liberty of thought and conscience have aroused indignation and resentment, even among the apathetic Romans. I know it to be a fact that many of the most cultivated and intelligent Roman laymen were recently on the point of publicly expressing their sympathy with Modernists, and defying the excommunication. It is hard to say what might not happen in the event, not at all unlikely, of the election of a liberal and progressive Pope.

Meanwhile Pius X, in spite of his complete subservience to the party of reaction, has accomplished a noteworthy reform in the administrative and judicial procedure of the Church by his decree dated June 29, 1908. Considered summarily, this decree in the first place reduces to order the Roman Congregations, which, since they were first instituted by Paul III and systematized by Sixtus V, have, in respect of their functions and attributions, developed numerous inconsistencies, inequalities, and anachronisms; and in the second place, by taking from the Congregations all judicial competence, and bestowing this upon the Courts of the Rota and the Segnatura, which are thus restored to their antique splendor and importance. It establishes the distinction now generally observed between judicial and administrative procedure. Speaking more particularly, it is to be remarked that the importance of the Congregation of the Consistory is greatly increased, while that of the Congregation of the Propaganda is greatly diminished.

The dioceses in Great Britain, Holland, Luxembourg, the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland, formerly regarded as missionary jurisdictions, will be taken away from the Propaganda and put into direct relations with the Holy See.

Especially in Great Britain, Holland, the United States, and Canada, the dioceses have long since been thoroughly organized, and their bishops have not infrequently complained that they were treated as if they were in charge of uncivilized communities. Catholics in these countries will therefore have the satisfaction of being on an equal footing with their fellow subjects of the Roman obedience in other parts of the world. However, as a writer in the *Journal des Débats* (July 23) acutely observes, this increased self-importance will not be without its compensations. The procedure of the

Propaganda is both quick and gratuitous, while that of the Holy See is slow, expensive, and beset with formalities. But it is only just to add that the present decree relieves petitioners of the Curia of the necessity of employing certain intermediate agents and procurators, of whose expensive services they were formerly, whether laymen or ecclesiastics, individuals or communities, compelled to avail themselves.

But I must content myself with this bare mention of a reform which reflects much credit on the present Pontiff and his advisers, and by which they have promoted the cause of justice and good government. As the decree does not take effect until the present month of November, and as certain regulations and dispositions governing matters of detail have not yet been published, I shall return to this same subject in a future article.

THE ORGANIZATION OF HIGHER EDUCATION

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

ALL associations of men which seek to deal with social, intellectual, and spiritual forces, live and move and have their being between the tendency to over-organization on the one hand, and the lack of effective organization on the other. It is clear that organization must play in such associations a somewhat different rôle from that which it fills in certain other agencies, such as those of business, for example. As we study the history of churches and of parties, we are often impressed with the fact that the period of their greatest efficiency as moral and social agencies came in the days before organization had run away with the living causes which gave them birth. Schools, colleges, and universities, like churches and parties, are simply human organizations seeking to deal with spiritual and

intellectual forces. They, no less than religious and political organizations, stand in danger of the narrowness and rigidity which comes from formal administration. Human nature is quite the same, whether one considers priests, politicians, or pedagogues. For each organization tends to run away with the deeper underlying purpose which gave it birth. Devotion to church is confused with religion, devotion to party with statesmanship, and devotion to educational routine takes the place of true teaching.

Nevertheless, in great continuing movements, such as the education of a nation, organization is indispensable. In no other way can continuity and efficiency be had. Not only is this true, but organization which is wise, which respects fundamental tendencies and forces, which separates

incongruous phases of activity, may not only add to the efficiency of a national educational effort, but may offer a larger measure of freedom than can be hoped for in chaotic and unrelated efforts to accomplish the same ends. Isolation and lack of coöperation are no less deadening than unthinking obedience to established routine. The practical problem in a civilized nation is to establish such an educational organization as will secure relation between the different kinds of schools, while at the same time preserving fair freedom of action and of development.

This conception of an educational system has come as the result of many centuries of evolution. In the older European countries, schools of one kind and another began, developed, and were gradually related the one to the other in a common educational system. In the most advanced European states, as for example Germany, the national system of education aims to deal with the individual citizen from the time of his first entrance into a school up to the completion of his vocational or professional training. While these schools have relation to each other, the accepted system of education recognizes certain clear divisions corresponding to distinctive periods in the life of the child or of the youth. The schools which are intended to correspond to these periods articulate, they do not overlap. The system of education consists, therefore, of a continuous series of schools from the lowest to the highest, and a school of given name does practically the same work in all parts of the kingdom.

In the United States we are younger. The pioneer stage of national development is so near to us in time that many of its habits still rule in social and political matters. This is particularly true in education. We can scarcely claim as yet to have a system, at least in higher education; or, if there is the beginning of a system, the inharmonies in it are more striking than the agreements.

To illustrate. The college is our oldest school of higher learning. In the United States to-day there are nearly one thousand institutions which call themselves colleges. The work offered by these institutions varies from that of a true college articulating with the standard high school and offering four years of fruitful study, to that of institutions so low in grade that their courses of study do not equal those of a good high school.

This confusion is the result of a number of causes, among which, especially significant, are the newness of our educational development, the lack of any intelligent supervision of higher education, and the tendency of colleges in the past to remain isolated schools unrelated to the general system of education. The first of these is a perfectly natural phase of our extraordinary national and industrial growth. Our institutions of learning have grown up under the most diverse conditions. The astonishing thing is that they have grown in such numbers. The essential thing to recognize to-day is that the pioneer days are over; and that the problem before us now is, not the building of more colleges, but the strengthening of those which exist, and the bringing of some measure of educational unity into our whole system of education.

The absence, in nearly all states of the Union, of any form of supervision over higher education is a singular feature of our educational history. The University of the State of New York (which is a board, not an institution) represents almost the only effective agency in any state in the Union which has the power to supervise, or even to criticise, institutions devoted to higher education and to professional training. In the State of New York the term *college* has a definite meaning; and an institution, whether for academic or professional training, must, before it can confer degrees, comply with certain standards, and must have certain facilities for education. In most states of the Union, at least until very recently, any body of men, who chose to do so for

any purpose whatever, could incorporate under the general laws and organize what they called a college, a medical school, or a law school, to be conducted according to their own standards or ambitions, and without any relation to the general system of education. Under these conditions, denominational, professional, local, and personal rivalries have led to the establishment of more so-called colleges and professional schools than the country can possibly support. These may legally confer all the degrees of higher learning which the strongest and most scrupulous college can offer, — a right they are not slow to make use of. The District of Columbia has been prolific in paper colleges which scatter degrees far and wide, the distribution beginning usually with the members of their own faculties. Among the colleges chartered by the State of Maryland about 1900 is the "Medico-Chirurgical and Theological College of Christ's Institution." The charter gave the school the right to grant all kinds of degrees, and it is needless to say that the organizers a few weeks later were able to attach to their names all the academic titles. The Fifth Annual Catalogue contained the following on its first page: "Fifth Annual Announcement and Catalogue, edited by the Rev. Dr. P. Thomas Stanford, A. M., M. D., D. D., LL. D., Ph. D., Vice-President."

The absence of any rational supervision, or even of any provision for fair criticism or review, of our higher institutions of learning is, in part, due to the attitude of the colleges themselves. In the past, even the older and stronger colleges have been disposed to resent any official inquiry into their organizations, or into their methods of conduct. College professors have been not a little inclined to look down on those who supervised state schools. Such places have been considered inferior in importance to that of a college president or professor. This is partly due to the political prestige (using that term in a large sense) which the

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college president enjoys in the support of a large constituency. The superintendent of education has at his back no great body of alumni and students. He is not in the public eye in the same way as the college president. Nevertheless these places are of the highest educational value, and they should be made worthy of the best men. What college president has done for education in America what Horace Mann did for it? Furthermore, the good college has everything to gain by a scrutiny of higher education if carried out by able men under a system free of political interference. The time has come when, in all states, those who stand for sincerity in education should demand the passage of laws safeguarding the degree-giving power, and providing an agency for the expert oversight of higher education as well as of elementary and secondary education. Universities and colleges are to all intents educational trusts. They have the same advantages to gain from fair and wise oversight on the part of the state which other trusts have to gain by such oversight.

Underlying all other causes which tend to confusion in higher education is the fundamental one that American colleges have been in the past conducted as separate units, not as factors in a general educational system. Devotion to education has meant generally devotion to the fortunes of a single institution. There has been little effort to coördinate colleges with other institutions of higher learning or with the general system of education. To the want of a general educational consciousness more than to any other cause is due the confusion which to-day reigns among our higher institutions of learning.

It seems clear that the work of the next two decades in American education is to be a work of educational reorganization; and this reorganization must include elementary and secondary education as well as higher education, for the problem of national education is really one problem, not a series of isolated and

unrelated problems. To-day our schools, from the elementary school to the university, are inefficient, superficial, lacking expert supervision. They are disjointed members of what ought to be a consistent system. The work of reorganization is so enormous that one is almost at a loss to answer the practical question, Where should such reorganization begin? The answer to this question must come, in the end, from the intelligent leadership of teachers themselves, and from the co-operation of teachers in all parts of our system of national education. I venture to point out certain considerations which seem to me to be essential as forming the ground-work from which improvement and progress must proceed.

It is, I believe, admitted by those who are most familiar with the conditions of schools throughout the United States that the weakness and inefficiency of the elementary and secondary schools arise primarily from two sources: first, the effort to teach too many things to the neglect of the fundamental mental training; and, second, the lack of competent teachers. In other words, the elementary and secondary schools, like the institutions of higher learning, have attempted to teach too many subjects, to the neglect of the fundamental intellectual training which is common to all education. The remedy for this lies in a return to a more simple and thorough curriculum, and in a variation of the school type. We cannot teach all subjects in one school, but we can provide a wide variety of schools each of which may do its own work thoroughly.

It is clear that the lack of efficient teaching is one of the most expensive national weaknesses; and that the inefficiency of our school system is, in great measure, due to this lack is evident. For example, mathematics is a subject which has been a standard study in our schools from the beginning. Students who pass through our high schools and enter college spend in the nine years corresponding to the period covered by the German gymnasium, seventy-five per cent more

of the time of instruction on mathematics, and yet receive a training vastly inferior to that of the gymnasium.

Progress has been made in the last two years toward equipping a larger number of competent teachers. The growth of the Teachers' Colleges in connection with the universities is a most notable gain. Before the matter can be rightly solved, public opinion must be educated to appreciate the dignity and importance of the teacher's work, and the absolute necessity for such strengthening of the security and recompense of the teacher as will attract to that calling able men and women in large numbers.

It is clear also that the elementary and secondary system of education must, in its reorganization, meet the present-day demand for industrial training. Our public-school system did not undertake originally vocational training. In the modern industrial state, that training is a part of public education; and one very serious problem to be met in the reorganization of education is the provision for vocational schools, and their relation to the elementary school system.

It is not possible at this day to outline a complete system of such schools. Clearly, the vocational school will vary with the locality, and will minister to local conditions. The experience of other nations would, however, seem to indicate that elementary schools will continue to be devoted to the general education of children up to the age of fourteen years, but that their last two years will see the introduction of certain industrial exercises and studies. The vocational schools, resting on the elementary schools, are likely to be two-year, and in some cases three-year, high schools. The high school, devoted to general training, is under such conditions likely also to tend toward a similar length of curriculum. In a word, the curriculum and the length of time spent in the high school would be materially modified by an increased efficiency in the lower schools, and by

the effort to meet the demands of vocational training.

These transformations in the lower schools which time is sure to bring, demand the earnest attention of those engaged in higher education.

The method of transfer from the secondary school to the college is one of primary importance. It is generally admitted that, at present, neither the admission by certificate nor that by examination is effectively serving education or the interests of students.

Admission by certificate is necessarily a very indefinite thing in the absence of a rigid and impartial supervision of secondary schools. One great source of weakness in American schools would be removed by the adoption of the plan generally in use in foreign schools and in Canada, under which the examinations for promotion from one grade to the next are conducted by the supervisor of education, not by the teacher. The pressure brought upon teachers to promote ill-prepared pupils is thereby eliminated, and this pressure is a fruitful source of demoralization in American public schools.

Admission to college by examination has unquestionably served a useful purpose in American education, but it has also tended to make admission to college assume the form of doing certain "stunts" rather than the attainment of a certain grade of intellectual culture. Its effect upon the secondary schools has been most disastrous from the standpoint of true education.

This result has no doubt been partly due to the attempt to recognize a large variety of subjects as college entrance requirements. Under such a régime, a boy is naturally inclined to glean a point for admission wherever it can be most easily picked up. This tendency, coupled with the low passing mark accepted for admission, has worked for increased superficiality in the preparation of boys entering college. As a result, in the colleges admitting by examination only, a

minority of the students enter without conditions. From the report of the committee on admissions of Harvard College, it appears that in the last freshman class, out of 607 entering, 352, or 58 per cent, had entered below the requirements for admission.

The question of the right coördination of the college with the secondary school is one which should have at this time the most earnest consideration on the part of teachers, both in the college and in the secondary school. The first practical step would seem to be to secure uniformity in this matter throughout the country. For this reason the Carnegie Foundation has adopted a definition of a college which involves the placing of the college upon the standard four-year high school. Great progress is making throughout the whole country toward uniformity in this matter. Once this is attained, the question whether the dividing point between college and high school should be changed can be effectively taken up, and this question is one which is immediately involved in the consideration of any plan of national education.

Within the last three decades the field of the high school has been so enlarged that its last two years cover to-day the studies formerly given in the first two years of college. This has not been accomplished by an increase of efficiency in the lower grades. The boy who formerly entered college at sixteen now enters at eighteen.

The whole subject of administration of higher education, no less than the determination of the functions of the college itself and its future, are contained in the inquiry whether the boy shall enter college at sixteen or at eighteen.

Is our system of higher education to consist of a secondary school surmounted by the college, and this in turn surmounted by the university with its graduate and professional schools? Then assuredly the college must deliver students to the university at an earlier age than twenty-two and a half years, which is the present

practice. The German boy enters the university to-day from the gymnasium fully two years younger than the American boy enters the American university from the college. No nation will endure so serious a handicap as this organization of education would involve.

Just what function does the college, which is our most distinctive institution, fill? Is it a school for youths where both discipline and freedom are to play a part, a school in which the youth is brought out of the tutelage of the boy into the freedom of the man? or is it a school for men in which they choose as they will the studies and the pleasures of the college life? If the first ideal is that which is to form the college, then the college years may well be those between sixteen and twenty; if the latter, eighteen is full young for such unrestricted freedom.

It seems clear that those who deal with American education must choose between these two distinctive conceptions of what the college is to be. If the first conception is to become general, then we may justly impose the university on the college, forming a consistent system of higher education, and insuring the permanent preservation of the American college. If the latter conception of the college is to prevail, either two years must be gained in preparatory education, or else the college must become, as it is now tending to become, a sort of parallel to the university, a school for the few and not for the many.

I venture to add that the needs of elementary education, the demands for industrial training, the claims of the professional schools, and the economic necessities of the situation, all seem to point to a solution of an educational organization in which the college would deliver its students to the university, or to business life, at twenty rather than at twenty-two.

Finally, those who have to deal with education, and with its organization, must make clear the distinction between college and university. Economic con-

siderations, no less than educational efficiency, demand that the present confusion should be cleared away.

I question whether we have yet realized the effect of this confusion upon the American college in the transformation of teaching and of teachers. The old-time college teacher was a man who had, above all else, intellectual enthusiasm and intellectual sympathy; his learning touched many fields, and all with a sympathetic and friendly spirit; and his work consisted largely of bringing into the lives, and into the intellectual appreciation of his students, his own sense of learning and of civilization and of social relations. For this work there was needed, not primarily a man of research, but a man of large comprehension, of wide interests, of keen sympathies, and of discriminating touch. We seldom choose teachers to-day on such grounds. The primary requisite is that the teacher shall be a man of research, that he shall have indicated in some special direction his ability to advance human knowledge, or at least his readiness to make that attempt. When we choose a teacher on this basis alone, we surrender the essential reason for which the college exists; for if the college is to serve as a place for the development of character, for the blossoming of the human spirit and of the human intellect, it will become this only under the leadership of men who have in their own lives shown the fruitage of such development, and who have themselves broad sympathies and quick appreciations.

I am the last man to wish the spirit of research dulled. We need in our universities, above all else, the nurture of this spirit. What I wish to emphasize is this: the college and the university stand for essentially different purposes. These distinctions are almost lost sight of in the confusion of our educational organization. Research is a word to conjure with, but in the last two decades more sins have been committed in its name against good teaching than we are likely to atone for

in the next generation. We must, if we are to retain the college as a place for general culture, and the university as a place for the promotion of scholarly research and for professional training, honor the college teacher for his own work's sake, and honor no less the investigator in his own field. These two fields overlap; but in the college the primary function is one thing, in the institution for research, another.

Let me add one other word in this connection. If we will seriously undertake

to discriminate between good teaching and poor teaching, we shall get far on the way to distinguish between true scientific research and its imitation, an inquiry which will be as greatly to the advantage of our graduate schools and universities as the first can be to our colleges. In both college and university we need to turn our faces resolutely toward simplicity, sincerity, thoroughness; to get a clear conception of what we are undertaking, and to call institutions of learning by their true names.

TO R. P. C.

(With a Baton)

BY GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

THIS wand that tapers slenderly
 From ebony to ivory
 Can call from brass, and wood and strings
 Beauty that is the soul of things.
 With this divining-rod, among
 Old woes and wonders long unsung
 Thy hand shall grope, instinct to feel
 What springs of music to unseal.
 For thee — as when a master nods —
 Shall sigh again the ancient gods;
 Returning o'er their starry track,
 Thy summoned heroes shall come back;
 For thee shall sound the hardihood
 Of Mime's hammer in the wood,
 And clearly down its glades forlorn
 The challenge of young Siegfried's horn;
 Thy violins shall call and sing
 Like birds in Siegmund's House of Spring,
 Or cry the heartbreak and the stress
 Of Tristan's tragic tenderness;
 Thy gesture shall bewitch the sky
 With wild Valkyries streaming by;
 Again dark Wotan with a word
 Shall splinter the new-welded sword,

Shall still the battle's clang and shock
And ring with flame Brünnhilde's rock;
And when on sobbing muted horns
Gray prophecies of the gray Norns
Foretell the coming twilight doom,
Across the menace and the gloom
Thy wand of magic shall not fail
To fling the radiance of the Grail.

When gods and heroes understand
And answer to thy beckoning hand,
Can I — if thou shalt set the time —
Refuse to answer thee in rhyme,
Withhold the uncourageous song
My soul has sheltered overlong?

As though a hidden mountain spring —
Small dreaming inarticulate thing —
Enchanted broad awake, should hear
The ocean's diapason near,
And chime of breakers on the sand
Thrill o'er the phantom hills inland
(Nor recognize the organ-sound
Of the soft-thundering pines around),
Then — music-startled out of sleep —
Should feel its tiny pulses leap,
And up the sheer blue heights of air
Against the very sun should dare
Lift its frail praise and bid rejoice
Its thin and silver-dropping voice —
So shall that sealed and secret spring
That is my soul — find voice to sing,
By thy enchantment made aware
How the deep calls along the air.
Thy orchestra awake in the sun,
At highest heave and farthest run,
Shall fling me leagues on leagues away
The magic of its poignant spray;
And I far inland on that breath
Shall taste Life bittersweet — and Death;
Shall send my song fluttering alone
Where the sea calls unto its own —
A sea-bird beating far from me
Home to the breakers — home to sea.

READING THE SNOW

BY RAYMOND S. SPEARS

A LIGHT fall of snow on a strong crust is a thrilling page, furnishing narrative on narrative, with conclusions in many instances transcribed in the Book of Doom. Fluffy, ephemeral, matchless in its precision, and endless in its detail, the snow page displays the ways and whims of the great and small, of the thrifty and of the careless, of the roving hunters, of the home-abiding rodents; in fact, acting the part of a good newspaper, with partiality for the runners and walkers, while on rare occasions taking a short paragraph from the higher realms of the sky-fliers, quite like newspapers which men make of wood-pulp, plastered with ink. One might carry the analogy a step further. There are snows which are as brief-lived as an evening paper, flashing before the eye an edition of world-news, but burying it under other editions with fresher news. Then there are staid snows, whose records are so valuable that one finds pleasure in consulting back numbers. Thus my brother once observed a skunk track in a Thanksgiving snow. In April he found the same track in raised letters, proving beyond doubt that this skunk had something to say, and had said it. In this instance it called vivid attention to the fact that there are editions and editions of snow. Every layer of snow falling in the forest is written upon by fisher and ermine, mink and mouse, squirrel and rabbit, and by all the other creatures which roam the deep woods in winter.

In the Adirondacks one finds more red-squirrel tracks than any other kind. Rabbits, deer-mice, fox, ruffed grouse, porcupines, and ermines follow in decreasing abundance. Then come the rarer prints of deer, mink, marten, fisher, otter, and bears, the treasures of snow classics. It is something to be able to re-

cognize the track of a cat or dog; there are some less varied trail-stories than those of a field- or woods-roaming house-cat; but to go on with the study, learning to recognize the muskrat, the weasel, the fox, and the other animals by their footprints in the snow, and then to divine what the creatures had in their minds by these same tokens, that is, indeed, very much.

In reading the trail of a wild animal in the forest, one is brought close to the heart of the trail-maker; how close depends upon the reader. One may glance at the trail, decide that "It's only some little animal!" and pass on, seeking a livelier tale; or he may stop, take the first methodical step, and find out which animal made it.

Here is a moment when one brings all his previous knowledge of nature to bear upon one point. Two dots in a thin layer of snow upon a hard crust may be the starting-point of a long and wonderful dip into stream and forest lore. One sees the prints of two little paws; the heels came down lightly, while the claws dug into the crust under the snow, and when the animal sprang forward, the toes tossed a few crystals back across the heel-marks. Two footprints are almost side by side, the toes of one foot beside the heel-marks of the other. Something more than two inches long and a third as wide, the footprint is in itself a little problem, as close inspection will show. For instance, in each of the two footprints one may find distinct traces of seven or eight claws, perhaps ten little scratches in the crust. As the claws show the way the animal traveled, it is worth while to follow up the line of tracks, the italic colons (:) so to speak. Such a line of tracks one may find almost anywhere: in forest depths, in

fields, in brier patches, traversing a pass on a wooded ridge, or along a flat land beside some stream or pond. Sometimes the track enters a barn, or circles around a hen-coop. Usually, however, it is seen beside a stream, running up to brush and drift piles, dipping under cakes of ice, and at some point the trailer will find where the animal walked, like a cat. Perhaps the walk will call vivid attention to the remarkable fact that while the animal ran, it apparently used only two paws. But a moment of consideration will show that the seven or ten scratches in each footprint meant that two paws used each impression, that the animal's fore-paws landed, leaped, and went on, after which the hind-paws struck in the same place and sprang ahead.

Now, one must follow that track to the end, if need be, to learn the maker's name. The end may be in a hole in the ice, in which case it is not difficult to surmise that the trail-maker was a mink. But there are other animals which make a similar track: least weasels, ermines, martens, and fishers, for instance. They vary much in size, the least weasel having a paw less than an inch long, while the fisher or pekan has a hind-foot nearly, sometimes quite, five inches long. The trail and its course indicate the name of the maker, usually beyond doubt, at a glance. Beside a stream it is probably a mink; it is still a mink, though on a mountain-top in marten country, if the animal slides down an incline on the snow. There is a "look" to the track, too, which a practiced eye recognizes, an appearance which even a partially trained eye may distinguish, should a crossing of the mink track and a marten track, say, be discovered.

There is always this problem of identifying the track of an animal. It is sometimes easy; frequently one will find a track which it is not possible to identify surely, an old track, much defaced by snow, thaw, or evaporation, being unrecognizable long before its last trace visible to the eye is destroyed. Few trails

survive a fall of six inches of snow, even in a wide, windless forest. Yet a bear track made in loose snow, or a fox track, say, made in wet snow, will remain weeks and even months. The new snow, however, is a new page which is soon filled with natural history.

When one has learned to know the fresh trail of one animal, say that of a mink or fox, a far stride toward reading the snow has been taken. If one takes that trail and follows its wanderings for even an hour, the delight of discovery will quicken the observer. The "sameness" of nature is in the eye of the unlearned and unobserved only. No two fox trails were ever exactly alike. In fact, every fox has its own character, its own habits, and each day its own divergencies from all the other days of its life. A folding four-foot rule discloses variations in the length of steps. I have seen around a trap the tracks of a fox which averaged three inches apart; stepping off down grade, they will sometimes pace twenty-eight inches to a step. On a stiff snow into which they break only a line, make a bare impression, an eighteen or twenty-inch stride is common. Mere measurements disclose significant facts. Thus, when a fox suddenly changes its stride from sixteen or eighteen inches to six or eight inches as it approaches a nub of the thin snow on a knoll, it can mean but one thing, a mouse-nest may be under that nub. Again, one finds a fox track leading back and forth through a swamp, from side to side. The steps are twelve or sixteen inches long; the fox is a wild still hunter, seeking rabbits or grouse.

Measuring tracks is a pretty practice. It is a profitable task for the determined student of snow-reading, worth all the backaches and cold fingers the stooping and jotting down of the figures produce. A careless way is to measure two or three rods of track, count the footprints, and take the average; but when one reads in his notes, "Fox tracks, wet snow, 24 ft. 12 strides with right paws, 12 with left—

varied from 14 to 28 inches," though far better than no measurements at all, they are unsatisfactory. The figures should tell whether they were growing shorter, longer, or merely happened to vary so much. A short stride commonly means "going slow," a long stride, "going fast."

On Little Black Creek there is a hunters' camp. As near many an Adirondack camp, there were last winter trails of an ermine leading in all directions from this little bark-roof shack. The ermine likes a camp. It builds a nest under the floor, and hunts mice among the bark layers; I have seen a bark roof rain mice when a weasel was hunting in it. An ermine crossed the old sleigh-road, and I measured some jumps: "Inches, 29, 32, 34, 24, 26, 24, 21, 14, 20, 15, etc." This was up and down hummocks, and had no particular significance, save that the average jump was about 23.9 inches. But along the side of the road, after the ermine had been hunting in a brush heap, the figures read: "Inches, 8½, 6, 11, 10, 8, 4." On the left side of the track was a broken line in the snow, showing that something had been dragged through it. At the end of the 4-inch jump, the animal dropped something on the snow, and then, picking it up, started on again; "Inches, 12, 17, 14, 10, 9, 8, 9½, 11, 7, 6, 14, 14, 9, 8 (new hold), 7 (hit some twigs, new hold), 8, 7," etc. Here the decreasing length of the jumps showed that the animal was losing its grip on its burden, which it finally took into a hole in the snow out of sight.

Discovering, by measuring the tracks, whether an animal is going fast or slow is another long step toward reading the snow. Of course, it is not possible to tell always by the distance it jumps whether an animal is going fast, yet it is fairly certain that the farther it jumps, the faster it goes. The exceptions are long jumps made to clear brooks, or other obstructions, or perhaps to try the muscles.

Probably the first time one lays a rule to the pad-marked snow, an inkling of the thought of the animal will slip into the mind of the observer. Certainly, after

one has measured a dozen trails, the perception will quicken with most gratifying speed. If one follows an ermine trail, for example, little differences of appearance will quickly be observed. These differences may tell much.

My brother and I were snow-shoeing along an Adirondack ridge well back in the forest. It was an ideal morning for observing tracks, for there were four feet of snow, with a crust that would almost bear a man's weight without snow-shoes, on top of which was a quarter of an inch of fluffy snow. We discovered a weasel trail just below the ridge-crest. The track was fresh, and led straight away through the woods, as ermines usually go when they are traveling. Around camps, they wander back and forth. The measurements showed "Inches, 23, 23, 13, 16½, 20, 26½, 33½, 35, 23½, 12½, 30 (and up 13 inches), 15½, 26, 22, 30, 28, 19, 24," etc. It was the ordinary hunting gait of the animal. One jump, the longest observed, was 41 inches. But there were particular features which measurements did not show. Ordinarily, the ermines and many others of the mustelidæ strike the ground with their fore-paws, and land in the same print with their hind-paws. But this one did not do that. It "sprawled," so that all four prints were plainly seen, there being intervals of nearly three inches between them. The hind-paws nearly always over-reached the fore-paws, making "gain-speed" tracks, as woodsmen say.

For four days the woods-going had been very bad. Hard showers had swept over the mountains, wetting down the snow, keeping all the animals "close." Rabbits, squirrels, foxes, weasels, and all the other creatures were compelled to remain inactive. Then came the freeze of zero weather, bright sunshine, and the crust. We men felt the exuberance of the release from inactivity — so did other animals. The weasel's track showed how it rejoiced in the release. Away it leaped exuberantly, but not jumping any farther than usual, save now and then a spring of 40 inches, or thereabouts. But sheer

muscular delight in the freedom of "good going" was shown at every jump in the careless landing of the feet, and once with a beautiful and striking display of strength. The ordinary jump of a weasel is a curve, very graceful and "full of life." This ermine ran apparently with the exuberance of the day in its heart, but mere running was not enough. Suddenly, instead of jumping in a curve with a high trajectory, as it had been doing, it dug its claws into the crust and shot straight along the surface of the snow. Its knees dragged in the quarter of an inch of snow throughout the 29 inches of the jump, the impression being faint over one very shallow depression and almost to the crust over a slight elevation. It had shot straight ahead, like a projectile, apparently for no other reason than to try its strength. This was one of the "finds" a trail-hunter delights to make. Almost any track will disclose a "treasure" of similar value.

On this same ridge, but on the other side, a red squirrel's track showed a squirrel trait of mind. The little fellow was running with wide jumps, one of 47 inches, for instance. Its tracks were sprawled out only less remarkably than the weasel's. One track covered a length of 10 inches and a width of more than 3 inches. The tracks led from tree to tree, apparently for the fun of romping around on the crust and in the sunshine. In going from one tree to another, however, it sprang over a hummock beyond which it could not see. Beyond the hummock was a depression in the snow, and the squirrel landed in it, 8 inches below the level of the surrounding snow. The squirrel was surprised, manifestly, experiencing the same uncomfortable surprise that a man feels who goes down another step in the dark after he thinks he is at the bottom of the stairs. The squirrel sprang straight up, and then, having whipped the snow in four places with its tail, started on again. It had been jumping from 30 to 40 inches, but the first leap onward after the surprise was 15 inches, and to the

nearest tree the jumps were only 20 inches or less, but made quickly, as flung snow showed. If one cares to bring imagination into the study of natural history, it might be permissible to imagine a squirrel grunting when it landed at the bottom of that depression.

Every trail becomes a chapter full of meaning when the significance of long jumps, short jumps, sprawling paws, slips, and other indications, is recognized. A trail in the snow is a true record of an animal's life, so true and impeccable that men who kill deer in the deep, crusted snow, watch and fear their own back tracks, dreading the coming of game wardens. If men are afraid in the woods, what must it be for the wild life? The trail tells the story, and the trail which indicates fearlessness is a relief to the student. There are a few animals that are fearless, though all are more or less cautious. In this respect, the ermines, martens, and fishers are especially dashing and brave. They wander through the woods by night or day, confident in their own strength and agility, hard fighters all of them. But their fearlessness is always contrasted with the terror which they excite among creatures of their size. That terror, and more, is ever present in the hearts of other small forest-dwellers.

For instance, witness the track of an Adirondack rabbit (Great Northern Hare, *Lepus Americanus*). The track came through the swamp near Big Rock. Overhead were dense balsam tree-tops, and on all sides were hummocks. The hare wanted to cross the Stillwater on Little Black Creek. Its course through the swamp for rods showed jumps of decreasing length, from more than three feet to less than two. There were a score of jumps averaging twenty-two inches which came to the moon shadow of a balsam at the edge of the ice. There the animal jumped and landed facing its back track, and there it remained perfectly motionless till the warmth of its paws had had time to thaw the snow.

Apparently all was quiet; no fox or

fisher appeared on the back track, no great, soft-winged owl swept among the evergreen tops. Then the rabbit ventured to start across the open space on the ice of the Stillwater. It sprang while facing the swamp from which it had come, turned in mid-air, and landed 31 inches beyond, facing toward the other side. Then came jumps toward the further side: "Inches, 53, 50, 54, 73, 49, 84 (7 feet), 69, 79, 48, 52, 59, 44, 70, 59, 36, 32." At the end of the 32-inch jump, the animal's feet slipped as it sprang, and it landed with its head toward the Stillwater — toward its back track once more. Evidently, however, the slip startled it, for when it landed 23 inches beyond, it at once sprang again, 34 inches, landing facing the swamp it had started toward, and then in the next jump turned in mid-air and landed once more facing the Stillwater it had just crossed. The alders and a shadowing balsam were now overhead. Satisfied that no pursuer was on its trail, it cautiously entered the swamp, and in its shade, forgot the dread venture in the moonlight.

Their tracks show that timid animals all fear the forest openings. A deer will sometimes walk back and forth along the edge of a clearing for a hundred rods, taking short steps, and stopping at frequent intervals, before venturing to go out and eat the apples from a wild tree. A bear track, described by my brother, approached a tramway through the woods. "He came with his usual length of stride to the top of a rise of ground which at that point flanks the old road. Here he slackened his pace, as the shorter steps indicated. Probably he stopped once or twice in his tracks, but that was not fully evident. When he came to the very edge of the narrow chopping, although it was well grown up to briers and young hardwoods, his step shortened until he placed one foot ahead of the other at a distance of one inch. Thus the wise old brute crept along for about four yards. Undoubtedly he halted here more than once. At the end of these carefully taken steps, he came to a little descent in the

ground, and down this he walked with his ordinary length of stride. But at the foot of this he seemed to become suddenly aware of his recklessness, and once more, for about three yards, he carefully planted one foot just before the other. Then he relaxed his intense attention and two more rods brought him to his jump across the ditch to the old wooden tram."

A fox shows the same dread of an opening. One, for instance, came to the Apple Tree Clearing, an opening in the woods that is five rods long and three rods wide at the widest. For some reason the fox decided to cross the open, though it might easily have gone around. Beginning to run two rods from the edge, it raced with increasing jumps over the snow, galloping, with its paws one behind the other. The jumps across the clearing were, in inches, 78, 70, 60, 72, 80, 93, 74, 78, 72, 56, 74, etc. Between the last two landing-places there was an oddity in that the fox, as it passed over, dropped a paw on a little hummock, with a light touch, for what reason I could not tell. Familiarity with the history of that little opening led me to think that a trapper had put a chunk of bait somewhere in it, with poisoned pills of lard around it for the fox. The fox, however much tempted, had its suspicions, and its longest jump, 93 inches, cleared the faint impression left by an old snow-shoe trail through the clearing. I should like to know what that fox thought afterwards of the tracks I made when measuring its tracks. In measuring I took the distance from the leading paw of each jump. The paws were put on the snow nearly equi-distant. The lengths spanned by the various impressions made at each jump were 33, 33, 31, 29 inches, etc., the 29-inch track being the gathering for the 80-inch jump, and the 36-inch track representing the landing from the 93-inch spring. In general, the longest jumps of animals are preceded by a comparatively short jump or two, and are followed by a short jump.

Usually, when a fox approaches a man's trail, of whatever age, in the woods

it displays much anxiety. In dozens of fox tracks crossing old snow-shoe tracks, I have never seen an instance where a fox stepped in the snow-shoe track. But they follow sleigh-roads for rods at a time. Sometimes, however, a fox fails to notice the snow-shoe track till it is almost under paw. This startles the fox, and it invariably springs back and runs several jumps away from the suspicious depression and odor in the snow. A fox thus startled will sometimes run toward the track three or four jumps, but, losing its nerve, turn back, afraid even to jump over the trail. Usually, after two or three attempts, the fox will clear the man-track, doubtless jumping pretty high.

Fear is the most impressive characteristic of animal trails; it is easily seen when one has mastered the rudiments of the snow language. It takes keener observation to see other workings of the animal mind, but an old trapper becomes marvelously adept in reading trails. I followed a fisher track with one for a considerable distance. The snow was deep and loose, making snow-shoeing very tiresome. The fisher (*pekan*, *mustella pennanti*) usually plunges along with jumps from three to four feet long. A very impressive track it makes, giving one the idea of great strength in reserve. But in the deep, loose snow, this fisher became tired. It ran half a mile, then walked a hundred yards, and walking is the summit of degradation for the racers of the weasel tribe.

"See how mad he is!" the trapper remarked; and sure enough, when my attention had been called to it, the track did show "mad." Breasting the snow, flipping its paws, and waving its tail from side to side, the fisher ploughed along, at last beginning to run again, writing its anger at the bad going in the fluffy snow, by flipping the snow in all directions at every step and jump.

When contrasted with a porcupine's trail, through the same kind of snow, the fisher's characteristics stand out plainly. The porcupine walks slowly through the soft snow. Its wide, heavy body ploughs

a trench, sometimes six inches deep, with levees on either side. It puts its heels flat on the snow, plantigrade, which many other animals seldom or never do. Plodding along, in no hurry, on its way from a rock-den to a hemlock or birch tree, its trail is the most careless of all in the woods. Its steps measure in inches, "10, 11, 11, 12, 10, 11, 10½, 10½, 10, 11," etc., the steps of its fore-paws being of different length from those of its hind-paws, and the steps of the right side different from those on the left, with the result that the porcupine's is the crookedest trail to be found in the woods. Apparently it never thinks of walking or going in a straight line as other animals do. Moreover, it drags its toes as it lifts its paws, and comes down heel first, making in some respects the most interesting of woods trails. In Wisconsin the porcupine is protected by law, for it is the one animal in the woods which a lost and starving man can kill with a club. Its spines protect it from most aggression, till the fisher comes upon it. The fisher kills and eats porcupines, in spite of the armor, which is one reason why woodsmen take delight in the fisher. They consider the lithe, strong-jawed fighter more admirable than the armor-plated hulk.

When one has studied trails in the snow for a time, the animals cease to be mere foxes and fishers and rabbits. One learns to recognize certain individuals; then indeed is one a silent spectator of the pageant of forest nature. Once, when living in a logging camp between the hauling and driving seasons, I knew a great hare. He was the biggest rabbit I ever saw. When he fled from me, he crossed the open hardwood, disdaining the thick balsam swamps, and when I saw that fact in his 10-foot jumps, I was glad I could n't kill him. Then there was a fisher, with a runway perhaps thirty miles long, a great circle which it did not leave. An otter, too — but to go on seems needless. One may even have an unseen, much loved, and decidedly worth-while acquaintance in a deer-mouse.

CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS VIA PERCENTAGES

BY RAYMOND L. BRIDGMAN

A NEW promise of success has come to the reformers of municipal governments. It has come through a new application of statistics, and its potency lies in the application of percentage of result to expense in the different cities, whereby comparison between different departments becomes possible, down to small details. It has come in local form, but the idea is national, and it is a fair presumption that the idea will speedily have national standing. Its local application has manifested itself in two states only, — Ohio and Massachusetts. In Ohio the working-out of comparisons has not been made in the document published in such a way as to be easily understood by the average student of municipal management. But the only report published by Massachusetts is presented in such admirable form that it is in itself a most encouraging promise that a large measure of reform in municipal management will be attained through the comparisons of percentages of expenditures to results obtained.

Two assumptions which may be accepted as facts for the purpose of the argument, and which perhaps are facts, lie at the beginning of the study of the case. One is that the greatest political evil of the times in the United States, and the greatest problem, is that of municipal government. The other is that the present tendency of the people of the United States to herd into cities will continue, so that the problem of city administration will soon concern directly more than half of the people of the United States, and that the proportion will continue to increase indefinitely.

This Massachusetts report referred to is entitled "The Cost of Municipal Government in Massachusetts." It is issued by the Bureau of Statistics of Labor.

Charles F. Gettemy Chief, and is a work of exceptional value, and one of higher excellence than usual in the scope and detail of the statistical work which is presented. This is the first report of the sort ever published in this country, perhaps in the world, and it is of such a pioneer character as to make it appear as if it must, by the very force of its method and application to municipal problems, be followed in all its essential characteristics by every other state of the Union, especially by all those with one or more large cities.

Regarding the tendency of the people of the United States to congregate in cities, the report gives these facts among others: In 1800 the population of the United States was 5,308,483, and only five cities had a population of over 10,000, namely, New York, with 60,515; Philadelphia, with 41,220; Baltimore, with 26,514; Boston, with 24,937; and Charleston, with 18,824, — a total of 172,010, or 3.24 per cent of the population. In 1900, the population was 76,303,387, and the population of places of 8000 people or more (comparison of 10,000 is not given) was 24,992,199, or 32.75 per cent of the whole, and there were 545 places of that population. Massachusetts furnishes a striking illustration of the tendency to gather in cities. As late as 1875 the percentage of people in towns of 5000 and less was 32.83, but in 1905 it had dropped to 14.28. In the former year the percentage of persons in places of 30,000 or over was 38.30, but in 1905 it was 57.77. The director of the United States Census is quoted as predicting that in 1910 there will be 90 per cent of the people of Massachusetts living in places of 8000 or more population. This tendency is general to the country. Hence comes the im-

portance to our political system of solving the problem of honest and efficient city administration for the physical, moral, and intellectual welfare of the children who must grow up under city government.

Brief mention of official acts preceding and leading up to this movement which has resulted in this encouraging promise in Massachusetts for the entire United States, was made by Dr. Edward M. Hartwell, secretary of the department of statistics of the city of Boston, at a conference of municipal auditing officers which met at the Hotel Bellevue in Boston, Saturday, January 18, 1908. In 1878 Minnesota established the office of state examiner to look after county accounts, and to prescribe uniform methods of keeping them, and the latter power was extended to state institutions. In 1879 Massachusetts put certain county accounts under the supervision of the savings bank commissioners. In 1887 the same state established the office of controller of county accounts. In 1889 North and South Dakota established the office of state examiner. Wyoming did the same in 1890. But the state examiners had no right to supervise city accounts. save that in 1891 the Minnesota examiner was given partial supervision over the accounts and financial reports of St. Paul, and in 1903 the same duties were extended over Minneapolis.

Credit for the first suggestion of uniformity in municipal accounts is given to Professor John R. Commons, then at the University of Indiana, who advanced the idea in an article on "State Supervision of Cities," in the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, in May, 1895. In July, 1896, a similar idea was treated in *The Quarterly Journal of Economics* by Mr. F. R. Clow, under the heading "Suggestions for the Study of Municipal Finance." In 1898, when President Carroll D. Wright, now of Clark College in Worcester, was the head of the national department of labor, Congress passed a

law for an annual publication of statistics of cities; and the man most active in this movement was Secretary Maltbie of the Reform Club of New York City, now a member of the Public Service Commission of the same city. The statistics were to cover cities of 30,000 population and over. In the draft of a model municipal corporations act, made in 1898 by a committee of the National Municipal League, was a recommendation for uniform methods of accounting for cities.

The committee suggested schedules for trial. In 1900, Mr. Harvey Chase, a member of the committee, put the idea in practice in rearranging the accounts of the auditor of Newton, Massachusetts. Credit for the suggestions is given to Professor Rowe, of the University of Pennsylvania, who was on the municipal programme committee of the National Municipal League. These schedules have been utilized in Baltimore and Cambridge, and reform ideas in this direction have been adopted in Chicago, Minneapolis, Rochester, Pawtucket, and New Bedford. Ohio passed a law in 1902 for uniformity in municipal accounts and reports, and Dr. Hartwell quotes it as in force in 1904 in over 70 cities, 88 counties, 700 villages, 1600 townships, and 2800 school districts. All New York cities, except New York City and Buffalo, must report to the Secretary of State on uniform schedules, which are about the same as those of the National Municipal League. So the idea has been gaining ground among the students of statistical science.

The Massachusetts law was passed in 1906, and the report mentioned above is the earliest product under it. In Europe the idea has been in practice much longer in several countries. The Massachusetts law requires each city and town to furnish annually to the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor "a return for such city or town containing a summarized statement of all revenues and all expenses for the last fiscal year of that

city or town; a detailed statement of all receipts and all disbursements of the last fiscal year, arranged upon uniform schedules prepared by the Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor; statements of the income and expense for each public industry maintained or operated by such city or town, and of all the costs thereof, expenditures for construction and for maintenance and operation being separately stated; a statement of the public debt of said city or town, showing the purpose for which each item of the debt was created and the provisions made for the payment thereof, and a statement of all current assets and all current liabilities of such city or town at the close of its fiscal year."

How important this statistical work of the cities is for their welfare, is set forth by Professor Charles J. Bullock, of Harvard University, who was a member of the Special Taxation Commission of Massachusetts in 1907:—

"From his point of view the city auditor or accountant is conducting a scientific experiment station. From his point of view, your public official responsible for a system of accounting is conducting a laboratory in which are being worked out the data from which both the practical man and the scientific observer must get the data that are essential for the solution of some of the greatest problems of the age. So that, while this movement is to be commended as of great practical value for the improvement of the financial standing of our cities, it has far-reaching importance when we look upon it as a movement for gathering data essential to enable the student of modern social conditions to determine whither our civilization is tending, and whether it is likely to prove a failure or a success."

Regarding the conditions which have hitherto prevailed, what Chief Gettemy says about Massachusetts is doubtless applicable to municipal accounting all over the country, as a rule. Here is the discreditable fact, as he puts it: "The student of municipal finance has hitherto

been confronted with utter chaos whenever he has attempted to make comparisons of the important facts of a selected number of cities or towns for the purpose of ascertaining whether any significant deductions might be drawn from them. There has been no uniformity in classification of accounts, and in many cases no book-keeping worthy of the name." Recommendations are made of legislation to correct glaring evils, and four of the six points are applicable in any city in the country: that all financial transactions should pass through the treasurer's office, and be recorded; that expenses of the departments should agree when checked up with recapitulations; that all municipal trust funds should be administered by a common board of trustees; and that a uniform fiscal year should be established.

In such a report, as was to have been expected, headings are given for classifying the different branches of a municipality's financial transactions, but these may be left to the special student. What is of consequence to the average citizen who is interested in good government is to notice how the percentages of expense in the different departments have been worked out, so that each city in the state can be compared with any other in respect to any detail. There are thirty-three cities in the state, and they are ranked according to population, with statements of the totals of their expenses for the year under consideration, their valuation, the rate of tax per \$1000, the per capita of current expense, and the percentage of the total expense to the valuation. For instance, Boston stands at the head of the list for current expense per capita, with \$26.69, while it is at the foot of the list in percentage of current expense to valuation, the figure being 1.25 against 2.15 for Chelsea, the highest; and the last figure was based on conditions before the great fire. That shows that Boston's liberal expense, compared with the \$9.58 of Chicopee, at the foot of the list, which has a percent-

age of 1.92 of expense to valuation, does not bear nearly as hard upon the taxpayers as the seemingly lighter rate of Chicopee, and is really the lightest in the state. Another table shows the per capita of debt in the cities, Boston leading with \$111.90, and Somerville having the lowest, or \$20.55.

But a still more practical table for the critic of a city administration is that which shows the percentage division of expenses between the municipal departments. Here the total one hundred per cent of expenses is divided under the following heads: general administration, police department, fire department, protection of life and property other than police and fire, public health and sanitation, highways and bridges, charities and corrections, education, libraries and reading-rooms, recreation, and soldiers' benefits. The average for all of the thirty-three cities is given, as well as the items severally for every city by itself.

A still further searching analysis is given in a table in which the aggregate per capita expenditure for each city as a whole is taken and separated into the amounts which have been spent respectively for the departments named under the classification above. In addition, there is given the rank among the thirty-three cities which is held by each city in respect to each particular item. Again, the amounts which are spent for the general administration of each city are analyzed further, so that the total one hundred per cent is separated into its proportions for legislative expenses, executive, financial, other general departments, city hall and other property not classified, election and registration, printing and stationery, and miscellaneous.

Then the Metropolitan Park District, which includes cities and towns in the suburbs of Boston, as well as Boston itself, is analyzed from the park point of view. Again, the total current expenses of general administration, not percentages but actual amounts, are given for the cities side by side, so comparisons

are under the eye in a moment for the entire state. Still further, current expenses for protection of life and property are given with a detailed analysis which includes the areas of the several cities and their population, so that the relative congestion of population comes in as a visible factor in the expenditure for police and fire service. Expenses for militia and armories enter also into the showing. In the same way the expenditures for conservation of the public health are given, with the population for 1906, the square miles of area, the population per square mile, the per capita expense for the cause, the sum spent, the cost of the city physician, the inspection of school children, contagious diseases, hospitals, quarantine and pest-houses, and the inspection departments.

Further on are shown the expense for operation and maintenance of sewers, and the cost of refuse and garbage disposal, and in another table, the details of inspection of buildings, inspection of plumbing, inspection of wires, sealing of weights and measures, inspection of meat and provisions, and inspection of milk and vinegar. Highway expenditures are analyzed into general supervision, engineering department, street-repairing, street-paving, street-cleaning, street-lighting, and street-sprinkling, and eight other items of detail. So it is with the department of charities and corrections, — different departments set out in detail. Educational expenses show salaries, text-books, repairs of houses, and so on. There is much more, all worked out carefully, and there is a large amount more for comparisons of the cities, and then the 321 towns are treated in a brief way, but still with much detail, comparisons being especially made easy between towns of about the same population.

Considering the great difficulties under which the report was prepared, the utter chaos prevailing between the municipalities and their manner of keeping their accounts, and the fact that many snarls were untangled before compari-

sons could be made, and considering also the vast mass of computations for comparison and percentages which had to be made after the figures were put into a form for comparison, the report is sure to attract attention by students of city management. It promises to be worth its cost and the unspeakable worry and ingenuity which it required for its preparation.

Now see where it leaves the science of municipal statistics. Here has been an evolution extending over more than thirty years. It has received the contributions of both statisticians and publicists. It has been growing in state and nation. It has risen from simple forms to this highly complex one. Now it stands forth in this system of comparisons by percentages in all the details of municipal management which are concerned in a dispute regarding good government. Science in this field has come to a basis of practical politics, and now it would seem as if an abundant fruitage must necessarily follow.

Here are two elements of successful government under a democracy which are made possible, — publicity and responsibility. For the first time, in a broad, practical way for all the cities of the state, — and for every state and for the entire nation, as soon as this example is followed, — there is publicity in such a way as to arouse popular interest. It is now so easy to check up the work of any mayor, board of aldermen, street commissioner, school superintendent, or any other official who has a responsible position, that the average citizen can see easily and intelligently what the situation is. Two lines of comparison will be possible. The official or the department can be compared with its own past. Facts will show at once whether this official is more or less expensive than his predecessor. It will appear whether the department is extravagant, measured by itself; and whether it is running as economically as it has been running, compared with the growth of population. Again, the department can be compared with every other city, near

or far. If the administration is honest, economical, efficient in every detail, making a dollar go as far as possible and returning to the taxpayers a full equivalent for every dollar taken from them, then the administration gets credit in a way which has not been possible hitherto. With no general standard for comparison, the people of a municipality have not had a sufficient test to enable them to judge whether or not they were being served as they should be, and the heads of the administration have been equally without a comprehensive guide. But with a general average for every city in the state, there stands forth at once a criterion by which the taxpayer measures the efficiency of his own city government. If the comparison is good, then full credit is given.

This appeal to the public approval is likely to figure perhaps more than the reforming statisticians have supposed. It is a current complaint of municipal government that our best citizens will not share in it because they are so hampered that they can do nothing, and get no credit for merit if they have it. It is true that the publication of percentages of comparison does not change the system of administration, but it does give the most practical and most effective publicity for an honest and competent administration which could be desired. Honesty and efficiency are sure to show themselves in the long run. If here is a city department which stands No. 1 of all the cities in the United States in its accomplishment in results for the dollars expended, then every municipal administrator in the United States, and many citizens besides, will know the fact, and the man who has made the record possible will get credit for his ability and his honesty. In every case, merit is bound to receive its just reward, so far as justice can be reflected in the statistical statement of results and can be brought into comparison with other cities. Here is a new force which will bring better men into the public service, and will spur them on

to give the people the best possible administration.

On the other hand, the percentages of comparison, other things being equal, will play the detective upon every dishonest and inefficient municipal department head. Where the spoils system is in full sway, where offices are the plunder of victory at the polls, and the man at the head knows little or nothing of the details of his business, comparison with departments managed on the merit system, by honest and competent men, working for an honorable reputation with even more zeal than they work for their salaries, will expose the dishonesty and inefficiency. Imperative demands will be made by the taxpayers for a change. Explanations which are not based on a real difference of conditions sufficient to justify the bad showing of the percentages, will not be accepted in the long run, however successful a local ring may be for a campaign or two. Revolt is sure to come, and the dishonest and incompetent officials will be driven from office.

Publicity of itself has the effect of making officials feel more responsible. Even though there is no dishonesty, and where the efficiency is sufficient to prevent a revolt, yet the fact that credit for merit is shown in the percentages of succeeding years will stimulate an official to see if his own record cannot be made better. Honorable pride will be stimulated by the certainty that if he does well his people and the people of other cities will have the truth advertised to them. The statistics, under the administration of the law, are automatic, constant year after year, and impartial. The light of publicity will shine about every department as it has not hitherto shone, and as it could not possibly shine with the chaos of accounting systems; and it will, of itself, tend to make municipal government better.

Still further for the encouragement of the pessimistic, this new system of comparison by percentages must inevitably result in stirring up public interest in municipal affairs. It will be much easier than ever before to get some clear idea of the management of city government. The average taxpayer can see what his city is costing, compared with some other he knows. He will become interested in running down accounts when they are straight and without mystery. He will feel as if he could follow the official in his policy, and the official will none the less feel that the taxpayer has his eye upon him. This added watchfulness will raise the public intelligence in public affairs, with a corresponding elevation of the efficiency of the service and a higher standard of what the service should be.

Now, all this advance does not concern the scheme of government at all. It does not involve any charter amendments. It has nothing to do with the various theories of one chamber or two, with more or less power and responsibility for the mayor, school committee, and heads of departments. It has nothing to do with the suffrage, with systems of balloting or any phase of election laws. It does not touch theories of taxation or sanitation, or education, or labor and capital, or any other side upon which the problem of municipal maladministration is attacked. It is simply a matter of reducing finances to a form favorable for comparison, and letting the system do its perfect work. It does not seem, perhaps, at first glance, as if much relief could come from such an unpromising source. But a study of the case shows that it has large and substantial promise, and it is quite possible that the evils of our notorious city governments will be relieved from an unsuspected quarter. But it must not be forgotten that it takes *men* to reform. Figures will never do it of themselves.

ACROSS THE CREEK

BY LUCY PRATT

ROMULUS walked down Goose Alley pondering deeply. A well-filled long-seated wagon had just rolled past him, and some familiar faces had flown by.

"Been a missiona'yin', I s'pose," he meditated; "look ter me like de chil'ren at de Ins'tute 's been a missiona'yin'."

He sauntered on in the early evening light, his mental comments running smoothly.

"Well, co'se it's all right ter go missiona'yin' ef yer selec's de right pussons ter missiona'y on. I ain't sayin' 't ain't puffleckly right fer 'em ter do it, an' co'se I'se glad ter see dey *is* doin' it, an' de only question I'd ax 'em anyway, is *where* dey been. Caze ef dey been down ter Brudder Jerden's on de crick, I kin tell 'em now Brudder Jerden doan' *need* 'em. But ef dey's been down ter ole Mose 'n' A'bella Stroud, w'y, dat's 'tirely dif'rent, caze Mose 'n' A'bella *does* need 'em. I kin think o' some'n' else where needs 'em, too, an' 't ain' Brudder Jerden ner Mose ner A'bella nudder. No, suh, it's old Uncle 'Nezer Smiff over yonder crossen de crick."

Romulus strolled on until his eye fell suddenly on a well-known, lively, tumbling group just before him in the road.

"Well, now, ef I ain't happen ter be lookin' I s'pose I'd 'a' walked right over yer!" he declared warmly. "An' ef I'd 'a' walked right over yer, where yer reckon yer'd be now? Huh? I say ef I'd 'a' walked right over yer, where yer reckon yer'd be now?"

The group below did not appear eager to contemplate the possibilities, and Romulus stopped and took one sweeping and comprehensive look around him.

"Well, 't would n' 'a' been 'nough of yer lef' ter r'ally speak of 't all," he continued. "But sence yer *is* jes' manage

ter 'scape ez yer has, I say sence yer *is* jes' manage ter 'scape, w'y, I'se got sump'n' ter tell yer, an' ef yer wants ter hyeah it yer kin jes' foller me twell I gits raidy ter speak 'bout it."

They fell in just behind him in a straggling but amiable procession, apparently ready to follow across the continent, if it were necessary, and Romulus strode on in silence. Past the small but tidy dooryards of Goose Alley they made their way until a familiar porch appeared in view, and then Romulus stopped, turning around once more.

"Come awn," he urged. "I'se gwine wait twell I gits dere befo' I begins tellin' it."

But finally they were there, and Romulus had seated himself comfortably on the porch, the others grouped around him and looking at him with a respect emphasized a bit by the pervading air of mystery.

"Well, now," he began finally, "co'se you chil'ren where's hyeah now is a *po'tion* o' de class I'se been a teachin' fer ser many evenin's, ain't yer?" They admitted that they probably were a portion of that particularly mentioned class.

"Ya'as," agreed Romulus, "I reckon yer all has been members o' de class. An' ef yer's been yere *reg'lar* an' paid 'tention way yer ought, w'y, I 'spec yer 'mount o' learning is much *mo'* 'n 't was w'en yer fus' come, ain't it?" They hardly seemed ready to speak positively on that supposition, but various mild grunts testified to a general feeling in the affirmative.

"Well, co'se 't is, an' ef 't ain't, w'y, 't oughter be. 'T *oughter* be much *mo'*, an' co'se 't is, ez I say, ef yer's paid 'tention way yer ought. Well, now de nex' question is — doan't yer p'raps reckon

we's been payin' almos' ter *much* 'tention ter learnin', ter de neglec' o' some udder matters where p'raps we'd oughter be thinkin' 'bout, too. Co'se yer doan't want ter be *all* learnin'!"

They looked aware, at least, of this threatening danger.

"No, co'se yer doan't want ter be *all* learnin', caze ef yer's *all* learnin', w'y, look ter me like it's trouble ahaid fer yer den sho'—same's ef yer ain' *no* learnin'. W'y, I'se 'quainted wid a gen'leman once, an' he ain' nuthin' *but* learnin'. Did n' know nuthin' else no-how! Jes' completely *ign*'rant on eve'y single thing 'cep' learnin'! Well, co'se 't would 'a' been all right fer 'im ef 'tain' come no call fer 'im ter *use* nuthin' 'cep' 'is learnin', but trouble *wuz* it come a call fer 'im one day on a matter where wa'n't 'sociated wid learnin' in de ve'y leas'. Ya'as, an' dat's de trufe I'se tellin' yer, too. He's a settin' by de winder one day wid 'is books 'n' papers—w'en some'n' come along down de road a holl'in' *fire*. But natchelly de gen'leman wuz mo' intrusted in 'is books 'n' papers 'n' he wuz in de fire, so he jes' kep' on a studyin' twell he hyeah 'em holl'in' fire ag'in, an' nex' he knew dey's a holl'in' at 'im dat it's de ve'y house he's a settin' in where's afire. Well, natchelly de gen'leman did n' know w'at ter do den nudder, caze ez I tole yer, he did n' know nuthin' 'cep' learnin', so co'se all he's thinkin' 'bout wuz 'is books 'n' papers. So 'stid o' jumpin' up an' hoppin' right outen de winder same ez anybuddy wid good all 'roun' sense would 'a' done, w'y, he jes' set dere a holl'in', 'Oh, my books 'n' papers! Oh, my books 'n' papers!' twell natchelly de fire kep' on a spreadin' an' nex' thing he knows, w'y, co'se he's afire hisself, an' still he kep' on settin' dere a holl'in', 'Oh, my books 'n' papers! Oh, my books 'n' papers!' Well, co'se it's only one thing lef' fer 'em ter do, an' dey did n' r'ally like ter do it nudder, but ter save 'im—dey's jes' 'blige ter shoot 'im."

There was an effective pause while the

full strength of the story's moral sank thoroughly in.

"Well, now, co'se I doan' mean by dat," continued Romulus reasonably, "dat ef yer puts yer mine 'ntirely on learnin' yer's mos' sho' ter git *shot*; no, I ain't r'ally mean dat; w'at I mean is, 't ain' sense ter put yer mine 'ntirely on *learnin'* ez is *prove* by de gen'leman where *got* shot. But 't is sense ter give a li'l' mo' all roun' 'tention ter mos' eve'ything in gen'al, an' ez de gen'leman over 't de Ins'tute said, ter edjercate 'de haid, de heart, an' de han'!' Now, we's alraidy tukken up de haid an' mos' finish it, *nex'* we's gwine tek up de *heart*!"

"W'at's we gwine do wid de heart?" came a modest query.

"Did yer speak, Theopholus? Did yer ax w'at's we gwine do wid de heart? Well, jes' look eroun' yer an' see de way udder folks ack w'en dey starts in ter train de heart. Fus' dey begins ter ack r'al kine an' p'lite w'en dey passes each udder on de road, an' nex' dey go 'long an' do up dey wuk 'thout continyul fussin' 'n' quar'lin' 'bout it, an' nex' dey goes ter church puffleckly regerlar even ef it doan' seem ter do 'em de leas' good, an' nex', w'y, p'raps dey'll start off a missiona'yin' on de po' an' de sick. Well, yer kin see fer yerselfs it's mo' sense ter give a li'l' mo' all 'roun' 'tention ter mos' eve'ything like dat 'n't is ter jes' put eve'y minute continyully on yer haid. So, ez I said, we's gwine tek up de heart, an' we's gwine start right in now by gwine missiona'yin'!"

This definite announcement caused an unmistakable wave of interest mixed with curiosity to sweep over the small surrounding company, and Romulus proceeded even more definitely.

"Dat's jes' ez true ez any word I'se ever spoke," he continued warmly; "we's gwine start right in by gwine missiona'yin' *now*! *Ter-night*! An' we's gwine begin our *fus'* missiona'y visit wid old Uncle 'Nezer Smiff. You know who I'se talkin' 'bout, doan't yer—ole Uncle 'Nezer Smiff crossen de crick?"

"Where yer mean — crossen de crick? Ole Uncle 'Nezer Smiff crossen de crick?"

"Dat's w'at I say, an' dat's jes' w'at I mean. Ole Uncle 'Nezer Smiff crossen de crick. Now, listen at me, kin yer start right now, soon's I kin git a hymn-book an' an axe, an' any udder piece o' property where's customa'y fer missiona'yin'? Caze co'se fus' we mus' sing 'im a song an' den we mus' chop 'im some wood, an' de reason is I'se right over by Uncle 'Nezer's house dis mawnin' an' I seen he's gittin' kine o' behine on 'is wuk, an' dat's w'y I come ter 'cide on Uncle 'Nezer, anyway."

"I ain' gwine chop no wood fer no Uncle nobuddy," came a sulky growl from the very heart of the surrounding group.

Just a silver thread from a slow, lazy moon was visible away off on the horizon, and the light was faint. But Romulus's ears were well trained.

"Wuz dat you speakin', Benj'mun?" he inquired, "an' did yer say yer ain' gwine chop no wood fer no Uncle nobuddy? Well, look ter me like yer spoke wid mo' sense dat time 'n yer mos' gen'ly does, Benj'mun, caze trufe is I ain't de ve'y leas' idea o' tekkin' yer anyway, counten yer bein' bofe under-size 'n mean-favored, ez well ez 'pearin' worse 'n usual w'en yer starts in ter speak. Furdermo', I could n' tek mo' n two free of yer under no cumstances 't all, so p'raps yer better begin 'n ax whedder yer kin go, stid o' settin' up dere an' sayin' yer ain't."

There followed a quick succession of meek petitions.

"Well, now dat's 'nough fer axin', too! Now, ef yer 'll set up so I kin see yer, I'se gwine mek de s'lection an' tell yer jes' who kin go."

There was not a breath to be heard. Romulus eyed the distant silver thread on the horizon critically, and then eyed the waiting group.

"Yer may go, Theopholus," he announced; "yer may go, Browser, yer

may go, Keenie. An' dat's all, caze I'se gwine ca'y yer over 'n de boat. I could p'raps tek one mo' ef 't wa'n't fer de axe 'n' de hymn-book, but co'se we doan't want no drownin's or capsizin's, so dat's all — scusin' de axe 'n' de hymn-book."

But there came the voice of woe unutterable.

"Please cyan't yer tek me? Oh, p-lease cyan't yer tek me p-place o' de axe 'n' de hymn-book?"

"Well, now doan't set up dere cryin' 'bout it," came the amiable objection, "caze cryin' doan't gen'ly do no good, an' 'side fum dat, look ter me like yer's talkin' foolishness, too. How is yer gwine tek de place o' de axe, Tibe'ius Mo'se, jes' answer me dat. Or furdermo', how is yer gwine tek de place o' de hymn-book!"

Tiberius looked feebly conscious of his shortcomings, and Romulus concluded with the plain facts of the case. "Yer could n' do it, Tibe'ius, not ef yer wuz ter practice all night fer it, but I'll tell yer jes' w'at yer kin do, sence yer seem ter feel ser bad 'bout it, yer kin go ef yer 'll promise right now yer won't move once fum time yer start twell yer git back, an' ef yer won't tek up de leas' bit o' room in de boat."

Tiberius complied eagerly with the conditions, and Romulus turned to leave them. "De ones whose names I'se called kin jes' set yere twell I come back."

When he returned, several minutes later, there was no comment made on the fact that he carried two axes as well as a hymn-book, so he commented briefly on the fact himself. "I 'cided ef we 's gwine ter r'ally git much done we 's 'blige ter ca'y two axes, anyway. Co'se I kin see we's mos' likely ter sink de boat 's well ez drown 'n' capsize, wid de load we's tekkin', but 't ain' no time ter start no argument 'bout it nudder."

The four chosen ones evidently had no idea of starting an argument, but briskly clambering down the steps behind Romulus, who carried an axe over each shoulder, Theopholus followed next in

line, with the hymn-book, and the procession moved impressively down the alley toward the Institute gates — while the less favored members of the company disappeared silently into the darkness.

Through the gates they wound, on to the broad, hard road and across the grounds, winding with the winding road past brightly lighted buildings and on to a long, smooth stretch of grass that rolled down to the waters of the creek. In the distance the Hampton Roads flashed with lights, and, as Romulus stepped down to the wharf, he stopped for a moment, looking down at the dimly flowing waters of the creek and then out at the larger flashing of the Roads.

"Cert'nly is a pretty night," he murmured, "now we ain' gwine have no playin' w'ile we's gittin' in de boat!"

Judging from the serious, almost funereal aspect of his surrounding attendants, this word of warning seemed a bit misplaced, but they took it without comment or complaint.

"Se' down, Theopholus, doan't yer move, Tibe'ius; now, is yer all raidy?"

Out into the little, dimly-flashing stream they moved, and Romulus, without further conversation, bent silently over his oars, while four small dark faces gazed as silently from the flickering, shadowy water to the sky above.

But the voice of authority sounded once more as the boat washed up lightly on the other side — and then again they were traveling silently on under the night sky, ragged bushes and trees on either side of them, the axes over Romulus's shoulders sending out occasional little glancing gleams of light — still traveling on.

Finally the leader turned impressively, clearing his throat and pointing mysteriously to a dully gleaming light in the distance.

"Yer see dat light?" he queried, "caze dat's jes' de ve'y spot where Uncle 'Nezer lives, an' we's a gwine dere right now. Jes' foller me."

And they stood before the leaning

cabin, and breathed a gentle, general sigh of relief. Then, suddenly, the dully gleaming light which had beckoned them on went out.

"Sho'! Well, doan' make no diffunce — we kin do de missiona'yin' jes' zackly de same. Jes' foller me!"

Around the cabin he led them, pointing effectively once more at something which loomed boldly up in the moonlight. "Yer see dat woodpile?" he demanded. He deposited his axes on the ground. "Co'se it's easy 'nough ter see it. Well, Tibe'ius, you kin climb up dere an' han' down, an' Keenie 'n' Theopholus you kin start right off a choppin', an' Browser you kin se' down on de steps jes' long 'nough ter pick out a hymn ter sing 'im 'fo' we go — an' ef any of yer needs 'sistance or 'ncouragement, w'y, jes' call on me."

Tiberius, on the woodpile, was handing down, Theopholus and Keenie were chopping recklessly, Browser was picking out the hymn with the aid of a match, and Romulus was keeping up a generally encouraging oversight, when there came a shrill, terrified squawk from the woodpile.

"Good Lawd, man!" expostulated Romulus, startled out of all dignity, while Browser jumped excitedly from his seat, dropping his match, "w'at you reckon you doin', anyway, wid sech a noise ez dat! W'y, yer like ter mos' scyare a man ter deaf, ain't yer!"

A terrified white hen was bounding lamely down from the woodpile, and the missionaries were looking on with faces of expressionless wonder.

"Well, now I guess it's trouble ahaid fer yer sho'!" declared Romulus hotly; "wid yer smashin' 'n' banging eroun' up dere yer's lame de chick'n!"

The chicken squawked again faintly in feeble agreement, and hopped down from the woodpile and up to the back steps, where she stopped, and with her feathers sticking out in shocked dismay regarded the missionaries with looks of sad reproof.

"Well, look ter me like yer's cripple 'er, anyway," maintained Romulus, "but 'tain' gwine do no good ter stan' dere lookin'! Jes' go right 'long wid yer choppin' an' I'll see ef p'raps I kin 'ply some *remedy* to 'er."

Just then there was a faint fumbling at the back door, and as it swung open slowly, old Uncle Ebenezer Smith himself moved out on to the step, and then stopped, regarding the moonlit scene. At his feet, below, the chicken still gazed sorrowfully ahead.

Romulus looked up with a graceful smile and a fluent explanation, and the old man, still looking around inquiringly, finally regarded the two choppers at the woodpile, who, now thoroughly in the spirit of their part, were swinging their axes wildly.

"Come over ter 'sist me wid my wuk?" the old man inquired, with meek anxiety in his eyes. "Well, cert'nly wuz good of yer, cert'nly wuz ve'y good, but — but laws, boy, yer's — choppin' up my bes' rockin' cheer!"

The axes came down with final, faltering thuds, while Uncle Ebenezer stepped down into the yard and ruefully regarded the ruins of his chair.

"Ya'as — co'se I understan' yer wuz 'tendin' it all fer de bes'," he admitted dismally to the conciliatory Romulus, "but I pitch dat cheer up on de woodpile dis ve'y day fer mendin'."

There was a rustle from the steps, and a white hen skipped down into the yard — lamely, haltingly.

"Befo' de Lawd!" breathed Uncle Ebenezer, "w'at's de matter wid 'Gusta? Is yer *cripple* 'er?" He bent over the wilted-looking bird, and, lifting her up and placing her securely on the step again, moved back and regarded her silently. The others, grouped silently around the woodpile, regarded her, too, and Augusta, with the same sad look of reproof in her eye, looked back at her audience without finching.

"I'se *name* 'er fer Miss 'Gusta Mer'l — Miss 'Gusta Mer'l fum de No'th,"

finally began Uncle Ebenezer in gentle tones of reminiscence, "an' it's allays been my pu'pose ter train 'er up into a puffedekly 'sponsible an' hon'rabable fam'ly chick'n."

Augusta, blinking sadly on the step, looked her part to perfection.

"Dat's jes' de way I allays *has* train 'er," went on Uncle Ebenezer, "an' *now* look at 'er!"

Augusta bore it without a flicker.

"Well, all 't is," he continued, "look ter me like yer's mos' completely ruin 'er, eider fer a providin' chick'n or fer a fam'ly 'sociate."

Augusta looked sadly but forgivingly at the speaker.

"An' all counten yer roostin' on de woodpile, 'Gusta!" he went on in sorrowful, direct address. "Yer know I allays tole yer it wuz a unstiddy place ter res', an' yer'd 'a' gain in de en' ef yer'd tukken my 'vice an' come inside way I axed yer. But 't was allays sump'n awful venturesome 'bout yer, too, 'Gusta, awful venturesome 'n' exper'mental; an' not only dat, but cert'nly is true yer's allays be'n jes' a li'l' 'clined ter be strong 'n' unyieldin' in yer dispersion. Well, yer kin see it ain't brought yer nuthin' but trouble. Jes' look at yer now! 'T ain' no brightness lef' in yer, ner sociability nudder, an' nuver will be ag'in long's yer live!"

Augusta apparently could bear it no longer, and with a sudden shrill squawk of woe unutterable, she hopped distractedly from the step.

"Hole awn now, 'Gusta," came the soothing advice, "hole awn now — Say, look ter me —" his tones came fraught with conscious helplessness and absolute resignation — "look ter me like de steps is afire now!"

Romulus, dimly recalling a hymn-book and a lighted match, dashed wildly forward to a blazing pile of shavings which was merrily kindling the thin, rickety steps, and his followers dashed in confusion after him. Uncle Ebenezer merely stood back resignedly watching, and ap-

parently entirely ready for whatever might come next. Augusta, huddling dejectedly at his feet, watched too, in the same spirit of hopeless resignation.

Finally, when the last danger had been averted and the missionaries were looking back at Uncle Ebenezer and then down at the blackened steps, he spoke again in words which he considered to be both just and reasonable.

"Co'se I s'pose yer *come ter len'* me yer '*sistance*,"—he stopped and hastily surveyed the scene around him, and then he looked deprecatingly at Romulus; "but w'at has yer done? Yer's chop up my bes' rocker, yer's cripple my fam'ly chick'n, an' yer's set my house afire. Pshaw, man, dat ain't no kindness ter nobuddy!"

Romulus himself was a bit lost for a response, but his attempt was at least brave.

"We — we could sing yer a hymn jes' 'fo' leavin'," he suggested haltingly but politely.

"I doan' guess I cyare 'bout no hymn," returned Uncle Ebenezer, politely too. "I's mos' 'fraid it mought some 'ow turn inter trouble."

As they wound around the corner of

the moonlit, leaning cabin, their last farewells still echoing faintly but bravely in the stillness, Uncle Ebenezer and Augusta waited side by side,—then turned their heads warily, cautiously, and watched them till they were out of sight.

Down on the shore Romulus was sunk deep in meditation. Finally he turned his head slowly, looked down at four dim dark faces below him, and then as slowly stepped into the boat.

"Well, it's prove ter yer one thing," he began, glancing from the dark faces out to the sweeping, flashing waters of the Roads, "an' dat is de 'mount of it is, it teks *learnin'* ter do de ve'y leas' thing an' do it 'thout messin' 'n' splotchin' over it. Jes' looker w'at yer done ter-night! W'y it meks me feel 'shame ter even think of it! Well, I hope *dat's* prove ter yer dat it teks mo' *learnin'* ter do missiona'y-in' an' do it *right* 'n anybody settin' in *dis* yere boat 's got yit. An' dat ain't all, nudder. Look ter me like it teks ser *much* *learnin'* dat 't ain't many where's fit ter 'tempt it, anyway."

He pushed off with a long, light sweep of the arm, and the boat moved out into the shadowy, flowing waters of the creek.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS AS A WRITER OF TRAGEDY

BY FREDERICK B. R. HELLEMS

I

THE concord with which Mr. Stephen Phillips was, on the publication of his *Poems*, acclaimed a true singer was only less striking than the later clashing of polemics over his merits as a writer of tragedy; and even the most hopeful searcher after convincing literary verdicts would rise from the several score of reviews on my table with a despairing impression of the futility of criticism. Accordingly, in a rather pessimistic frame of mind, one blustering afternoon in late September, I sat down to read once more *Paolo and Francesca* with *Romeo and Juliet*. Doubtless this comparison has been instituted, more or less carefully, by every lover of poetry; for the features of resemblance are so numerous and striking that they must challenge the attention of even the casual reader.

Both plays belong to the earlier activity of their respective authors; in both, the story is frankly drawn from the open treasury of older literature; in the former, as in the latter, the scene is "the eternal Italy of passion, the time is the deathless spring of young desire;" in either tragedy two youthful beings, who forget the world and all beside, pay the penalty, or win the guerdon, of a lover's death, and the play ends "with a long deep sigh like the last breeze of an Italian evening;" in short, there is almost as close a parallel as one could hope to find. In following the parallel one must not forget that Mr. Phillips expressly deprecates comparison with the Elizabethans, who sought for multiplicity of effect, whereas he aims at unity; but even over his protest some relative estimate will be made by every devotee of the drama, and, in

the right spirit, it is essentially worth the making.

How, then, does the *Paolo and Francesca* emerge from the experiment? The real answer can come only from the individual reader; but I cannot escape the conviction that, if he will read as I did, doing his best to put aside all preconceptions and yielding himself naturally to the pages in his hands and the general impression thereby produced, he will close the two plays with the feeling that, if there is not equality of concrete achievement, there is at least real kinship of spirit. Nay, I even fancy that not a few readers will feel the tugging at the heartstrings just a little stronger at the last words of Giovanni than at the closing speech of the Prince. If there "never was a story of more woe than this of Juliet and her Romeo," yet by its side may stand the story of Paolo and Francesca, who wooed and loved unwillingly, whom we leave looking like children fast asleep. Naturally, there arises the objection that the experiment would be proposed, and the conclusion reached, only by a cloistered bookman. In this objection, however, I could not quite acquiesce; for I must believe that a comparison in the theatre would lead to no materially different decision. Mr. Irving's production of the modern play I have never heard; but no unprejudiced auditor will ever forget or deny his emotions when Mr. George Alexander, approaching the litter with its bitter lading of youth and beauty, in whose company we have lived a fated hour, says very gently, —

Not easily have we three come to this —
We three who now are dead. Unwillingly
They loved, unwillingly I slew them. Now
I kiss them on the forehead quietly.

In my own experience I noted the same deep and general hush that I had felt shed itself over a Greek audience some six years before, at the not dissimilar close of the *Antigone*, which was presented by the students of the University of Athens. Of course the surface is only the surface; but the heart is the heart, and this tugging at its strings has something to do with judging a tragedy. The further I followed the thoughts suggested by the comparison, the more I was strengthened in the belief that Mr. Phillips was worth knowing. Shortly afterwards the *Faust* was placed in my hands, and I have ventured to make a simple estimate of Mr. Phillips's actual achievements and of the grounds for hope or fear as to his future. With this modest aim before me, I have essayed a review of the six plays hitherto published, taking up in order our author's choice of tragic material, treatment of plot and dramatic motive, depiction of character, poetic diction, and scenic presentment.

II

If we first cast a general glance over the dramas, we find that three of them may be called tragedies of love, one a tragic masque, the fifth a dramatic character study, while the latest is frankly an adaptation of Goethe's masterpiece. In the earliest of the love-tragedies Mr. Phillips has gone to Dante for his story, and has chosen that aspect of the myriad-faced problem wherein the love of the principal characters appears as a phase of Fate, "that god behind all gods." From the moment when Paolo enters out of sunlight, leading Francesca, until in the gloomy hall the bodies are reverently covered over, we feel that in most solemn sooth "his kiss was on her lips e'er she was born." Their love was as inevitable as life or death. Indeed, it was at one with the love in the old Empedoclean or new Haeckelian scheme of the universe, the love that operates from the primordial atom to the enthralling of the earth

by the sun, from the lowest protozoan to the loftiest soul of man with its godlike uprushing toward pure truth and pure beauty. Despite our conventions, we realize that the love of these twain does raise them above themselves; and the glorious allegorizing of Plato in the *Phædrus* and *Symposium*, along with Dante's kindred vision, is immediately recalled by the scene in which we hear the glowing prayer of Paolo:—

Let me with kisses burn this body away,
That our two souls may dart together free.
I fret at intervention of the flesh,
And I would clasp you — you that but inhabit
This lovely house.

Howbeit, love of the spirit with absolutely no fretting intervention of the flesh is as impossible for us in our mortal houses as it is undesirable, until we rise to other levels; and it is strictly in accord with cosmic order, as well as cosmic passion, that youth goes toward youth. For their contravention of our recognized moral order they meet a punishment that is no punishment but merely one more ground for Heine's decision that "Die Liebe mit dem Tode verbunden ist unüberwindlich."

In *The Sin of David* the central conception of love is the same. Thus Lisle says to Miriam, in words that still carry an echo from Plato and Dante, —

No! for a revelation breaks from thee.
Thou hast unlocked the loveliness of earth,
Leading me through thy beauty to all beauty.
Thou hast admitted me to mystery,
Taught me the different souls of all the stars;
Through thee have I inherited this air,
Discovered sudden riches at my feet,
And now on eyes long blinded flames the
world.

Here again unquenchable love is brought into conflict with the moral order, this time with the scarlet taint of blood-guiltiness; for Lisle, maddened by Miriam's moonlit beauty, sends her husband to certain death, and watches him ride, dying, into the night. Upon this pair of lovers, even after they are sheltered in happy wedlock, breaks a storm of real punish

ment in the loss of an idolized child. Nemesis with terrible grimness has caught up the earlier words of Lisle, and sending more than mere death, "strikes at his heart, his hope, his home."

In *Herod* the face of love is different. The Judæan soldier-king, who has lived forever half in lightning, half in gloom, is possessed by a consuming passion for his queen, whom he has wooed amid the crashing of cities. Mariamne, however, in whose veins there runs the blood of all the Maccabees, loves her stormy, brilliant husband mainly for his impetuous power: —

Those eyes that dimmed for me flamed in the breach;

And you were scorched and scarred and dressed in spoils,

Magnificent in livery of ruin.

Stronger than her love for Herod, although it is of the sort which "not time, absence, or age could ever touch," is the love she bears her brother, who is more than flesh and blood to her, the incarnation of the spirit of her ancient race, the crown of its past and hope of its future.

O, thou art holy, child;

About thee is the sound of rushing wings,
And a breathing as of angels thro' thy hair.

So, when Herod, in submission to what seems to be irresistible political need, causes the brother to be slain, her great love is quenched in a greater grief.

Herod, that love I did conceive for you,
And from you, it was even as a child —
More dear, indeed, than any child of flesh,
For all its blood was as a colour of dreams,
And it was veined with visions delicate.

Then came a sudden labour ere my time —
Terrible travail — and I bring it forth,
Dead, dead. And here I lay it at your feet.

Then the goads of grief and jealousy skillfully utilized by Herod's scheming mother and sister drive him to the deed which fulfills the astrologer's prediction that Herod should kill the thing that most he loved; for the dead brother demands his sister's death. Finally, beneath the weight of sin and sorrow the king's mind is maddened, and amid the wild foam of

insanity he "clasps only this rock, that Mariamne lives." As to wealth and dominion and power, he has achieved more than his wildest dreams; but he has "ransomed outward victory with inward loss," and his last words before being bound in catalepsy are a heartrending cry that he will recreate his beloved out of endless yearning. If Paolo seems to be punished for his love, if the punishment of Lisle is real and heavy indeed, Herod may be numbered with Othello and the few others whose retribution has become a part of the world's moan of pain.

In *Ulysses* we have still another phase of love; but it no longer fills the stage as in the preceding plays. It is true that the storied fidelity of Penelope and the sacred hunger of her soul are sung once more in beautiful lines; and the drama ends effectively with husband and wife in silent embrace by the brightening hearth, while the voice of the minstrel is heard repeating the song, —

And she shall fall upon his breast
With never a spoken word.

Howbeit, the love of the wanderer for Penelope, deep and abiding though it proves, is not all that Calypso reads into it before she bids the Ithacan leave her island; it is essentially a part of his longing for home, one of the thousand calls ringing in his ears and summoning him across the deep. As to dramatic motive, the punishment of the suitors and the portrayal of the character of the wave-worn, steadfast, wily king play quite as large a part as the love between husband and wife.

In *Nero*, love is only an incident, the emperor's relations with Poppæa being treated as a feature of the conspiracy against Agrippina, a part of the policy of "matching the mistress 'gainst the mother — the noon of beauty against the evening of authority." The drama is primarily an exposition of the development of an "æsthete made omnipotent," of a dreamy, pampered youth, with a surface of polish and specious intentions,

who changes into a crazy author-actor-musician with all the world for his theatre. In opposition to him is drawn the imperious woman, who would give life to even the driest of annals; and if there is a central tragic point in the play it is her murder, which has been acquiesced in rather than promoted by the demented son. For this, however, he pays a wild atonement by giving her flaming Rome for a funeral pyre; and the curtain falls as Nero faints at the conclusion of his apostrophe to her spirit and the flames that appease its rage.

As to *Faust* there is little need of words. Here is matter for the dramatic poets of all ages; each changing era of thought will justify a new presentation of this eternal theme. At some not very distant day we may have a *Faust* almost as different from Goethe's as his was different from the mediæval puppet-show to which we trace its origin. The great new play may be no better; but it will be fundamentally different. If we are honest, we must admit that the sage of Weimar, despite his efforts to convince us that Faust worked out his own salvation, is ultimately driven to "salvation by grace." This solution was proper enough at one stage in occidental development; but it will hardly be acceptable much longer. It is too mediæval and formal. In our *Faust* of the future, the problem will be the same, but the solution must be along the lines the younger Goethe doubtless intended. On earth the skein is tangled; and on earth, not in heaven, must it be unraveled. This is no presumptuous arraignment of one of the world's greatest classics; it is simply an obvious assertion that man's attitude toward the fundamental moral problems of the universe is not fixed beyond the possibility of movement. In the months intervening since the announcement of Mr. Phillips's new play, I had hoped that he might essay the Olympian task of treating this inexhaustible theme in a new spirit; but he and Mr. Carr have preferred the lowlier, easier work of add-

ing to the innumerable adaptations of the greatest drama in German literature.

Utilizing this brief review to recall the tragedies, we can hardly fail to conclude that in the first three outlined above Mr. Phillips has chosen thoroughly suitable material, unless we are all to desert to Mr. Bernard Shaw and allow the "sentimentalists" to weep alone. In the story of Ulysses there is appropriate and even beautiful material for a tragic masque, which is practically what Mr. Phillips has given us. In *Nero*, I think, there is stuff for a certain sort of tragedy, although not for the sort our author has written; but of this I shall speak again. *Faust* is an undying theme with unlimited possibilities.

III

With this dramatic material our author's treatment of plot is naturally connected very closely. In *Paolo and Francesca*, for instance, in view of the long precedent literary tradition attaching to these names, Mr. Phillips had little room left for choice save as between so-called idealizing and realistic treatments. That he is to be congratulated on choosing the former, several critics have denied; but if these had stumbled upon the same chance for comparison as was thrust upon me by a kindly fortune, I cannot but fancy that a few of them would have modified their decision. It happened by the sheerest luck that the last play I attended in Paris, the week before seeing *Paolo and Francesca* presented in London, was Marion Crawford's realistic version of the same story. History was adhered to with brain-satisfying accuracy, and Madame Bernhardt, although I had seen her when she appeared to better advantage, acted with genuine power; but the contrast between that presentation and Mr. George Alexander's production of the less historical version by Mr. Phillips would have given pause to the most aggressive advocates of realism. The Parisian play was, after all, only a tragedy of blood flowing across a picture of muddy

passion, which all the witchery of the supremely gifted actress and the magic of the incomparable scenic presentment could not raise above the commonplace; whereas, on the London stage, was a tragedy of human souls with a background of ineluctable Fate. Even when one admits the existence of certain vulnerable points, this background saves the plot, and the final impression is one of inevitability.

Passing to *Ulysses*, we may borrow from Aristotle. "A certain man is absent from home for many years; he is jealously watched by Poseidon, and left desolate. Meanwhile his home is in a wretched plight — suitors are wasting his substance and plotting against his son. At length, tempest-tossed, he arrives and reveals his true self; he attacks his enemies, destroys them, and is himself preserved. This is the essence of the plot; the rest is episode." Even the play's warmest admirers, Mr. Stephen Gwynne for instance, are inclined to slight the question of plot and to emphasize other aspects, such as "the beauty of sight and sound, the grace of gesture, the melody of verse, the glory of splendid words;" or, "the fire and force, that lift out of the commonplace a common motive or a common thought." There is a weakness as to impelling and unifying dramatic motive, which the noble forms of Athena and Poseidon may cloak, but cannot altogether hide; and the weakness may as well be admitted without contention.

As to *The Sin of David*, it is safe to assume that any reader will repeat in large part whatever verdict he has passed upon the question of plot in *Paolo and Francesca*, which it resembles in so many ways; although there is one important weakness, which will be considered in connection with the author's treatment of Lisle's character.

When we come to the *Herod*, however, we find ourselves in a position to decide definitely that Mr. Phillips can construct a plot. It is true that he was once more using material from an open

source, and that other plays had been written on the same subject; but, even so, there was more room for stretching of the wings, and our poet has achieved a notable flight. Early in the first act the author sets before us the masterful passion of Herod for his bride, which is the central theme; the critical position of Judæa before the all-engulfing tide of Roman conquest; the menace of Aristobulus's existence to Herod's supremacy over a discontented people, whom he alone can save; the almost idolatrous devotion of Mariamne to her brother; and the jealous intriguing of Cypros and Salome. Across the scene there flit the whispered prophecies of a coming king, — reminding us of *Christ in Hades*, — who shall rule in gentleness and take terror from the grave. For one clear, if awful, moment we are allowed to pierce the veil of the future, when Cypros repeats the astrologer's prediction, —

Herod shall famous be o'er all the world,
But he shall kill that thing which most he
loves.

Just before the fall of the curtain, when Mariamne discovers that Herod has brought about her brother's death, we see a little more clearly beyond the veil.

In the second act Herod is led by a complex of motives, convincing in the sum, to order the death of the wife whose murdered love he cannot revive. "Fate is upon him with the hour, the word." To make more deeply pathetic his helplessness before Fate and Mariamne, we are shown his mastery over the Judæan mob, and his promotion by Cæsar to undreamed-of power. In the third act, where some ambitious reviewers have complained of a lack of action, the drama "lies in the fateful suspense that hangs over the issue; in the shifting tempestuous movements of the half-mad king's mind, and the echo which they find in the corresponding movements of hope and confidence, alarmed sympathy, consternation, dismay, and finally solemn resignation, in the minds of his hearers."

With the whole play before an intelligent reader, I do not see how he could possibly dissent from the following verdict of one of the keenest and most open-minded literary judges in England, writing under the *nom de plume* of "Senex:" "The plot is so contrived that all the action passes after the manner of French tragedy, and with no great violence done to probability, in a single scene — the hall of audience in Herod's palace in Jerusalem. An Elizabethan breadth and daring of imaginative treatment, with a Greek parsimony of characters and issues, and a French observation of the unities at least of place, — such are the main structural characteristics of the new tragedy; and it is needless to say that they make it from the outset quite unlike any other modern English work of stagecraft."

In *Nero* the plot, to voice a candid personal opinion, is not handled with any real mastery. That a character-study can be made a great play, has been shown by *Hamlet* and other examples; but there is almost as much difference between the treatments of Shakespeare and Mr. Phillips as there is between the characters of the Danish prince and the Roman emperor. In the Elizabethan play the drama grows, in the modern it is forced, — a feeling from which one rarely escapes, even under the charm of the author's many beautiful passages and skillful scenic auxiliaries. What plot there is must find its centre in Agrippina, and perhaps the mere adopting of her name for the drama would have made us less captious in our criticism. Racine was wise enough to call his play on the period *Britannicus*; but in the drama of Mr. Phillips the character-study deals primarily with the eponymous persona while the plot-interest centres about another. If Agrippina had been given just a trifle more prominence and her name had appeared as the title, we should have felt that the play had a beginning, a middle, and an end; whereas even the most friendly critics must confess that the

present play hardly fulfills this modest requirement. We are not through with Nero when he apostrophizes burning Rome. In the play of the same name by Mr. Robert Bridges, these words are spoken by Seneca, —

If any were to make a tragedy
Of these events, how would it pass or please
If Nero lived on at the end unpunished,
Triumphing still o'er good?

And despite Thræsea's rejoinder that "the god that mends all comes not in pat at his cue, as a machine," we feel that Seneca was right. Pagans or Puritans, we will have Nemesis or the avenging God; we do not ask that virtue be happy, or even that natural evil be chastised; but withal those of us least poetical in our justice do demand that abnormal vice shall not be flaringly triumphant at the end. Moreover, in the case of Nero history has recorded his punishment; and, in fact, the punishment of such a character in such an environment is inevitable. It would seem that a great tragedy on the picturesque actor-emperor could be written as a sort of Greek play in which all the overweening pride of the Ahenobarbi should be punished in Nero by his fantastic madness and abject death; or that a successful tragedy could be constructed, on the lines of a modern drama, half way between Mr. Phillips's *Nero* and a French study of pathology, terminating on the wild avenging night that brings death to the tyrant madman with the truly tragic figure of Acte by his side.

Of the plot of *Faust*, we need speak only in so far as Mr. Phillips and his collaborator have modified their original. Much of Goethe's, text has long been discarded on the ordinary stage, nor can we make serious complaint about many of the omissions. The manifest striving of our present adapters is toward simplicity and unity.

In the Prologue, on a range of mountains between heaven and earth, Mephistopheles obtains permission to win the soul of Faust if he can. Into the first act are condensed the appearance of the

Earth-Spirit, the conversation with Wagner, the phial scene, the invocation of the Spirit of Evil, the compact with Mephistopheles, the latter's conference with the earnest student, and the visit to the witches' cavern.

In the first scene of the second act the foolery in Auerbach's Keller is connected with the Margaret episode, the students being represented as friends of Valentine, who is leaving for the war. From the drinking bout, Faust and Mephistopheles go to watch the faithful returning from mass, and they meet Margaret, who has been praying to the Virgin for her brother's safety. The next three scenes follow the old version more closely, although with many omissions and minor changes; also with one unimportant but annoying inconsistency, which we have not space to discuss. In the fifth scene Mephistopheles urges Faust to "finish what is begun," and gives him the potion. The sixth scene closes with the entry of Faust into Margaret's dwelling. In Act III the order of events is decidedly modified. From the gossip of the village girls at the fountain, Margaret turns to the church, where she is tormented at her prayers by the mockery of Mephistopheles. Outside the cathedral the student friends converse about Margaret's guilt. Valentine comes proudly in at the head of his troop, to be told of his sister's shame. Faust and his ally appear and the duel occurs, followed by the heart-breaking interview between brother and sister. Act IV contains a brief Brocken scene, wherein Faust is shown Helen, Cleopatra, and Messalina. Just as he is yielding, however, the witch who presented the rejuvenating potion in Act I causes him to see Margaret in her misery with her dead babe at her feet. The second scene takes us to the prison cell and deathbed of Margaret.

At this point comes the great departure from Goethe, and, in my humble opinion, an absolutely fatal mistake. No man can ever forget the impressive ending of the first part of *Faust*. The

voice from above declares that Margaret is saved; Mephistopheles disappears with Faust; the dying voice from within is heard faintly calling the lover's cherished name. There is final tragedy. But this will not do for Mr. Phillips and Mr. Carr. Faust declares that he will follow his lost love:—

Margaret, Margaret! after thee I come
And rush behind thee in thy headlong flight.

Then the hero and the arch-fiend argue, in four pages of really fine verse, about the former's fate. Finally, while Margaret is seen at the feet of Raphael, Mephistopheles claims his wager won; but an angel from the Prologue declares that Faust has been ennobled by a higher, holier love springing from his sin. During his speech "angels are seen bearing the soul of Faust upward towards Margaret." In the last two lines Mephistopheles says, with almost touching patness and piety:

Still to the same result I war with God:
I will the evil, I achieve the good.

In the name of Life, what mockery is this? When the voice from above declares that Margaret is saved, we believe, because our own hearts have decided that she was no more guilty than a trampled flower. But what about Faust? Goethe tried, at any rate, to make him expiate his sin by service and suffering; bitter years of struggle and writhing upward preceded the end; even the angels admit the limitations of their saving power:—

Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,
Den können wir erlösen.

But our new Faust is suddenly transported to heavenly joys in a moment of wild agony and self-reproach, which, for all the evidence before us, is much more likely to be the drunkard's morning misery than the dawning of a new spiritual day within his heart. It is as idle to put the assurance on the authoritative lips of an accredited angel as it is to have it supported by the Devil; we are left absolutely unconvinced and rebellious. This man has chosen the easiest of preys; has dragged a maiden to a grave of shame; has been responsible for the murder of her mother,

probably to be found in the change from David to Lisle, due to the interference of the English arbiter of dramatic morals. If David had been in question, we should have been thoroughly prepared for his prompt surrender to his passion; but in the case of Lisle there is a distinct jar, and, since this is the turning-point of the whole drama, the defect is a serious one.

In *Faust*, *Ulysses*, and *Nero* the problem hardly presents itself; for in the two first-named both plot and character are fixed in the hearer's mind before the curtain rises, and the third, as we have said, is essentially a character-study.

On the whole, the major personages are adequately depicted. We have neither photographic realism on the one hand, nor mere impressionistic adumbration on the other. Miriam, for instance, is a real woman, set before us in clear, essential portraiture, even if we are not told the color of her eyes.

She is a daughter of France, born in the sun's lap, transferred to the drear fenland at her father's death and to the guardianship of the benumbing Puritan, who, after wedding her without wooing, "locks her spirit up and keeps the key." Her misery is faithful to the loathed yoke until the appearance of Lisle. Even after his coming she is willing to struggle; but the ruthless husband, confusing a diligent wife and quiet house with unnatural sacrifice and self-starvation, drives her to her fate. The very hour of surrender is "a deep inheriting, and as the solemn coming to a kingdom." In her new abode, this time a home, she is the spirit of motherhood. All that "wanders in her and is wild," having broken in one wave on Lisle, has been gathered up with all else that is in her to be poured out in love for her child and the father of her child. With the boy's taking off comes rebellion against the causeless theft, and a prayer for heaven's ire sooner than heaven's indifference. This is followed by the thought that she is being punished for having rushed into Lisle's arms in headlong passion.

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Finally, her husband confesses his crime, and the wracked heart rebels against his sin and her contagion; the body that wooed him to murder conceived her boy, adjudged to death before his birth. Her agony begets a gradual calm, the calm of hopelessness. "O I am stone to human life henceforth." In this mood she notes in her husband the eyes that shone from her dead boy's face, and Lisle grasps the opportunity to suggest that by the loss of their beloved they have paid the penalty of fleshly sin; that now may begin a marriage everlasting, whose sacrament shall be their deep and mutual wound, whose witnesses the shadowy throngs. Then the same woman we came to know in the first act, craving light and love, clasps the plea he offers and falls on the heart of the man who five years ago had led her from gloom to sunshine. But in the dreary fenland we met her, and in a sort of spiritual fenland we bid her farewell; for we know that ever in her heart will be the cry, "I want the little hands and feet of him." About her in the future will flit irrecoverable dreams, with memory and repentance, — never deep, confident happiness again.

That the character of Lisle is adequately drawn, few would maintain; but Miriam attests that our author can depict a woman. A review of *Herod* would be still more convincing as to his ability to depict a man who is fitted to be a hero of tragedy. In the characters of Miriam and the Judæan king, Mr. Phillips was less bound than in the major personages of his other plays, and his success with these must in fairness be remembered against his failures. Indeed, as to this particular point one finds much encouragement in the Roman play; for the author's treatment of the emperor and of Agrippina shows a touch that is growing in skill, if not in strength.

In the minor characters it can hardly be maintained that he has achieved equal success, although Antinous in his insolence and splendor, Lucrezia with her thwarted woman thoughts, and Poppæa

with the merciless calculation of her witching beauty, stand forth to challenge any sweeping condemnation. The fact is that Mr. Phillips, in his desire to avoid multiplicity of effect, has deliberately minimized the importance of his minor personages, and has depicted them accordingly, so that with the three characters named above to attest his power it would be thoroughly unsafe to decide that he will not achieve more satisfactory results in the future. That there is room for improvement should be frankly conceded; for our ideal tragedy, without sacrificing the stamp of perfect unity, may include a number of important personages strongly portrayed and contributing to the main action.

v

In entering upon the field of Mr. Phillips's language and verse, we find fewest differences of opinion. It is true that an occasional line is dismally prosaic. For instance, in the new play, as a translation of "*Schnell und unbegreiflich schnelle*," said of the circling earth, we have "Swift, beyond understanding quite," probably because the line has to rhyme with night; and in the earlier plays it has been easy for the reviewers to point out similar defects. We actually encounter one tall statement that he is "careless and slipshod in his literary methods;" but even the more acrimonious fault-finders concede the faint praise that he is a successful "phrase-maker." And with that one word who shall quarrel? It is strange to find so often the pseudo-philosophical delusion that limpid language and glowing imagery and polished verse are a small part of poetic drama; yet from many of our critics one would be forced to conclude that these are non-essential trappings, and that Shakespeare, for instance, would still be Shakespeare if stripped thereof. In the nature of things, poetic drama cannot live without these three elements; for here, at least, the raiment is a part of the body, and the more lustrous and luminous the raiment, the

greater must be the body's vitality and beauty.

One criticism, however, is both pertinent and instructive: that he is greater as a poet than as a dramatist. Herein he seems to follow a long line of honorable predecessors, from *Æschylus* to *Shakespeare*; for the law of progress seems to be that tragic poets shall be poets before developing into great writers of tragedy. "Their lips must have power to sing before their hands have skill to paint or carve figures from life." In whatever points the author of *Marpessa* might fail when he advanced to the composition of tragedy, he could not fail to write poetry; and from the opening act of the *Rimini* drama to the closing speech in *Nero* our expectation is not disappointed. In *Faust*, some of the translations fall short of our demands. The vigorous curse, for instance, lacks the spear-like, penetrating power of the original, and the haunting spinning-wheel song sinks to verse like this:—

Gone is my peace, and with heart so sore
I shall find it again nevermore.
If he be not near me, the world is a grave
And bitter as is the sea-wave.

My bosom is aching for him alone —
Might I make him my very own!
Might I kiss but his lips till my mouth were
fire,
And then on his kisses expire!

On the whole, however, it would be fair to say that in the latest, as in the earlier plays, complete lucidity of meaning is expressed in varied beauty of language and verse. It is true that he is most successful in the lyric moments; but he is scarcely less effective in the moments which are otherwise highly impassioned, and his weakness is discovered chiefly in the lighter portions of the dialogue. In other words, while he has not yet achieved complete mastery he is weak where weakness is least fatal, and strong wherever strength is most indispensable. This general conclusion as to his poetic diction is, I think, indisputable, so we need not bring forward any considerable number of illustrative excerpts. When a metrical

passage makes itself a beautiful concomitant of one's thoughts on a great theme, it is safe to speak of it as high poetry, and what one of the readers of our plays will think of the passing of a young life from a sheltered haven to sorrow's sea without recalling such lines as these?

And yet, Nita, and yet — can any tell
How sorrow first doth come? Is there a step,
A light step, or a dreamy drip of oars?
Is there a stirring of leaves, or ruffle of wings?
For it seems to me that softly, without hand,
Surely she touches me.

Or who will think of death's part in life without recalling the stimulating rejection by Ulysses of Calypso's offer of immortality?

I would not take life but on terms of death,
That sting in the wine of being, salt of its feast.

To me what rapture in the ocean path
Save in the white leap and the dance of doom?
O death, thou hast a beckon to the brave,
Thou last sea of the navigator, last
Plunge of the diver, and last hunter's leap.

Again, there are few more poignant exclamations than this of Herod, when his dazed mind half grasps the possibility that there has been mischance to Mariamne: —

I'll re-create her out of endless yearning,
And flesh shall cleave to bone, and blood
shall run.

Do I not know her, every vein? Can I
Not imitate in furious ecstasy
What God hath coldly made? I'll re-create
My love with bone for bone, and vein for vein.
The eyes, the eyes again, the hands, the hair,
And that which I have made, O that shall
love me.

In striking contrast to the brokenness of this cry stands Acte's flowing description of Poppæa, which will always be worth quoting once more on the theme of soulless beauty: —

A woman without pity, beautiful.
She makes the earth we tread on false, the
heaven

A merest mist, a vapour. Yet her face
Is as the face of a child uplifted, pure;
But plead with lightning rather than those
eyes,

Or earthquake rather than that gentle bosom
Rising and falling near thy heart. Her voice

Comes running on the ear as a rivulet;
Yet if you hearken, you shall hear behind
The breaking of a sea whose waves are souls
That break upon a human-crying beach.
Ever she smileth, yet hath never smiled,
And in her lovely laughter is no joy.
Yet hath none fairer strayed into the world
Or wandered in more withery through the air
Since she who drew the dreaming keels of
Greece
After her over the Ionian foam.

In the foregoing, and more clearly in several other passages, one catches now and then an echo from some of the great teachers at whose feet our poet has sat in patient learning; but there is absolutely no sign of the mere copyist. Indeed, in this, as in his dramatic structure and atmosphere, he represents exactly the laudable attitude described by Swinburne as "that faithful and fruitful discipleship of love with which the highest among workmen have naturally been always the first to study, and the most earnest to follow, the footsteps of their greatest predecessors." It would be well if this form of discipleship were more widely in vogue with aspiring dramatists; and the serious critic will be little inclined to speak harshly of this feature of our author's style.

VI

As to scenic presentment, we need detain our reader only a moment. In the composition of the plays, as has been pointed out, Mr. Phillips wisely kept the actor and the spoken word constantly in mind. In fact, so eminent and kindly a critic of *Herod* as Mr. W. D. Howells said that in reading the play he had an uncomfortable sense as of the presence of a third party, which upon closer examination of his consciousness appeared to be the actor. That this becomes a real defect very few will be convinced. In any event, such a criticism leads us to expect that an author so attentive to the acted play would be strong in scenic presentment. This expectation Mr. Phillips unquestionably justifies. The Italian pa-

lazzo, the royal home of Odysseus, — perhaps, as actually presented, adhering too faithfully to golden Mycenæ to be quite accurate for gaunt Ithaca, — the Judæan hall of audience, and the imperial scenes at Rome offer a striking spectacle to the eye. The countless presentations of Goethe's *Faust* have naturally made it very easy to achieve stupendous and finished spectacular effects, and the devices in Mr. Phillips's new play at once recall and comply with the injunction of the director in the "Prolog im Himmel:" —

Drum schonet mir an diesem Tag
Prospekte nicht und nicht Maschinen.

In *The Sin of David*, too, the original plan would have presented a staging akin to its fellows and fundamentally different from the final form. Throughout the plays, beautiful architecture, rich and tasteful robes, effective grouping of figures, and similar features, appeal most winningly to the audience. Mr. Phillips had the initial advantage of a cultured taste and an actor's experience; but he had also the invaluable coöperation of two such masters of stage management as Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Beer-bohm Tree, so that comment becomes rather superfluous. The stage effects are invariably as happy and brilliant as modern scenic art and long experience can make them. In truth, the danger is that they may be too successful, and I have fancied that a little of the weakness of *Nero* may be due to scenic temptation.

In passing, we may recall that if Mr. Phillips has been fortunate in his stage managers, he has been not less fortunate in having the Benson school of actors to deliver some of his best blank verse. While poor staging may inflict a serious wound on a drama, poor acting deals the death blow, leaving only a corpse for the bookmen to galvanize into a merely literary existence. A poetic drama must be well staged and well acted, or, in a certain sense, it remains poetry rather than drama.

VII

Herewith it would seem that this article must conclude without any serious foreboding; for the writer, while emphasizing certain defects, has admitted that Mr. Phillips can choose excellent dramatic material, that he can weave a strong plot, that he can make a character live, that he can write beautiful verse, and that he is a thorough master of stagecraft. Manifestly little remains save apparently unimportant details; but it is exactly from these trifles that one's foreboding may spring. For instance, great tragedians have often used some such device as oracle, dream, or prophecy to declare the future with unmistakable significance, and the dramatic effect is frequently strong, occasionally tremendous; but Mr. Phillips resorts thereto with dangerous freedom. In *Paolo and Francesca*, we have the vaticinations of Angela and the reiterated warnings of Lucrezia; in *Ulysses*, the decision of the Olympian council; in *Herod*, the prediction of the astrologer; in *The Sin of David*, it is the self-righteous prayer of Lisle after he condemns Joyce to death; in *Nero*, it is again an astrologer. Moreover, in addition to utilizing these more or less general predictions, Mr. Phillips fairly toys with the future at every turn. Thus he drops lurking suggestions such as we find in the avowal of Francesca: —

I have wept but on the pages of a book,
And I have longed for sorrow of my own.

So Herod hints at his coming fate when he says: —

And I, if she were dead, I too would die,
Or linger in the sunlight without life.

In the same category belongs the abrupt decision of Ulysses: —

I'd go down into hell, if hell led home!

Most striking instance of all, he inserts in an early part of *Faust* a parting scene between Valentine and Margaret: —

Beneath War's thunder skies where'er I go
I'll think of thee the whitest flower of all.

This is followed by a toast drunk with his student friends: "Well then, here's to my sister Margaret; and he who has the worth to win her shall then toast the purest maid in our city." And examples could be multiplied without end. It must be admitted that this tossing about of the ball of the future is always employed skillfully, even artistically; but its constant recurrence in six consecutive plays is not without disturbing significance.

Still more minute points give rise to thought, as the repeated sympathy of atmospheric conditions with the psychological situation, or the fact that Marpessa, Francesca, and Miriam are obviously created by the same hand. Again, Giovanni speaks of a second wedding when Paolo and Francesca are united in death; and Lisle speaks of a second wedding when he and Miriam are reunited after their punishment. One may concede unhesitatingly the non-essentiality of most of these points and still feel that they are discomforting. Inexhaustibility is a large part of the difference between talent and genius, and inexhaustibility is exactly what these detailed considerations do not suggest. That they afford grounds for anything more substantial than a foreboding, few would care to maintain; but from the foreboding

I, for one, cannot escape. Furthermore, it is disquieting to recall that his earliest play is decidedly his best, even if there are signs of improvement in particular phases. Nor can the failure to essay a new *Faust*, instead of acquiescing in an adaptation, increase the hopefulness of his admirers. That Mr. Phillips has never gone into novel fields for his subjects need not concern us. An author may produce immortal works without seeking the glaringly new or startlingly strange, as Greek tragedy alone would prove; but in each new treatment of an old theme we have a right to expect some profound criticism of life, some lifting of a tiny corner of the great veil.

Finally, there has grown up within me an unreasoned fear that our author has deserved and found almost too ready a success, that he may not get his full share of the buffeting of life. While nobody will question the value of "shelter to grow ripe and leisure to grow wise," there is a strange potency in the dust and the heat, and I find myself tempted to pray that the gods will be kind to him by treating him unkindly. Howbeit, my forebodings are at bitter war with my hopes; for the future of Mr. Phillips is of real moment for poetic drama, perhaps the highest form of literature.

THE PLAY

BY M. A. DEWOLFE HOWE

THROUGH countryside and teeming towns
The troupes of heroes, trulls, and clowns,
Captains and dames of high degree,
Live out their farce, their tragedy.
Half players in this world-wide show,
Half lookers-on, 't is ours to go
Bewildered, wondering what the scene
And all its pageantry may mean;
Crudely commingled, bad and good,
Nothing complete, naught understood.

Are we then doomed till death to gaze
Distraught on life's chaotic plays?
Are there no spectacles more fair?
Yes, in those blest dominions where
The flying strands of life are caught
By magic, and by art are wrought
To fabrics for the still delight
Of eyes that shine with spirit sight.
Here from the soul spring questionings
Straight to the inmost heart of things.
Here all the sons of Shakespeare dwell
And all the daughters of Rachel.
To every baffled fugitive
From life's disorder still they give
Laughter and tears, — and grace to see
The truth in life's epitome.

GHOSTS

BY FRANK CRANE

IN Ibsen's drama, *Ghosts*, Mrs. Alving exclaims, "Ghosts! When I heard Regina and Oswald in there, I seemed to see ghosts before me. I almost think we're all of us ghosts, Pastor Manders. It's not only what we have inherited from our father and mother that 'walks' in us. It's all sorts of dead ideas, and lifeless old beliefs, and so forth. They have no vitality, but they cling to us just the same, and we can't get rid of them. Whenever I take up a newspaper I seem to see ghosts gliding between the lines. There must be ghosts all the country over, as thick as the sands of the sea. And then we are, one and all, so pitifully afraid of the light!"

It is with ghosts as with men: some are good and some are bad, — and the good die young. Modern pragmatism, with its steely and philistine science, has invaded shadow-land and massacred the innocents, the gentle and harmless credulities of childhood and ignorance; but the fiercer kind, the old man-eaters, still keep their caves and issue forth to raven among souls. The kindly fee-faw-fums of childhood, how many delicious shivers we owe them; the Things that stood behind doors, that trooped into the church when the congregation went out, that lurked in closet corners and under the bed, that rustled and swished and creaked and tapped in the dim chamber when we lay awake at night! They have all gone — with Santa Claus. And we miss them, for fear is a condiment, like Cayenne pepper; a little is an excellent relish. The zest of war is its dash of fear, and men flee clubdom to hunt mountain lions, and sail the uncertain sea for that tingle of the nerves the solid earth cannot give; and those who hardly rise to these perils may read of them in *The Three Musket-*

eers and *Treasure Island*. When we see how barren of the charm of awe is modern life, from the nursery, where they read science-primers, to religion, where they have banished the interesting devil, we almost envy the Spiritualists, those gourmets in palatable creeps.

And now for the deadlier revenants, those "dead ideas and lifeless beliefs" that yet walk, and chill and paralyze this garish world.

It is a curious and startling fact, *that we are governed, not so much by real convictions, as by the ghost of dead convictions.*

This is true in the great issues of our worship, our art, and our work; and descends also to the capillary details of our talk, our manners, and our dress. The enthusiastic soul of youth enters upon a world ruled by dead powers. It is the dead who live, and the living go about to do their will. Education, culture, and religion, for the most part are engaged in riveting the chains of ghosts upon us. Only here and there do a few perceive that true education, genuine culture, and the religion of Jesus should rescue us from this dumb dominion and give us life.

Let us begin with so trivial a thing as dress, in tracing the marks of ghost-fingers; and, avoiding the "bromidic" criticism of woman's clothing, let us consider man's attire, commonly supposed to be so rational. Why does the being we call a "gentleman" wear around his neck a band of spotless whiteness and unbearable stiffness, at his wrists similar instruments of torture, and before his chest a rigidly starched linen plate? No one outside of a madhouse would call these articles of apparel agreeable. There is for the custom no reason at all drawn from

comfort, hygiene, or usefulness. There is, however, the ghost of a dead reason. Once upon a time a "gentleman" was presumed to do no work, and he dressed to show it, by putting on these visible signs that he never soiled his hands, sweated his neck, or bent his noble back. It matters not that we no longer believe in this definition of a gentleman: we did believe it once; its ghost rules on. No man is bold enough to appear in society without this impossible harness. Only a professional humorist, like Mark Twain, or some one who wishes to pose as a mild lunatic, dares rebel. Addison said that the man who would clothe himself according to common sense would find himself in jail within a week.

Once gentlemen wore sword-belts and gauntlets: these have disappeared; but their ghosts still guide all tailors, and two useless buttons are invariably sewn upon each cuff, and two others at the back of the frock-coats, of all afternoon males.

Somewhere about 1753 a hatter named John Hetherington, of London, made and wore the first tall hat, now known as the silk, full-dress, plug, or stove-pipe hat. A horse saw him and ran away. The owner of the horse sued Hetherington, but lost his case, the judge doubtless holding that an Englishman has an unalienable right to dress as ugly as he can. One time there was a king who had a deformed knee; he abandoned the small-clothes which revealed the weakness of the royal leg, and took to long trousers. Hetherington and the king have long since gone to their reward, but their ghosts still ride civilized man, one at one end, and one at the other, from Paris to Tokio; and Lord-a-mercy! we dare n't even laugh at the spectacle!

Let us now enter the schoolroom, and note the print of the dead hand on the youthful mind. The two studies which are emphasized as essential in most colleges are Latin and geometry. It is amusing to see the "reasons" gravely put forth by college professors for retaining these subjects in the curriculum. They

feel some tremendous pressure, and, never dreaming that it is the strong gray hands of a ghost, they exercise their wits to the utmost to make their ghost propulsion seem the force of reason. As a matter of fact, there was at one time an excellent reason. Not so very far in the past, Latin and Greek were the only languages having a grammar or a literature. Hence to know Latin was naturally the mark of a scholar. It is needless to say that such a day is long past. There is a better body of English, French, and German literature now than the Latins ever had, and these languages have also their laws of accident and canons of style. Any youth will be profited vastly more by studying Goethe, Molière, and Shakespeare, than by grubbing fossils from the quarries of Horace and Cæsar. But the difficulty with this argument is that it is simply real and alive; and what chance does a poor living thing have in combating a venerable ghost? You cannot fight a ghost, your sword goes right through him. He does not argue, he just is — and there you are! Consequently we may expect yet many a year to send boys to study mummies as a training for dealing with men.

The case lies much the same with mathematics. We have but to go back two or three generations to find an era where the only exact science was mathematics. Our forefathers of the time of Cotton Mather did not study physics, geology, botany, zoölogy, and astronomy, because there were no such things; at least, none sufficiently definite to teach children. At that time a knowledge of mathematics, as of Latin, indicated the learned person. It is that old dead reason whose ghost still throttles the academic mind. It compels, and will compel, the suffering Wellesley girl to master her trigonometry as a part of her education. She might as well wrestle with chess problems or word-squares. But how shall plain sense grapple with a viewless monster of a dead reason that hath not body or parts? Dead languages and

mathematics linger as the vermiform appendix of our educational system.

When you approach politics you still hear the trailing garments of dead reasons. Why are the states so curiously shaped, with no possible relation to the character of the population, or to political or commercial utility? Why does Rhode Island have as many senators as New York or Texas? Why is one county in Illinois formed like a shoestring and another like a piece of pie? There are no reasons, but there are perfectly effective ghosts of dead reasons.

Turn to the business world which we assume to be so practical, and take but a single instance out of many where the dead past persists in trammeling the future. Why are all railroads built on the standard gauge of four feet, eight and one-half inches? The makers of the first locomotives, according to Mr. H. G. Wells, thought only of putting their machines upon the tramways already in existence. "And from that followed a very interesting and curious result. These tram-lines naturally had exactly the width prescribed by the strength of one horse. By mere inertia, the horse-cart gauge, *nemine contradicente*, established itself in the world, and everywhere the train is dwarfed to a scale that limits alike its comfort, power, and speed. Because there is so much capital engaged, and because of the dead power of custom, it is doubtful if there will ever be any change in this gauge. Before every engine, as it were, trots the ghost of a superseded horse, refuses to trot faster than fifty miles an hour, the limit of average speed with safety, and shies and threatens catastrophe at every curve. Still, it might be worse. If the biggest horses had been Shetland ponies, our railway carriages now would be wide enough to hold only two persons side by side, and would have a maximum speed of twenty miles an hour. There is hardly a reason, aside from this antiquated horse, why the railway coach should not be nine or ten feet wide, that is, the width of the smallest

room in which people can live in comfort, and furnished with all the equipment of comfortable chambers."

Perhaps our eyes have now become accustomed enough to the dark to enable us to see another and more terrible spectre, a certain grim and venerable shade, monarch of centuries, king of kings, to whom every year or so living men make a great feast of human flesh, who wrings tribute from the poor, and receives the homage of the proud; a huge polyp ghost, fat to bursting on blood and tears, stupid, serene, unshakable, with many long, pale arms full of suckers, winding about the throne, picking first-born morsels from the home, sucking treasuries, gobbling up peasants as a tapir swallows pismires, poisoning legislators till they go mad and vote him ships and men and money, secreting an inky stuff called patriotism that covers a nation of souls for him to eat at leisure; a merry ghost, as hell and destruction are merry, to the music of trumpet and drum; a handsome ghost, as harlots are handsome, with plume and color and glitter; a noble, kingly, majestic, most damnable ghost, the sum and plexus of all villainies — the ghost of Cæsar! We swear lightly by him sometimes, as we profane the name of Deity or uplift to common speech the name of the Sunken One, and say, "Great Cæsar's ghost!" Let us explicate this oath.

The traveler visiting Rome is wont to meditate upon its departed glory. Whereat the powers of the air laugh, for Rome never dominated the world in life as she has in death; Rome died merely in order to get a better clutch on humanity's throat. The bronze and marble piled up by Hadrian to make his villa by Tivoli are swept away by the besom of time; the fragile syringa he brought from the East and planted there alone remains faithful to his memory. The Forum shows but a few gnawed bones of those buildings that once were the splendor of the whole earth; and before the huge and hollow-eyed Coliseum one might stand and apostrophize in the words a French-

man wrote upon the shoulder-blade of a skeleton:—

Squelette, qu'as tu fait de l'âme?
 Flambeau, qu'as tu fait de ta flamme?
 Cage déserte, qu'as tu fait
 De ton bel oiseau qui chantait?
 Volcan, qu'as tu fait de ta lave?
 Qu'as tu fait de ton maître, esclave?

But, alas! history shows us all too clearly what the skeleton of Rome did with its soul, and in what new channels runs the lava that filled this now cold crater. Hardly was life extinct in the visible empire when the soul moved like a hermit crab into the mediæval Church; for barbarians it hunted heretics, for the lost legions it substituted monks; for pillage, waste, and war-lust it found an admirable recompense in the Inquisition. The ghost of Cæsar infused itself into the idea of Temporal Dominion.

Even more tenacious has been the hold of Cæsar's ghost in politics. There are two forms under which the idea of world-government presents itself: one, the dead notion of empire, the thing for which Cæsar stood, the very name of the man still clinging on in the words Czar and Kaiser, and the name of his idea remaining in the word Emperor; the other, the living idea of Federation. When we have come to understand the nature of ghost-rule we wonder no longer at some political phenomena otherwise absolutely incomprehensible. Why, for instance, does each nation now strive for the chimaera of military preparedness? Germany, England, and Japan levy an intolerable tax of money and blood to maintain their armies; the nations are in perpetual travail to bring forth battleship after battleship. A certain element in the United States urges billion-dollar fleets. If you go to the bottom of the reason of all this, you find no reason at all, or a silly one. For it is manifestly impossible for any one nation to conquer all the others. You ask yourself why one international fleet and army could not be supported, to be at the command of one international court, thus to settle all disputes

and enforce all decisions. The answer plainly is that this question is mere living, mortal common sense, and hence a puny thing to put against the age-old, dead ghost-principle of empire. So the world runs down its darkened grooves; kings, kaisers, emperors, and czars strut about surrounded by gay cock-feather generals, and Tommy Atkins sells his birthright for a red coat; yellow journals strive to fan a San Francisco schoolhouse quarrel into a conflagration of war; and the old polyp in his shadow-cave, having slept off his late gorge in Manchuria and the Transvaal, is licking his tentacles and feeling about for fresh food. When Campbell-Bannerman some time ago suggested a reduction of the armaments of the world, his words were received with good-natured gibes by the press of Europe; then great Cæsar's ghost stirred and said, "I thought I heard the cock crow. But it was surely a midnight fowl. The dawn is yet far off."

Those ghosts die hard, yet they too die. The Divine Right of Kings, in its dying spasms of 1793 and 1848, mangled many an innocent onlooker. The Divine Right of Property will doubtless die with not less deadly struggles; trusts and labor unions gird themselves already for the killing. It is a blind wrestling, neither party being aware that its real enemy is not the other, but the cruel arms of the dead past which seek to strangle both.

We enter, then, upon a hag-ridden world. Upon the pale brow of the school-boy sit the ravens of Latin and Geometry, and when we would drive them away they flap their wings and croak, "Nevermore!" Ghosts make our clothes; the words we speak are not signs of our thought, but signs of dead men's thought. The most cultured person is the dearest in manner. We go to church, not to pray, but to repeat dead men's prayers. Artists, musicians, writers, fight their way through swarms of extinct ideas. Long gray arms reach out of the past and enfold the minister in the pulpit, and, wavering, hypnotize the occupants of the pews.

Viewless but potent monsters brood above the senate, and threaten any live being who may occupy the White House. Ghosts, ghosts, ghosts, thick as leaves, fall from the past to cover us, to smother us in their rotting mould.

Whoever cares for life must struggle. Strait is the gate to life, and narrow is the way, and few there be that find it. Obey, yield to the ghosts, and you get, not life, but a substitute for life. All around us are the dead, a numberless, walking host, whose laughter plays like foam upon its sea-murmur of sorrow.

Meantime there are souls who demand life at any price. Better scorn and isolation and to live my own life, than banquets and a pedestal and a soul sold to the Gray Ones. Better Gethsemane and the stigmata, with a flood of white life that surges up to submerge a cross, than the plaudits of dry, dead throats,

incense from burnt enthusiasms, and at last a heartfelt of crushed convictions sunk under a mausoleum. These pilgrims emigrate, not from Southampton to Plymouth, but from the old world of inertia and its ghost-kings to the new world of individualism and soul-freedom. They sing a Marseillaise strange to the dream-wrapped world. They are drawn to the Nazarene by a weird new tie. They remember that the thing that slew Him was not badness but the organized power of Pharisaism, the ghost of a dead goodness. They note that He called his sheep "by name," one by one, and not in flocks; that He made no organization, but appealed to the unit; that his programme was no sort of scheme, absolutist or socialistic, but was like a lump of leaven hid in the meal; that He bade men let the dead bury their dead, and spoke insistently of life, life, life.

A PLEA FOR THE ADULT MINOR

BY KENTON FOSTER MURRAY

"He is of age; . . . he shall speak for himself." — JOHN ix, 21.

SHAKESPEARE, in opening his play of *King Richard II*, makes that monarch address the Duke of Lancaster as "Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster." The person thus described as venerable was fifty-eight years of age in 1398, when the words are supposed to have been spoken. The line is not one of the poet's inaccuracies. People were then considered old at a time now regarded as merely the ripeness of middle age; and if, perchance, they survived to three-score, they were hailed as patriarchs.

Relying upon some early Oslerian theory, the ancient Romans held that the burden of years had so impaired the mentality of the average citizen at sixty as to make him unfit to vote, and after that

age his elective franchise was withdrawn — at least, in the best days of the Republic. Hippocrates, the sage of Greece, set the end of youth at twenty-eight. Aristotle, a little later, put the beginning of old age at thirty-five.

These ancient and mediæval instances are useful as showing how the world's subsequent progress has retarded the descent of human beings into old age, decay, and death. Men live much longer now than they lived then, and better; and without other evidence than mere age, we never decide them to be mentally incapacitated.

What, it is proper to ask, has the advance of enlightenment accomplished in the meanwhile toward the shortening of the time required for the average youth to arrive at full manhood, the golden mo-

ment when he is acknowledged by law to be competent to manage his own affairs and to participate in those of the state? An examination of the record will disclose surprisingly little gain, on the whole, in this important respect.

The phenomenon has not received the attention it deserves. There is perhaps nothing wherein political and legal development has exhibited more sluggishness than in fixing the point at which the citizen emerges from "infancy" into maturity. Attempts to explain the inconsistency by citing differences in climate, or varying degrees of enlightenment, fail under analysis. A sample effort of this sort is seen in Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons's remarkable book, *The Family*, in which the following theory is elaborated by going all the way into the monkey tribes for substantiation:—

"Among mankind, as among the lower animals, the duration and nature of parental care, in general, more or less correspond to the period and degree of immaturity characteristic of the offspring, which, in turn, more or less correspond to the nature of the environment. Where the forms of food and shelter in use are supplied, for the most part, directly by nature, such as roots, seeds, berries, fruits, shell-fish, etc., and caves, trees, rude huts of bark or wood, children from seven to ten years old, or even younger, in some cases soon after they are weaned, may begin to provide for themselves. Where, on the other hand, the habits of satisfying physical wants are more or less elaborate, depending upon speed, strength, endurance, cunning, foresight, self-control, persistence, in hunting, fishing, cultivating the soil, handicraft, cattle-raising, or trade, offspring may be economically dependent upon parents up to all ages from ten to twenty. With the growth of knowledge and of specialization, the production of certain social values, as in all the so-called learned professions of to-day, for example, requires ever-increasing degrees of intelligence and training. This class of producers may even

have to depend on parental support or its substitutes until the age of twenty-six or twenty-eight."

If we are to become unable to shift for ourselves until twenty-six or twenty-eight years of age, as knowledge and specialization advance, and if we must bow to Dr. Osler's wisdom along with that of Mrs. Parsons, the theorists will soon reduce our average period of full-blown and unimpaired maturity to twelve or fourteen years! Of course, it is not certain that Mrs. Parsons would accept Dr. Osler's theory, or that Dr. Osler would accept hers. The public can accept one about as easily as the other, or both about as easily as either.

It takes no longer to become self-supporting in the "learned professions" now than it ever did. There has never been any limit to the amount of preparation possible — though it is easy enough to overdo the preparation to such an extent that, like Mr. Casaubon in *Middlemarch*, a person is helpless when the moment comes to turn the preparation into accomplishment. Men who, enjoying ample means, remain in college perfecting their preparation until twenty-six or twenty-eight years old, are not properly classed as unable to earn a living sooner. If possessed of common sense and thrown on their own resources before finishing their mapped-out schemes of study, they could sustain themselves, perhaps not in accordance with their cherished plans, but possibly with greater material success.

The tiny street-Arab will master the complications of existence in an enlightened civilization as quickly as the little savage will master the simplicity of savage existence, and more quickly than the youth of the lower orders under feudalism mastered the intermediate difficulties of feudal existence. As a matter of fact, ancient and modern civilizations, broadly contrasted, support the postulate that the higher the plane of enlightenment, the lower the age at which intellectual competence is recognized, in whole or in part.

Compare the complex and brilliant Athenian civilization, which enfranchised the youth early, with the gloomy and fruitless Spartan civilization, which held the youth in bondage. Compare the laws encouraging the French youth of to-day with the laws hampering the Russian youth of the same age. Compare the ponderous civilization of China, where a man does not reach full legal stature until his thirtieth birthday, with the sprightly and efficient civilization of Japan, where twenty is full legal age. And finally, to seek in our own recent history an example to controvert Mrs. Parsons, observe the fact that we have fixed the voting age of the Filipinos at twenty-three years, whereas our own voting age is two years less. If our statesmen had reasoned that the youth in the simpler civilization arrives at maturity of intelligence sooner, they would have put the voting age of the Filipino at less than twenty-one instead of more.

Major Charles R. Woodruff, of the medical corps of the United States Army, has received commendation from the majority of disinterested critics for sharply attacking the system by which young men are kept in subordinate positions in our military service. He advocates reducing the retiring age to fifty-five, and making promotion much more rapid than it is at present. Major Woodruff's argument is that if a man follows too long, he deteriorates in self-reliance and initiative, both of which are essential in posts of military command. In substantiation of the claim, the major points to the fact that most of the improvements in the army are the ideas of young officers. If this is true in military life, why is it not likewise true in other kinds of life?

The civilizations of the world have all had about the same opinion as to the age at which government has the right to call on the citizen for military service, thus recognizing physical maturity and a certain amount of discretion; but the age at which governments have recognized the right of the citizen to claim the advan-

tages of full mental maturity has tended to be earlier as civilization has developed. No modern Caucasian nation insists upon such a long period of preparation for full manhood as the ancient Hebrews and Spartans — thirty years; and the only modern power of the first rate that compels its citizens to wait until they are twenty-five years old to exercise the privilege of the ballot is Russia, the least enlightened of all the great powers. Russia is on a par with Turkey in this respect, except that Turkey is more liberal in protecting the property rights of women, and in permitting marriage without parental consent after the contracting parties have arrived at years of discretion. The Mohammedan marriage laws set forth that "when a child has attained to puberty and discretion, the power of parents is at an end, and he is free to join himself to whomsoever he pleases." In Russia, parental consent is always necessary.

As we go into the remote past, our information is less definite; but most of that which is available appears to be against Mrs. Parsons's assumption. Taking the early Hebrew civilization, in which the machinery of life was very simple, we find Benjamin, the youngest son of Jacob, referred to as "a little child" when he was thirty years old (*Genesis*, xlv, 20). Johns, in *Babylonian and Assyrian Laws, Contracts, and Letters*, says, —

"It is not easy to determine when children ceased to be under the paternal power. Betrothed daughters remained in their father's house; so did married sons sometimes. Whether the birth of a child, making the young man himself a father, freed him as head of a family, or whether it was entering a house of his own, we cannot yet say."

It is when we come to study the English and American record that the lack of progress in shortening legal and political infancy is most surprisingly revealed. In many other enlightened countries of to-day, the laws on this subject represent a distinct improvement upon the laws

existing in the same countries on the same subject within the past few centuries or generations.

In France, as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, the full legal age of males for matrimony was not reached until thirty. France "changed all that" with the Revolution. In most of the states composing the German Empire, the citizen had to be twenty-four to be of full age, until after the Franco-Prussian war; now the full age in the majority of these states is twenty-one, and twenty-four in the minority. Within the past generation, Spain has lowered the voting age of her citizens from twenty-five to twenty-one years. Citizens receive the franchise at twenty years of age in Japan, Hungary, and Switzerland, with corresponding civil rights. In Mexico, the United States of Colombia, Nicaragua, Uruguay, and Peru, the citizen can qualify to vote at eighteen. In Peru, it is curious to note, he votes at eighteen if married, and at twenty-one if unmarried; while in Uruguay he votes at eighteen if married, and at twenty if unmarried. This recalls the old Spartan practice of curtailing a man's political privileges if he remained a bachelor after thirty-five.

Countries in which men do not reach full legal age, civil and political, until a later time than in the United States and England, are Argentina, where the full age is twenty-two; Holland, where it is twenty-three; Austria, where it is twenty-four; Russia, Norway, Sweden, Italy, Portugal, Turkey, and Chile, in all of which it is twenty-five; and China, where it is thirty.

As in the United States and England, the political and civil maturity of the citizen is acknowledged at twenty-one by France, Spain, Belgium, Greece, Roumania, Brazil, Bolivia, Ecuador, Venezuela, Servia, and most of Germany; except that in Belgium, Bolivia, and Roumania, a man must be twenty-five years of age to marry against the parental will. An interesting feature of Brazilian law is that which gives persons the manage-

ment of their own earnings from literature or military service after they have reached years of discretion (fourteen in Brazil).¹

The civilization of England and the United States, in many ways the highest in the world, makes legal infancy as long now as it was in the remotest ancestral generations to which history can trace the stock. This almost rivals the performance of China in retaining thirty years as full legal age from the time of Confucius until the present.

We inherited our twenty-one-year qualification from England, and England—according to Blackstone—got it from the Saxon tribes that came over from the mainland of Europe. Our present age of full legal manhood, therefore, is one of the few features of our institutions which have been unchanged for over a thousand years. Perhaps it would not be too much to say that this is the only vital feature in our civilization, except monogamy, that has undergone no sweeping alteration during all those centuries.

Reflection upon the immense superiority of our own means of conveyance and communication to those existing in the ancient and mediæval world, and even in the modern world until the nineteenth century was nearly half over, together with the slightest appreciation of the modern systems of transportation and transmission, the development of printing, and the growth of newspaper, library, and school, should easily establish the claim that the inhabitants of enlightened nations, and of our own especially, become sophisticated now sooner than they did in the generations before man had worked out his "many inventions" of the present epoch. But, though the Athenian or the Roman youth was not invested with full legal manhood before

¹ The remark is pertinent that no one of the standard encyclopædias in the English language contains an adequate discussion of the subject of full legal age, or gives definite data with regard to that age in the various nations of the modern world.

twenty-five, he enjoyed partial legal manhood at a much earlier age than that which constitutes one of the great fetiches of modern American civilization, the sacred twenty-one, to which we cling with a fatuousness truly Chinese.

In Athens, at the apogee of her culture and glory, when she possessed perhaps the highest intellectual enlightenment in the history of the world, the young man was released from parental authority at nineteen, a year before he could be drafted for military service; whereas, our law makes the citizen liable to conscription as a soldier three years before the age of legal maturity in civil life. At nineteen the Athenian was allowed certain voting privileges, albeit he was not permitted to speak in public assemblies until some years later, and could not hold office until thirty. The American at nineteen may speak anywhere, though he may not vote; and we let him teach school before he can vote, whereas the Athenian was prohibited from being a schoolmaster before forty. In duller Sparta, the young man was accorded no political or personal independence until he had reached thirty. The kings had to be over thirty, and the senators over sixty. In Crete the full legal age was twenty-seven, applying equally to marriage, military service, and participation in politics.

Roman young men assumed the *toga virilis* at seventeen, when they were qualified for marriage, military service, and limited political functions, full legal rights being postponed till twenty-five. The Roman was never entirely freed from parental control except by parental demise, but in that event his proportionate civil rights were about as far in advance of those of the twentieth-century American male "infant" at a corresponding age, as are the rights of a "minor" in modern Scotland, where a youth from fourteen to twenty-one can legally make contracts for other things than necessities of life, conduct business on his own account, and be declared a bankrupt, precisely as if he were twenty-one.

The English or American minor is usually destitute of business rights, except that he may contract for "necessities," or contract in accordance with legal compulsion, or will a certain amount of personal property, after a certain age.

It is hardly to be gainsaid that the average citizen of the United States to-day is as far advanced intellectually at eighteen, in proportion to the general development of knowledge, as was the average citizen of twenty-one when the nation sprang into existence in the closing quarter of the eighteenth century. Some of the profoundest thinkers maintain that the general progress of mankind has been as great within the past one hundred years as it was during all history previous thereto. Those years have seen wonderful awakenings in the legal and political treatment of women. Our own country has gone to excess in giving full political and legal citizenship to millions of slaves without exacting the slightest preparation for the responsibilities which such full citizenship implies. Yet the young American male of Caucasian blood, the product of thirty or forty generations which enjoyed constantly-increasing advantages of acquisition and development, must wait as long in the twentieth century to become a legal man as did any of his ancestors, however remote, in the American or English line. He is still an "infant" until he is twenty-one years old; and an infant is regarded by American law as practically incompetent and irresponsible except for evil. In the legal text-books we find the chapter on "Infants" followed first by the chapter on "Idiots," and then by the chapter on "Lunatics."

The young American woman has had the better of her brother in this respect; for in a number of states the full legal majority of women has been placed by statute at eighteen years. The absence of the very political equality for which the "suffragettes" clamor has been coincident with the extension of the civil rights of the American woman faster than

those of the politically more potent male; though a few states have given women the privilege of voting in all elections, and many states have accorded it to them in some elections.

Most of the world's sovereigns arrive at full age at eighteen, from three to seven years before any of their subjects are allowed to vote or manage their own business or earnings. Though nearly every monarchy, in line with ancient precedent, permits its rulers to assume all the royal powers and duties, however great, at an earlier age than that at which the citizens of this republic are suffered to transact business for themselves or to vote, there is a peculiar lack of harmony in the theories of nations, monarchical or republican, as to the proper age-qualification for offices of less than royal authority. In France, a man is not eligible to serve in a legislative body until he is forty years old, cannot act as a juror until he is thirty, must be from twenty-five to thirty-five (according to the importance of his jurisdiction) to be a judge, and must be twenty-five to be even a notary. England qualifies a citizen for Parliament, so far as age is concerned, at twenty-one, but insists upon a higher limit for priests and bishops of her established church. In the United States, no citizen may be a representative in Congress before twenty-five, or a senator before thirty; while the President must be thirty-five. It would appear that if Great Britain does not find it necessary to protect Parliament by a special age-limit, the United States might get along without one in Congress. Of what particular advantage is it to France that her national legislature excludes all aspirants who have not "come to forty year"? Is her Chamber of Deputies calmer, or more efficient, than America's House of Representatives or than Great Britain's House of Commons?

Looking deeper into this inconsistency in the reasoning of the nations with regard to age-qualification for public office, the investigator discovers that in Germany one cannot enter the Reichstag be-

fore twenty-five; that in Austria one cannot enter the Reichsrath before thirty; that in Belgium one cannot serve in the Chamber until twenty-five, or in the Senate until thirty; that in Italy and Roumania one must be twenty-five to be eligible to the Chamber, and forty to be eligible to the Senate; that one cannot serve in the Swedish legislature before thirty-five; that in Spain and Portugal one must be twenty-five to enter the Chamber, and thirty-five to enter the Senate; that one must be thirty to hold important public office in Holland, Denmark, Greece, Servia, or Turkey. Latin America reveals equally irreconcilable differences. For instance, the Venezuelan may hold office at twenty-one, the year he acquires the franchise; the Mexican acquires the franchise earlier than the Venezuelan, but cannot hold office until twenty-five and in some cases thirty; in Argentina the citizen votes at twenty-two, but cannot hold office until thirty; in Ecuador, Paraguay, Uruguay, and Peru he votes at the same age as in Venezuela or earlier, but cannot hold office until from four to seven years later.

Inasmuch as it is not apparent that an advanced age for holding office, as required in most of the countries of the Old World and the New, gives them any better public service than that of England, whose sons are permitted to hold office as soon as they can get it after reaching twenty-one, it naturally follows that England might lower the age of full legal manhood without threatening the safety of the franchise, or impairing the stability of business and property.

Few persons ever have any sense or character if they do not develop both by the time they are eighteen. This is a strong assertion, but it will bear the test, allowing for the marvelous advance in educational facilities and for the broad fact that the rule, not the exception, must be the basis of enlightened law. Not many who are unfit to vote or to manage their personal affairs at eighteen are intelligent enough to do so at twenty-one;

certainly the difference, such as it is, does not warrant the law in holding back the entire population three years. Yet our law still defines an infant as "a person under twenty-one years of age."

Barring occasional instances in which banks have obtained by charter the right to honor an infant's check, we have the anomaly that a financial institution cannot legally suffer any person under twenty-one to withdraw funds deposited by such a person, even if there is not the scintilla of a doubt that the depositor personally earned the money. If a state can feel that it is proper to authorize some banks to honor infants' checks, why should not the state expand the special privilege into a general one, and decree that all minors above, say, seventeen shall have the same power as persons over twenty-one to withdraw funds which they have themselves deposited in a bank? The very fact that financial institutions are in some cases being empowered, when they urgently ask the privilege, to cash infants' checks against infants' deposits, is conclusive demonstration that state legislators are beginning to recognize the injustice of the present iron-bound common-law definition of infancy, and to admit that the mature minor is entitled to relief.

Further recognition of the wrong wrought by the common law as to infancy appears in statutes, in some of our states, requiring courts to deliver small bequests directly to minors if the latter have come to years of discretion and seem to possess it. Under the common law, a man or a woman twenty years old cannot inherit fifty dollars without the appointment of a legal guardian to handle the money. The necessary court fees and the guardian's legal percentage, or the fees alone in the event of the guardian's serving without compensation, amount to an almost confiscatory tax on small bequests to minors. Cases have been known in which the fees and costs left nothing whatever for the unfortunate infant to inherit. And this legalized piracy has

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been excused under the hoary pretense of protecting those who are theoretically incompetent to protect themselves! Because there is a presumption that the minor might suffer loss by investing the money injudiciously, the money has been benevolently assimilated into the public treasury and the private pockets of clerks and guardians.

Most foreign nations are more liberal than this in permitting the emancipation of minors. Under the common law of England and the United States there is no complete emancipation until a person is twenty-one, except by statutes which have been passed in some states. France makes emancipation automatically complete in the event of marriage, and permits emancipation by special process at the age of fifteen. Italy, Belgium, and Roumania allow it at the same age as France, while in Greece it is allowed still earlier. Servia authorizes emancipation at seventeen; Switzerland, Norway, Hungary, Mexico, Russia, and a number of other countries, authorize it at eighteen; Canada, at nineteen; Austria, Holland, San Salvador, and some others, at twenty.

As the case stands to-day, in this country, not even the emancipation of an adult infant by the parents can give validity to the infant's contracts which would not otherwise be valid; nor does the marriage of a man under twenty-one, though the marriage itself be entirely legal, emancipate the husband. In a few states such a husband is partially emancipated by marriage, but in none is such emancipation complete. Under the common law, and in most of the states, we have the phenomenon of infant husbands bound by the debts legally contracted by their wives before marriage! A woman in some states, as has been said, is not an infant after she is eighteen, and we may discover an infant husband with a wife of no greater age who possesses full legal rights. Suppose a man of twenty, in any of these states, to have a wife of nineteen: the husband, at an age when Solomon was

absolute ruler over Israel at the height of its glory, is an infant in law; and the wife, though younger, is of full legal age. She can manage her own property to suit herself; he must let his property be managed by parent or guardian. An infant above seventeen in the United States may be executor of an adult's will, yet cannot make a legally-binding contract unless for necessities or to carry out obligations already put upon him by law, as in the case of accomplished marriage or a bond given to cover a fine. The infant is regarded as irresponsible and helpless in business and politics, but above the age of seven he may be, and above the age of fourteen he often is, punished for crime by any penalty to which a criminal of full legal age is liable. If the infant is apparently aware of the gravity and consequence of his criminal act, he is subject to the same law as a person over twenty-one. A man of eighteen committing murder is no less liable to the death sentence than a man of forty. Why not accord to the minor who realizes and fulfills his responsibility in honorable and wholesome endeavor, the rights and privileges of a person of twenty-one? Why should the rule work only one way?

Upon the logical assumption that the ballot ought to be given to a man of seventeen or eighteen who can meet the franchise tests in the various states with the exception of that which requires him to be twenty-one, we arrive at the conclusion that to lower the age-limit several years would release in our political life a powerful new force whose influence would be mightily revivifying. This argument is not to be indifferently brushed aside. The tonic effect of increasing in large measure the voting strength of that part of the electorate to which the ballot is a treasured novelty, a cause of pride, and a mark of manhood like the Roman's *toga virilis*, would be felt in all the arteries of the nation's political system. Better and brighter and cleaner political blood would course through the country's veins. Political independence and initiative would

receive new impetus, because youth is usually less subservient to prejudice, and more susceptible to exalted motives, than the later ages of men.

President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University has declared that the greatest need of our national life is warmer encouragement of idealism. There is danger in getting too matter-of-fact. Money kings like the late Marshall Field know what they are about when they withhold full inheritance until their heirs shall have left youth and early manhood behind. These shrewd founders of financial dynasties count on the likelihood that life will then have lost its romance and fire, and that the traits of acquisitiveness and retentiveness will have developed to their utmost. The policy is successful in further swelling fortunes already inflated beyond reason; therefore, the policy is harmful to the body politic. It would be infinitely better for the country to have these mighty accumulations reduced by impulsive youth than to have them augmented by cynical middle age or multiplied by emotionless senility. The states may soon have to outlaw the dangerous device of treating heirs of full age and sanity as if they were infants or imbeciles, whose money must be held in trust to protect them from their own weak minds.

The national Constitution offers no obstacle to the shortening of political infancy. The voting age is fixed by the states; the only reference to it in the Federal fundamental law is in the amendment which prescribes reduced congressional representation as a penalty for denial of the ballot to male citizens above the age of twenty-one.

Desirable as we might consider such an increase in the political vitality of state and nation as would follow reduction of the period of political infancy, the argument for removing the business disabilities of the discreet minor, or "adult infant," is still stronger. Speaking broadly, it may be called unanswerable. The legal incapacitation of millions of citizens of

character, education, and intelligence in the United States of America in the twentieth century, for no other reason than that these citizens happen to be one, two, or three years under an age fixed at a guess by wild Saxon tribes a thousand years ago, is an anomaly and an anachronism. There is no excuse for the absurd condition which makes such citizens in this country the inferiors, legally, of citizens of equal age in Scotland.

To recognize in law the qualifications which exist in fact, the rights which are acknowledged by reason, would be to perform a simple act of justice already amazingly delayed, and would both steady and stimulate our youth at an impressionable period by giving them that sense of responsibility which is the most potent developer of true manhood and citizenship. The step would be in line with the progressive spirit of the age, and it is urgently suggested by the

broadening horizon of modern enlightenment.

The regular legislatures can do much for the relief of the minor by giving him business and property emancipation. Constitutional conventions can give him political justice — and hardly a year passes without a constitutional convention in some part of the land. The American state whose lawmakers will set the example of reducing the years of adult infancy will contribute much to the increase of its own dynamic force, and will do the country a service of inestimable value. It is in the power of the lawmaker to accomplish, at the one point, results almost as important as the scientist has accomplished at the other. The scientist has prolonged human life both physically and mentally. He has made its capable years begin sooner and end later. Now let the legislator adjust his statutes to meet this vital fact.

THE FAME OF POE

BY JOHN MACY

No man more truly than Poe illustrates our conception of a poet as one who treads the cluttered ways of circumstance with his head in the clouds. Many another impoverished dreamer has dwelt in his thoughts, apart from the world's events. And of nearly all artists it is true that their lives are written in their works, and that the rest of the story concerns another almost negligible personality. In the case of Poe the separation between spiritual affairs and temporal is unusually wide. His fragile verse is pitched above any landscape of fact; his tales contain only misty reflections of common experience; and the legendary personage which he has become is a creature inspired in other imaginations by his books, and not a faithful portrait of the

human being who lived in America between 1809 and 1849. The contrast between his aspirations and his earthly conditions, between the figure of romance he would fain have been and the man in authentic records stripped of myth and controversy, is pitiful, almost violent.

This poet with a taste for palaces and Edens lived in sprawling cities that had not yet attempted magnificence. This bookish man, whom one images poring over quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore, owned no wonderful library, not even such a "working" collection as a literary man is supposed to require, but feasted on the miscellaneous riches that fell now and then upon the arid desk of the hack reviewer. This inventor of grotesque plots had no extraordinary

adventures, none certainly that make thrilling anecdote. Capable of Chesterfieldian grace of style, and adept in the old-fashioned southern flourish of manner, he left few "polite" letters, and those few are undistinguished. To follow Poe's course by the guide of literary landmarks is to undertake a desolate journey.

As his artistic self is apart from things, so it is apart from men. In his criticisms, it is true, he is found in open and somewhat controversial relations with the writers of his time and vicinity. As editor, he had dealings with the world of authors and journalists. But his acquaintance among the "Literati" includes no man of letters who is now well remembered, and implies no possibility of flashing exchange between his imagination and another as brilliant. He never met his intellectual equal in the flesh, except Lowell, whom he saw only once. Irving in Sunnyside was not nearer than Irving in Spain. Not a friend was qualified to counsel or encourage Poe in his work; not a neighbor in art was competent to inspire him. He was the flower of no group of writers, but stands alone, original, aloof, all but exotic.

The isolation of Poe from the best minds of his day is not well understood by those who have not a correct geographical conception of America in 1840. One of the most authoritative English reviews expressed surprise that a recent book on Boston omitted from the chapter devoted to *littérateurs* the name of Poe, who was born in Boston and was the finest of American poets. The intellectual life of the only Greater Boston that has produced literature was as remote from Poe as was Victorian London, and he was the only important critic in America who understood the relative magnitudes of those two centres of light. His caustic opinions about the Bostonians, which seem more discerning to us than they did to our New England fathers, are witness to his detachment from the only considerable movement in American literature of those dim provincial times.

Whatever influence contemporaneous thought exerted on Poe came from books and not from men, not from experience with the world. Though a few reflections of his contacts with life, such as the English school in "William Wilson," are to be made out in his stories, and though in some of his essays a momentary admiration or hostility of a personal nature slipped a magnifying lens beneath his critical eye, yet the finger of circumstance is seldom on his pages, the echoes of human encounter are not heard in his art.

The nature of Poe's disseverance from life is one of the strangest in the annals of unworldly men of books. He was not among those who, like Lamb, transfigure petty and dull experience, or those who combat suffering with blithe philosophies like Stevenson; he was not a willful hermit; nor was he among those invalids who, in constrained seclusion, have leisure for artistry and contemplation. He was a practical editor in busy offices. He no doubt thought of himself, Mr. Poe, as urbane and cosmopolitan. He had knocked about the world a little. For a while he was in the army. He was effective and at ease upon the lecture platform. He meditated rash adventures in foreign lands until he apparently came to believe that he had really met with them. At his best, he was reserved and well bred, aware of his intellectual superiority. Sometimes, perhaps when he was most cast down and hard driven, he met the world with a jaunty man-of-the-world swagger. After he left the Allans, he was on the outskirts of social groups, high or low. His love for elegant society unfitted him for vagabondage. His lack of worldly success, if no other limitation, forbade his entering for more than a visit the circles of comfort and good breeding. But no matter what his mood or what his circumstance, it did not affect the quality of his work or the nature of his subjects. When he wrote he dropped the rest of himself.

And, with respect to him, artistic bio-

graphy may well follow his example, and documentary biography may confess its futility. No biographer thus far has succeeded in making very interesting the narrative portions of Poe's career. It is a bare chronicle of neutral circumstance, from which rises, the more wonderful, an achievement of highly-colored romance, poetry of perfect, unaccountable originality, and criticism the most penetrating that any American writer has attained.

Perhaps it is his criticism, an air of maturity and well-pondered knowledge of all the literatures of the Orient and the Occident, which makes it seem the more singular that he owed nothing to universities and scholarly circles. The Allans took him to England when he was six years old and put him in a school where he learned, it is fair to suppose, the rudiments of the classics and French. He went one term to the University of Virginia, and a few months to West Point. Though one institution was founded by Jefferson and the other by the United States government, it is no very cynical irreverence to withhold from them gratitude on Poe's behalf. The most significant record of his life at "the University" is that which shows him browsing idly in the library. His most profitable occupation at West Point was writing lampoons of the instructors and preparing the volume of verses for which he collected subscriptions from his fellow cadets. He was not at either institution long enough to receive whatever of culture and instruction it had to offer. He was self-taught. He read poetry when he was young, and began to write it. As a military cadet he had precocious and arrogant critical opinions. At twenty-four he appears with a neat manuscript roll of short stories under his arm, which cause the judges of a humdrum magazine contest to start awake.

From this time to the end he was a hard-working journalist and professional story-teller. He pursued his work through carking, persistent poverty, amid the dis-

tractions of inner restlessness and outward maladjustments. His poverty was not merited punishment for indolence or extravagance. He was industrious, entitled to better wage than he received. He was not an obscure genius, waiting for posterity to discover him, but was popular in his own day. His books, however, had no great sale, for his pieces appeared in the magazines, some of them more than once, and the demand for his work was thus satisfied with more profit to the magazine publishers than to the author.

He lived laborious days and he lived in frugal style. He spent no money on himself, but handed his earnings to his mother-in-law. Whatever else was sinful in the sprees which have been over-elaborated in the chronicles, their initial cost was not great. When he went into debt, the lust he hoped to gratify with the money was the insane desire to found a good magazine. His appetites were mainly intellectual. His wildest dissipation was the performance of mental acrobatics for the applause that he craved.

He spent weeks making good his challenge to the world to send him a cryptogram that he could not decipher. When he reviewed a book, he examined it to the last rhetorical minutia. Griswold's opinion, that "he was more remarkable as a dissector of sentences than as a commenter upon ideas," is a mean way of saying that he was given to patient scrutiny. Mrs. Browning put it more generously when she said that Poe had so evidently "*read*" her poems as to be a wonder among critics. Poe had a mania for curious, unusual information. His knowledge was so disparate and inaccurate that several critics in sixty years have discovered, with the aid of specialists,¹ that he lacked the thoroughness which is

¹ A special student of one abstruse subject assures me that, in that subject, Poe is the only modern writer of general culture who knows what he is talking about. As this specialist has not yet published his researches, I will not say what the subject is.

now habitual with all who undertake to write books. But Poe's knowledge, such as it was, implies much reading. And much reading and much writing are impossible to an idle, dissipated man.

This clear-headed, fine-handed artist is present and accounted for at the author's desk. His hours off duty, abundantly and confusedly recorded, do not furnish essential matter for large books. If one enters without forewarning any life of Poe, one feels that a mystery is about to open. There seem to be clues to suppressed matters, suspicious lacunæ. The lives are written, like some novels, with hintful rows of stars. A shadowy path promises to lead to a misty mid-region of Weir. But Weir proves to be a place that Poe invented. He himself was the first foolish biographer of Poe. The real Poe (to take an invidious adjective from the titles of a modern kind of biography) is a simple, intelligible, and if one may dare to say it, a rather insignificant man. To make a hero or a villain of him is to write fiction.

The craving for story has been at work demanding and producing such fiction. The raw materials were made in America and shipped to France for psychological manufacture. The resulting figure is an irresponsible genius scribbling immortality under vinous inspiration, or turning neuropsychopathic rhymes. Before paranoia was discovered as a source of genius, wine received all the credit. But Poe could not write a line except when his head was clear and he was at the antipodes of hilarity. The warmth of Bohemia, boulevard mirth, however stimulating to the other mad bards of New York and Philadelphia, never fetched a song from him. He was a solemn, unconvivial, humorless man, who took no joy in his cups. If on occasion he found companions in riot, they were not café poets. Once, when the bottle was passing, and there were other poets present, he so far forgot himself as to say that he had written one poem that would live ("The Raven"), but this expression of

pride does not seem unduly bacchanalian. One could wish that the delights of stein-on-the-table friendship had been his. He needed friends and the happier sort of relaxation. But what record is there of the New York wits and journalists visiting Fordham of an evening to indulge in book-talk and amicable liquor? The chaste dinners of the Saturday Club in Boston were ruddy festivals of mutual admiration beside anything that Poe knew.

The unromantic fact is that alcohol made Poe sick and he got no consolation from it. But before this fact was widely understood, long before there was talk of neuropsychology and hydrocephalus, when even starvation was not clearly reckoned with, it was known in America that Poe drank. This fact became involved with a tradition which has descended in direct line from Elizabethan puritanism to nineteenth-century America. According to this tradition, poets who do nothing but write poetry are frivolous persons inclined to frequent taverns. The New England poets, to be sure, were not revelers, but they were moral teachers as well as poets. The American, knowing them, saw Poe in contrast, as the Englishwoman in the theatre contrasted the ruin of Cleopatra with "the 'ome life of our own dear Queen." And Poe, always unfortunate, offers a confirmatory half-fact by beginning to die in a gutter in Baltimore — a fact about which Holmes, the physician, can make a not unkindly joke. Besides, what can be expected of a poet who is said to have influenced French poets? We know what the French poets are, because they also wrote novels — or somebody with about the same name wrote them. Alas for Poe that, in addition to his other offences against respectability, he should have got a French reputation and become, not only a son of Marlowe, but a son of Villon and brother of Verlaine.¹

¹ The biographer's province may extend far enough into literary criticism to note a curious confusion of literary judgments with bio-

And Poe, meanwhile, with these brilliant but somewhat defamatory reputations, lived, worked, and died in such intellectual solitude that Griswold could write immediately after his death that he left few friends. It is the unhappy truth. Those who promptly denied it, Graham and Willis, showed commendable good nature, but were both incapable of being Poe's friends in any warm sense. Whether they were at fault or Poe, the fact is that Poe distrusted one and was contemptuous of the other.

What writer besides Poe, whose life is copiously recorded and who lived to have his work known in three nations, has left no chronicles of notable friendships? Think how the writers of England and France, with some exceptional outcasts, lived in circles of mutual admiration! Think how in America the New Englanders clustered together, how even the shy and reserved Hawthorne was rescued from a solitude that might have been morbid for the man and damaging to his work, by the consciousness that in Cambridge and Concord, in the rear of Fields's shop, were cultivated men who delighted to talk to him about his work, whose loyalty was gently critical and cherishing. Lafcadio Hearn — who has been compared to Poe — had friends whom he could not alienate by any freak of temper. And those friends encouraged him to self-expression in private letter and work of art.

Some such encouragement Poe received from J. P. Kennedy, a generous

friend of young genius, and from the journalist, F. W. Thomas, whose admiration for Poe was affectionate and abiding. But among his intimates were few large natures, few sound judgments, to keep him up to his best. Long after his death, Poe was honored in Virginia as a local hero. The perfervid biography of him by Professor Harrison, of the University of Virginia, contrives to include all the great names and beautiful associations of the Old Dominion. But during his life Poe was not a favorite of the best families of Richmond. As well think of Burns as the child of cultivated Edinburgh, or of Whitman as the darling of Fifth Avenue. At the height of his career in New York, between the appearance of "The Raven" and the time when poverty and illness claimed him irrecoverably, Poe appears as a lion in gatherings of the literati. But, among them, his only affectionate friends were two or three women.

To the intellectual man who has no stalwart friends, who consumes his strength in a daily struggle against poverty and burns out his heart in vain pride, there remains another refuge, a home warmed with family loyalty, full of happy incentive to labor, able perhaps to cooperate with the genius of the household. Such refuge was not given to Poe. No man ever had a more cheerless place in which to set up his work-table. His wife was a child when he married her, and was still young when she died of lingering consumption. His aunt and mother-in-law, who no doubt did her best with the few dollars which "Eddie" put into her hands, was an ignorant woman and probably had no idea what the careful rolls of manuscript were about, beyond the fact that they sometimes fetched a bit of money. Poe would have been excusable if he had sought and found outside his home some womanly consolation of a finer intellectual quality than his wife and aunt were able to afford. His writings are graced with poetic feminine spirits that suggest vaguely the kind of

graphic. Colonel Higginson, in his *Life of Longfellow*, says that "Poe took captive the cultivated but morbid taste of the French public." The words "but morbid" are not only a singular indictment of France, but a more singular indictment of America, for Poe took captive the American reading public before France heard of him. Let us deliver Poe's work, if we cannot deliver his life, from provincial controversy. But even his work, accepted, individual, indisputable, is troubled by another biographic question — his debt to one Chivers. Chivers could not write poetry. Poe could. The debt is evident.

soul with which he would have liked to commune. But he never found such a soul. He made several hysterical quests after swans, but they turned out geese, if not to him, certainly to the modern eye that chances to fall on their own memoirs of the pursuit. None was of distinguished mind, and all were either innocent or prudent. If Poe, with his Gascon eloquence and compelling eye, rushed the fortress of propriety, nothing serious came of the adventure and nothing serious remains, — only trivial gossip, silly correspondence, and quite gratuitous defences. It is a Barmecide feast for hungry scandal.

What has just been written may seem a negative and deprecating comment on Poe's story. But it gives truly, I believe, the drab setting in which his work gleams. And by depressing the high false lights that have been hung about his head, we make more salient the virtue that was properly his, the proud independence of mind, the fixity of artistic purpose, the will which governed his imagination and kept it steadily at work in a poor chamber of life, creating beautiful things. However much or little we admire Poe's work, we must understand as a fact in biography that, from the first tales with which he emerged from obscurity to the half philosophical piece with which, the year before his death, he sought to capture the universe and astound its inhabitants, his writings are the product of an excellent brain actuated by the will to create. He was a finical craftsman, patient in revision. He did not sweep upward to the heights of eloquence with blind, undirected power. He calculated effects. His delicate instrument did not operate itself while the engineer was absent or asleep. Deliberate, mathematical, alert, he marshaled his talents; and when he failed, failed for lack of judgment, not for want of industry.

To labor for an artistic result with cool precision while hunger and disease are in the workshop; to revise, always with

new excellence, an old poem which is to be republished for the third or fourth time in a cheap journal; to make a manuscript scrupulously perfect to please one's self, — for there is to be no extra loaf of bread as reward, the market is indifferent to the finer excellences, — this is the accomplishment of a man with ideals and the will to realize them. Let the most vigorous of us write in a cold garret and decide whether, on moral grounds, our persistent driving of our faculties entitles us to praise. Let us be so hungry that we can write home with enthusiasm about the good breakfast in a bad New York boarding-house; and after it is all over, let us imagine ourselves listening earthward from whatever limbo the moralists admit us to, and hearing a critic say that we have been untrue, not only to ourselves, but to our art. For so Dr. Goldwin Smith's ethical theory of art disposes of Poe, Poe who was never untrue to his art in his slenderest story, or lazy-minded in his least important criticism.

This confident man, who will measure the stars with equal assurance by the visions of poetry and the mathematics of astronomy, and set forth the whole truth of the universe in even, compact sentences such as no man can make by accident, lacks bedclothes to cover a dying wife — except the army overcoat which he had got at West Point sixteen years before. Says Trollope, the most self-possessed day-laborer in literature, "The doctor's vials and the ink-bottle held equal places in my mother's rooms. I have written many novels under many circumstances; but I doubt very much whether I could write one when my whole heart was by the bedside of a dying son. Her power of dividing herself into two parts, and keeping her intellect by itself, clear from the troubles of the world and fit for the duty it had to do, I never saw equalled. I do not think that the writing of a novel is the most difficult task which a man may be called upon to do; but it is a task that may be supposed

to demand a spirit fairly at ease. The work of doing it with a troubled spirit killed Sir Walter Scott."

If Poe's work consisted of brilliant fragments, disconnected spurts of genius, the relation between his labors and his life as it is usually conceived would be easy to trace. His biography furnishes every reason why his work should be ill thought and confused; it does not sufficiently credit him with sturdy devotion to his task. That must be his merit as a man, and the ten volumes establish it. His tales may be "morbid," and his verses "very valueless." They required, to produce them, the sanest intelligence continuously applied.

On Poe's uneventful and meagre life there has been built up an apocryphal character, the centre of controversies kept awhirl by as strange a combination of prejudices and non-literary interests as ever vexed an author's reputation. Some of the controversies he made himself and bequeathed to posterity, for he was a child of Hagar.¹ But the rest have been imposed on him by a world that loves art for talk's sake. Since he was a Virginian by adoption and in feeling, he has been tossed about in a belated sectionalism. Southerners have scented a conspiracy in New England to deprive him of his dues, even to keep him out of the Hall of Fame because he was not a northerner. Englishmen and Frenchmen, far from the documents, have redeemed his reputation from the neglect and miscomprehension of the savage nation where he had the misfortune to be born. Only last year Mrs. Weiss's "Home Life of Poe" threatened to become an international issue. It was to certain British admirers of Poe the banal and slanderous voice of America against the greatest

of American writers. As has been said, the very newest fashion in biography, the pathological, makes Poe a star case and further confuses the facts. Echoes of neuropathological criticism find their way to American Sunday papers which serve Poe up as a neurotic, with melancholy portraits and ravens spreading tenebrous wings above the columns of type.

If Poe's spirit has not forgotten that in its earthly progress it perpetrated hoaxes, courted Byronic fame, advertised itself as an infant prodigy, made up adventures in Greece and France which its earthly tenement did not experience, took sardonic delight in mystifying the public, it must see a kind of grim justice in the game the world is playing with its reputation. Nevertheless, it is unfitting that a man who did little worth remembering but write books, who lived in bleak alleys and dull places, should be haled up and down the main streets of gossip; that a poet who was, as one of his critics says, all head like a cherub, should have volumes written about his physical habits.

The reason for Poe's posthumous misfortune it is worth while to examine, for an understanding of it is necessary as an introduction to any of the lives of Poe, and it lies at the very heart of the institution of biography. We have seen that Poe was a friendless man. Griswold so affirmed just after Poe had left, amid shadowy circumstances, a life that was none too bright to the eye of the moralist nor clear to the eye of the world. And Griswold proved his assertion, for he was by his own declaration not Poe's friend, and yet he was the appointed biographer and editor of the collected works. There is no other relation so strange, so unfortunate, in literary history as this.

Griswold was an editor and anthologist of no mean ability. Upon one of his collections of poetry — now an interesting museum of antiquity where archæologists may study the literature of ancient America — Poe made acerbating,

¹ As late as 1895, fifty years after the event, Thomas Dunn English, writing from the uncontroversial atmosphere of the House of Representatives to Griswold's son, showed that he still regarded as alive a quarrel almost as comic as Whistler's quarrel with Ruskin, though far less witty.

and no doubt discriminating, comments in a lecture. The report of the lecture angered Griswold. Poe's printed commentary is favorable, and we do not know just what he said in the lecture. He apologized to Griswold, for he was alert to the advantage of his own appearance in later clusters of literary lights which Griswold might assemble. Once, after an absence from his office in Graham's Magazine, he returned to find Griswold at his desk. He resigned immediately, so the story goes, in one of his costly outbursts of pride. Yet he thought Griswold was his friend. He borrowed money from him, and when, the year before his death, he left New York for Richmond he wrote to Griswold appointing him literary executor. Griswold's letter in which he accepted the office must have been friendly, for there is something like unwitting testimony on this point. When Poe read the letter in Richmond, a young girl, Susan Archer Weiss, was with him and noted that he was pleased.

After Poe's death Griswold published a severe but not untrue article in the *Tribune*, the famous article signed "Ludwig." Willis and Graham came to Poe's defense in good spirit. Griswold, rather piqued than chastened, prefixed to the third volume of Poe's work his memoir, since unnecessarily suppressed. And long afterward appeared his letter to Mrs. Whitman, written just after the *Tribune* article. In that letter he says, "I was not his friend, nor was he mine." Therein lies Griswold's perfidy, and not in the memoir itself. For when, coming from one of the later lives of Poe, one turns in a heat of indignation to Griswold, one finds nothing very bad and little that is untrue. Griswold merely emphasized the wrong things, and in so doing he became a monster among biographers. Through him, the Muse of Biography violated one of the important laws of her dominion. This law prescribes that the best of a man's life shall be told fully, and told first.

When a man dies, his letters and papers are put into the hands of one

who loves and admires him, or who at least has no reluctance to celebrate him. The work of the first biographer is thrown to the world, where it undergoes scrutiny and correction. The mark of commentators in time turns it gray, but the original ground is white. The thousands of human stories together make a vast whiteness. In the midst of this background a black official portrait, even though the blackness be lines of fact, becomes a libel. The Devil's Advocate occupies the place where God's Advocate is expected to speak. If the champion tells a dark tale, people think the truth must be darker still, for does not the champion put the best possible face on his hero? Proper tone is impossible to restore. Injustice is done irrevocably. What the friend admits the world doubly affirms.

The life-story that grows brighter with time is very rare. Joan of Arc is metamorphosed from a witch to a saint. Machiavelli is proved after centuries to have been not very "machievellian." Bacon, another upholder of legal autocracy, is seen at last to have been a just and generous man, and not the figure which rising Puritanism made of him at the moment of his death and its triumph. But these are restorations of characters that flourished before the age when official biographies are looked for within a year or two of a man's death. Of the recently dead we are not yet scientific enough to tell the whole truth. The rights of friendship are recognized, and its duties taken for granted. If its support is withdrawn the structure is awry. One has only to remember Henley's protest against Balfour's Stevenson, Purcell's life of Cardinal Manning, and Froude's Carlyle, to be reminded how strong is the obligation upon the friend, or the one holding the friend's office, not to emphasize the hero's blemishes.

Yet Henley said nothing against Stevenson except that Balfour's portrait was too sugary to be a true image of a man. Purcell only showed that Manning played politics, disliked Newman, and

was anxious about what posterity should think of him. Froude, so far as we can discover, now that we no longer make Carlyle an object of that kind of hero-worship which he thought was good for us, said nothing damaging at all. He only protested too much in his prefaces that he was doing the right thing to draw Carlyle as he was. Yet, as late as 1900, I heard an editor of Carlyle say that Froude had blackened the Maister.

Such men as Carlyle and Stevenson and Manning settle back amid any biographic disturbance. They knock malicious or incompetent biographers off their feet, and burst the covers of little books. It is the poor fellow with an unheroic soul that the biographer can confine and distort. It is the man of a middling compound of virtue and sin who can be sent down for a half century of misrepresentation by the hand of a treacherous friend. Biography, especially when it deals with the artist who has no part in the quarrels of creeds and politics, is wont to bear its hero along "with his few faults shut up like dead flowerets." Griswold startles the peaceful traffic by turning and running against the current of convention.

Later biographers have not served Poe by falling foul of Griswold. For he had the facts and is an able prosecuting attorney. And much harm has been done, too, by emotional souls who, as Mark Twain says of Dowden's Shelley, "hang a fact in the sky and squirt rainbows at it." The error of Griswold, and of Poe's defenders, is an error of spirit, the delusion that Griswold's

"charges" are momentous. After Griswold the story of Poe becomes a weaving and tangling of very small threads of fact. Every succeeding biographer has to take his cue from a powerful man who cannot be disregarded; and each biographer, in order as a faithful chronicler to do his part to straighten the story out, must put rubbish in his book. Even Mr. Woodberry, whose *Life* is incomparably the best, shows the constraint imposed on him by wearisome problems, and loses his accustomed vitality and his essential literary enthusiasm.¹

It is too much to hope that the nebular Poe will be dispelled and the Poe of controversy be laid. Perhaps one should not hope for this, because it may be that, even as the Shakespeare myth is a necessary concomitant of the poet's greatness, the mythic Poe is a measure of his fame, and to attempt to destroy it may have the undesirable effect of seeming to belittle Poe. Nevertheless Poe's centennial year, falling in an age of grown-up judgments, affords a good occasion for the world to cease confounding his magnificent fame with petty inquisitions and rhetorical defenses. If sudden cessation is impossible, we can at least hope that more and more the trivialities of his life may recede, and the supreme triumph of his art stand forth unvexed and serene.

¹ I am sorry that I cannot see the revised edition of Mr. Woodberry's *Life of Poe* before sending this paper to press. No one who has not labored through the Poe bibliography can appreciate how fine and sound is Mr. Woodberry's work of twenty-five years ago. No doubt the revision has resulted in an ultimately satisfactory life of Poe.

RHYME OF THE VOYAGER

BY EVELYN PHINNEY

Lady. SHIPS that crowd in the offing, what do ye bring to me?
Voices of ships. *We bring the soul of a sailor in from sea.*

Lady. Tell me what of the voyage? journeyed he near or far?
Voices of ships. *Farther he sailed than lands or oceans are!*

*Where our adventure ended, onward he clove his track;
On till the round road led the wanderer back.*

Lady. Still in his dreams he murmurs of countries vast and free.
Ships, O what can that sailor be to me?

Voices of ships. Still in his dreams he wanders, as they who endless roam;
Calling, as call the dying, on his home.

Lady. Mariners none I own to, nor hold the sea for kin.
Voices of ships. Yet would that fevered stranger bide within.

Lady. My task to set my household and make my hearth to shine.
Voice of ships. *Lady, prepare thy lintage and thy wine.*

*And see thou scant not welcome, nor regulate thy dole.
Lady, that wayworn traveler — 't is thy soul!*

*See him disowned and outcast, and driven from thy door:
Yet he returns! — wilt thou refuse him more?*

A BEGGAR'S CHRISTMAS

A FABLE

BY EDITH WYATT

ONCE upon a time there was a beggar-maid named Anitra, who lived in a cellar in the largest city of a wealthy and fabulous nation.

In spite of the fact that the country was passing through an era of great commercial prosperity, it contained such large numbers of beggars, and the competition among them was so keen, that on Christmas Eve at midnight, Anitra found herself without a single cent.

She turned away from the street-corner, where she had been standing with her little stack of fortune-cards, and hurried through the alleys to the shelter of her cellar. These fortune-cards of hers were printed in all languages; and, had the public but known, it could not go wrong among them, for every single card promised good-luck to the chooser. But, in spite of all this tact on Anitra's part, and her complete dependence upon universal chivalry, qualities which are woman's surest methods of success in the real world, in the wealthy and fabulous kingdom she now found herself not only hungry, ragged, and penniless, but also without a roof over her head. For when she reached her cellar-door it was nailed shut: and, as she had not paid her rent for a long time, she knew she could not persuade her fabulous landlord to open it for her.

She walked away, holding her little torn shawl fast around her, and shaking her loose black hair around her cheeks to try to keep them warm. But the cold and the damp struck to her very bones. Her little feet in their ragged shoes and stockings were as numb as clubs; and she limped along, scarcely able to direct them, to know where she was going, or to know anything in fact, except that

she would freeze to death if she stood still.

Soon she reached a large dark building with a broad flight of steps and a pillared entrance. Nobody seemed to be guarding it, and she managed to creep up the steps and in between the pillars out of the snow.

Behind the pillars rose enormous closed doors. Under the doors shone a chink of light. Anitra stooped down and put her hand against the crack. There was a little warmth in the air sifting through. She laid her whole body close against the opening. That pushed the doors inward slightly, and she slipped inside the entrance.

She was in a tremendous gilded, carven, and pillared hall of great tiers of empty seats and far dark galleries, all dimly lighted and all garlanded with wreaths of mistletoe and holly. For a long time she sat on the floor with her head thrown back against the door, staring quietly about her, without moving a hair for fear of being driven away. But no one came. The whole place was silent.

After about an hour, she rose softly, and stepped without a sound along the dark velvet carpet of the centre aisle and up a flight of steps at the end, to a great gold throne with cushions of purple velvet and ermine. She rested her wrists on the gold ledge of the seat, and with a little vault she jumped up on the cushions. They were warm and soft. She curled up among them, and pulled her little shawl over her, meaning to jump down the instant she heard the least noise. And while she was listening she fell fast asleep.

She was awakened by the cool gray light of the December daybreak falling

through the long windows, over all the gold-carven pillars and high beams and arches, all the empty seats and dark velvet cushions and high garlands of holly.

She held her breath. Three men, who had plainly not seen her, had entered at a side-door. She recognized them all from their pictures in the papers. They were the aged Minister, the middle-aged Chancellor, and the young King of the kingdom. The King carried a roll of parchment in his hand and seemed very nervous, and the Chancellor was speaking to him about "throwing the voice," as they all came up the centre aisle, and then straight up the steps, toward the throne.

Dumb with fright, Anitra raised her head from the cushions. The three men suddenly saw her. The young King started and dropped the parchment, the Chancellor stumbled and nearly fell, and the aged Minister darted toward her.

"What are you doing here?" he cried angrily.

"Nothing," said Anitra, sitting up, with her shawl held tightly around her, and her little ragged shoes dangling from the throne.

"Who are you?" said the Chancellor suspiciously, staring at her. He was very short-sighted.

"Nobody," said Anitra.

"She is just a stray who has got in here somehow," said the Minister rather kindly. "Run away, my child," he added, giving her a coin. "Can't you see the King wants to practice his speech here, now?"

But the Chancellor seemed to be considering. "Do you know," he said softly to the Minister, as the King, who had picked up the parchment, stood absorbed, whispering his speech over to himself, "an idea has struck me. I don't know but that we might let her stay there till the reporters come to photograph the new hall. It would look rather well, you know, if something like this should get into the papers, 'Mighty Monarch Finding Stray Asleep on Throne, on Christmas Morn, Refuses to Break Slumbers.'"

The old Minister looked a little doubtful. "You can't tell what she might say afterwards," he said.

"We can easily arrange that," replied the Chancellor; and he turned towards Anitra and said sternly, "If we let you stay here will you promise not to say one word to anyone about the matter or about anything you see or hear in this hall, without our permission?"

"Yes," said Anitra readily.

"Consider what you are saying, my child," said the Minister mildly. "Do you know this means that if you say one word the administration dislikes you will be hung?"

"No, indeed," said Anitra in misery. "How could I know that?"

"You should not have promised so rashly," said the Chancellor. "But now that it is done, we will trust that everything will fall out so that it will not be necessary to hang you."

"What do you want me to do?" said Anitra.

"Simply remain here now, just as you were when we came in, except with your eyes shut," said the Chancellor, "and then when we tell you to do so, go down and sit on the throne-steps until the audience-hall is filled with all the populace who are coming to see the new audience-chamber, and to listen to the judgments of the King, on Christmas Day. If anybody asks you how you came to be here, you might mention the fact that you had strayed in from the cold, and tell about the royal clemency shown in permitting you to remain. Then, at the end of the day, if you have done as you should, you can go out with the rest of the people."

"Go to sleep again, now," said the aged Minister, "just as you were when we came in."

Anitra put her head down on the cushion again, but she could not sleep, for the King began to read his proclamation at the top of his lungs, so that it could be heard in the furthest galleries, where the Chancellor stood and kept calling, "Louder! Louder!" The speech was

all about the wealth and prosperity and happiness and good fortune of the kingdom, and how no one needed to be hungry or cold or poor in any way, because there was such plenty.

When the King had finished, he said rather crossly to the Chancellor, "Well, are you suited?"

The Chancellor expressed his content, and they talked over the prisoners who were to be judged, which ones were to be hanged, and which ones were to be pardoned, till the Chancellor had to hurry away to attend to some other matters. The King left moodily soon afterwards. The Chancellor's opinions and methods were often obnoxious to him; but he disliked greatly to wound or oppose him in any way. He had been an old and intimate friend of the King's father, and besides he was very powerful in the country.

All this time Anitra had kept her eyes closed; and she now lay still, while strange footsteps sounded on the marble floors and she heard the reporters coming to photograph the new audience-hall, heard them asking the aged Minister why she was there, and heard him telling them about the early visit of the King to inspect the new audience-chamber, and his wish that the slumber of the beggar-girl should not be disturbed till the arrival of the audience made it absolutely necessary. Then she heard them tip-toeing away to a little distance, heard their fountain-pens scratching and their cameras clicking through the empty galleries, and at last she heard them going away.

"Now you can jump down, and run around for a little while," said the Minister, waiting a minute before following them. "Some of the Democratic papers will have extras out, by three o'clock this afternoon, with photographs of you asleep on the throne, and there will be editorials in the Republican papers about the King's tact and grace in the matter."

Although Anitra wished to answer that she was too faint from hunger to jump down and run around, she made no reply

for fear of being hung. But she slipped down from the throne, and sat on the throne-step, on the tread nearest the floor, in the hope of not being seen and questioned by the entering audience, for some time at least.

For it was ten o'clock now. The great doors had swung wide open and a tremendous crowd of people surged into the hall,—men, women, and children, laughing, talking, exclaiming over the beauty of the new audience-chamber, and wondering what would happen to the three murderers the King would judge that day. It was a prosperous, well-dressed city crowd, and it poured in till it had filled the hall, the galleries, the aisles, and the staircases, and till the latest comers had even climbed upon the shoulders of the others, to the window-sills and the ledges of the wainscoting. With the rest came two old, wrinkled, clumsy shepherds from the country, with staffs in their hands and sheepskins on their backs, and sharp, aged eyes looking out from under their shaggy eyebrows, as though they could watch well for wolves. Although they came among the last, they somehow made their way up to the very front of the hall. Except for these old shepherds and Anitra, all the people wore their very best clothes. The sun sparkled over everything. Outside, the Christmas bells rang, and Anitra looked at it all, and listened to it all, and hoped she would not faint with hunger, and wondered whether she could go through the day without saying something the Chancellor would dislike and being hung for it.

The people in the first row stared hard at her, and one usher wished to put her out because she was sitting inside the red velvet cordon intended to separate the royal platform from the populace. But another usher came hurrying up to say that he had received official orders to the effect that she was to be permitted to remain just where she was.

Before any one in the first row had time to ask her how she came to be there inside the red velvet cordon, the heralds

blew on the trumpets, and everybody turned to see the entrance of the prisoners.

They were a man, a woman, and a boy. The woman was a cotton-spinner, Elizabeth, a poor neighbor of Anitra's, who had left a fatherless child of hers upon a doorstep where it died. The boy was a Moorish merchant's son, Joseph, who had stabbed another boy in a street-brawl. The man was a noble, Bernardino, who had killed his adversary in a duel. The turnkeys marched on either side of the prisoners and marshaled them into their seats on the platform.

No one in the court knew about Elizabeth or the Moorish boy Joseph, or paid any attention to them, except that Joseph's father stood with haggard eyes close to the cordon, and he looked at his son and his son looked back at him with a deep glance of devotion when the prisoners marched by to judgment. Six or seven rows back in the audience sat Elizabeth's little sister, and when the prisoners were standing at the bar, she leaned far forward and threw a little sprig of holly down at Elizabeth's feet, and Elizabeth stooped and picked it up.

But there was a great buzz in the crowd when Bernardino, the nobleman, marched by. He was well known at court. His best friends sat together, and they cheered, and there was constant applause as he passed, and he bowed grandly to everybody.

Then there was another flourish of trumpets, and the pages and ladies-and-lords-in-waiting and knights and chamberlains came in, and the Minister and the Chancellor, and last of all the young King. The whole room rang with applause and cheers. All the heralds blew on the bugles. The bells rang and the young King took his seat on the throne between the Minister and the Chancellor, and waited till the audience-chamber was still.

The herald came forward and cried, "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Bernardino, Duke of Urba, Lord of Rustica, come into

the Court!" Bernardino, with his fur cape swinging from his broad shoulders and his plume tossing, stepped forward from the bar, and his trial began. The King heard evidence upon one side and heard evidence upon the other for a long, long time: and at last he pardoned Bernardino. The bells rang, and the trumpets sounded again, and Bernardino's friends went nearly wild with joy. And Bernardino kissed the King's hand and walked down the throne-steps a free man.

Only, the two aged clumsy shepherds turned and looked at each other, as if they felt some contempt for what was happening. And while Anitra watched them, as she thought how hungry she was, it seemed to her that they were far younger than she had noticed at first. They appeared to be about fifty years old.

Bernardino's trial had occupied a great length of time; and just after it was over, and the applause and tumult after the decision had died down, and the herald had called, "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Joseph, son of the merchant Joseph, come into the Court!" then Anitra noticed that every one was looking at her, and whispering. She saw papers passed from hand to hand, and knew that the extras the King had spoken of must have come out.

Everybody was so entertained and pre-occupied with comparing the newspaper pictures of Anitra with Anitra herself, and with reading, "Mighty Monarch Finding Stray on Throne on Christmas Morn Refuses to Break Slumbers," that Joseph's trial seemed to slip by almost without public notice.

Only, Joseph's father hung on every word. The King heard evidence upon one side and heard evidence upon the other for a long, long time, and every few minutes, on account of the buzz about Anitra's being permitted to sleep on the throne, the herald would be obliged to ask for silence in the audience-chamber. For no one knew Joseph, and no one cared about his fate except in so far as

there was a general feeling that a murder committed by a Moor was more dangerous than a murder committed by anybody else. So that toward the end, when the evidence seemed to show more and more that Joseph had fought only to defend himself, the court was more silent, and there was a certain tenseness in the air. The King turned white. He condemned Joseph to death; but he did not look at him, he looked away. Joseph stood proudly before him, without moving an eyelash, without moving a muscle. Joseph's father looked as proud as his son. But his face had changed to the face of an old man, and in his eyes burned the painful glance of a soul enduring an injustice.

Every one else seemed to be satisfied, however. Only, the two aged, clumsy shepherds turned and looked at each other as though they felt a certain contempt for what was happening. And while Anitra watched, as she thought how hungry she was, it seemed to her that they were not aged at all. They appeared to be about forty years old.

Then the herald called, "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Elizabeth, spinner of cotton, come into the Court!" And everything turned so black before Anitra that she could hardly see Elizabeth come out and stand before the King. For she loved Elizabeth and Elizabeth's sister, and she knew that Elizabeth had deserted her baby when she was beside herself with sickness and disgrace and poverty, and she knew that the father who had deserted her and deserted the baby was one of those trumpeters of the King, who had just been blowing the blasts of triumph for him, to the admiration of the whole court.

Then the King heard evidence upon one side, and heard evidence upon the other. But almost everything was against Elizabeth; though the King in his mercy changed her sentence from death to imprisonment and disgrace for her whole life. Every one applauded his clemency. But the little sister sobbed and cried like a crazy thing, though Elizabeth raised

her chin and smiled bravely at her, to comfort her.

The shepherds turned and looked at each other with a glance of contempt for what was happening. And now they were not aged or clumsy at all. They were strong, straight young men, more beautiful than anything else Anitra had seen in her whole life; and they looked at her beautifully as though they were her brothers.

Then the heralds all came out and blew upon the trumpets to announce the King's proclamation; and the King read about all the wealth and prosperity and peace and good fortune and happiness and plenty of the nation; and every minute Anitra grew more and more faint with hunger.

When the proclamation was done the people screamed and shouted. The Christmas bells rang. The fifes and bugles sounded. Everybody cheered the King, and the King rose and responded. Then everybody cheered the Chancellor, and he bowed and responded. Then everybody cheered the aged Minister, and he bowed and responded. Then there were cries of "Long Live Bernardino!" and the bugles were sounded for him; and he bowed and responded. And then some one called "Long Live Anitra the Beggar-girl!" And there was an uproar of cheers and bugles and applause and excitement.

Anitra rose and stood upon the throne-steps. But she looked only at the shepherds, who were more beautiful than anything else she had ever seen in her whole life, and who looked at her beautifully as though they were her brothers. She thought, "I must have died some day at any rate. So I will die to-day and speak the truth."

When the audience-chamber was still she said, "I am Anitra the Beggar-girl. But I do not praise the King for his kindness, for though he let me stay on his throne he is letting me die of hunger. And I do not praise the King for his justice, for in his court the man who deserts

his child and his child's mother walks free, and the woman who deserts her child must die in prison. And in his court the King pardons one man and condemns another for exactly the same fault."

Then the two shepherds walked up the steps of the throne. Everything was still. Not a bell rang. Not a trumpet blew. But as the shepherds walked, the audience-chamber seemed to vanish away; and all around, beyond the pilared arches, and beyond the prosperous people, stood all the poor people, all the hungry people, all the unjustly-paid and overworked and sick and struggling people in the nation. And in the judges and the judged, and the prosperous people and the poor people, there rose like the first quiver of dawn a sense simply of what was really true for each one and for every one.

The younger shepherd said, "In this Court to-day stand those who are more strong than all the triumphs of the world. We are the Truth and Death."

And as he spoke, all thought of judgment and of condemnation and pardon

and patronage vanished away; and in everybody's soul the thought simply of what was really true for each one and for every one opened like the clear flower of daybreak.

Not a bell rang. Not a trumpet blew. "We are the Truth and Death," repeated the older shepherd.

And the thought simply of what was really true for each one and for every one, and the thought that all were common fellow mortals thrilled through everybody's soul more keenly and more fully than the light of morning and the tones of all the trumpets of the world.

After that, the shepherds did not again turn and glance at each other as though they felt a contempt for what was happening. For from that time on, everything was done in the Court only with the thought of what was really true for each one and for every one, and the thought that all were fellow mortals; and before the next Christmas, there were no beggars at all in the fabulous nation. And the Truth and Death, there, always looked at everybody beautifully, as though they were their brothers.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

SCROOGE'S GHOST

No, I don't mean Marley's ghost. I know what I'm talking about. It's Scrooge's ghost I mean. And of all the spirits that go wandering up and down this earth, on the nights approaching Christmas, I don't believe there is one that will feel more genuine and well-earned pleasure, in the place where he used to keep his heart, than the ghost of old Scrooge of the firm of Scrooge & Marley.

For what does he see, every year as the holiday season comes round, but hundreds of people who, for the eleven

months previous, have been harrowing their souls with desperate struggles after righteousness, in company with the married heroes and heroines of modern fiction, now taking down from their shelves their well-worn copies of Dickens's *Christmas Stories*, and settling themselves for a solid evening's enjoyment — before a wood-fire, we will hope — re-reading for the fourth or fifth or twentieth time the inimitable *Christmas Carol*?

And what happens to every blessed one of them?

They go through the same tension of feeling, as Scrooge, with the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come, sees the terrible

results that must follow from his narrow, selfish, sordid life, as they did at the first reading, before they knew it would turn out all right; and they experience the same relief and joy that he did, to realize that it is n't too late, that there is still a chance — a glorious chance to add to the happiness of every person with whom they come in contact.

And what happens next?

Maybe they were good fellows to start with. They undoubtedly were; but there is a possibility that down in the bottom of their hearts they know that they might still be improved a trifle; perhaps they are a little more self-centred, a little less open and frank, not so thoroughly mellow and gracious, as in youth they had thought to find themselves in middle life.

But bless Scrooge's ghost, who stands smiling and rubbing his hands at their well-tailored elbows. Does n't he see what his own vicarious sufferings have done for them, and does n't he glow with pleasure, or whatever answers for a glow to a ghost, when he notices that they are, every man of them, a little more genial the next day with the office-boy and the janitor and the street-car conductor, and, most notable of all, — with the uninteresting elderly maiden cousin, who has come on the annual visit that tries the patience and hospitality of every member of the household?

And the good work does n't stop there.

Scrooge's ghost can see it all: how the ripples of kindly feeling keep on widening, and how his own influence is at the centre of the circle!

He knows what makes the office-boy turn a somersault, after "the boss" has gone into his sanctum, the next morning; and how the office-boy's mother takes more pride in him than ever that noon, as she notes a certain new air of confidence and ambition in the lad. Scrooge's ghost knows, too, why the janitor holds up his not too manly head with a little more dignity than usual; and why the street-car conductor helps off the fidgety spinster

with real gallantry, after the courtly gentleman, who always does such things in a natural way, has bidden him "Good-morning," with a true ring of comradeship in his voice; and why the maiden cousin, realizing suddenly that she is a gracious lady and not a disappointed, cross-grained old woman, blooms with something of the radiance of unquenchable youth in her face.

Who — but Scrooge's ghost, indeed — can tell how far all of these influences reach, and how many hearts are quickened by the impulse going out from one of these readers, sitting so cozily in his quiet study, reading the old story, with its ever-living gospel?

And how many old fogies, like myself, for instance, do you suppose there are, who re-read *The Christmas Carol* every December? And how many new readers does it have?

Scrooge's ghost alone can answer that question, also; but I am at least certain of this, — that not one of the readers puts down the book without a little additional sense of warmth about his heart, and without, consciously or unconsciously, meeting all his neighbors the next day with a little more geniality in his voice and smile, than if he had n't read it.

And so I aver, and I defy any one to prove to the contrary, that there won't be a happier ghost wandering up and down this good old earth, this good old Christmas-time, than the ghost of Scrooge — Scrooge, I say, of the firm of Scrooge & Marley!

OUR VENETIAN LAMP

It was made in the fashion of the lamps of Saint Mark's, a flat disk of bronze openwork holding a cup of dull red glass for olive oil, with a pineapple-shaped pendant below, all hung by wrought bronze chains. When we looked at it first, it seemed as if it would bring into our New England home something of the dim glory of the old cathedral, glowing faintly, like the inside of some

ancient jewel, with the clear small light of its sacred lamps just breaking its lasting twilight. Doubtless we thought, too, of the impression that it would make upon our village, which has newly awakened to a sense of the æsthetic. There were a few dollars left after purchasing, in a little shop behind the cathedral, the lace doilies which have lately caused so deep a sensation among our neighbors, and we eagerly purchased the bronze lamp. Our vote, made up of two voices, is almost never a tie.

It was a curious walk that we took to get it, along the side of green canals, over miniature carved bridges, led by the undying charm of Old Venice: not the Venice of the Grand Canal, overrun by foreign folk, desecrated by steamboats, but the ancient city, whose sequestered life still goes on in her piazzette and in tiny shops peeping out from under dark-browed houses. To her belong white-haired cobblers, busily tapping in their tiny spaces six feet by five; brown, wrinkled, ageless dames guarding tiny stores of peaches, cherries, plums, in almost imperceptible markets. It seemed to us, as we bargained for the lamp in a dusky little shop all agleam with bronze and things of brass, that a glimpse of it would at any moment summon before us the beauty of fading colors and fretted outlines in this city of the sea.

How we packed it, with its chains, the curving, bulky pendant, so beautiful when hanging from the ceiling, so impossible in a trunk; how it wrinkled our garments and made holes in them, I leave to the imagination of the reader. All seemed of small account when we saw it hanging in our hall, where it lent, we thought, a grace of other worlds and earlier days — though it was palpably new — to a rigid American stairway, and a wall-paper a bit antique without being therefore lovely. It gave an air of permanence to the place, even to the oaken coat-hanger which had been put up by feminine hands and which invariably came down with the coat. What though our fingers were

often sticky with olive oil, as we dived vainly with a pair of inadequate tin pincers for the floating wicks that would not float? A dimly red, religious light pervaded our hall, and, if we tried hard enough, it transported us to Venice.

The dim light had its disadvantages, nor did it always lead caller or hostess into a religious mood. Incoming and outgoing guests sometimes collided, and it fostered in us an already marked tendency to call people by wrong names. Sometimes it went out altogether, and our friends stepped from our lighted sitting-room into total darkness, kicked our little mahogany table, and ran into the umbrella-stand. The climax of trouble, however, came in the insane tendency developed by all comers to run into our lamp. No June bug is more persistent in bumping into electric-light bulbs than were one and all in heading for our sacred flame; and lard oil — for olive oil had been pronounced too expensive, and we never let our æsthetic longings betray us into rashness in our village — dropped upon more than one head, more than one hat. The clergyman went all too near, and drops of oil not sacred fell upon his head; an editor — and we esteem editors not less than clergymen — bore away unsightly drippings upon a silk hat too gallantly waved; young girls who were calling developed unexpected statures, — we could have sworn when it was hung that our lamp swung higher than any human head. This thing of bronze seemed to grow sensitive, vibrated to impassioned farewells, and spilled over, as our girl friends sometimes did. Yet we toiled over it gladly, — though wicks floated to the bottom, and matches broke and tumbled in, and the silly pincers would not work. Our maid, possibly because she was a Scotch Presbyterian, sternly refused to have anything to do with the object, except once when we found her secretly engaged with it in the kitchen: she had scoured all the manufactured look of age away from it with sapolio.

Then little Tommy came to spend a

few days with us. I can see him now, with his golden curls, white suit, and Roman silk stockings, as he stood upon the stairs and swung the pretty lamp and laughed aloud. A new stair carpet was the result. Tommy went away, and we returned to the quiet of our little home, and to our sacred gloom, which was now partly of the mind. We had grown a bit nervous in our musings; our low questions, — "Does n't it fairly make you see the green water in the canals?" or, "Can't you hear the gondolas gliding along?" — were likely to be interrupted by a shriek: "Is that thing spilling over?"

The crowning achievement of our Venetian lamp came one July night when we were awaiting two distinguished guests. It was burning softly, enveloping our whole cottage in an artistic atmosphere, and we congratulated ourselves, as we walked up and down in fresh white gowns, on how greatly our distinguished guests would appreciate it. The house was spotless: did we not always try to keep it so? But was an added touch of polish too much for such visitors?

At 9.30 we remembered that the mattress for the cot must be brought downstairs, our house — alas that I must confess the secrets of our housekeeping! — having, in reality, room for but one distinguished guest, it being thus necessary for one hostess to sleep in the library. The maid, like a sensible woman, had gone to bed; had she been awake she would have saved us from this, as from many another folly. A brilliant idea occurred to us, for we are as fertile in inventive processes as the Swiss Family Robinson or Robinson Crusoe, though our devices do not always work out with that automatic regularity to the advantage of the planner. The mattress, neatly curled, should roll downstairs. What is intelligence for, if not to save trouble? We started it; it leaped, sprang like a sentient thing, turned a somersault, stood upright, flung itself upon the lamp, which, as if touched to life, responded to the challenge. vital energy quivering along its speaking chains.

And now ensued a mortal combat, to which only the pen of a Victor Hugo could do justice. It was such a fight as would have occurred if his memorable runaway cannon had indeed gone overboard into the water and there had encountered the octopus of *The Toilers of the Sea*. Tentacles leaped out from the lamp; the mattress hit back with all the power of its uncoiled strength; the swinging bronze bulb responded with a blow, pouring out — alas, no dragon of fairy story could hurl forth from its throat anything worse than lard oil!

The distinguished guests arrived at this moment to find floor, ceiling, mattress, stairs, bespattered with oil. Villainous wicks from that villainous receptacle were lodged upon our best umbrellas, and even upon the backs of our necks, and greasy fragments of red glass were flung as far as the middle of the dining-room floor and out upon the walk.

It was after the distinguished guests were gone, after the kalsominers and the carpet-man had finished, that we took our Venetian lamp and a gardening trowel and went to the far corner of our green yard, where already many precious things lie buried. There we dug a hole. There the Venetian lamp lies buried, by Fluff, who died in the prime of cathood, by her two kittens, who perished at five days old, by the baby bluebird that Rex caught, and by the squirrel, brought home from a snowbank, wounded to the death, to fade away upon our hands. Some future investigator, thousands of years hence, may dig it up, and exclaim over the beauty of taste of the aborigines. Perhaps he can afford æsthetic sensations; we cannot.

SOMETHING SAVED

ALTHOUGH I am not so very old, not yet forty, I am quite old enough to have been ineffaceably impressed with the transitoriness of things. The thick woods through which as a child I straggled home from school, browsing on young

beech-leaves, ground-nuts, and crinkle-root, are now but a ragged fringe of shabby trees. The great beeches at whose feet I was sure of finding the earliest hepaticas were long ago reduced to ashes, and the hepaticas, lacking their shelter, have died out. Even the hardy little spring beauties have become homeless wanderers, fleeing across the road to the farther fence corner, and camping there in bewilderment, with little chance of reaching the as yet unmarred belt of woodland across the unprotected pasture. It is not merely the shifted point of view of maturity that makes the brook where we fished more shallow and the hill where we coasted less high and steep. The great apple trees, nine feet in girth, from which the swing and hammocks hung, are gone, never to be replaced. The buckboard which bore us so buoyantly over miles and miles of country road went to the junk-heap long ago, and the little Morgan mare who pulled it is dead.

Already is apparent the first threat of the abandonment of the old home, a change to which all the other changes are as slight shadows to the falling of night itself.

I have seen this happen to many of my friends. I know the tragedy of it to the core — the inevitable sacrifice of the precious, worthless Things. Rubbish-heap, fire, corner auction, unappreciative friends, moth- and mouse-infested storage, — the last but an ineffectual delay, — these are the destinies of the Things that we have lived with. Perishable and transitory even while they had our familiar care, they become positively evanescent when deprived of it. And with them, I cannot but feel, goes some outlying portion of myself. *I have not changed.* The subjective part of my childhood is still intact in my soul. I could re-live it to-morrow if I had the Things to do it with. But Things are not as indestructible as souls. I have heard people complain that their friends "changed," but I have not found it so, even in the "great change" of death. Personalities are stable and immutable in

comparison with Things. I have little sympathy with Pierre Loti when he makes pathos of Jean's little ribboned hat existing after the death of the stalwart young soldier. It is when the little relic fades and moulders before the eyes of the lonely old mother that its pathos enters, as it always does, with the perishability of Things.

So strongly have I felt this that when I read, a few weeks ago, that the old Nutter House at Portsmouth was being restored to the precise condition and appearance which it possessed in "Tom Bailey's" childhood, I experienced a thrill of joy and triumph quite disproportionate to any obvious personal interest in the matter. Truly, now, the old house will "prove a tough nut for the destructive gentleman with the scythe and hour-glass," and the seaward gable may well defy the east wind for generations to come.

I shall never, in all likelihood, have a chance to visit it, and perhaps it is as well. Very likely the rehabilitation is more complete in my fancy than it is in fact. It is hardly likely that the six black-silk eye-patches, with their elastic strings, "still dangle from a beam in the attic," waiting for Tom Bailey to get into difficulties again; and the most scrupulous and devoted Memorial Association could not put Gypsy back in her old stall. But when I read that all is "restored in accordance with Aldrich's own descriptions," it is so I see it. Nor that only, for the ill-starred little Dolphin rocks beside the mouldering wharf, and Sailor Ben's ship-shape sky-blue cottage with its painted portholes is as real as the stage — specifically mentioned as extant to-day — upon which Pepper Whitcomb played so disastrously the part of the young Tell.

It was in a battered old volume of *Our Young Folks* that I met Tom Bailey, when we were both too young to have detected any differing validity in literature and life. My name was n't "Wiggins or Spriggins," and we did in very truth "get on famously together" and become

"capital friends forever." None of the boys ever minded my being a girl. Like a certain little flesh-and-blood playmate, they voted me "as good as a boy," and even Gypsy relaxed in my favor her discrimination against the sex.

Those were great days, in spite of the awful Sundays at the Nutter House and Conway's threatening presence at the Temple Grammar School. Shall I ever forget the night we burned the old stage-coach, and the snow fights on Slatter's Hill? Certainly not while I can think that the two hundred and sixty-eight crimson-spotted yellow birds, "not counting those split in two where the paper was badly joined," are still ready to take flight in a little boy's dreams from the walls of the hall room over the front door.

No, I would not choose to visit the Aldrich Memorial if I could; I should surely look for Kitty Collins in the kitchen, and expect Miss Abigail to descend the old staircase and offer me a dose of hotdrops. But there were happy tears in my eyes when I learned what the Memorial Association had decided upon. Here is one old home which will not be dismantled. here at last are Things which will be held from passing, Things that give me back a bit of my childhood and the playmate who shared it.

ON BEING A SCAPEGOAT

THE plea for the black sheep, in a recent *Atlantic*, has, by a not unnatural sequence of suggestion, emboldened me to enter a plea for the scapegoat. The most anomalous of creatures, the scapegoat is the prey of those who care most for it; it is the paradox of natural history, the most beloved yet the most persecuted of domestic pets.

According to Old Testament history, upon the scapegoat were laid the sins of the people, and then the animal was allowed to escape into the wilderness. The scapegoat of to-day differs slightly from the historical one, for the burden borne

is not quite the same and, most tragic fact, there is no final escape into the wilderness. She (note the feminine) finds laid upon herself not the sins so much as the blame for the sins of the people; she is not regarded as guilty, but she is made to suffer for the ill-doing of others simply because she is the very incarnation of virtue. The connection will not seem obscure, I trust, if I remark here that I am a scapegoat. Because I can listen with decent attention to another person's monologues, I am obliged to hear the denunciations that rightfully belong to others, who have erred in greater or less degree. Since I can understand the entire deplorable significance of certain misdemeanors, mistakes, or even crimes, I am subjected to scoldings, while the real offender goes free, gloriously free from the torrents of complaint that fall upon my innocent head.

If these things happened in my own home, I could protect myself; but, alas, they happen when I am visiting and cannot cut short the lamentations of my hostess. By nature I love peace and quiet, I covet approbation, I do not enjoy the language of rebuke, yet my invariable summer experience is one of castigation. I am still writhing under the flagellation I received from my great-aunt because Mrs. White did not, upon her hands and knees, scrub the kitchen floor. Anathemas beyond description were uttered to me, with such thoroughness that, in order to have escaped them, I would gladly have done the scrubbing myself, and given my aunt an unequalled floral offering.

Last year I visited my cousin. I was barely inside the house when she took me to the pillory, where I heard all about her husband's growing indifference to her wishes, about her son's idleness, her daughter's extravagance, the extortionate charges of the dressmaker, and the insolent incompetence of Bridget. One of the punishments of non-conformists was to have their ears cut off. Oh, that I were an early Puritan! The next day, my cousin's husband confided to me, with copious

groanings of spirit, the fact that his wife is growing more and more querulous. I dread the day when the children find their tongues.

Then there was the drought this summer. Surely I had nothing to do with that, yet every man and woman who spoke of it to me uttered a most violent arraignment which would have been much better suited to the crops that needed it.

At home we have a neighbor, an attractive mother of children. She has the ruling voice in family affairs, and this supremacy has induced her to take singing lessons. Her hour for practice is after ten at night. The other neighbors do not sing, but they are vociferous in their complaints. To me they confide their wrath about this nocturnal music, in exasperated, abusive language, so my sufferings are more than trebled. Not one of these fault-finders will defy the lady's practices to her face; they prefer to make the scapegoat hear their condemnations of selfish, thoughtless, noisy citizens.

So it is, day after day. From the ravages of little Benny in our neighbor's raspberry patch to the shocking decadence of the latest novel, the sins of society are denounced in my presence, while I, a very craven, sit still. I have thought of many methods of saving myself. I could turn and rend my oppressor by summoning a richly-varied vocabulary of vituperation; I could invent a mechanical scapegoat which would have an engaging air of sympathy; I could teach a phonograph how to scold in the most ideally drastic manner, and rent it at so much an hour with a cylinder of maledictions for each one of the most notable iniquities: abuse of a person guilty of discourtesy on a street-car; complaint about a deceiving dressmaker; censure for a dull preacher; invective against corrupt politicians; thoroughgoing denunciation of the younger generation.

Best of my schemes is, I think, something that has been dimly becoming clear to me during hours of gloom. It is a plan.

in this era of great philanthropies, to found a new society, one which will devote itself to a service never before attempted in the history of civilization. This society shall be called "A Society for Visiting the Sins of Sinners upon the Sinners Themselves."

THE LITTLE CHURCH OF THOSE THAT STUMBLE AND RISE

THERE is a church loved by its members with a passion transcending all other affection which humanity may show toward the creeds which it professes. For this church is the only one above all creeds. Its religion is as universal and as intimate as the heart of man itself. Its animating spirit is too profound and cloistered too deeply within the consciousness of its communicants for them to rear temples to it in the light of common day. Its delicate, emulous spires are built within the streets of the Forbidden City, the city of the soul. To most it is too shy a spiritual habitation ever to be named; but to some, who more plainly hear the silent cry of the human heart, it is known as The Little Church of those that Stumble and Rise.

It is at once the most catholic and the most vigorous of all faiths. In it believer and unbeliever bear an equal yoke. Its charity is so broad that it never bars its holy bread and wine from one who has once tasted of them. At the same time no other order lays so strait an exactment upon its professors. For, as its ideals are self-imposed, so no contrition under other laws can be so poignant as the agony of him who knows that he has broken its faith.

Unlike the case with special denominations, no man can ever say just when he becomes a member of this nebulous church. Nor can he at any time throughout life be confident of his membership therein. It is only at the end of life that one may be able to say with Paul, "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith." Its members' hearts are bruised

with repeated failures, and they have learned past forgetting the bitter lesson of their own uncertainty of strength.

But if he may not say till the end of life that he has "kept the faith," still no one of these utterly abandons hope before the end of life. The basal animus of the little nameless church is the unquenchable resolve to arise from each stumble and press on. This is the heroic aspect of humanity. Only in this attempt to reunite with the divine does the pitiable race of man show a divine attribute.

The greatest names among its members are those of the world's greatest sinners. Paul, the man of the world who fought his passions to the end, Peter, who repeatedly gave way to weakness; Wilde, Verlaine, and Dowson, who "were faithful in their fashion;" Webster, who fell, like Wolsey, from great honors; Renan and Ingersoll, who toiled in search of truth like soldiers detached from their commands and stumbling down darkening roads, Beecher, the maligned, Heine, the apostate Jew, — all these are on its thrilling roll, together with the names of those pure and saintly women who have been too humble and contrite in heart to guess their own spiritual beauty. The distinguishing characteristic of the servant of this faith is his sympathy for the sinning, knowing himself to be no stronger, and his prayer is that of the publican, — "God be merciful to me a sinner."

The rewards of service in The Little Church of those that Stumble and Rise are as secret as the mental growth which brings them. In reality they are nothing other than this growth itself. The hidden structure of character, built up day by day, of little acts, unexpressed longings, inexpressible yearnings, may in one moment be shattered and dashed to the ground; only its foundation remains, the dumb but unshakable grappling of the soul to the hand which heaven holds out to it. What reward is this, that one is given continually "to strive, but never to arrive"? It is that strange wage which the weary hospital nurse seeks who pins

upon the wall of her little room the sentence, "Give me the wages of going on and not to die." It is that strange wage, sublime in its utter disassociation from all earthly standards of reward, which the broken spirit finds in its painful, faltering progress toward the goal itself has set. Earth has nothing of its own to which these seemingly empty rewards are comparable, and nothing so beautiful as the hidden faith which drives its possessor persistently to desire them.

We have spoken of this church as one whose membership includes all humanity; in this sense it is indeed great; but in its more intimate aspect it is always a "little" church, for no man knoweth, or can know, that any beside him is worshipping at its secret shrine. Only in rare instances does the stuff of souls, transcending speech, pass silently from one to another, proclaiming that another breaks the sacramental bread and drinks the ghostly wine of The Little Church of those that Stumble and Rise.

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE MIDDLE-AGED

THERE is one kind of emancipation that is never very jubilantly received. Yet it is emancipation of a peculiarly comfortable quality. No woman ever remembers the exact date when the order for release arrived, but some day she knows with sudden thankfulness that she is free. She goes shopping one morning and sees a joyous bevy of attractive young persons obviously absorbed in filling the rôle of pretty girl. And she sighs with relief and blesses the years that have begun to crowd rather thickly around her fireside. They bring such blessed immunity.

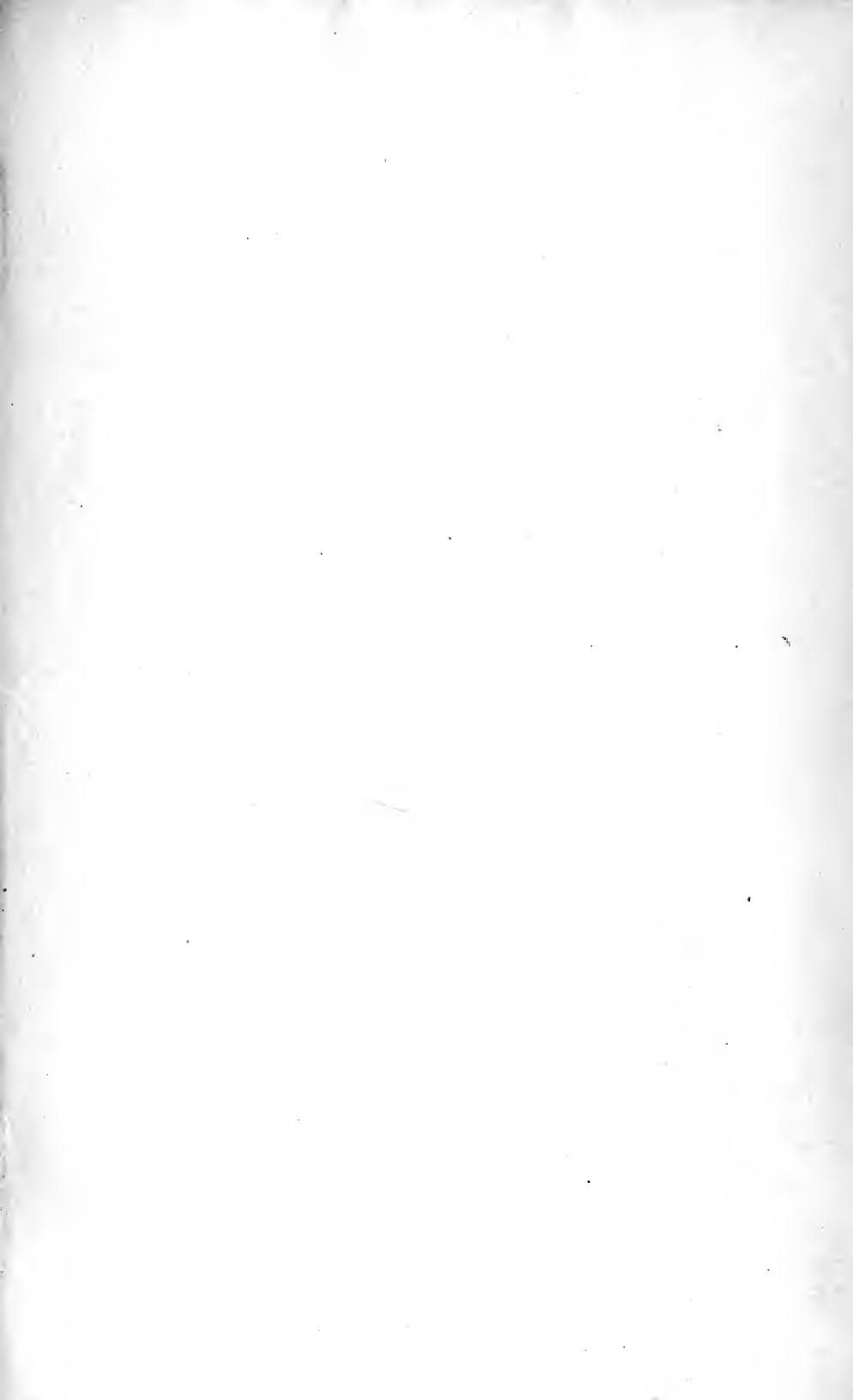
For the pretty girls, and all the faithful endeavorers to be pretty, are anxiously adjusting and readjusting their furs every other minute; and all the minutes between are spent in delicately drawing their veils a fraction of an inch lower, or patting away a wrinkle or two from the collars of their blouses, or putting their shoulders

forward or backward as the case may be, that their coats may hang faultlessly and express a drooping elegance or a buoyant litheness. The very backs of their heads, the swing of their skirts, the angle — or curve — of their elbows, the click of their heels, betray a consciousness of their responsibilities, a consuming anxiety lest a hairpin or a skirt-fold or a shoe-lace may be behaving lawlessly. And if this thing should come to pass, it would be a cataclysmic calamity. No less! For some one might notice the fatal misadjustment. Some one? Nay, every one! The very shop windows would mock and torture with inquisitorial gaze. (We believe this with searing conviction when we are young.)

The older woman remembers it all, — how well! Until that day which she can never remember, when Time set her free without saying anything about it till afterward, she, too, had been bond-slave to the

duty of being pretty. But these tense days be overpast forever. A tranquil inconspicuousness Time hath vouchsafed her. Oh, the peace of knowing that a cinder may light upon her cheek — even upon her nose — without blighting her entire future; that if her most cherished tailor skirt is splashed with mud, this is not a blot on the family escutcheon, and that even the occasional wearing of goloshes does not necessarily mean that she must dwell in Coventry henceforward.

And when she reaches that state which is even more loftily calm, that high philosophy which teaches her to recover her balance after slipping on a muddy crossing without immediately losing it again at the unmistakable sound of a titter — then that serene woman-spirit may be said to have attained Nirvana, and thereafter even the most scathing allusions to the grapes that are sour cannot disturb her invincible content.



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